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FROM

Miss Longfellow

Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Sharp

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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY;

A

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OF

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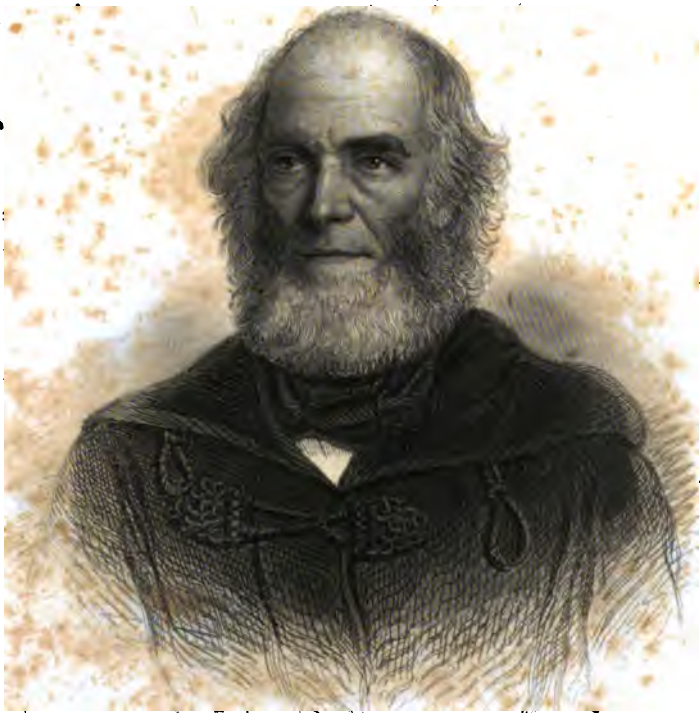
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The Author of the "Conqueror's Share"

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*Agave: my dog—Fiona.

and darker grew the face.
All eyes were bent upon the
gulf, all lips were silent as
Time seemed to be at rest, the
hearts ceased to beat. But
the dark waves there arises
a white form, and a glowing arm is seen,
and black curls hanging down
across the neck of the diving
And, as he breathes once more
out of heaven, that is his cry
"Come, come the blue vaults, the
stagnant waters of the deep-
Maker; and a silent voice is
heard, that the world may
again a tear be washed.

But when their eyes looked
 upon the bold man who had the
 God had forbidden, and now
 continued to do, the duck was
 closed upon him. Then the
 duck rushed to its old home,
 the white Swan, and down into
 the water. The duck looked down



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THE OCEAN AND ITS LIFE.

Ἀριστον μὲν ὄψωρ.—PINDAR.

HIGH on the terrible cliff that overhangs the Charybdis of the ancients, stood King Frederick, of Sicily; and by his side the fairest of Europe's fair daughters. Often and often had he gazed down into the fierce seething cauldron beneath him, and in vain had he offered the gold of his treasure and the honors of his court to him who would dive into the whirlpool and tell him of the fearful mysteries that were hid beneath the hissing, boiling foam. But neither fisherman nor proud knight had dared to tempt the God of mercy, and to venture down into the dread abyss, which threatened death, sure, inevitable death, to the bold intruder. But better than gold and honor, is fair maiden's love. And when the king's beautiful daughter smiled upon the gazing crowd around her, and when her sweet lips uttered words of gentle entreaty, the spell was woven, and the bold heart found that would do her bidding, forgetful of worldly reward, and alas! unmindful, also, of the word of the Almighty!

He was a bold seaman, and his companions called him Pesce-Colo, Nick the fish, for he lived in the ocean's depths, and days and nights passed, which he spent swimming and diving in the warm waters of Sicily. And from the very cliff on which the king had spoken his taunting words, from the very feet of his fair, tempting child, he threw himself down into the raging flood. The waters closed over him, hissing and seething in restless madness, and deeper

and darker grew the fierce whirlpool. All eyes were bent upon the gaping gulf, all lips were silent as the grave. Time seemed to be at rest; the very hearts ceased to beat. But lo! out of the dark waves there arises a snow-white form, and a glowing arm is seen, and black curls hanging down on the nervous neck of the daring seaman. And, as he breathes once more the pure air of heaven, and as his eyes behold once more the blue vault above him, he stammers words of thanks to his Maker; and a shout arose from cliff to cliff, that the welkin rang, and the ocean's roar was hushed.

But when their eyes turned again to greet the bold man who had dared what God had forbidden, and man had never ventured to do, the dark waters had closed upon him. They saw the fierce flood rush up in wild haste; they saw the white foam sink down into the dark, gloomy gulf; they heard the thundering roar and the hideous hissing below; the waters rose and the waters fell, but the bold, daring seaman was never seen again.

And so it is even now. Little is known of the fearful mysteries of the great deep, and the hungry ocean demands still its countless victims. For the calm of the sea is a treacherous rest, and under the deceitful mirror-like smoothness reign eternal warfare and strife. Oceanus holds not, as of old, the Earth, his spouse, in quiet, loving embrace; our sea-god is a god of battles, and wrestles and wrangles in never-ceasing struggle

with the firm continent. Even when apparently calm and slumbering, he is moving in restless action, for "there is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet." Listen, and you will hear the gentle beating of playful waves against the snowy sands of the beach; look again, and you will see the gigantic mass breathe and heave like a living being. No quiet, no sleep, is allowed to the great element. As the little brook dances merrily over rock and root, never resting day and night, so the great ocean also knows no leisure, no repose.

It is not merely, however, that the weight of the agitated atmosphere presses upon the surface of the vast ocean, and moves it now with the gentle breath of the zephyr, and now with the fierce power of the tempest. Even when the waters seem lashed into madness by the raging tornado, or rise in daring rebellion under the sudden, sullen fury of the typhoon, it is but child's play compared with the gigantic and yet silent, lawful movement, in which they ascend to the very heavens on high, where "He bindeth up the waters in his thick clouds," and then again sink uncomplaining to the lowest depths of the earth.

As the bright sun rests warm and glowing on the bosom of the cool flood, millions of briny drops abandon the mighty ocean and rise, unseen by human eye, borne on the wings of the wind, up into the blue ether. But soon they are recalled to their allegiance. They gather into silvery clouds, race around the globe, and sink down again, now impetuously in a furious storm, bringing destruction and ruin, now as gentle rain, fertilizing and refreshing, or more quietly yet, as brilliant dew pearls, glittering in the bosom of the unfolding rose and filling each tiny cup held up by leaf and blossom. Eagerly the thirsty earth drinks in the heavenly gift; in a thousand veins she sends it down to her lowest depths, and fills her vast invisible reservoirs. Soon she can hold the rich abundance of health-bringing waters no longer, and through the cleft and cliff they gush joyfully forth as merry, chattering springs. They join rill to rill, and rush heedlessly down the mountains in brook and creek, until they grow to mighty rivers, thundering over gigantic rocks, leap fearlessly down lofty precipices, or gently rolling their mighty masses along the inclined planes

of lowlands, become man's obedient slaves, and carry richly laden vessels on their broad shoulders, before they return once more to the bosom of their common mother, the great ocean.

How quietly, how silently nature works in her great household. Unheard and unseen, these enormous masses of water rise up from the broad seas of the earth, and yet it requires not less than one-third of the whole warmth which the sun grants to our globe, to lift them up from the ocean to the region of clouds. Raised thus by forces far beyond our boldest speculations, and thence returning as blessed rain, as humble mill-race, or as active, rapid high-road carrying huge loads from land to land, the ocean receives back again its own, and thus completes one of its great movements in the eternal change through water, air, and land.

But the mighty ocean rests not even in its own legitimate limits. When not driven about as spray, as mist, as river, when gently reposing in its eternal home on the bosom of the great earth, it is still subject to powerful influences from abroad. That mysterious force which chains sun to sun, and planet to planet, which calls back the wandering comet to its central sun, and binds the worlds in one great universe, the force of general attraction, must needs have its effect upon the waters also, and under the control of sun and moon, they perform a second race around the globe on which we live.

When the companions of Nearchus, under Alexander the Great, reached the mouth of the Indus, nothing excited their amazement in that wonderful country so much as the regular rise and fall of all the ocean—a phenomena which they had never seen at home, on the coasts of Asia Minor and Greece. Even their short stay there sufficed, however, to show them the connection of this astonishing change with the phases of the moon. For "sweet as the moonlight sleeps upon this bank," it is nevertheless full of silent power. Stronger even than the larger sun, because so much nearer to the earth, it raises upon the boundless plains of the Pacific a wave only a few feet high, but extending down to the bottom of the sea, and moves it onwards, chained as it were to its own path high in heaven. Harmless and powerless this wave rolls along the placid surface of the ocean. But lands arise, New Holland on one side, South-

ern Asia on the other, and the low but immensely broad tidal wave is pressed together and rises upwards, racing rapidly round the sharp point of Africa. An hour after the moon has risen highest at Greenwich, it reaches Fez and Morocco; two hours later it passes through the Straits of Gibraltar, and along the coast of Portugal. The fourth hour sees it rush with increased force into the Channel and past the western coast of England. There the rocky cliffs of Ireland and the numerous islands of the Northern seas arrest its rapid course, so that it reaches Norway only after an eight hours' headlong race. Another branch of the same wave hurries along the eastern coast of America in almost furious haste, often amounting to 120 miles an hour; from thence it passes on to the north, where, hemmed in on all sides, it rises here and there to the enormous height of eighty feet. Such is not rarely the case in the Bay of Fundy—a circumstance which shows us forcibly the vast superiority of this silent, steady movement over that of the fiercest tempest. Even at that most stormy and most dreaded spot on earth, Cape Horn, all the violence of raging tempests cannot raise the waves higher than some thirty feet, nor does it ever disturb the habitual calm of the ocean deeper than a few fathoms, so that divers do not hesitate to stay below, even when the hurricane rages above. Gentle in its appearance, though grand in its effect, this mighty wave shows its true power only when it meets obstacles worthy of such effort. Where strong currents oppose its approach, as in the river Dordogne, in France, it races in contemptuous haste up the daring stream and reaches there, for instance, in two minutes, the height of lofty houses. Or it rolls the mighty waters of the Amazon River mountain high up into huge dark masses of foaming cascades, and then drives them steadily, resistlessly upwards, leaving the calm of a mirror behind, and sending its roar and its thunder for miles into the upland.

Still less known and less observed is the third great movement which interrupts the apparent calm and peace of the ocean. For here, as everywhere, movement is life, as rest would be death. Without this ever stirring activity in its own bosom, without this constant moving and intermingling of its waters, the countless myriads of

decaying plants and animals which are daily buried in the vast deep, would soon destroy, by their mephitic vapors, all life upon earth. This, greatest of all movements, never resting, never ending, is the effect of the sun and the warmth it generates. Like all bodies, water also contracts, and consequently grows heavier as the temperature sinks; but only to a certain point, about three degrees Reaumur. This is the invariable warmth of the ocean at a depth of 8,600 feet, and below that. If the temperature is cooler, water becomes thinner again and lighter, so that at the freezing point, as ice, it weighs considerably less than when fluid. The consequence of this peculiar relation of water to warmth produces the remarkable result, that in the great ocean an incessant movement continues: up to the above mentioned degree of warmth, the warmer and lighter water rises continually, whilst the cooler and heavier sinks in like manner; below that point the colder water rises and the warmer part descends to the bottom. Hence, the many currents in the vast mass of the ocean; sometimes icy cold, at other times warm, and even hot, so that often the difference between the temperature of the current and that of the quiet water by its side, is quite astonishing. The great Humboldt found at Truxillo, the undisturbed waters as warm as 22 degrees, whilst the stream on the Peruvian coast had but little more than 8 degrees, and the sailor who paddles his boat with tolerable accuracy on the outer line of the gulf-stream, may dip his left into cold and his right into warm water.

Greater wonders still are hidden under the calm, still surface of the slumbering giant. Thoughtless and careless, man passes in his light fragile boat, over the boundless expanse of the ocean, and little does he know, as yet, of the vast plains beneath him, the luxuriant forests, the sweet, green meadows, that lie stretched out at the foot of unmeasured mountains, which raise their lofty peaks up to his ship's bottom, and the fiery volcanoes that earthquakes have thrown up below the waves.

For the sea, also, has its hills and its dales; its table-lands and its valleys; sometimes barren, and sometimes covered with luxuriant vegetation. Beneath its placid, even surface, there are inequalities far greater than the most startling on the continents of the earth. In the

Atlantic, south of St. Helena, the lead of the French frigate *Venus*, reached bottom only at a depth of 14,556 feet, or a distance equal to the height of Mount Blanc; and Captain Ross, during his last expedition to the South Pole, found, at 27,600 feet, a depth equal to more than five miles, no bottom yet: so that there the Dawalaghiri might have been placed on top of Mount Sinai, without appearing above the waters! And yet, from the same depth, mountains rise in cliffs and reefs, or expand upwards, in broad, fertile islands.

Nor can we any longer sustain the ancient faith in the stability of the "*terra firma*," as contrasted with the ever-changing nature of the sea. Recent discoveries have proved that the land changes, and the waters are stable! The ocean maintains always the same level; but, as on the great continents, tablelands rise and prairies sink, so does the bottom of the sea rise and fall. In the South Sea this takes place alternately, at stated times. To such sinking portions of our earth belongs, among others, New Holland. So far from being a new, young land, it is, on the contrary, with its strange flora, so unlike that of the rest of the world, and its odd and marvellous animals, an aged, dying island, which the ocean is slowly burying, inch by inch.

And a wondrous world, is the world of the great sea. There are deep abysses, filled with huge rocks, spectral ruins of large ships, and the corpses of men. There lie, half covered with lime and slime, the green, decaying gun, and the precious box, filled with the gold of Peru's snow-covered Alps, by the side of countless skeletons, gathered from every shore and every clime. There moulders the bald skull of the brave sea captain, by the side of the broken armor of gigantic turtles; the whaler's harpoon rests peaceably near the tooth of the whale; thousands of fishes dwell in huge bales of costly silks from India, and over them pass, in silent crowds, myriads of diminutive infusoria; enormous whales, and voracious sharks, chasing before them thickly packed shoals of frightened herrings. Here, the sea foams and frets restlessly up curiously-shaped cliffs, and oddly-formed rocks; there, it moves sluggishly over large plains of white, shining sand. In the morning, the tidal waves break in grim fury against the bald peaks of submarine Alps, or pass, in hissing streams, through ancient forests

on their side; in the evening, they glide noiselessly over bottomless abysses, as if afraid, lest they, also, might sink down into the eternal night below, from which rises distant thunder; and the locked up waters roar and whine like evil spirits chained in the vast deep.

The ocean is a vast charnel house. There are millions and millions of animals mouldering, piled up, layer upon layer, in huge masses, or forming mile-long banks. For no peace is found below and under the thin, transparent veil; there reigns endless murder, wild warfare, and fierce bloodshed. Infinite, unquenchable hatred seems to dwell in the cold, unfeeling deep. Destruction alone, maintains life in the boundless world of the ocean. Lions, tigers and wolves, reach a gigantic size in its vast caverns, and, day after day, destroy whole generations of smaller animals. Polyphi and medusæ, in countless numbers, spread their nets, catching the thoughtless radiati by tens of thousands, and the huge whale swallows, at one gulp, millions of minute, but living creatures. The swordfish and the sea-lion hunt the elephant and rhinoceros of the Pacific, and tiny parasites dart upon the tunny fish, to dwell in myriads in his thick layers of fat. All are hunting, killing, murdering; but the strife is silent, no war-cry is heard, no burst of anguish disturbs the eternal silence, no shouts of triumph rise up through the crystal waves to the world of light. The battles are fought in deep, still secrecy; only now and then the parting waves disclose the bloody scene for an instant, or the dying whale throws his enormous carcass high into the air, driving the water up in lofty columns, capped with foam, and tinged with blood.

Ceaseless as that warfare is, it does not leave the ocean's depths a waste, a scene of desolation. On the contrary, we find that the sea, the most varied and the most wonderful part of creation, where nature still keeps some of her profoundest secrets, teems with life. "Things innumerable, both great and small, are there." It contains, especially, a most diversified and exuberant abundance of animal life, from the microscopic infusoria, in inconceivable numbers, up to those colossal forms which, free from the incumbrance of weight, are left free to exert the whole of their giant power for their enjoyment. Where the rocky cliffs of Spitzbergen and the inhospitable shores of Victoria land refuse to nourish

even the simplest, humblest lichen, where no reindeer is ever seen, and even the polar bear finds no longer comfort, there the sea is still covered with fuci and confervæ, and myriads of minute animals crowd its life-sustaining waves. Naturally, the purest spring-water is not more limpid than the water of the ocean; for it absorbs all colors save that of ultramarine, which gives it the azure hue vying with the blue of the heaven. It varies, to be sure, with every gleam of sunshine, with every passing cloud, and when shallow, it reflects the color of its bed. But its brightest tints, and strangest colors, are derived from infusoria and plants. In the Arctic Sea, a broad band of opaque olive green, passes right through the pure ultramarine; and off the Arabian coast, we are told, there is a strip of green water so distinctly marked, that a ship has been seen in blue and green water at the same time. The Vermillion Sea of California, has its name from the red color of vast quantities of infusoria, and the Red Sea of Arabia changes from delicate pink to deep scarlet, as its tiny inhabitants move in thicker or thinner layers. Other masses of minute creatures tinge the waters round the Maldives black, and that of the Gulf of Guinea, white.

When Captain Ross, in the Arctic Sea, explored the bottom of the sea, and dropped his lead to a depth of 6,000 feet, he still brought up living animalculæ; and, even at a depth exceeding the height of our loftiest mountains, the water is alive with countless hosts of diminutive, phosphoric creatures, which, when attracted to the surface, convert every wave into a crest of light, and the wide ocean into a sea of fire. It is well known that the abundance of these minute beings, and of the animal matter supplied by their rapid decomposition, is such, that the sea water itself becomes a nutritious fluid to many of the largest dwellers in the ocean. Still, they all have their own homes, even their own means of locomotion. They are not bound to certain regions of that great country below the ocean's waters. They travel far and fast; currents, unknown to man, carry them, in vast masses, from the Pole to the Equator, and often from Pole to Pole, so that the whale must travel, with locomotive speed, to follow the medusæ of the Arctic to the seas of the Antilles, if he will not dispense with his daily food. How strange a chase! The giant of the seas racing in furious

haste after hardly visible, faintly colored, jelly-balls!

But, for other purposes, also, there is incessant travel going on in the ocean's hidden realm. Water is the true and proper element of motion. Hence, we find here the most rapid journeys, the most constant changes from zone to zone. No class of animals travel so much and so regularly as fish, and nowhere, in the vast household of nature, do we see so clearly the close relation between the wants of man, and the provision made for them by a bountiful providence. The first herrings that appeared in the waters of Holland, used to be paid for by their weight in gold, and a Japanese nobleman spent more than a thousand ducats for a brace of common fish, when it pleased his Japanese majesty to order a fish dinner at his house in the depth of winter, when all fish leave the coasts of his country.

Now singly, now in shoals, fish are constantly seen moving through the ocean. The delicate mackerel travels towards the south, the small, elegant sardine, of the Mediterranean, moves in spring westward, and returns in fall to the east. The sturgeon of northern seas, sails lonely up the large rivers of the continent of Europe, and has been found in the very heart of Germany, under the shadow of the famous cathedral of Strasburg. Triangular masses of salmon press up nearly all northern rivers, and are sometimes so numerous, so closely packed, that they actually impede the current of large rivers. Before their arrival, countless millions of herrings leave the same waters, but where their home is, man has not yet found out. Only in the spring months there suddenly appear vast banks of this remarkable fish, two or three miles wide, and twenty to thirty miles long, and so dense are the crowds, so great their depth, that lances and harpoons,—even the sounding lead—thrown at random amongst them, do not sink, but remain standing upright. What numbers are devoured by sharks and birds of prey, is not known; what immense quantities are caught along the coast, to be spread as manure on the fields inland, is beyond all calculation; and yet, it has been ascertained that over a thousand millions alone, are annually salted for winter consumption!

Alike gigantic is the life of the ocean in its dimensions. Whales of a hundred feet length and more, are the largest of all animals on earth, five times as long as

the elephant, the giant of the firm land. Turtles weighing a thousand pounds, are found in more than one sea. The rocky islands of the southern Arctic alone, furnish a yearly supply of a million of sea-lions, sea-cows, and seals. Huge birds rise from the foam-covered waves, their homes never seen by human eye, their young ones bred in lands unknown to man. Islands are formed, and mountains raised, by the mere dung of generations of smaller birds. And yet nature is here also greatest in her smallest creations. For how fine must, for instance, be the texture of sinews and muscles, of nerves and blood-vessels, in animals that never reach the size of a pea; or even a pin's head!

The ocean has not only its mountains and plains, its turf moors and sandy deserts, its rivers and sweet springs, gushing forth from hidden recesses, and rising through the midst of salt water, but it has also its lofty forests, with luxuriant parasites, its vast prairies and blooming gardens; landscapes, in fine, far more gorgeous and glorious than all the splendor of the firm land. It is true that but two kinds of plants, *algæ* or *fucus*, prosper upon the bottom of the sea, the one a jointed kind, having a threadlike form, the other jointless, and containing all the species that grow in submarine forests, or float like green meadows in the open sea. But their forms are so varied, their colors so brilliant, their number and size so enormous, that they change the deep into fabulous fairy gardens. And, as branches and leaves of firm, earth-rooted trees, tremble and bend on the elastic waves of the air, or wrestle, sighing and groaning, with the tempest's fury, so "the seaweed, slimy and dark, waves its arms, so lank and brown," and struggles with the ocean, that pulls at its roots, and tears its leaves into shreds. Now and then the mighty adversary is victorious, and rends them from their home, when they wander homeless and restless, in long, broad masses, towards the shores of distant lands, where often fields are found so impenetrable, that they have saved vessels from shipwreck, and many a human life from the hungry waves.

These different kinds of *fucus* dwell in various parts of the ocean, and have their own, well-defined limits. Some cling with hand-like roots so firmly to the rocky ground that, when strong waves pull and tear their upper parts, they often lift up gigantic masses of stone, and drag them, like huge anchors,

for miles and miles. Most of them, however, love the coast, or, at least, a firm sea bottom, and seldom thrive lower than at a depth of forty fathoms. Still, they are found in every sea; the most gigantic, strangely enough, in the two Arctic seas, where they reach the enormous length of 1,500 feet. Occasionally, they cover vast portions of the sea, and form those fabulous green meadows on deep, azure ground, which struck terror in the hearts of early navigators. The largest of these, called *Sargossa Sea*, between the Azores and the Antilles, is a huge floating garden, stretching, with a varying width of one to three hundred miles, over twenty-five degrees of latitude, so that Columbus spent three hopeless, endless weeks, in passing through this strange land of ocean-prairies!

Take these fuci out of their briny element, and they present you with forms as whimsical as luxuriant. They are, in truth, nothing more than shapeless masses of jelly, covered with a leathery surface, and mostly dividing into irregular branches, which occasionally end in scanty bunches of real leaves. The first stem is thin and dry; it dies soon, but the plant continues to grow, apparently without limit. A few are eatable. Off Ireland grows the *Carraghen-moss*, with gracefully shaped and curled leaves, which physicians prescribe for pectoral diseases. Another kind of *sea-fucus* furnishes the swallows of the Indian Sea with the material for their world-famous edible nests. The *sugar-fucus* of the Northern Sea is broad as the hand, thin as a line, but miles long; well prepared, it gives the so-called *Marma-sugar*.

The Antarctic is the home of the most gigantic of all plants of this kind. The bladder-fucus grows to a length of a thousand feet in the very waters that are constantly congealing, and its long variegated foliage shines in bright crimson, or brilliant purple. The middle ribs of its magnificent leaves are supported underneath by huge bladders, which enable them to swim on the surface of the ocean. Off the Falkland Islands a *fucus* is found which resembles an apple-tree; it has an upright trunk, with forked branches, grass-like leaves, and an abundance of fruit. The roots and stem cling by means of clasping fibres to rocks above high-water mark, from them branches shoot upwards, and its long pendent leaves hang, like the willow's, dreamy and woe-begone, in the restless waters.

Besides the countless varieties of *fucus*,

the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea-lettuce, with large, porous lichens, and many-branched, hollow algae, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever-moving, tiny arms.

These plants form sub-marine forests, growing one into another, in apparently lawless order, here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly until the thicket seems impenetrable, then again leaving large openings between wold and wold, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxuriant growth, the fuci especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long-stretched arms, crowned with waving plumes, up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale-green sea groves, where there is neither moon nor star, or rise up nearer to the surface, to be transcendently rich and gorgeous in brightest green, gold, and purple. And, through this dream-like scene, playing in all the colors of the rainbow, and deep under the hollow, briny ocean, there sail and chase each other merrily, gaily painted mollusks, and bright shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the stems, whilst huge, grey-haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large, tall trees. There is the gigantic Dugong, the siren of the ancients, the sidelong shark with his leaden eyes, the thick-haired sea-leopard, and the sluggish turtle. Look how these strange, ill-shapen forms, which ever keep their dreamless sleep far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves from time to time! See, how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they seem to awaken in storms, rising like islands from beneath, and snorting through the angry spray! Perhaps they graze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! a hungry shark comes sily, silently around that grove; its glassy eyes shine ghost-like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea-dog first becomes aware of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the fucus forest. In an instant the whole scene changes. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep below; the turtle conceals head and feet under her

impenetrable armor, and sinks slowly downward; the playful little fish disappear among the branches of the macrocystis; lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily-shapen roots, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round, and faces the intruder with his sharp, pointed teeth. The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences; both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life, the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his last agony in the woods, but blinded by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.

A few miles further, and the scene changes. Here lies a large, undisturbed oyster bed, so felicitously styled, a concentration of quiet happiness. Dormant though the soft, glutinous creatures seem to be, in their impenetrable shells, each individual is leading the beautiful existence of the epicurean god. The world without, its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, good and evil—all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Its whole soul is concentrated in itself; its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. Invisible to human eye, a thousand vibrating cilia move incessantly around every fibre of each fringing leaflet. To these the rolling waves waft fresh and choice food, and the flood of the current feeds the oyster, without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills, gives out its imprisoned air, to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood.

Here, in the lonely, weary sea, so restless and uneasy, we find, moreover, that strangest of all productions, half vegetable and half animal, the coral. From the tree-shaped limestone, springs forth the sense-endowed arm of the polypus; it grows, it feeds, it produces others, and then is turned again into stone, burying itself in its own rocky home, over which new generations build at once new rocky homes.

Thus it is that the many-shaped, far-branched coral-tree grows; only where the plants of the upper world bear leaves and flowers, there germinates here, from out of the stone, a living, sensitive animal, clad in the gay form and bright colors of flowers and adorned with

phosphorescent brilliancy. As if in a dream the animal polypus awakens in the stone for a moment, and like a dream it crystallizes again into stone. Yet, what no tree on earth, in all its vigor and beauty ever could do, that is accomplished by these strange animal trees. They build large, powerful castles, and high, lofty steeples, resting upon the very bottom of the ocean, rising stone upon stone, and cemented like no other building on this globe.

For they are a strange, mysterious race, these "maidens of the ocean," as the old Greeks used to call them. Their beauty of form and color, their marvellous economy, their gigantic edifices, all had early attracted the attention of the curious, and given rise to fantastic fables, and amusing errors. For centuries the world believed that these bright-colored, delicate flowers, which, out of their element, appeared only humble, brown stones, were real, fragile sea-plants, which the contact with air instantaneously turned into stone. Even the last century adhered yet to this belief, and only repeated and energetic efforts succeeded in establishing their claim to a place in the animal kingdom. Charles Darwin, at last, in the charming account he has given us of his voyages, set all errors aside, and made us familiar with this most wondrous of all creatures.

Now we all know their atolls and coral-rings, filling the warm seas of the tropics with the green crowns of slender palm-trees waving over them in the breeze, and man living securely in their midst. For in vain has he himself tried to protect his lands against the fury of the ocean, in vain has he labored and pressed all the forces of nature, even all-powerful steam into his service. But the minute polypi work quietly and silently, with modest industry, in their never-ceasing struggle with the mighty waves of the sea. A struggle it is, for, strangely enough, they never build in turbid, never in still waters; their home is amid the most violent breakers, and living force, though so minute, triumphs victoriously over the blind, terrible might of furious waves. Thus they build, year after year, century after century, until at last their atolls inclose vast lakes in the midst of the ocean, where eternal peace reigns, undisturbed by the stormy waves and the raging tempest. But when their marvellous structure reaches the surface, it rises no further, for the polypi are true children of the

sea, and as soon as sun and air touch them they die.

Like enchanted islands, these circular reefs of the corals bask in the brightest light of the tropics. A light green ring incloses a quiet inland lake, the ground is white, and being shallow, shines brilliantly in the gorgeous floods of light, whilst without the dark, black billows of the ocean are kept off by a line of breakers, rushing incessantly in white foam against the cliffs; above them an ever pure, deep blue ether; and far beyond, the dark ocean and the hazy air blending at the horizon and melting harmoniously into one another. The effect is peculiarly grand and almost magical, when the coral rings are under water, and the huge, furious breakers toss up their white crests in vast circles around the still, calm waters within, whilst no land, no rock is seen to rise above the surface of the ocean.

Frequently large reefs, richly studded with graceful palms, surround on all sides lofty mountains, around whose foot there grows a luxuriant, tropical vegetation. Inside of these reefs the water is smooth and mirror-like, basking in the warm sunlight; without, there is eternal warfare; raging, foaming surges swell and rush in fierce attack against the firm wall, besieging it year after year, century after century. Thus, the tiny polypi protect proud man on his threatened island against the destructive flood: polypi struggling boldly against the unmeasured ocean! and if all the nations on earth united, they could not build the smallest of these coral reefs in the ocean—but the corals build a part of the crust of the great earth! For their islands count alone in the South Sea by thousands; all but a few feet above the surface of the sea, which, around, is unfathomable; all ring-shaped, with a peaceful lake in the centre; all consisting of no other material but that of still living corals. These islands, built by the industrious polypi under water, are planted and peopled by the same waves, by whom they were raised above high-water mark. The currents bring seed and carry large living trees from distant shores; lizards dwelling in their roots, birds nesting in their branches, and insects innumerable arrive with the tree, and water-birds soon give life to the scanty, little strip of newly made land.

Thus they meet below, plant and animal; the pale, hueless fungus twining its long, ghastly arms around the bright

scarlet coral, and through their branches glides the nautilus with wide-spread sails. Every ray of light that falls on the surface, changes hue and tinge below. But the deep has lights of its own. There is the glimmer of gorgeous fish in gold and silver armor, the phosphorescent sheen of the milk-white or sky-blue bells of brilliant medusæ, as they pass through the purple-colored tops of lofty fuci, and the bright, sparkling light of tiny, gelatinous creatures, chasing each other along the blue and olive-green hedges of algae and humbler plants. When day fades, and night covers with her dark mantle the sea also, these fantastic gardens begin to shine in new, mysterious light; green, yellow and red flames are seen to kindle and to fade away; bright stars twinkle in every direction, even the darkest recesses blaze up, now and then, in bright flashes of light, and fitful rays pass incessantly to and fro in the wild, dark world beneath the waves. Broad furrows of flashing light mark the track of the dolphins through the midst of the foaming waters. Troops of porpoises are sporting about, and as they cut through the glistening flood, you see their mazy path bright with intense and sparkling light. There also passes the huge moonfish, shedding a pale spectral light from every fin and scale, through the crowd of brilliant starfish, whilst afar from the coast of Ceylon are heard the soft, melancholy accents of the singing mussel, like the distant notes of an *Æolian* harp, and yet louder than even the breakers on the rocky shore. But the great sea itself is not silent. Listen, and you will hear how the grey old ocean, heaving in a gentle motion, sings in an undertone, chiming in with the great melody, until all the sweet sounds of sea, earth, and air melt into one low voice alone, that murmurs over the weary sea and rises, singing eternal praise, to the throne of Him, who "is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

The great botanist, Schleiden, tells us how, off the coast of the island of Sitky, the bottom of the sea is covered with a dense and ancient forests, plant grows close to plant, and branch intertwines with branch. Below, there lies a closely woven carpet of rich hues, made of countless threads of tiny waterplants, red confervæ and brown-rooted mosses, each branching off into a thousand finely traced leaves. On this soft couch the

luxuriant sea-lettuce spreads its broad, elegant leaves, a rich pasture for peaceful snails and slow turtles. Between them shine the gigantic leaves of the *Irides* in brilliant scarlet or delicate pink, whilst along reef and cliff the dark olive-green fuci hang in rich festoons, and half cover the magnificent sea-rose in its unsurpassed beauty. Like tall trees the *Laminaria* spread about, waving in endless broad ribbons along the currents, and rising high above the dense crowd. *Alaria* send up long naked stems, which at last expand into a huge, unsightly leaf of more than fifty feet length. But the sea-forest boasts of still loftier trees, for the *Nereocystis* rise to a height of seventy feet; beginning with a coral-shaped root, they grow up in a thin, thread-like trunk, which, however, gradually thickens, until its clubshaped form grows into an enormous bladder, from the top of which, like a crest on a gigantic helmet, there waves proudly a large bunch of delicate but immense leaves. These are the palms of the ocean, and these forests grow, as by magic, in a few months, cover the bottom of the sea with a most luxuriant growth, wither and vanish, only to reappear soon again in greater richness and splendor. And what crowds of strange, ill-shapen, and unheard of molluscs, fish, and shellfish more among them! Here they are huge balls, there many cornered or starlike, then again like long streaming ribbons. Some are armed with large, prominent teeth, others with sharp saws, whilst a few, when pursued, make themselves invisible by emitting a dark vapor-like fluid. Here, glassy, colorless eyes stare at you with dull, imbecile light,—there, deep blue or black eyes glare with almost human sense and unmistakable cunning. Through bush and through thicket there glide the hosts of fierce, gluttonous robbers who fill the vast deep. But not only the animals of the ocean pasture and hunt there; man also stretches out his covetous hand and demands his share.

Proud ships with swelling sails disdain not to arrest their bird-like flight, to carry off vast fucus-forests which they have torn up from the bottom of the sea, in order to manufacture kelp or iodine from the ashes, or to fish at the peril of their lives for bright corals in the depth. In the streets of Edinburgh the cry of "buy pepper-dulse and tangle" is heard in our day, and the Irish fisherman boldly faces death to snatch a load

of Carraghen-moss from the rapid current. The poor peasant of Normandy gathers the vast heaps of decaying fuci, which wind and wave have driven to his shore, in order to carry them painfully, miles and miles, as manure on his fields, and the so-called sheep-fucus supports the flocks and herds of cattle in many a Northern island in Scotland and in Norway, through their long, dreary winters. The men of Iceland and of Greenland diligently grind some farinaceous kind of fucus into flour and substitute, like their cattle, upon this strange wood for many months, whilst their wives follow Paris fashion, and rouge themselves with the red flower of the purple fucus.

Here, however, one of the great mysteries which the ocean suggests, startles the thinking observer. For whom did the Almighty create all this wealth of beauty and splendor? Why did He conceal the greatest wonders, the most marvellous creations of nature under that azure veil, the mirror-like surface of which reflects nearly every ray of light and mostly returns, as if in derision, the searcher's own face as his only reward?

But because all the varied forms, all the minute details are not seen, is therefore the impression, which the ocean produces on our mind, less striking or less permanent? We count not the stars in heaven, we see even but a small number of all, and yet the starry sky has never failed to lift up the mind of man to his Maker. So with the ocean. His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters. The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the Lord is upon many waters. From olden times the ocean has ever been to the nations of the earth the type of all that is great, powerful, infinite. All the fictions of the Orient and Eastern India, all the myths of Greece of the "earth embracing Okeanos," and even the Jewish tradition that "the earth was without form and void, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," speak of the sea as the great source of all life, the very dwelling-place of the Infinite.

There are nations who never see the ocean. How dream-like, how fantastic are their ideas of the unknown world! German poetry abounds with wild, fanciful dreams of mermaids and mermen, and even the sailor-nation has its favorite legend of the ancient mariner, and a Tennyson has sung of fabled mer-

men and their loves. But truly has it been said that "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of Jehovah and his wonders in the deep."

Uniform and monotonous as the wide ocean often appears, it has its changes and is now mournful, now cheery and bright. Only when the wind is lulled and a calm has soothed the angry waves, can the ocean be seen in its quiet majesty. But the aspect is apt to be dreary and lonely; whether we see the dark waves of the sea draw lazily in and out of rocky rifts, or watch wearily "the sea's perpetual swing, the melancholy wash of endless waves." Away from the land there is nothing so full of awe and horror as a perfectly calm sea: man is spell-bound, a magic charm seems to chain him to the glassy and transparent waters; he cannot move from the fatal spot, and death, slow, fearful, certain death stares him in the face. He trembles as his despairing gaze meets the upturned, leaden eye of the shark, patiently waiting for him, or as he hears far below the sigh of some grim monster, slowly shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine. Fancy knows but one picture more dreadful yet than tempest, shipwreck, or the burning of a vessel out at sea: it is a ship on the great ocean in a calm, with no hope for a breeze. Wild and waste is the view. On the same sunshine, over the same waves the poor mariners gaze day by day with languid eye, even until the heart is sick and the body perishes.

At other times it is the gladsome ocean, full of proud ships, merry waves and ceaseless motion, that greets the eye. Then the wild, shoreless sea, on which the waves have rolled for thousands of years in unbroken might, fills the mind with the idea of infinity, and thought, escaping from all visible impression of space and time, rises to sublimest contemplations. Yet, the sight of the clear, transparent mirror of the ocean, with its light, curling, sportive waves, cheers the heart like that of a friend, and reminds us that here, as upon the great sea of life, even when the wrecked mariner has been cast among the raging billows, an unseen hand has often guided him to a happy shore. For He ruleth the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof rise, He stilleth them.

This sense of the Infinite, suggested and awakened by the vast expanse of restless and uneasy waters is, however,

not unmixed with a feeling of deep mysterious awe. The mind cannot seize nor comprehend this boundless grandeur; hence its mysteriousness. The eye cannot see, no sense can, in fact, perceive the connection between the stupendous phenomena on the wide ocean and the fate of man. To human eyes the surging billows and the towering waves are both raised by an invisible, unknown power, and their depth is peopled with beings uncouth, ungoverned and unknown. The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary, like a wide, watery waste compared with the gay, bright colors of the land, and the might of gigantic waves that rush from age to age against the bulwarks of continent and isle, seems irresistible and able to destroy the world's foundation. Thus the ocean awakens in us feelings of dark mystery and grim power; the Infinite carries us off beyond the limits of familiar thought, and the sea becomes the home of fabled beings and weird images. All sea-shore countries teem with stories, legends and traditions; the fickle sea, the envious ocean, the fierce, hungry waves, the furious breakers, all become the representatives of so many human passions. Our fancy peoples the ocean with sweet, luring sirens, endowed with magic power to weave a spell and to draw the yielding mariner down to the green crystal halls beneath the waves. There sea-kings and morgana fairies live in enchanted palaces; monsters of unheard size and shape flit ghostlike through that

dark, mysterious realm, and huge snakes trail themselves slowly from "their coiled sleep in the central deep, amidst all the dry pied things that lie in the hueless mosses under the sea." The bewildered and astounded mind tries, in his own way, to connect the great phenomena of nature with his fate and the will of the Almighty. It sees in homeless, restless birds the harbingers of the coming storm, in flying fishes the spirits of wrecked seamen, and points to the Flying Dutchman and the Ancient Mariner as illustrations of the justice of God's wrath.

The strong mind, the believing soul, of course, shake off all such idle dreams and vain superstitions. To them the sea is the very source of energy and courage. The life at sea is a life of unceasing strife and struggle. Hence all sea-faring nations are warlike, fond of adventures, and poetical. But the sea's greatest charm is, after all, its freedom. The free, unbounded ocean, where man feels no restraint, sees no narrow limits, where he must rely upon his own stout heart, strong in faith, where he is alone with his great Father in heaven, gives him a sense of his own freedom and strength like no other part of earth, and makes him return to the sea, its perils and sufferings, in spite of all the peace and happiness that the land can afford him. He knows that even if he dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall His hand lead him and His right hand shall hold him.

WINTER.

Cold winds, white snow,
Now rain, now blow,
And chill the landscape's Autumn glow;
The ice-boles freeze
The naked trees,
And seal the old year's obsequies!

A leaden sky
Droops heavily,
As dull and glassed as dead man's eye;
The sweeping clouds
In cold, cold crowds,
Enfold the day in ghastly shrouds!

The woods lie bare,
And here and there
The grey moss hangs its mournful hair;

The leaves that burned,
By fierce winds spurned
Lie mouldering 'mid the soil inurned.

The sinewy vines
In leafless lines
Hang sadly round the sombre pines:
Through their festoons
Ring solemn tunes,
As weird as any northern runes.

The day is cold,
The earth is old,
And mourns its summer's squandered gold.
The birds are dumb,
The springs are numb,
For winter in his might hath come!

WAS NAPOLEON A DICTATOR?

NAPOLEON, it may be stated without venture, is one of those historical magnitudes, which attract the renewed scrutiny, and periodical / revived attention of successive ages. Does he also belong to those who present themselves for centuries in different phases, according to the different and characteristic elements which may be at work in the wrestling progress of the race to which they have belonged?

Public men are open to the gaze of all; and people will have their opinions about them. We heard Niebuhr exclaim: "How true! How wise!" when on one of the high roads of Tyrol, we passed a house, over the door of which was painted the distich:

"Wer da bauet un der Strassen,
Muss die Leute reden lassen."^{*}

Nor must we forget the wise saying of Goëthe, that it does not require an architect to live in a house.

The greater a name is among those that are stamped as historical, the surer it is to be discussed and examined from various points of view, and to present itself in different lights and hues in the sequel of years. Indeed, may it not be said that, as it is one of the characteristics of a great soul, that it lives within itself the lives of many men; so it is the variety of phases which a name, an epoch, a nation, or an institution, presents to succeeding generations, that constitutes one of the standards of historical greatness? Like great books, new eras find something new in them, and they grow on mankind. Christ became man; as such, the greatest man, and his name presents itself in endless phases to generation after generation. Timour and Attila did vast things for the times, but there is but one unchanging aspect in which they can be viewed. They were nothing but conquerors. Greece is studied with intenser zeal as our race advances, and always with the relish of a newly-discovered subject. Even the middle of the nineteenth century has produced several important and elaborate histories of that brilliant star in history. Portugal had a brilliant period, too; but it is like one flash of light, and there it ends. No successive ages present it in a new aspect. The institutions of the Anglian

race are an inexhaustible theme of reflection, and wou'd be so for all ages to come, even if this day the Americans and English were swept from the face of the earth. Russia is a vast empire. Describe it once with accuracy and truth, or, when it will have crumbled into dust, let its rise and fall be carefully chronicled, and all is done that mankind stand in need of, or will care for.

Napoleon was a great man. Whether that whole phenomenon comprehended within the one name, Napoleon Bonaparte, will have in future ages the polyphasic character which has just been spoken of, cannot be decided in our times, whatever the anticipations of present historians may be, according to the different bias of their minds. But the period is arriving when his history may be written. We are daily receding from his time, and ascending the summit from which the historian may calmly look around. It is not the contemporaries that can write the history of a man or age. They can only accumulate materials. Niebuhr wrote a wiser history of Rome than Livy; Grote, a deeper history of Greece than Thucydides or Herodotus. In the meantime, separate questions are to be answered; distinct subjects belonging to the great theme are gradually to be treated with more and more of that character with which, ultimately, his whole history must be handled. One of these questions is—and it is a vital one—was Napoleon a dictator? Did he consciously concentrate immense power, compress freedom of action in France, and conquer the European continent, merely to prepare a nobler and a permanent state of things? Did he sow and plant, or did he merely concentrate power, and, in doing so, destroy the germs of freedom? Did he treat liberty as merely in abeyance, while, nevertheless, he was fostering its germs, or did he induce a state of things, which, in the same degree as he succeeded, extirpated freedom, and which in turn must be undone in the same degree in which liberty would struggle into existence? The Roman dictator was no annihilator. He received extraordinary, not absolute, power, for a limited period, in times of danger and difficulty, to help the wheels

^{*} He who builds where people walk,
Must allow the folk to talk.

of the State through a miry pass, and when the days of his power were over, he was responsible for his stewardship.

The admirers of Napoleon, those that served him, and those who now worship his name, have ever striven to present him in this light. They felt instinctively that this was the only way of reconciling his acts with the great aim of our times. We are well aware that there are two other classes of Napoleonists. There are those who boldly assert that Napoleon actually ruled France in a liberal spirit, and that freedom really was enjoyed under him; and there are those who, with still greater boldness, maintain that France did not struggle for liberty in her first revolution, nor that she yearns for it now; that all she ever wanted is equality. This opinion was proclaimed at the time when the present emperor of the French was forging a new crown for himself, and new gyves for bleeding France. We have nothing to do with this species of Napoleonists. They are void of the shame of history, or else, not knowing it and its sacred character, they merely write to say something new and startling. "We leave them and pass on."

The elder brother of Napoleon was not of their opinion. In many of his letters, written from his exile in the United States, he expresses the idea that Napoleon was a dictator—a real lover of liberty, forced by foreign enemies to assume the sole power of the State; a power developed by the wars into which he was driven, to such an extent, that in a measure it overpowered himself. Joseph Bonaparte has repeatedly expressed this idea, especially in an elaborate letter to Count Thibeaudeau, who had stated in his history, that Napoleon had caused France to retrograde in the path of liberty. But we must confess, that the idea of a dictatorship in Napoleon seems not to have been very clear in the mind of that able, benevolent, and otherwise clear-headed and liberal brother of the emperor;* for, in the same letter to Count Thibeaudeau, he shows that the dire idea of the "Cæsars," successfully revived with its blighting associations, in our own times, was also floating in

the mind of Joseph. He says: "He (the emperor) has succumbed in the struggle. It is impossible to say what he would have done after Actium. I say what I know. Impartial men, who have seen nothing but the internal facts, will say that probably Napoleon would have been as superior to Augustus, as he had been to Octavius; that a man of such a genius, would not have desired anything but what was meet for the French people; and that, if he were living now,† he would make France as happy by her institutions, as the fortunate country which I inhabit—a country which proves that liberal institutions make nations happy and wise." Yet this very Napoleon used to repeat: Everything for the people, nothing by the people.

That same letter to Count Thibeaudeau contains the remarkable sentence: "Napoleon isolated himself much in France; people ended with no longer understanding what he was after."

The studious reader will find this letter on page 820, of the tenth volume of the *Memoirs and Correspondence*, political as well as military, of King Joseph—the last volume of which has just appeared in Paris.

Joseph expresses similar views in a letter to Francis Lieber, which follows in the mentioned volume, immediately after that to Count Thibeaudeau. Indeed, he endorsed a copy of the latter in that to the former.

We consider these two letters of great interest, if they are not important in point of historical facts. We shall give the translation of the one to Mr. Lieber, in this paper, feeling assured that its perusal will prove the propriety of inserting it.

When Lieber had resolved to write the *Encyclopædia Americana*, he wished to turn the presence of Napoleon's brother in this country to good account, with reference to some disputed facts in the great period which had just ended, and regarding which Joseph Bonaparte had it in his power to give him light. He wrote, therefore, at once to Count Survilliers, asking him whether he would allow him occasionally to apply

* General Lamarque, in a letter to Joseph, in which he enumerates all the good the latter had done to Naples, has this observation: "Unable to establish political liberty, you endeavored to let your subjects enjoy all the benefits of a municipal government (a government of incorporated cities and the self-management of communes), which you considered as the foundation of all institutions." To have seen and done this, in, for a king and Frenchman of that time, and for a brother of Napoleon, more reputable than the gain of a victory. Every statesman will admit that this redounds to the highest honor of Joseph's mind and character.

† The letter is dated, Point-Breese, 19th May, 1830.

to him for information concerning important facts in his own, or his brother's life. The answer was friendly and liberal, and produced a correspondence, of which a number of letters are now in the hands of Lieber. Possibly they may be published. It seems that Joseph retained copies of all his letters; at any rate, a copy of the letter which has been mentioned must have been among the papers of the man, who, twice king, lived among us an esteemed and beloved citizen, full of unpretending and genuine kindness.*

The emperor himself was desirous of having his reign considered as a dictatorship. This was at least the case in his exile, where, as it is well-known, and was natural, he occupied himself much with his name and reputation as they would appear to posterity. On one occasion he observed: Some people have said that I ought to have made myself a French Washington. All that I was allowed to be was a crowned Washington. For me to imitate Washington would have been a *nécessité*.[†] He meant, undoubtedly, that circumstances did not allow him to be a Washington. This is true; but it is equally true that he could never have been a Washington, whatever the circumstances might have been.

There are no two men in the whole breadth of history more unlike to one another. Washington's fellow star of the binary constellation is William of Nassau, the founder of the Netherlands republic, not Bonaparte, crowned or uncrowned.

Napoleon's and Washington's minds and souls differed no less than their bodies. The one was wholly Anglican, or Teutonic; the other a very type of the Celtic or Iberian. The one great and noble as a calm and persevering man of duty; the other impetuous, and of flashy brilliancy. Washington has ever appeared to us as the historic model of sound common sense, and sterling judgment, coupled with immaculate patriotism. There was nothing brilliant in Washington, unless, indeed, the Fabian

genius of unyielding perseverance in a high career, be called brilliant. Napoleon, on the other hand is, possibly, the most brilliant character of all modern times. Glory was his very idol. Washington was throughout his life a self-limiting man; Napoleon was ever a self-stimulating man. The fever of grandeur consumed him. Washington was obedient to the law, a law-abiding man if ever there was one; Napoleon constantly broke down the law when it appeared necessary to him, and it appeared to him often so. Washington aided in creating a new empire; Napoleon created, or aimed at creating a new state of things. Washington arose out of a struggle of independence—a severance of colonies from a distant mother-country; Napoleon arose out of a fearful internal revolution. Washington is daily growing in the affection of history, and there is the most remarkable uniformity of opinion regarding his character; there is the greatest difference of opinion regarding Napoleon's, and however many may admire him, no one loves him, except some survivors, who have received acts of personal kindness at his hands. No man ever loves power merely as power. We could not even love God were He only almighty. Washington never persecuted; he imprisoned no opponent, banished no enemy, and when he died his hands were unstained like Pericles'; Napoleon banished, imprisoned, and persecuted, and developed a system of police, which must be called stupendous, on account of its vastness, completeness, perfection, power, and penetrating refinement—a system pressing to this day on France like an Alp, and which makes all that Aristotle writes on the police of usurpers appear as the veriest trash. The Dionysian sycophant was a poor bungler, compared to an agent of the French secret police; and, be it well remembered, this gigantic police system with the gendarmerie, and all the thousand ramifications, is essentially Napoleonic. It was developed in all its stifling grandeur under him, and is, unfor-

* The writer well remembers with what simplicity Joseph would relate events of his life at the dinner table, often prefacing them with the words: "When I was King of Naples," or "Spain." One day, Mr. —, an old convention-man, who had left France, where he had been well acquainted with the Bonapartes, when Napoleon made himself consul for life, and had lived ever since in South America, dined at Point-Breeze. He called Joseph, Thou, in the old republican style; he spoke freely of Napoleon, and the courtesy of Joseph, sometimes as it seemed to us, fairly tried, appeared most charming. When, that evening, we bade Joseph good night, he said: "un moment," took the sandle and showed us to our bed-room. We have often said, and mean it literally, that the two old men, personally most courteous, and putting a visitor most at ease, that we have ever known, were Joseph Bonaparte and General Jackson. It used to be a great enjoyment at Point-Breeze, to walk up and down the room with Joseph Bonaparte, and to hear from him those delightful anecdotes, which are to the philosophic historian or statesman like little delicate touches in a historic picture, or the nicely modulated accents of a great speaker on a great question.

tunately, more truly his own, than the code which bears his name.

Washington was strictly institutional in his character, and never dreamed of concentration of power. If Satan ever appeared to him showing him the glory and power of a kingdom on earth, it was buried in his noble breast, and no act or word of his has ever shown even a struggle to beat down the tempter. Napoleon had no instinct for institutional government whatever,* and constantly struck out new paths of brilliancy to make him and his people more glorious. Washington was a citizen, and statesman, a patriot and also a soldier; Napoleon was soldier above all. He acknowledges it, and is proud of it. To be the greatest captain was his greatest glory.

We Americans acknowledge that Washington plainly served his country, to which he bowed as the great thing above him and above all; the greatest admirers of Napoleon say that "soldiers, money, peoples, were in his hands but means to establish *un système grandiose*."† Washington never was a dictator, and never aimed at a dictatorship; Napoleon claims the title to explain or excuse his despotism and centralism. Washington never compared himself to any one; Napoleon compares himself to him. Washington's policy was strictly domestic, and in leaving public life he urges the abstaining from foreign policy as a most essential point in the whole American State-system. Napoleon's policy became from year to year more foreign, until it ended almost exclusively in conquest, and an absolute supremacy of France, to which all else was sacrificed. Washington was a modest man; Napoleon looked upon himself as a sort of Fate. Washington was one of the beginners of the Revolution; Napoleon steps in when the revolution of his country had already developed immense pow-

ers and forces. Washington aimed at no elevation of his family, and dies a justice of the peace; Napoleon writes to Joseph: I want a family of kings (*il me faut une famille de rois*.) Washington divests himself of the chief magistracy, voluntarily and gracefully, leaving to his people a document which after-ages honor like a political gospel; Napoleon, in his last days, is occupied with the idea of family aggrandizement, or with the means by which his house may be prevented from mingling again with common men. During his closing illness he directs General Bertrand to advise, in his name, the members of his family to settle chiefly in Rome, where their children ought to be married to the princely families of the Colonnas, &c., and where some Bonaparte would not fail to become pope. Jerome and Caroline ought to reside in Switzerland, where, in Berne, they must establish themselves in the Swiss "Oligarchy," and where a landman-ship‡ would be certain to fall to the family; and the children of Joseph, should he remain in America, might marry into the great families of the Washingtons and Jeffersons, and a Bonaparte would become President of the United States.§ Washington was all that this country at the time required, and no more; he was thus, and remains, a political blessing to our country. Was Napoleon all that France required, and no more? Did the desires of his genius and his personal greatness not present themselves as France to his enormous mind? Even Louis Napoleon has said on his throne that his uncle, it must be owned, had loved war too much.

Both Washington and Napoleon have been men of high action, and some points of similarity undoubtedly exist, but to find them is a work of ingenuity, rather than one that naturally presents itself to an ingenious mind.

* We take the word institution and institutional government in the sense in which it has lately been defined in Lieber's Civil Liberty and Self-Government.

† Words of the editors of the *Mémoires* quoted before, and cited here because they only express what thousands say, and what pervades the whole ten volumes of Imperial correspondence.

‡ The Landman of Switzerland is the chief magistrate. The word implies magistrature of the land.

§ This extraordinary communication of the dying emperor to his family, will be found in the 10th volume of the mentioned memoirs, page 364, and sequel. It proves, in addition, how deplorably mistaken Napoleon frequently was on subjects, on which, nevertheless, he formed absolute opinions on which he acted. His opinions on England, her institutions and the facility of her conquest, because the people would rush into his arms, against their own "oligarchy," were frequently no less absurd than his idea of "les Washington et les Jefferson" as *familles primitives*. That there are no families of "the Washingtons and Jeffersons" may be passed over, but who would ever dream of marrying into the family of the Van Burens, Adamases, or Folks in order to increase the chance of some issue, to arrive at the White House? The whole is so chimerical, and built on so utterly unfounded an analogy, with a hastiness and violence, as it were, that it creates a feeling of discomfort to find that so great a man has been capable of harboring so pitiful an idea; a suspicion accompanies this feeling, that if he has erred so egregiously once, he may have been grievously mistaken at other times. Did he know more of the East than of us?

It cannot be said that this extraordinary advice was owing to a falling mind. On the contrary, Bertrand, Monthonol, and all the companions of Napoleon at St. Helena state, that his mind remained remarkably clear to the last day, and Bertrand states, that he repeatedly spoke of these family settlements.

If Napoleon really was a dictator, forced by France, or by foreign combinations to assume that character—if the establishment of liberty was a merely suspended work with him, we would find the element of freedom in his character and psychological configuration, at some time or other in his life. But the more closely we examine the character of that gigantic man, the more we become convinced that, as we expressed it before, he was eminently destitute of a civic character. There was no ingredient of freedom in the brass of that colossus. He was bred a soldier; his youth was imbued with Rousseauism, as it has been called; his early manhood, when his ideas became, to use one of his own favorite expressions, *bien arrêté*, and "his soul ripened," fell in a period at which popular absolutism was revelling in anarchy; all his instincts were towards the grand, the effective in history, without any reference to the solemn meaning of the individual, without which, real liberty cannot be imagined. We find, secondly, that in no case did he lay the foundation of institutions in which liberty may be said to have lain undeveloped, as the whole organism of the future independent individual is foreshadowed in the fœtus, dependent though it be, for the time, upon the mother. We find that wherever he changed laws or institutions, established by the revolution, he curtailed, or extinguished liberty in them, substituting everywhere an uncompromising centralism. When Napoleon was liberal, we believe it will be generally found that it amounts rather to this—that he was not small, not mean. He was too great a man to be puny in any sphere; but we do not know that he ever acknowledged freedom of action as a substantive thing, and independent of himself. Lastly, if Napoleon really aimed at ultimate liberty, we must necessarily find some indication that his measures were purely provisional, in his abundant correspondence with his brother Joseph, as given in the work repeatedly cited.

We certainly do not agree with the dictum, that a man necessarily shows his character in the truest light in his letters. Many a genial man writes arid letters; many a morose husband writes affectionately to his wife; many a liberal man writes as if he were penurious; but the many letters of Napoleon to his brother are written for the very purpose of imparting his system to the brother he had

just made a king, of communicating his ideas of statesmanship to him, and of informing him of the great ends of what we will call Napoleonism. We think that these letters are invaluable as to a clearer understanding of Napoleon. The French editors justly consider them so; only, they and we differ regarding the opinions and ends of Napoleon, disclosed in this precious correspondence—a collection, the like of which is not to be found in all history. No emperor like him ever wrote letters under such circumstances to a cherished, though frequently abused brother of his. The historian cannot be sufficiently thankful that they have been preserved.

What, then, was it that floated as the great ideal over the depth of his soul? What was the fundamental idea of which "the honor of my crown," "the glory of France," "the grand nation," "the grand empire," "the grande armée," and all similar terms and things were but emanations? What was the "*grand système que la divine Providence nous a destiné à fonder*," as he calls it in the decree of the thirtieth of March, 1806, by which he recognizes his brother Joseph as King of Naples?

Throughout his proclamations, laws, letters, and whole administration, we find a clear and determined hostility to the ancient system of feudal privileges, and of administrative corruption and mismanagement. We find a pretty clear idea of equality of all citizens before the law, and of their equal legal capacity to be called to the different public employments. Joseph generally adds the destruction of the influence of priests, but Napoleon took good care not to proclaim it, as indeed he often vaunts that he was the restorer of throne and altar.

These ideas Napoleon had received from the revolution, and gradually he came to believe that the destruction of feudalism and the establishment of legal equality had been the sole object of "*notre belle révolution*," as he called it on one occasion. The identical error has been expressed by Louis Napoleon, who, shortly before he ascended the throne, declared that there was not a single day during which he did not study the works of his uncle, and endeavored to mould all his ideas and measures in conformity with that great model. On another occasion, when he ushered in his new constitution, the imitative emperor spoke of the great "*génie*," which, as by inspiration, had brought the true

and only national system for France, treating, at the same time, in terms of derogation and ridicule, all those who were of a different opinion, thus forestalling every idea of self-development from below upward. We do not believe in political Mahometanism.

Napoleon's hostility to "Gothic institutions" extended to all institutions, if we understand by them, legal establishments, with an independent organism of life and progress within themselves. He became the very apostle of absorbing centralism, the declared and uncompromising enemy of self-government in all its details, to self-development—in one word, to institutional, that is, to real liberty. We believe we are strictly correct in this opinion, and if we are, it is obvious that Napoleon was anything but a dictator. He was an absolute ruler—very brilliant, very great, and, for that reason, only the more absolute and dangerous, and he established and wished to establish absolutism, with unprivileged equality, in some degree, beneath it. "Everything for the people, nothing by it." Napoleon unfortunately represented, intensely and absolutely, the vanity of the French, which maintained that an entire new era must needs be ushered in, and be ushered in through the French, forgetting to do the needful round-about, and that no introducer of a new era, has ever said so of himself. Self-praise is ruinous to the individual; in history it is a proof of inefficiency regarding the object of self-praise.

It is unnecessary to show here, however instructive to the political philosopher it would be, how the very system pursued by Napoleon insensibly led him into many of the abuses of the decried feudalism, against which he set out. The military superiority, his re-establishment of fiefs, and of a nobility, chiefly founded on military merit, show this among many other things. Nor did his hostility to corruption remain more consistent. He hated the *voleurs*, the peculators; but he allowed his generals to extort money in foreign parts, and he repeats, time after time, to Joseph, that he should enrich the generals, and see before all to the greatest possible well-

being of the army, for both which purposes he must *frapper le pays* with a heavy contribution, and raise the taxes of Naples from fifty millions to at least a hundred millions. This is repeated again and again, for Joseph was slow in oppressing.*

We do not believe that a candid and reflecting man can read the volumes of Napoleon's correspondence, without coming to the conclusion, that with whatever ideas and intentions that extraordinary man may have set out, he ended as a worshipper of power, raising, as millions do in their different spheres, the means into the end—the great and ever-repeated fallacy of men and nations. The fundamental idea that the people are the substantive, and governments, systems, armies, nothing but means, wholly vanished from his mind. Force, power, glory, French glory, centered in him, came to be his idols; and soldiers, money, people, system, were mere means to serve them.

We do not recollect in all these volumes, one expression about the melioration of the people. If there be, it has escaped us. The constant advice, iterated to the satiety of the reader, is: acquire *force*, so that the *méchants* fear, and the loyal esteem you. "Strength is what makes the people esteem governments, and love with nations only means esteem." These are his words.

At this stage, it may well be asked, was Napoleon a great statesman? Every one knows that he was a gifted politician; but was he a great statesman, taking this comprehensive term in the highest meaning which it has acquired?

Great statesmanship, in the advanced state of our race, consists, in our opinion, of three main elements—of being what Schlegel said the true historian must be, namely, "the prophet of the past;" secondly, of using the given means for the highest purposes; of evoking new means, and of effecting great things with small means; lastly, of so shaping all measures and organizing all institutions, that by their inherent character they will lead to a higher future, which, in the political sphere of all nations belonging to the European family, is liberty, or

* The imperial notions of political economy, which, as it is well known, were very uncouth, present themselves in this correspondence, in a ludicrous light. Joseph constantly replied to Napoleon's demands of higher taxes and heavy contributions, that, so long as Sicily was not conquered, and peace established, all commerce was at an end, and the important products of the country, wine, oil, silk, and coarse cloth, would find no issue. Whereupon Napoleon answers that Joseph's reply amounted to nothing, for if the English blockade put a stop to all exports, it also prevented specie (*renumeraire*) from leaving the country; what reason, then, was there that the government could not get at this wealth? And he was in the habit of ridiculing political economists!

a higher and higher degree of freedom. Every political measure, no matter how brilliant, that does not aim at this ultimate end, is but meteoric, passing, futile. The political destiny of all Europides is Freedom. It cannot be too often repeated; and, as we believe that it is the destiny of this peculiar race to cover the earth, so we believe that the gospel and liberty are destined to spread over the globe, or, which amounts to the same, as Christianity and liberty are destined to be preached and worshipped one of these days, over the whole face of the earth, we believe that the Europides will cover all lands.

Now, Napoleon was totally deficient in that element of high statesmanship of the white race, which has been mentioned as the third. He quieted France, he developed many resources, he established order in many cases, he concentrated, he stimulated, he ruled many minds, and attached them to himself, as Mahomet did, in a wonderful degree. Napoleon knew how to give the electric shock to large masses—a sure attribute of greatness. He was brilliant beyond any man of his and many other ages; but, with all this, he unfitted France for political self-evolution, for a real internal productive life, for freedom, and, in exactly the same degree as he succeeded, so he made it necessary for her to retrace her steps, and to undo what he had done, would she attain to liberty. As a matter of course, the same is proportionally true of the present emperor, whose avowed object it is, as we have seen, to Napoleonize France once more. Napoleon's government was not, and never was intended to be a mere bridge to a better state of things. If it had been, we must consider him a man much inferior to what we have been accustomed to consider him; for in that case, he has chosen means contrary to his ends.

Was Napoleon a great statesman with reference to that characteristic which we have given as the first? Did he find the "blue thread" of French history? Our preceding remarks show that we do not believe he has.

And now as a last question connected with our theme, we may ask:—Was, then, Napoleon not the greatest man of all history? Was he not, at least, the greatest man of modern times, or of the last five centuries? Not only many French, but even many others, consider him the greatest man of all ages. We believe that they are blinded by the

magnifying power of historical nearness, or else they take the word greatness in a different sense from what we do.

What constitutes a great man?

Greatness implies elevation of soul and nobleness of mind, above common influences; but so soon as we apply the word great to individual characters—to the artist, the author, the captain, the statesman or the religionist, we always mean conception and production on a large scale and of a high order, combined with masterly execution—we mean action, not merely vast, but high, wide and of permanent effect. Erostratus was no great man, though his name is mentioned to this day.

He is a great man that produces with means insignificant in the hands of others, comprehensive effects; that discovers a continent in a crazy craft. He is greater that becomes the representative of his age and utters forth clearly and boldly the unspoken and discomfiting yearnings of his own times—who delivers his age of new ideas, and aids them to struggle into institutional existence and permanency; he is the greatest who adds to this the perfection of wholly new ideas and instils them into his age, and who organizes for the advent of a new future. The greater a man is the more he impresses, with his stamp, not only the people of his own period, but through it all future times. The deeper you study history the surer you find the truly great man and his era like threads interwoven in the tissue of the whole successive history of their race or nation. There is yet Miltiades in the atmosphere we breathe in this country, and there is Alfred in our daily doings.

With reference to this subject, and speaking exclusively as historians, we call Christ the greatest man. His means were the smallest, his conceptions the greatest, his imprints the deepest, his effects the vastest, the changes he produced the most searching and essential. The merest deist, the total disbeliever in Christ's gospel, must acknowledge it as a historical fact, provided he be a candid and a studious historian.

If we apply these tests, it does not appear why Alexander was not at least as great as Napoleon, in conceptions as well as in doing comprehensive things with small means. As a captain, was Hannibal not as great? What, indeed, makes Mohammed less great than

him? As a ruler over a new empire Charlemagne was greater. He was greater, too, as a seminator and preparer for new times. Aristotle, Pope Gregory the Seventh—that ecclesiastic Cæsar;—Luther and Shakespeare were greater men in conceiving, imprinting and planting. In taking either of them out of the history of our race, it would be far more changed than by striking out the name of Napoleon. They have tinctured all history; they have added elements which work and expand. Napoleon has not. Even if the renewed empire were to last, which assuredly it will not, what advancing ideas does it add to the cultural treasures of our race? what institutions? Absolutism is barren. It produces great battles and great palaces. The whole system of what Lieber calls Anglican liberty is actually expanding and spreading without any ingredient of Napoleonism. Where are the vaunted *idées Napoléoniennes*? The Frenchman may connect some idea of great enterprises with this term—an artificial harbor at Ocherbourg, a road over the Simplon—noble undertakings, but not as great as our ideas of a ship-canal across the Isthmus or a railway to California; still they are worthy enterprises, but where does the impartial historian find something he can call *une idée Napoléonienne*, and put the mark on it so that it can be recognized by all. We fear it will be found that everything truly deserving the name of an *idée Napoléonienne*, relates to stringent centralism, uniting, with the utmost precision, the administrative and executive power of a vast country in the hands of one brilliant man—one of the weakest governments, as history has shown; and well may Count Tribeaudan say to Joseph, that certain it is, Napoleon fell with his centralism, but it is not proved that the same would have befallen him with a truly representative government.

From all we have said it will amply appear that we no way agree with those who deplore the fall of Napoleon, as an irreparable loss for the people. The conduct of the monarchs who dethroned him led the people to sigh for the absent one, for his oppression was not felt when theirs pinched; but the acts of the succeeding governments alter nothing in the deeds and tendency of the emperor. His brilliant, crushing despotism was worse, and whether or not, his

downfall was necessary if Europe was to march towards liberty. If new difficulties have arisen, they must be overcome, but they change nothing in the necessity of his downfall. We consider it pitiful to side in the present conflict with the Russians, because, forsooth, we do not like the Turks. The Turks will one day be driven from Europe, and ought to meet that fate, but Russian despotism and arrogance must not on that account be allowed to swell without repulse. The fall of Napoleon was simply a historical consistency and necessity.

The following is the translation of the letter we have promised to the reader.

Letter of Count Survillier (Joseph Bonaparte) to Francis Lieber.

Point Breese,* 1st July, 1850.

"SIR,

"I have only this day received your letter of the 22d of June, on my return from a journey of several days to New York. I have read the article which you have sent me; I return it immediately as you desire. The number of works on the emperor Napoleon is so large, that the catalogue of them alone would be a work; you know many of them. I have under my eyes a work, entitled *Commentarii di Napoleone*, printed at Brussels in 1827, which is not mentioned in the list I return to you; nor is the work of Botta mentioned; both are written in Italian. Among the works enumerated in the note in question, there are many which are evidently libels, payed for by the enemies of the revolution and the empire. There are others—works of passion, dictated by disappointment and spite. Those of the writers of St. Helena themselves, contain details evidently false; but they represent, in mass, sufficiently well the general views of the emperor Napoleon. When these authors speak of individuals, and when they write memoirs, they deceive themselves occasionally. I have the positive proof, regarding that which concerns myself, in several cases. I have sent such evidence at the time even to Mr. Las Cases. The work of general Petet, is that which seems to me to deserve the greatest confidence. The younger Ségur has evidently had in view to reconcile himself with the new court; grandson of the marshal Ségur, who was minister of war

* Near Bordertown, New Jersey.

to Louis the Sixteenth, his intention has been to make people forget how devoted he and his father have been to the emperor Napoleon when powerful, &c. Walter Scott has written for the English government, from sources furnished by the government which followed that of the emperor Napoleon. The abbé de Montgaillard is an avowed enemy of the revolution and of Napoleon: the memoirs of Fouché are apocryphal, adjudged to be such by the courts of justice. Tribeauden, convention-man and Thermidorian, strives to attribute to Napoleon steps the most retrograde, which the terror of the convention and the semi-royal terror that followed upon the 9th of Thermidor, had caused revolutionary France to make. Napoleon found France in a delirium; he endeavored to preserve her from the anarchy of 1793, and from the counter-revolution; he floated with France in the middle of the wrecks of all parties, seeking to avoid all the rocks, making himself the slave of no party, in order to avoid making himself the enemy of all the others; obeying that, which in his conscience he believed to be the wants and wishes of France, which desired equality and liberty compatible with civilization. She felt, like himself, that these benefits (which we see nowhere but in this new world), would be enjoyed only with a general peace—at the end of that interminable war which had necessitated his dictatorship, never of a tyrannical character, but called by the foreign enemies and men of a superficial mind, the imperial despotism. That Napoleon had well understood the national will, is sufficiently proved to posterity by his miraculous return from Elba. But the English cabinet has always opposed the cessation of this despotism in fanning the war, which obliged Napoleon to adopt all possible forms to reconcile the governments of continental Europe with France. All that Napoleon has done, his nobility, which was not feudal, his family relations, his legions of honor, his new kingdoms &c., he was obliged to do; the English have always forced him to do that which he has done, so that he might place himself in apparent harmony with all the governments which he had conquered, and which he wished

to wrest from the seductions of England. The struggle has been long; England has derived advantage from the character of the emperor Alexander, who gave way;* from that of the emperor of Austria; and the oligarchy of Vienna, of Moscow, coalesced themselves with that of London. They triumphed at last over Napoleon, over France, in sacrificing the future interests of the peoples, and the reigning houses of Europe, who had ended in accommodating themselves to the constitutions in which the peoples and the kings would have found their advantages. Some hundred aristocratic families alone would have experienced some loss for the moment; and they would have found a just indemnity in the favor of their prince, in the public welfare, which would have been the result of an order of things, ordained by the degree of civilization to which we have attained. The good people of Germany have been misled, and England, at the moment of succumbing to the continental system, rose again by throwing down her enemy through the hands of the nations and kings that ought to have considered Napoleon and France (as things then stood†) as the saviours, the moderators of the destinies of Europe, longing for legal equality, constitutional liberty, religious freedom, and a permanent peace, independent of the hordes of the north and the Gothic prejudices of the nobles and priests of the middle ages. Napoleon had taken the words to destroy the things;§ he often said to me: *I stand in need of yet ten years to give complete liberty.* He was the scholar of Plato and the philosophers, and yet he frequently repeated: 'I do not what I wish, but that which I can do; these English force me to live from day to day.'|| He stood in need of ten years of general peace. But I perceive that my answer is becoming a book,—I write to you without preparation, as I would speak to you. I send you, as to myself, the only documents which I acknowledge as true,—the biographical articles published in Europe are dictated by ignorance or passion."

All the letters written by Joseph to the same correspondent, contain the repeated expressions of the same views

* The original is: *Alexandre, qui s'est fatigué.*

† The original has, *qui avaient fini par s'accorder.* Probably the writer of the letter meant *auraient.*

‡ Aux termes où étoit (la France) en état.

§ Napoléon avait pris les mots pour détruire les choses.

|| Ces Anglais me forcent à vivre au jour le jour.

and the reiterated statements of Napoleon's words regarding the necessity of doing things which were not in his "system," because the English forced him thus to act. The sad necessity in which he considered himself placed, to *vivre au jour le jour*, seems to have been frequently expressed in these very words by him to his older brother. The reader will recollect the emperor's words when urged by the Poles, after the defeat of the Prussians, in 1806, to re-establish the independence of Poland. "I am no god," he said, "I am not doing that which I would, but only that which I can do." Joseph told us once that several times, when the emperor had severely and even passionately rated some persons, he would say, when alone with his brother, "I must thus, always wear a mask. If I do not show myself *sarouche*, on such occasions, everything would go wrong." Another time Joseph told us that at dinner, the conversation had turned on the subject of ambition and glory. Joseph had stoutly maintained that he cared nothing for all this, and that true happiness consisted in the peaceful enjoyment of life, remote from the anxieties of ambition. "What is it to me, Joseph had observed, that people mention my name after I am gone?" Napoleon took umbrage at this, and after the company had dispersed, informed his brother that he did not desire him to repeat such discourse. All that Joseph had said might be very well for a philosopher, but that Napoleon's duty was to conquer victories, and that, in accordance he must develop the most ambitious spirit. "I want men to consider it their highest glory to die on the battle-field," he said. "At some future period your views may obtain a proper place."

These things are mentioned here, simply as facts. The historian and statesman must weigh and probe them, as, indeed, they must do with this entire letter, which at any rate is a remarkable document, even if it be taken in its narrowest possible limits; namely, as the expression of those views with which the brother of Napoleon, who had been the recipient of the emperor's confidence, desired to impress an individual with whom Joseph was pleased to correspond.

To examine and criticise this letter,

would require a work of commentaries on the whole career of the emperor. Nothing of the kind can be possibly expected here. We close our paper, adding but one remark on an expression of Joseph's, which, even in an off-hand letter, seems to be surprising. The writer says: Napoleon was the scholar of Plato and the philosophers (*était élève de Platon et des philosophes*). We do not understand this sentence, even if it were meant in the most hyperbolical sense. A scholar of Plato? Of what work of Plato? Of his Republic? Napoleon took, as is known, every occasion of expressing his *bond fide* detestation and hatred of the "*idéologues*," as he called, in a bunch, all philosophers; and Plato, assuredly was *idéologue*, if any one was. In one of his letters to Joseph, then king of Naples, and which is published in the very collection from which the foregoing translation has been made, he distinctly and very positively enjoins his brother, to discountenance all *hommes de lettres*, *gens d'esprit*, and philosophers; telling him that they are nothing but *coquettes*. Napoleon was so positive on this point, that he may be said to have established a sort of school in this sense. No one who has lived any time in France can have helped observing what a deep-rooted contempt for *legistes* (lawyers), philosophers, and orators, pervades the army and all true Napoleonists. A common dinner conversation with an officer is almost sure to bring it out. It was so at the time of Napoleon, and has ever since been so. The complaints of the arrogance of the army were universal in the reign of Napoleon. It had become an intolerable military aristocracy. Napoleon ended with falling into an idolatry of power, and considering the profession of the soldier *le plus noble de tous les métiers*, as he calls it in one of his letters; he forgot or he had never a true perception of the simple fact, that of all the mighty things, the mightiest, the sovereigns of the earth, are Will, Love, and Thought.* He acknowledged the first. Did he acknowledge the two others of the triumvirate?

Louis the Fourteenth was, at least in the shrewdness of perceiving the power of the sword and the pen, his superior. He took great care to conciliate the latter.

* Since this article was written, the author has met with the following passage in Mr. Crowe's "History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.," London 1854:

But the more perfectly France became organised and disciplined for war and domination, the more unfit

THE OLD SCULPTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

CAN we wonder Donatello's eyes were dim with blissful tears,
When, a thing of perfect beauty, stood the dream of earlier years,
Crowning all his wildest longings—stifling e'en his lightest fears?

Waking wild ideal yearnings, weary years the dream had lain
Gath'ring ever strength and beauty in the artist's haunted brain,
Till excess of wondrous sweetness made it almost seem like pain.

And, at last, its fit expression in some outward type it sought—
Beauty thrilling all the pulses, lonely days and nights he wrought,
And full well the Inner Vision had the pallid marble caught.

Calm it stood—a statued image of the young impassioned saint,
On whose mortal beauty lingered not the shade of mortal taint,—
To whose mortal eyes heaven's vision seemed no longer dim and faint.

And the passing shadows flitting lightly o'er the earnest face,
On each youthful, godlike feature left a strangely living trace,
Till it seemed St. George was standing in the passive marble's place.

Yet, methinks, o'er something nobler might those wayward shadows glide,
On a beauty, higher, rarer, well contented might they bide,
When another, rapt, before it, stood by Donatello's side.

He was one among his pupils, scarce to manhood-summer grown,—
All his flowers in Fame's bright chaplet were, as yet, but buds unblown;
Yet the master felt their blooming would be brighter than his own.

For there seemed around his forehead and within his eye to glow
Visions far more deep and wondrous than e'er sculptor's hand might know;
All too grand for outward semblance were thy visions, Angelo!

And behind the noblest figure, born beneath thy potent hand,
Still in wondrous, mocking beauty, shall a something nobler stand:—
Shadowy, as the forms upspringing 'neath some dread magician's wand.

Then upon that lofty forehead, Care's rude fingers had not wrought,—
Not as yet his iron sternness had those proud, dark features caught;—
Dreaming boy was he who stood there, rapt in deep and silent thought.—

"Nay—what think'st thou?" said the master, "seems it not almost divine?"
In his eye the glow of genius seemed with clearer light to shine,—
As he answered, "Only one thing does it lack,—this work of thine."

gild it become to establish its influence peaceably and permanently over that Europe which it had conquered. For, thanked be Providence and civilisation, there are no rights which have been so modified and curtailed as those of conquest. Of old the victor might make of the vanquished his slave, and partition his territory to new holders. But the days of exterminating a people, of enslaving or dispossessing them, are past. The race and the soil remain, and the victors must devise some means of satisfying the wants, and even the pride of the vanquished; for the rule of brute intimidation is far too ineffectual and costly. Had the French Revolution achieved wide conquest, however turbulent and irregular its rule, in foreign countries, it would at least have found friends amongst the classes it emancipated, and by degrees it would have succeeded in the formation of allied States, republics like itself. But a military chief and an embryo emperor, commanding the French soldiers, and through them master of the State, saw or would see nothing in other nations but monarch like himself. With these alone he would negotiate—these alone conciliate or court. Napoleon, from character as well as position, was fitted to enact this part of the mere crowned head. His early experience made him acquainted with all that was abhorrent and impuissant in Democracy. He thus learnt to ignore the existence of a people altogether. His political optics were so formed as exclusively to discern princes and courts and armies. He neither knew what the word *people* meant, nor the worth nor the power which it implied.

"One thing lacks it!"—did not matchless stand that form of youthful grace?
 Could more firm and high endeavor leave round lips of marble trace?
 Could more pure and saint-like passion light that pale and upturned face?—

Ne'er a fault could he discover there, to mar its perfect claim,
 Though anew he searched and pondered often as again there came,—
 Grown each year a heavier burden, tales of Buonarrotti's fame.

And, in sooth, a heavy burden it had grown to be that day,
 When he knelt beside the pallet where the pale old sculptor lay—
 Waiting patiently the moment death should bear his soul away.

Patient—yet, within his spirit seemed some vexing thought to bide,
 For amid his dying murmurs,—“What lacks it?” faint he sighed,
 “Only speech!” said Buonarrotti.—With a smile the old man died.

“Only speech!” O mighty spirit! who through time didst nobly send,
 Thoughts whose grandeur lower natures rather guess than comprehend,—
 With what earthly mould or being e'er may perfect utterance blend!

All our loftiest thoughts and visions seem, for want of language, lost;—
 Longingly we read the story of the tongues of flame which crossed,
 Lips of fervid Gallileans on the day of Pentecost.

All the Holy Spirit tells us we may never hope to teach,—
 Little of the heart's affection lips or eyes can ever reach;—
 More than Donatello's statue do our stammering tongues need speech.

PROFESSOR PHANTILLO.

A ROMANCE OF THE WATER CURE.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSOR PHANTILLO was, and I presume still is, an astrologer. His advertisements, which ornamented the newspapers a year ago, told the public in what esteem he was held by the kings and potentates of the old world, who consulted him on all important occasions with astonishing success. Why this favorite of royalty should wish to establish himself in the shire-town of Bearbrook in New England—or why his august disciples should suffer him to come, if he did—were questions to which the advertisements aforementioned afforded no response.

The particular service rendered by this illustrious stranger to my uncle, Major Wherrey, being rather paternal than astrological in its character, need be preceded by no inquiry concerning the claims of that occult science which yet finds many dupes in the midst of our boasted enlightenment.

Now, my uncle, Major Wherrey, was a

very thin gentleman, with queer little eyes and still droller mouth—not at all like the engraving of the picture in possession of the Bearbrook High Art Association, which serves (or should serve) as frontispiece to the history. A constitutional shyness—or, as he chose to call it, an elegant fastidiousness—prevented my uncle from relishing the society of ladies; so that his forty-second birthday found him in celibacy, and chambered in the city of New York.

Of the particular nature of the festivities that distinguished this annual commemoration, I am unfortunately ignorant—never having been invited to assist thereat; and, as the present narrative has only to do with facts, I decline consulting my fancy, or even the doctrine of probabilities, for a sketch of the occasion.

It is sufficient to conclude the introductory chapter (which, in my opinion, should be devoted to telling the reader who people are—whether they figure immediately or not) with a statement to the following effect. The morning

succeeding the Major's party found him prostrate and headachy upon a sofa, endeavoring to extract some comfort from the columns of a weekly journal.

"The very thing, by Jove!" exclaimed my uncle, as he read an advertisement headed "Granville County Water-Cure."

"The very thing! I'll go immediately!"

CHAPTER II.

A WRITER who is concise and intelligible in the first chapter, has surely earned the right to a little episodic description in the second—of which allowed title advantage is thus taken.

A water-cure! Who does not remember the mixture of surprise and incredulity, with which he first heard the name! What sexagenarian invalid does not recall the glow caused by the first reading of Bulwer's panegyric upon the new remedial agent! An unhappy man he was, if his literary cravings happened to take him to the Medical Reviews after having perused this delicious publication. In their conservative pages, he found the professors of the new art placed in the same category with the proprietors of all-healing sarsaparillas or vegetable pills.

The short dream of a perfect restoration to all bodily and mental vigor—that fair palace of perpetual health—that the brilliant novelist had conjured up, was suddenly assailed by the harsh words "humbug," "self-delusion," "quackery," and such other vituperative missives as the professional batteries afforded.

Yet, in spite of the extravagant laudation of enthusiasts, and the vigorous attacks of opponents, the establishments for the practice of the new system have steadily increased among us; till the discovery of Preissnitz, with certain modifications, is almost universally allowed to be of service in many cases of chronic disorder.

It is hardly just, however, to attribute the number and thriving condition of the Hydropathic institutions by which we are surrounded, to the wonders wrought by the simple agency of water. A great part of their success is doubtless owing to the love of that easy, independent intercourse with one another, which crowds Saratoga and Newport, and has made the "boarding-house" an American institution. There is always an excuse for passing a few weeks at a Water-

Cure, which must be inconveniently stretched to apply to Fabiani's, or the Mountain House at Catskill. To the former we are driven, not by inclination, but misfortune. A gentleman's business connections have no cause to complain—a lady's household duties may with propriety be left to take care of themselves—when the great necessity of health demand their absence.

There are other circumstances that make these establishments a favorite retreat for a large class of our restless population. The moderate cost of such a sojourn in some pleasant part of the country, in comparison with a visit to the Lakes or Niagara—the complete absolution from the daily penance of dressing—and, above all, the perfect equality in the state and position of each occupant—are, to the great mass of migratory citizens, very positive advantages.

"Why, the fact is," says young Wilkinson (he who lost so heavily a few years ago, by the failure of a noted firm in this city), "the fact is, that at Newport, where I formerly passed the season, I should now be positively nobody! There are plenty of fellows whose kids and broadcloth, not to speak of turn-outs, it would be impossible for me to equal, whereas, by going through the water cure, I can flourish and flirt in dressing-gown and slippers, and get up quite as pleasant an understanding with a damsel in a calico morning-gown, with hair damp and dishevelled by frequent ablutions, as if we were mutually booted and laced to the most orthodox pattern."

The recent visit of my uncle to one of the most famous of these establishments, has given me a particularity of information concerning the details of water-cure life, that, under other circumstances could only be attained by a personal residence. It has always been the habit of Major Wherrey to keep a daily diary to the end, that should he by some unforeseen event blaze into notoriety, there may not be wanting the materials for a biography sufficiently copious to satisfy his warmest admirer. A great amount of blotted manuscript was recently presented me by the good gentleman, accompanied by the same friendly permission with which people who have been restored to health by some elixir or cordial, conclude their certificates—namely, that they might be put to any use likely to benefit the proprietor.

From these inky fountains, the stream of this narrative derives its source—

some tributaries may help to increase its body—but the main supplies I here openly acknowledge.

CHAPTER III.

A FAVORABLE first impression is of acknowledged importance in reconciling us to places or people.

In our younger days we may, indeed, recover from the shock of seeing a fine view in a thunder storm, or of failing to recognize some shabby little gentleman as the favorite poet, whose intellectual visage had beamed at us from the first page of his published productions. But in mature life, the loss of impulse is supplied by the comparative duration of the feeling excited; and it must be regarded as a happy circumstance when a middle-aged bachelor, an imaginary or real invalid, on arriving at the place where he has determined to make a considerable stay, discovers that matters are reasonably to his liking.

Such a satisfaction did my uncle experience on reaching the Granville County Water-Cure. The house, to be sure, had rather a patched effect, for nearly every water-cure was originally designed for something else, and had been through various processes of enlargement and adaptation. But the inside seemed quiet and cheerful, and looked remarkably *unlike* a hotel. The existence of any peculiar aquatic privileges would never have been suspected by a transient visitor; for baths of every description were banished to the cellar, where they kept company with an immense tank, whose calm dark surface was strongly suggestive of mosquitoes.

Whether these annoying insects were actually generated in this lower region could never be fully determined; but that they appeared up stairs in goodly numbers, is a fact concerning which my uncle is peculiarly positive.

The chambers were small and low, as they must necessarily be where many are to be accommodated—but the architect, with the view of providing a sufficiency of oxygen, as well as mitigating the evils of solitude, placed ventilators over all the doors, by which means my kinsman was kept pleasantly informed of the affairs of his neighbors, and listened to many profitable strictures upon himself.

It is not until the first breakfast that the stranger sees the full corps of pa-

tients among whom he is to take his place. Then, they all enter fresh and rosy from an early walk, where has been dispersed that silent misanthropy which usually characterizes the first hour after rising.

There is certainly a republican mixture of the different varieties of the human race. The pale and the florid, the fastidious and the gossiping, the judge, the colonel, and the author, all mingle together as the black and white spirits are instructed to do about the witches' cauldron. Among the ladies the variety is no less striking. First, there is the pleasant, chatty little person, whose toilet, manners, and conversation, may be described by the newspaper phrase "very neat." Opposite are several damsels of the intensely natural and unaffected school. These are the young ladies who are afraid of nobody, despise all sentiment, and can talk about fast horses and fancy drinks. Next, come some representatives of a different order, who manage to smile a little, occasionally screw up their courage sufficiently to ask for the butter, and secretly envy the ease and volubility of their neighbors. Besides these, there is a dowager, who sparkles with breast-pins and showy rings, and a young lady or two, who, not being patients, and consequently allowed to rise when they please, steal to their places with that guilty look that the consciousness of having overslept oneself invariably occasions.

The breakfast itself is always plain, though exceedingly good; yet my uncle sees fit to express his private distaste for a dark, husky mixture, which might pass for the species of provender upon which the prodigal son was tempted to regale in the hour of necessity, and which is handed about under the name of "cracked wheat."

From the memoranda made during the first few days of his sojourn, it is conjectured that my uncle's visit began in a manner by no means disagreeable. The day was spent in bathing and walking; and, until the walkers and bathers had narrated the principal events in their past lives, and told when they had come, and how long they meant to stay—there seems to have been little lack of diversion.

The end of the week, however, brought with it the time that must come sooner or later, when our companions began to repeat the same observations in the same way, and we feel that con-

sciousness of having seen to the bottom of one another's minds, which Goldsmith urged as a good reason for admitting new members to the Literary Club.

The "new members" in the present instance were not attainable—either the proper season had not arrived, or the advertisements and billiard tables of rival establishments succeeded in attracting the crowd. The daily routine seemed to drag a little heavily, except when enlivened by some expedition, which, out of the many talked about, happened actually to take place.

Of this description of entertainment the grand ascent of Squaticub Hill alone deserves a notice.

A barouche, accompanied by several buggies, contained the pleasure-seekers. One of these latter vehicles, and a very talkative young lady (who to prevent anything like embarrassment, at once informed her companion that she never intended to be married), were bestowed upon my uncle. The prospect from various parts of the road was said to be remarkably fine, and was, perhaps, enjoyed by the proprietor of the fast horse; but the less favored individuals who were enveloped in the dust occasioned by the performance of this favorite animal, were obliged to rely on their imaginations for its various beauties. The fair friend who took charge of Major Wherrey, was by no means of a careful or timorous disposition, and insisted upon hurrying on at the greatest speed, in a fruitless endeavor to obtain the lead. The result was, that, when at last the summit of the hill was attained, my uncle's eyes were full of very fine gravel, and his black broadcloth suit turned to that peppered-salt color, which the tailors assure us makes up into "neat business-coats." Nor did the hue seem particularly inappropriate to the party;—whose general appearance was more suggestive of "business" than anything else—for how could it be supposed that *pleasure* would induce people to climb a high hill, to sit in the scorching rays of the sun, for the purpose of drinking wretched lemonade, and looking at nothing in particular.

CHAPTER IV.

"PROFESSOR PHANTILLO, having recently arrived from Germany, where he was constantly consulted by the principal crowned heads of Europe, gives the most satisfactory advice in all matters connected with Love, Courtship or Marriage. For the sum of

two dollars (post-paid, and addressed to Bearbrook, Mass.), he covenants to teach any lady or gentleman the art of being irresistibly fascinating; and, for an adequate fee, will insure partners to the most fastidious.
"Isceptit."

There! I have got to the Professor at last—and he appears soon enough too—for with what propriety can the principal character of the drama come on in the first scene.

Is not Hamlet all the more interesting for the suspense in which he keeps the audience before he opens his lips; and do we not *improve* Richard by playing that everlasting scene about King Henry, while the tyrant lingers at the first entrance?

"Insures partners to the most fastidious, and teaches the art of being irresistibly fascinating:—There, Major!" exclaimed a dark-eyed, roguish damsel, addressing my uncle, after the author before mentioned had finished reading the advertisement that stands at the head of this chapter—"what a capital chance for some people to be sure—just think what fun to have everybody falling in love with us."

Of course my uncle had the gallantry to suggest that any new acquirement would be quite superfluous to a lady whose natural graces were fully able to insure such a result.

At this Miss Kate Lawton (for by this name is the lady distinguished in the diary) thought it necessary to state that she didn't like flattery, and couldn't see why everybody so mistook her character as to be always saying such sort of things; adding much more to the same purport, after the manner in which people who are inordinately fond of hearing their own praises, really try to persuade themselves that they don't like it.

"Well, well," observed Mr. Barnard, the reader of the advertisement, which he continued still to study, "I would give something to know what this fellow would say, if any one wrote to him."

"If somebody will write the letter for me, I declare I'll try," rejoined Miss Kate.

"No difficult matter that," said the author; "if the doctor hadn't forbid using my eyes in the evening, I'd do it myself; but here's the major, who's just the man; the letter may be written to-night, sent off the first thing in the morning, and we shall have an answer by Wednesday."

It was only much discussion and a considerable biological influence which

streamed from the eyes of Miss Lawton, that reconciled my uncle to the plan; and his assent was given in the midst of serious doubts concerning the propriety of opening a correspondence with an individual who might make himself as troublesome as the German professor. The *assent*, however, being all that was wanted, the letter, by the joint inspirations of the trio was composed upon the spot and was quite a model of deceptive composition.

It purported to be written by a certain Fanny Weston, who had been engaged to one Smitkinson, a clerk in a jeweller's shop. This young gentleman (so ran the tale) had basely broken his engagement to contract another with Jane Gossifant, daughter of old Mr. Gossifant, who lived by the church at South Beckford, and had a consumption and fifty thousand dollars.

The requisite sum was inclosed, and advice requested in this delicate case. But an unexpected difficulty arose in determining the address to which the answer should be sent. There was a necessity of making use of some real name, for, the post-office being some miles off, the letters passed through the hands of an agent, who would obviously refuse any epistle bearing a name unknown in the establishment. The author, on account of his literary notoriety, declared *As* could not be thought of; but that my uncle, being nobody in particular, could not reasonably object to having the letter address to his care.

The major, although willing to assent to the first proposition relating to himself, could not easily be convinced of the second. The dispute waxed warm. Mr. Barnard could not see the force of my uncle's objections, and the dark-eyed young lady used those orbe to great effect, and only wished *she* could do *anything* to oblige *anybody*. The result might have been predicted. A post-script was added directing the professor to address, Miss F. Weston, care of Major Wherrey, at the — Water Cure.

The letter was thoroughly sealed and deposited in a leathern bag which carried the mail of the establishment to the nearest post-office; and my uncle retired to bed with that dismal consciousness of having done something contrary to his best judgment, that always prevented the enjoyment of peaceful repose.

During the three or four days that elapsed before the arrival of the letter containing so much valuable information,

a stage-load of people were added to the guests. The slight scramble for seats at dinner, that usually succeeded such adventures, generally resulted in everybody finding himself next to just the people whose society he would least have chosen. The exception, which is of such value in establishing the general rule, was, in this instance, in favor of my uncle. Happening to arrive rather late, he was driven in like a wedge between two very nice young ladies, who agreeably shortened the tedious *entr'act* between the meal and the dessert.

A nice young lady! What reasonable sized folio could contain the different definitions of these simple words? If some had their way, the candidates for this honorable degree would be examined in polking and small talk—some would select such text-books as Childe Harold and Corinne—while "Mrs. Farrar" and "Hints on Made Dishes" would be considered by others as necessary as the Faculty of Harvard College consider the grammars and readers of their own professors, to the proper preparation of a Freshman.

As my uncle's opinion on this subject has the merit of being briefly expressed, it shall be set down for what it is worth. According to this authority, the title is deserved by any damsel who has learnt the great truth that perfect *simplicity* is perfect *elegance*.

The two ladies near whom my kinsman was placed, and with whom he appears to have had considerable association, stood this test in a manner the most satisfactory. They were city-bred, and held what is called "a position in society"—advantages, by the way, that always make themselves evident in feminine deportment and finish. It is customary to compare (greatly to the advantage of the former) the good tempered country girl with the indulged and affected creatures with whom sarcastic writers choose to people the drawing-rooms of the city. Now, there doubtless are many vulgar fellow-citizens of ours, who, having risen to sudden wealth, and not to the real *position* of dignity and intelligence, do conduct themselves quite unworthily; but that these gentry comprise, or in any legitimate way represent, the *best society* of our eastern cities, my uncle has never been willing to allow.

CHAPTER V.

THE remarks that concluded the last chapter, although having no connection with the story, may serve to indicate the time supposed to elapse before the arrival of the professor's answer; just as a drop-scene, representing a battle in Mexico, marks the interval between the acts of a Roman tragedy.

The reader will now imagine the parlor of the establishment as it appeared on a particularly sultry summer's evening. The windows are all open—the company sufficiently mixed for everybody to serve as a restraint upon somebody else, and the *Dorr*-bugs (I have no idea how they spell their name) wrecking themselves against the ceiling, and thence tumbling upon the heads beneath, until you could not help sympathizing with the Reverend Homer Wilbur (in relation to a similar nuisance) in the doubt whether Noah *could be justified* in preserving this species of insect.

A piano that was in the room, and a most obliging lady to officiate thereat, redeemed parts of the evening; but the event that waked up everybody was the entrance of Kate Lawton with a letter from Professor Phantillo.

It was read aloud at the request of many voices; but the contents were vague and unsatisfactory. There was something concerning the position and influence of the planets (which it seems were averse to any interposition just then—though holding out good hopes for the future), a little concerning the mysteries of love and courtship in general—and a great deal about a future remittance of money. The interest of the communication, however, was reserved for the postscript, which ran as follows:—

"I desire some information concerning this Major Wherrey, to whose care this letter is to be addressed. I discern that your fate is strangely connected with his. I shall be glad to learn the amount of his property; also, whether he is disposed to believe in the science which I profess. Not a word to *him* of these inquiries; but answer me discreetly and secretly and I will help you, to a fortune beyond your proudest hopes."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mr. Barnard—"the professor is completely taken in; he evidently thinks that he has fallen upon a vein of metal that will pay the working. Don't you see, Major, he means to inform himself about your property, habits, &c., and then come down on you in some dextrous manner for a

remittance. Well, this is good! I'd no idea we should have such success!"

"Success!" exclaimed my uncle, starting from his seat; "yes! it's fine fun for you—but consider the fellow knows my real name—he will be angry enough when he discovers the hoax, and in some way or other will make me pay for it." And a dismal diorama, representing respectable elderly gentlemen who had unwittingly fallen into the power of some character whom they were obliged to furnish with pocket-money forever after, unrolled itself before the mental vision of my relative.

To be sure, Major Wherrey was unable to recollect that he had embezzled at the bank, or ever entertained a passion for his cook; but his faith was strong in the ability of his scientific friend to discover some point upon which to rest the lever of persecution, should he be so disposed. Such dismal forebodings were not shared by Miss Kate Lawton, who declared the letter quite worth the two dollars it had cost, and was particularly diverted with the connection discovered between her destiny, and anybody then at the water-cure.

Much more was said or sung (the latter by the lady at the piano) during the evening; all which, I would set down, if I "naturally ran to conversation." But, not having the talent of Miss Burney for this, as well as one or two other things, I think it best to keep up the sober jog of narration. And here let me avow, what I have no doubt the reader has suspected all along, that the title of this paper, "a romance," is altogether a misnomer. Yet, when I inscribed that taking substantive at the head of my first chapter, I had no idea of asking a hearing under false pretences. The note-books, which were mentioned as being in my possession, and the singular sequel to the adventures they contain, seemed to me materials from which an elegant structure of fiction might be reared, and I had actually the temerity to draw a sketch for the ground floor. But the strong solution of fact with which my mind was filled, would precipitate itself upon the paper, till at last the proposed embellishments of fancy were thrown aside, and I became a chronicler of real experience, almost against my will.

Well! my uncle passed a hot, uncomfortable night. Hot!—yes; it *was* hot indeed. You could almost cut the caloric with a knife. Everybody pretended

to go to bed, but speedily rose, and stumbled about the entries all night. Muttered execrations, combined with the notes of a distant musical box, streamed through the ventilator, and pervaded my uncle's apartment, while "friends in boots," stalked up and down the piazza before the window, with the same interminable tramp.

Sleep was impossible for the most innocent or thoughtless, during that long night. Every half hour, or so, my uncle would go down cellar, and paddle about the tank; which performance served to impart a more fiery sultriness to his chamber, when he came out.

But the extreme discomforture of his bodily state, was exceeded by the turbulent nature of his mental speculations. One may dismiss a troublesome thought, or suspicion, by day; but, during a sleepless night, the unwelcome visitor returns, and leers upon you horribly, and will not be exorcised. This waking nightmare is far more terrible than anything dreams can furnish, and leaves us as weak and miserable as was Sancho Panza, after the visit of the Enchanted Moors, at the village inn.

In short, Major Wherrey, naturally nervous and timid, was goaded almost to frenzy, at the remembrance of his own indiscretion. At Bearbrook, too—that this Professor Phantillo should live at Bearbrook, where my uncle's famous cranberry plantation was situated, and where he himself resided several months in the year. "Good heavens!" thought the poor gentleman, "what an opportunity it gives him for raking together all sorts of scandal—for setting my neighbors against me—and, perhaps, getting up some curious chemical blight for the cranberries."

Two letters, that were brought to my uncle's room the next morning, served to plunge him into still deeper perplexity. The first was written on odd-looking paper, was post-marked from Bearbrook, bore a strictly non-committal seal, and turned out to be from Professor Phantillo himself. It was filled with dark hints about secret information the professor had received, which obliged him to suppose that Major Wherrey had tampered with the affections of a certain Miss Fanny Weston, and stated that unless the sum of twenty dollars was received by the next post, he should feel it his duty to publish his suspicions in the Bearbrook Gazette.

The other epistle was from a nameless

gentleman, connected, with the New York press, who politely forwarded a copy of an article that was to appear in the *Criminal Investigator* of the next week.

Poor Major Wherrey was nearly beside himself, at this palpable conspiracy. He drove to the next town to consult a lawyer; and came back again to advise with the doctor. He bewailed his fate with no gentle expletives touching himself, the professor, Miss Lawton, Mr. Barnard, and the New York reporter. Finally, his trunks were ordered, and he determined to fly from his tormentors.

There was no stage, however, before afternoon, and six or eight hours must be endured before any one could leave the place. The obliging young lady played the wedding march upon the piano; but music had no charm to soothe the troubles of my uncle. In a fit of impatient desperation, Major Wherrey seized a book from the centre-table of the "boarders' parlor"—where the usual number were collected, to stare at each other, and wish away the morning—and hastily turned over its leaves. It had the popular alliterative title, and, of course, had sold to an almost mythical number of copies—at least, so said the publishers.

"Harpoons and Hautboys, from Hatty's Haversack," repeated my uncle, as he glanced over the title-page, and then with a start of recognition—"Miss Kate Lawton, from her friend, T. Barnard." The start was occasioned by a remarkable resemblance that Major Wherrey detected between the chirography of these latter words, and that of Professor Phantillo; nor was his astonishment lessened, when he observed, in the handwriting of the New York reporter, near the bottom of the page, this expressive criticism—"a book just such as I like. —K. L."

Of course, my uncle's understanding received a sudden illumination from this accidental discovery. Relieved from his apprehensions so unexpectedly, his first impulse was to embrace his persecutors, as if they had done him some distinguished favor; then came the revulsion of feeling, and the mortification of having been successfully hoaxed—than which there are few things harder to bear with equanimity.

He was, nevertheless, reminded by the lady and gentleman who had amused themselves at his expense, of an opinion he had himself expressed upon the

allowability of a practical joke, when there was positively no other way of getting rid of time—and the contempt with which he had dared anybody to take him in—if they could.

As this reminiscence served to check the bitter complaints of which the major was about to deliver himself, he summoned sufficient discretion "to smooth his cheek to smiles," and pretend to laugh at his own misfortune.

At any rate, his equanimity was completely restored, when some whisky, lemons, and sugar, smuggled from the neighboring village, were mingled with the water supplied so lavishly by the institution, and, the door being locked, he sat with Mr. Barnard enjoying the same after dinner.

"Well, sir," said my uncle, after the professor's epistles had been duly discussed, "so you sent the letters to Bearbrook to be post-marked; and all that stuff about my fate being united with that of Miss Kate Lawton, and the havoc I had made with her affections, was written by you!"

"Written by me—yes"—replied Mr. Barnard, "but dictated by herself."

CHAPTER VI.

And now we have come to the last chapter, which, according to all rules and precedents, should contain a wedding, or, at the very least, an engagement. I have something of the kind to put into it, you may be sure, though it may not prove of the most legitimate description.

In fact, had I persevered in my first idea, and made a romance out of this matter, I should have bestowed the hand of Miss Kate Lawton upon Signor Kwinsidi, the gentleman from Norway, or Sir Harold Skiff, the English baronet; both of whom, as I learn from my uncle's diary, were sojourners at the establishment during his visit, and appear to have been of person and years suitable for the manufacture of a hero.

But, as I have determined to adhere to the real facts in the case, and tell, not what Miss Kate could, would, or should have done, but, what she actually did do—I am compelled to declare that she is at present my aunt.

To make a lively young creature of three-and-twenty marry a somewhat infirm gentleman of forty-two, even if he *did* have a fine house in the country, and could keep his carriage in town, would,

I admit, in any work of fiction be utterly unnatural and preposterous. I can only urge, in palliation of so original a finale, the excuse Ben Jonson once advanced for dispensing with the graces of rhyme—that the fact stated happens to be *true*.

Of course I was astonished at the engagement, and suspected the parties immediately concerned must have been still more so. Yet, it is not difficult to see how it happened. My uncle had never seen so much of any lady before, and no lady had ever seemed so disposed to see a great deal of him. But, after all, it is likely enough that the whole affair was determined upon and arranged soon after Major Wherrey's arrival. "Here is a good-tempered gentleman, of handsome fortune, who only wants a little encouragement, to take a wife to assist him in spending it—and if so, why should not I as well as any one else profit by the circumstance?" Mind,—I don't say that Miss Kate said or thought anything of the kind; I only decline to peril the perfect authenticity of this history by declaring that she did not.

But however it came about, I am heartily glad that it did come about somehow—for a happier match was never lighted amid such watery surroundings. Happy! yes, you would have thought so, had you been at Bearbrook last winter during the session of the Court. Why, that great house was full of company, and Major Wherrey, all smiles, was going about from one guest to another, expatiating upon the excellence of his wife and his cranberries, and entreating us all to make ourselves perfectly at home—for which every one thanked him sincerely, and declared they would.

And, what is more, I believe we did it too—only that nobody's *real home* could have been half so amusing. You should have seen our Bearbrook theatricals—not the performance of Love's Sacrifice: that to be sure was a failure—but those two farces in which Aunt Catherine played the chambermaid, and had fifteen bouquets thrown upon her by the delighted audience. And then that good romping country ball when the young lady who "never meant to marry" found herself engaged to Sir Harold Skiff; and Mr. Barnard sang that capital song after supper, and even Kwinsidi, the imperturbable Norwegian, was stimulated into something like life. But, as the reader did not see all this (that is supposing he was not of the party), I can only wish him better luck another time, and not

try to anticipate his pleasure by imperfect reminiscences.

In conclusion, then—but, stop:—before concluding, I wish to say a word to Mr. Frank Osborne, whose history of “Wensley” I have just read with almost unmingled satisfaction.

There exists in that work a passage highly commendatory of the “institution of cousins,” and, by implication, rather severe upon those who are slow to appreciate the advantages of this blessed relationship; but, Mr. Osborne, had you

had a young and pretty kinswoman, to whose luxurious mansion you were always welcomed, whom you could drive, and read to, and take to the theatre, without the confounded report of an engagement, and the shrugs and frowns of fathers and brothers—had you found such a treasure at Wensley, should we not have read:—

“Cousins may be very well for those who can get nothing better; but,—*there is virtue in an Aunt.*”

SPENSERIANA.*

THE title of this recently issued work is a text *à-propos* alike to a discussion of the life and fortunes of a great poet, and of a great poem. We desire to speak of both; but what we have to say must be briefly said, and we shall endeavor to concentrate our critical illumination upon a few topics suggested by Dr. Hart's volume, rather than to diffuse it over the whole ground. Let us begin by recapitulating the prominent incidents of the poet's life.

In London, just about three hundred and one years ago, was born Edmund Spenser. At that time the future Queen Elizabeth was twenty years of age. Five years afterwards she succeeded to the English crown. Raleigh—Spenser—Sidney—friends so congenial, and men so eminent in those “spacious times of great Elizabeth,” were singularly contemporaneous in their origin. Raleigh was born in 1552, Spenser in 53, and Sidney in 54.

At sixteen, Spenser entered one of the colleges at Cambridge as a charity scholar. There, during his seven years of study, he became intimate with one Gabriel Harvey, a singular man, whose eccentricities attracted the outrageous ridicule of Thomas Nash, a student of the same university, and one of the liveliest satirists of the time. Harvey was not only learned, but fond of displaying his acquirements, full of conceit, singular in his manners and dress, and especially oracular on matters of astrology. But Harvey, for all his whimsicalities, became a warm and active friend of Spenser, and ma-

terially assisted his promotion in after life.

Spenser left Cambridge at twenty-three, and resided about two years at some unascertained place in the north of England. There he fell in love with a wayward “Rosalind,” who liked and loathed him, and finally rejected his suit. However harrowing such an accident must have been to one of the gentlest of the gentle race of poets, it has been by the common consent of mankind declared essential to the discipline of all poets, inasmuch as nothing less grievous is supposed to induce that desperate state of mind in which successful poets are popularly believed to write successful poetry. The literary results of the affliction, in Spenser's case, were not long afterwards before the world. But passing by his poetry for the present, let us first deal with his biography as a man.

Harvey, assisted doubtless by the unfortunate love affair, enticed his friend from his seclusion, and introduced him to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney—personages then high in favor with the queen—noble, wealthy, adorned with manifold accomplishments, after the fashion of gentlemen of the time, and congenial (especially Sidney), to the peculiar abilities of Spenser. These noblemen were not slow in discovering his wealth of mind and heart, and, from mingled motives of admiration and friendly affection, gave the young poet patronage—a home, and to some extent employment, and in 1580 secured his appointment as a secretary to Lord Gray, then about

* “*Spenser and the Fairy Queen*,” or “*An Essay on the Life and Writings of Edmund Spenser*,” By JOHN B. HART, LL.D., Philadelphia, 1854.

to assume the government of Ireland. Thither Spenser followed his superior, and there received various minor offices and emoluments, and in 1586 a grant from the crown of 3,028 acres in the county of Cork, being part of the estate of the Earl of Desmond, forfeited by treason and rebellion. Sir Walter Raleigh had previously received nearly 12,000 acres of the same domain; and it is curious that there is no record of acquaintance between Spenser and Raleigh until after these possessions had made them neighbors. The grant to Spenser required his residence upon his estate, and he took up his abode at Kilcolman Castle, an ancient stronghold of the Earls of Desmond. It was situated on the shore of a lake, which was surrounded by a plain, the whole being encircled in the distance by mountains. This old castle remains (or did recently remain), a ruin strikingly venerable and picturesque, and surrounded by some of the fairest scenery of Ireland. Here began the halcyon days of Spenser. He had seen trouble; the leisure and competence which he desired had been delayed by the ill-will of Cecil and others who were rivals to his patron, Leicester, but now the clouds which had "low'd upon his house" seemed to be "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." At Kilcolman he lived twelve years, during which he married the lady whose graces and virtues are so magnificently celebrated in his "Epithalamium." During this period the larger portion of his poetry was composed. Here, too, he was visited by one whom he styled "the Shepherd of the Ocean"—Raleigh—who, familiar with foreign adventure, brought an account of that New World, quite as novel, and almost as romantic as the continent just discovered, and in part explored, by Spenser in his own exuberant imagination. Here, too, without anachronism, we may imagine Raleigh to have initiated his friend into a new art and mystery, then lately imported from America by an expedition which he had sent thither. As they reclined at a window of the old castle, or among the alders "by the Mulla's shore," we may fancy them wrapt in a cloud not altogether ideal, while "wound and loitered, idly free, the current of unguided talk."

But a wild storm was mustering behind the mountains that bounded the fair horizon of Kilcolman. It quickly overspread the heavens and burst. It

made shipwreck of the fortunes of Spenser, and sent his life down amid sorrow and desolation to the grave.

It is difficult to comprehend fully the condition of Ireland at that time; but it does seem as if there never had been, from the remotest period, a nation more shockingly cursed with anarchy and misrule, than the Irish. The first authentic fragment of the history of Ireland, is found in Tacitus, who mentions that an Irish chief, driven from his country by civil war, came to Agricola, and endeavored to persuade him to invade Ireland, assuring him, that a single legion of Roman soldiers would be sufficient to overrun and subdue the whole island. This incident is a fair exponent of centuries of the succeeding history of Ireland. Government, so far as it existed at all, remained for a long period in the form which it always assumes among barbarous nations—that of petty independent tribes, between which there is no bond of union, ruled by chiefs who are perpetually at feud with each other. The country was successively invaded, at different periods, by the English, the Danes, and again, the English; but these invasions were predatory and partial. The Celts were not subdued, nor their governments centralized. Neither was the condition of the native tribes elevated by the infusion of new political and social elements. On the contrary, those of the invaders who remained, retrograded, and assumed the manners and spirit of the natives. They embodied themselves in new clans, and by new feuds between themselves, and with their neighbors, complicated the existing anarchy and misery.

The power of England, however, gradually increased and predominated in Ireland, from the invasion under Henry II., in 1172, until its thorough establishment in the time of Elizabeth. But, throughout all that period, Ireland may be considered as territory partially colonized by English subjects, rather than as an integral portion of England under English law. The barbarism and poverty of the country rendered it unprofitable to the English sovereigns; they had enough to do to handle France and their home affairs, and they gave themselves very little concern about Ireland. When Elizabeth came to the throne, the tendency to rebellion was aggravated by religious dissension. The Celtic race continued loyal to Catholicism, which, at a very early period, had become the

religion of Ireland. The Protestant reformation, under Henry VIII. and Edward VI., had been pushed with the intemperate violence characteristic of the times; and though the Catholic rule of Mary allayed political disturbances for a while, the accession of Elizabeth opened afresh the old wound. Philip of Spain, also, exasperated by the loss of his influence in England, and the refusal of Elizabeth to marry him, stimulated the factions in Ireland. These factions Elizabeth endeavored at one time to conciliate by policy, and at another to subdue by arms; and she lived just long enough to see the latter object accomplished.

At the date of the grant which gave Spenser his title to Kilcolman, one of these troublesome factions, headed by the Earl of Desmond, had lately been quelled. The earl himself had been put to death, and his domain, which was immense, embracing a large portion of the county of Munster, in the south of Ireland, had been vested in the Crown. This territory Elizabeth endeavored so to distribute among her English-born subjects as to strengthen her government in the rebellious district. In carrying out this policy, she issued grants to whomsoever she chose, empowering those parties, to buy up portions of the confiscated estate, on condition of actual settlement thereon, at the low price of two-pence per acre. A subsequent rebellion under Tyrone and his confederates, which was quelled not long after, brought half a million of acres in the north of Ireland into market in the same manner, and thus Englishmen became landlords of the soil of Ireland, as they are to this day.

At the period to which we have brought the life of Spenser, his fairy home at Kilcolman was flourishing, like a vineyard of Naples, on the breast of a volcano. A new insurrection, kindled from Tyrone's rebellion in the north, suddenly broke out in the south, during the progress of which, a lineal heir of the Earl of Desmond attempted to oust the English possessors of the estate. Backed by a wild mob—"the rough rug-headed Kernes" of Ireland—he surprised Kilcolman Castle and burnt it. Spenser and his wife had brief notice, and escaped; but, in the confusion, an infant child of the poet was left behind, and perished in the conflagration. Spenser made good his flight to England, and three months afterwards, January 16th, 1599, at the age of forty-six, died in

London. During those three months, for reasons which we can only conjecture, but which it is easy to conceive, he had lived obscurely. Yet, at his death he was publicly and duly honored. The Earl of Essex gave him a costly funeral, and his remains were laid near those of Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey.

On reviewing what is left us of the biography of Spenser, it is not difficult to define a pretty satisfactory outline of his character as a man. In his case we are not much troubled by those inconsistent traits which render some characters hard to draw. It is noticeable that throughout his whole life, he was dependent, for worldly advancement, on the bountiful love and admiration of a few good friends—Harvey—Sidney—Leicester—and the queen. It is noticeable that his acquisitions of wealth and honors, and his poetical achievements, made him but few enemies; and that those who laid blocks in the way of his advancement at court, appear to have done so from partisan, and not personal, motives. In his day great license was allowed to satire, and it so happened that its keenest arrows were levelled at his nearest friends. Harvey, especially, was a shining mark for the crossbow of Nash, and was "punched full of deadly holes;" but Spenser does not seem to have made himself sufficiently disagreeable or ridiculous to give any point to the wit of malice. In his own poetical attempts at satire, the wit is not pungent nor the application close—it is that diffused satire of classes and conditions of men which does not betray the hand of "a special good hater."

To his youthful love affair he makes various allusions in his writings, and in a poem written shortly after it, treats it, under feigned names, at some length; yet without asperity or any bitterness, save the bitterness of a too aspiring and disappointed affection, for which he blames no one but himself. But many years afterwards, we find him, on occasion of his marriage, honoring the reciprocated affection of his new love with a nuptial song, which, in exuberance of imagery and brilliancy of spirit, is not surpassed—perhaps not equalled—by the same number of lines anywhere else in all his works.

Another illustration of his temper may be found in a literary affair in which he took part. At a certain time Sidney, Harvey, and Dyer, formed a project, which was no less than that of banishing

rhyme and accented rhythm from English prosody, and substituting in their stead a species of hexameter verse. This audacious attempt proved—as we believe that all such attempts will prove—a failure. The Saxon mind, from whatever cause we may choose to assign, does not, cannot, and will not move in such a measure. The thing has been repeatedly tried, until it has become just a little less than certain, that the poet who attempts a work in English hexameters thereby foredooms his own defeat; and we can half forgive the venomousness of Nash, in consideration of a sound remark which he made at that time, namely, that “the hexameter, though a gentleman of an ancient house, was not likely to thrive in this clime of ours, the soil being too craggy to set his plough in.” Spenser’s private judgment does not appear to have approved the innovation, yet in deference to his friends, and “fondly overcome by Sidney’s charm,” he laid aside, for a time, his great work, “*The Fairy Queen*,” and wrote hexameters.

Then, again, the friends on whom Spenser’s fortune most depended, with whom his biographers most intimately associate him, and who, in literary tastes and abilities, were congenial, were nevertheless, in some respects, very different men, and passed a very different course of life. Raleigh and Sidney were stirring men of the times, and the times offered them abundant opportunities for stirring. The court was headed by a queen, who, while she knew how to retain her power firmly, understood also every art of coquetting with it, and contrived to perpetuate, even to old age, a game highly exciting and alluring to whosoever of her subjects were chivalrous, accomplished and intriguing. Elizabeth had a shrewd eye for all that a woman admires in a man. Being inordinately fond of flattery, she made precisely that use of her royal power in her court, which a belle makes of her beauty in a ball-room; consequently, her court furnished a brilliant field for the achievements of men, who, to the graces of the beau, added the genius of the diplomatist. Then, too, the world abroad was alive with action. America, not half discovered, hung like a dominion in the evening clouds, just sufficiently defined to allure adventurous spirits in quest of all manner of golden imaginations. Up the northern Atlantic came sweeping, in a seven-mile crescent, the Spanish

Armada, breathing out threatenings, and horribly armed with death and hell torture. On the southern main, the Spanish plate fleet, bearing millions of treasure, and doubtfully convoyed, tempted reprisals. In Ireland, rebellion and confusion abounded; and, on the Continent, Catholic and Protestant had each other by the throat. Of such like affairs, Raleigh and Sidney saw much, and were a part. They were men of bravery and spirit, who craved action, and their contributions to the literature of England were mostly the rainy-day labors of minds laid on the shelf by misfortune, and too restless to remain idle. With these men, and in these times, Spenser’s lot was cast; yet the inspiration of these men and times he reflected and illustrated, not at all in his own exploits, but only in the adventures of elfin knights and ladies, the creations of his imagination.

And now, going back to the paragraph where we left his remains reposing in Westminster Abbey, what does all that intervene, in its relation to his character, indicate respecting him? What else can it indicate than that he was a man singularly gentle, modest, loving, tractable, prudent, and forgiving—a man as little tinged with selfish and unkind passion as any man? Had he been different—had he possessed, in any considerable degree, the incompatible and uncompromising qualities of Dante, or Milton, or Byron, could he have gone through life so smoothly, and left behind him so clear a record?

Yet, there are one or two accusations brought against him which should not be passed over. During the tenure of his estate in Ireland, he is accused, on the authority of existing legal documents, of having attempted to add unjustly to his possessions. He also wrote, in 1596, a political treatise on the state of Ireland, in which he strongly advocates the exercise of Elizabeth’s arbitrary power. Neither the documents nor the treatise referred to are within our reach, and how far they compromise the character of Spenser we cannot judge. We desire not to fashion an ideal character for him, but to ascertain the strict truth respecting him. Notwithstanding his fair fame, he might have been, in some things, ungente and unjust. We know that very good men have done things that were very wrong; yet we know that it is unfair to judge any man by one or two particular instances of conduct. Conduct indicates character only so far

as it indicates that which is native and habitual; and character is to be justly drawn only by a large induction from all the facts that can be known about a man. All men who give charity are not equally benevolent; nor all who commit murder equally depraved. Neither the treatment which king David showed to Uriah, nor the tears of Nero over a death warrant, nor the throwing an open pen-knife at a friend, by Henry Martyn, can be accepted as deflecting the main drift of testimony respecting those men. But without a basis of facts it is idle to speculate on the conduct of Spenser in Ireland. Let us say no more than that the enormity of his offences cannot, for obvious reasons, be inferred from the circumstances which attended his expulsion from Killoolman Castle—in his position, an angel of light would have been as ruthlessly expelled—and that the fact that his political treatise, however Machiavellian, was not published by himself, but came to light long after his death, gives him the benefit of a very important doubt.

The work of Dr. Hart embraces a sketch of the life of Spenser, with notices of, and quotations from all his principal miscellaneous poems. These matters occupy about one-fourth of the volume. The remainder is an essay on the "Fairy Queen." This essay comprises critical and historical notices, and an elaborate re-construction of the poem, wherein the essayist, with the design of giving a view of the whole work in a small compass, hurries forward the story in his own words, interspersed with frequent, though not long, quotations from the poem. Many things episodical are passed by; but the thread of the plot is carried through to the end. The labor of rendering Spenser's great work in an abbreviated form is, on the whole, ably and faithfully accomplished; and it has obviously been a labor lightened by a devout love and admiration for the genius of the poet. Something of the design and spirit of the essayist may be gathered from the following quotation:—

"To catch the spirit and meaning of the concrete and poetical symbols of the author; to extract from the flower of poesy, and present in marketable form the honey which it contains; to present to the imagination such pictures as should tend to cultivate and elevate the taste, and enkindle in the heart a love for the good, the beautiful, and the true; to

give so much of the story as to make the characters and pictures intelligible to all classes of readers, without taking from the poem the zest of novelty to those who may have the leisure and the inclination to read it for themselves, and without wearying those who have read it already; to penetrate the instructive mysteries of Belphebe, and Amoret, and Britomart, and Florimel; this, let it be said, has required something beyond mere verbal criticism, or historical and grammatical illustrations. It has been necessary rather to abstract the mind from the piles of erudition with which the subject is loaded, and to read the poem as the Christian should read his Bible, with a perpetual appeal to the silent expositor within."

It is evident, on every page, that the taste of Dr. Hart is highly congenial to the romantic and chivalrous character of Spenser's poem. One proof of this is, the care with which he renders, in his own words, his conceptions of the poet's principal female personages. We quote what we find most detachable:—

"Spenser exalts in his female characters.

He possessed not only the genius requisite for the successful delineation of characters generally, but in a special manner that goodness of heart without which there can be no proper appreciation of the mystery of woman. * * *

Britomart was the only daughter of her father, the king of Wales. Merlin, the great Magician, had made for this king a magic mirror, in which he could see both the distant and the future. No foe could ever attack his kingdom unawares, because the king always saw them in his mirror long ere they approached the border. Britomart had been a sort of 'Di Vernon' in her time, and had given Dan Oupid bold defiance. But happening to stroll one day into her father's closet, she took it into her head to look into this wondrous mirror, which could bring into the field of vision whatever scene the wishes, interests, or circumstances, of the beholder might happen to suggest. It is difficult to analyze the subtle essences which compose a young maiden's heart. Whether Britomart was governed by anything more than mere idle curiosity it is impossible to say. The idea of a husband surely had never yet occupied her thoughts. But yet as she gazed in the mirror there came before her, in the distance, the vision of a knight, of whom an elaborate description is given. It was the portrait of one whom she had

never seen. Upon his shield was the name ARTEGAL. That was all she knew or could learn of him.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
 'Ruffed of Love, 'gan slowly to avenge;
 And her proud portance and her princely gait,
 With which she erst triumphed, now did quail:
 Sad, solemn, sour, and full of fancies frail
 She waxed: yet wist she neither how nor why;
 She wist not, silly maid, what she did all,
 Yet wist she was not well at ease, perdy;
 Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy.

Henceforth the quiet of her breast is disturbed. She is in love with a mere shadow. But shadow implies substance, and the shadow of Artegal, seen in the mirror, has its representative in a real Artegal somewhere in or out of fairy-land. At last under the advice of Merlin, whose cave she visits, she resolves to go forth equipped as a knight, in quest of the unknown and noble stranger whom she had seen in the mirror."

The next is a different character, and more studied in the delineation—BELPHŒBE—a woman "having all the grace and delicacy of her sex, without its dependence—not like Britomart, unloving, because she has not seen the right one, or not appearing to others to love because she successfully conceals her feelings—but one who can pity the misfortunes, or admire the noble qualities, of a man as she would those of a woman; who does not love, because in the composition of her heart there is no mixture of that subtle element on which love feeds; whose want of love is not want of feeling, nor the result of disappointment, much less of chagrin; who can sympathize with the pains, and alleviate the distresses, of a wounded squire, as she would those of a younger brother; in whose bosom there is no latent undeveloped want; to whose eyes the magic mirror of Merlin would reveal only a group of sisterly nymphs, or a medicinal herb, or a wounded deer; in whose tender and graceful stalk (to vary yet once more the expression) neither the germ has been retarded by late spring, nor the bud blasted by untimely frost, nor the flower already faded and fallen, but its sap, by native constitution, contains only that element which produces branches and leaves—a plant flowerless, indeed, but graceful, unchanging, perennial, green. Belphebe is not a perfect woman. Her imperfection, however, is of a kind which makes her more admirable, though less interesting. In proportion

as she is less womanly she is more angelic."

Under the character of Belphebe in the poem, Spenser compliments Queen Elizabeth.

Here is AMORET:—"By the Amoret of Spenser, we are to understand one whose perfections and imperfections are the counterpart of her sister's [Belphebe's]; who is both less angelic and more womanly; who is made to love and to be loved; who finds not only her happiness, but her honor and her protection, in a feeling of dependence upon another; * * * Amoret is a being too earnest to be coy, too confiding to be jealous. She bestows her love not as a boon to another, but as a necessary gratification to herself. Her love is twice blessed. It blesseth her that gives, and him that takes. Her repose is not inward and within herself, but outward upon another. She experiences a high gratification in knowing that she is loved, but a still higher one in loving."

FLORETEL:—"Her name (meaning *flowers* and *honey*) indicates truly that union of sweetness and delicacy which resides in her person. It breathes of the freshness at once of Flora and Sylva, and those unstudied graces which spring from nature, rather than those which result from cultivated and artificial life."

MIRABEL:—"What Spenser meant by Mirabel, perhaps it might not be courteous to say. Perhaps, also, it is not necessary. * * * It is, I believe, not uncommon for the woman that trifles, to be trifled with just about the time that she begins to be serious. * * *

In prime of youthful years, when first the flower
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloom delight;
 And nature me endued with piteous dower
 Of all her gifts, that pleased each living sight:
 I was beloved by many a gentle Knight,
 And sued and sought with all the service due;
 Full many a one for me deep groaned and sigh't,
 And to the door of death for sorrow drew,
 Complaining out on me, that would not on them rue.

But let them love that list, or live or die;
 Me list not die for any lover's dote:
 Ne list me leave my loved liberty
 To pity him that list to play the fool:
 To love myself I learned had in school.
 Thus I triumphed long in lover's pain,
 And sitting careless on the scorned stool,
 Did laugh at those that did lament and plain:
 But all is now repaid with interest again.

Mirabel's character sticks right out. But here is RADIGUND, still more strong-minded:—

The cause, they say, of this her cruel hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late
And wooed him by all the ways she could :
But when she saw at last that he ne would,
For ought or nought, be won unto her will,
She turned her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vowed to do all the ill
Which she could do to Knights ; which now she doth
fulfil.

Prince Arthur, in his knightly wanderings, comes to a halt before the castle-gate of a most rancorous and atrocious-minded "Soudan ;" and sends in a challenge to the venomous Pagan to come out and fight him.

Wherewith the Soudan, all with fury fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commanded straight his armor to be brought :
And mounting straight upon a chariot high,
(With iron wheels and books armed dreadfully,
And drawn of cruel steeds which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtered had, and ere they were half dead,
Their bodies to his beasts for provender had spread.)

So forth he came all in a coat of plate
Burnished with bloody rust, whiles on the green
The Briton Prince him ready did await
In glistening arms right goodly well beseen—

In the Soudan, Spenser typifies Philip of Spain, and his chariot is the Spanish Armada. The Soudan attacks and wounds Prince Arthur with missiles, but the prince, mounted on horseback, finds his adversary inaccessible, in his scythe-armed chariot, to spear or sword. His horse too shies, and he is completely foiled. But he carries an enchanted shield, which, ordinarily he keeps covered with a case of cloth :—

At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The veil which did his [its] powerful light impeach ;

And coming full before his [the Soudan's] horses' view,
As they upon him pressed, it, plain, to them did shew.

Like lightning flash that hath the gaser burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they turned,
And with their rider ran perforce away :
He could the Soudan them from flying stay
With reins or wonted rule, as well he knew :
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' only fear that was before their view ;
From which like mazed deer dismayfully they flew.

Fast did they fly as them their feet could bear,
High over hills, and lowly over dales,
As they were followed of their former fear :
In vain the Pagan bans and swears and rails,
And back with both his hands unto him hales

The resty reins, regarded now no more :
He to them calls and speaks, yet nought avails ;
They hear him not, they have forgot his lore ;
But go which way they list ; their guide they have
forlore.

Such was the fury of these headstrong steeds,
Soon as the Infant's sun-like shield they saw,
That all obedience, both to words and deeds,
They quite forgot, and scorned all former law :
Through woods and rocks and mountains they
did draw

The iron chariot and the wheels did tear,
And tossed the Paynim without fear or awe ;
From side to side, they tossed him here and
there,

Crying to them in vain that nould his crying hear.

Yet still the Prince pursued him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easy means according to his mind ;
At last they have all overthrown to ground
Quite topside turvy, and the Pagan bound
Amongst the iron hooks and grapples keen
Torn all to rags and rent with many a wound ;
That no whole piece of him was to be seen,
But scattered all about and strewed upon the green.

This very spirited passage breathes the fierce delight with which the whole English nation regarded the overthrow of the Spanish Armada. It has, to our appreciation, a touch of the comic, which perhaps was not intended by "the sage and serious Spenser." We Americans, with our enlarged ideas of railroad travelling, would not call the catastrophe that involved the blasphemous "Soudan," such a very bad smash-up—only one car cleaned of the trucks, and the brakeman killed.

Once again we will allow Spenser to speak for himself, in a passage, respecting which we will say no more than that nothing else ever need be quoted in vindication of his poetical genius. Archimago, an enchanter, sends an attendant Spirit to the house of Sleep to procure for him a dream. The Spirit

—Making speedy way through sperssed air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair,
Amid the bowels of the earth ; full steep
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever drooping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth
spread :

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast ;
The one fair framed of burnished ivory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to banish care, their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the Sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownded deep
In drowsy fit he finds ; of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling
 down,
 And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
 sound
 Of swarming bees did cast him in a swoon.
 No other noise, nor people's troubled cries,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled town,
 Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lies
 Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

There are doubtless many before whose eyes this article will come, who know little or nothing about the "Fairy Queen." Let us therefore, before we leave the poem, sketch, briefly, the plan of it:—

Spenser laid out his work in twelve Books, six only of which he lived to complete. Each of these books is occupied with the adventures of a particular Knight, who goes forth as the champion of a particular virtue; and the accessory personages who appear, illustrate, in their characters and conduct, the virtue (or its opposites) treated of in the book in which they appear. Each of the champion Knights figures prominently in a book by himself, and then goes off the stage, or appears afterwards as an accessory character.

This explanation does not make manifest the connection between the books, nor the pertinence of the title to the whole. But Spenser did not finish his design. He completed six books, only, and it was not until the twelfth that he proposed to give his readers a view of his whole plan. This appears from a letter which he wrote to Raleigh, wherein he says:—"The beginning, therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth-book, which is the last; where I devise that the Fairy Queen kept her annual feast twelve days, upon which several days the occasion of the twelve several adventures happened"—not the adventures themselves, but the "*occasion*" or cause of them—for these several Knights or champions who go through these adventures, are subjects of the Fairy Queen sent out by her on "*occasion*," and are abroad occupied for various periods.

The ingenuity of Spenser enabled him to make these pattern Knights not only illustrate the several virtues of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Justice, &c. but to typify actual personages. In the course of the poem we find that the Fairy Queen is Queen Elizabeth, in her royal character, and Belphebe, the same, in

her character of "a most virtuous and beautiful lady." Prince Arthur, the Fairy Queen's most magnificent Knight, is the Earl of Leicester; Artegall, the Knight of Justice, is Sidney; the "Soudan" is Philip, as we have seen &c. Thus, his allegory becomes in many places a double allegory, and the whole forms a metrical romance, which, notwithstanding its great length, is carried forward with wonderful facility and rapidity, introducing us to knights, ladies, pages, squires, Saracens, enchanteresses, enchantresses, witches, spirits, dreams, dragons, wild-beasts, blatant-beasts, giants, satyrs, wild-men, iron-men, fishermen, mermaids, shepherds, shepherdesses, nymphs, graces, amazons, hermits, palmers, old Proteus and innumerable personified virtues and vices.

And now come we to a point which has been much discussed among critics: Why does this great poem, which seems the very embodiment of all that is romantic, wild, and beautiful in the old Gothic fiction, remain, in our day, so much in the background of publicity?—Why is not Spenser as much read as Shakespeare and Milton? In fertility of invention is he surpassed by Shakespeare, or equalled by Milton?—or in the genuine poetical value of his materials, and the moral purity and beauty of his creations, has he anything to fear from the comparison? yet it is evident that "The Fairy Queen" is not read, as "Hamlet," and "Paradise Lost," are read.

In explanation of this fact, various reasons have been assigned; such as the obsolete language, the allegory, and the great length of the poem. But the successes of Shakespeare, Bunyan, and Milton, are sufficient to set aside these objections. Dr. Hart, near the close of his essay, offers a few observations of his own on this point. He thinks that Spenser's want of entire success is due to a want of art in one particular—that his fertile imagination presented him so rapidly with new scenes and adventures, that he neglected to mark his transitions clearly and boldly—that "he enters so fully into the present scene that he forgets the one just past or just to come. The story-teller should be to some extent like a showman. To pull successfully the wires, he should stand apart, behind the scenes. * * * * * To be so enwrapped in the subject as to forget your audience, is to reckon without your host. Spenser is so absorbed with what is immediately in hand, his imagination

is so completely engrossed with the present object, that the wants of the reader are forgotten. The reader is precipitated from one scene to another, without any sufficient warning or preparation. He consequently gets bewildered."

This is just criticism, so far as it sets forth a fault of Spenser; but does it thoroughly explain why he is not universally read? Shakespeare, also, is notoriously careless of the order and connection of his scenes; and writes on in the same absorbed and self-forgetful manner; while Milton, on the other hand, betrays more self-consciousness and artistical design to the reader than either Shakespeare or Spenser. Yet, of the three poets, Shakespeare, unquestionably, is the most universally appreciated. The exposition of Dr. Hart does not wholly satisfy us. Let us observe how authors obtain their readers. When we take up a book that is new to us, do we generally open at the first page and read it through? Do we not usually reserve that, until we have first dipped in at random here and there, and without understanding the connection, ascertained whether what we have lighted upon pleases us? The best writings of the best authors have a singular magnetic power upon minds constituted to appreciate them. Open them where you will, you immediately happen upon something that grapples your attention. Let us try the experiment. Here is "Hamlet." Fling the book across the room. It has fallen open. Now go and read the first sentence that you see:—

"A murderer and a villain!
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cut purse of the empire and the rule
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!"

There! you pick the book up and put it in your own pocket, resolved to borrow or steal it till you have read more.

This power of seizing the attention, lives, alike, in the matter and the manner of a writer—and quite as much in the manner as in the matter. In those literary works, and particularly in those poems which are most read, we always find an intensely vital and vivifying spirit, compared with which, in producing popular effect, unity and coherence of design are of secondary importance. The perception of this fact has led some critics to the extreme of asserting that manner is everything to a poet, and that

"he who executes best is best." This is going too far. Be it understood of ourselves that fine frenzies do not satisfy us, if they are not coherent and consistent—if they do not reproduce, in new combinations the true appearances of the external world and the natural port and gesture of the human soul. The best poetry is not only the most spirited, but it is the most true to nature, the most logical, the most inventive; it will bear to be read forcibly, with full lungs, and the strong utterance of passion; and it will bear to be read coolly and critically, like a demonstration in geometry. We do not say that such poetry is the only poetry; but that it is the best. It satisfies the reason and judgment, it satisfies the imagination and passions, it rouses and exalts the whole soul, it

Dissolves us into ecstasies
And brings all heaven before our eyes,

it is an eagle-winged eloquence, that first comes down and takes a strong grapple on the minds of men, with the talons of reason and judgment, and then bears them away on the pinions of imagination. Such poetry, once written, makes itself known and endures. It is acknowledged as equally supreme, "o'er the mind's sunshine bright and warm," and "o'er reason's colder hours."

In Spenser's poetry we find such purity and brilliancy of materials, and such fertility of invention, as have hardly been excelled; but, in brilliancy of spirit, it does not come up to the highest standard. His temper is not high-strung. He does not deal with the strongest passions in the heartiest manner. There is glow and feeling, but not to the extent of that divine ardor, which is rapturous, and which kindles rapture. His highest enthusiasm is in the *Épithalamium*. His "Fairy Queen" we read with admiration of its magnificence, yet with a feeling that other poets, some of them of much less inventive genius, have achieved profounder effects in productions of much less compass, written with more concentrated energy and power. Posterity, however, will not willingly let his works die. There will always be those who will remember, and by their labors assist others in remembering, the moral purity and tenderness, and the bountiful ideal wealth of Edmund Spenser.

Of his own age he was a conspicuous light, as he is still a shining illustration. His rank is with Bacon and Shakspeare,

who, in the same age, annexed to the realms of human knowledge large continents of thought, wherein "the whole mind may orb about;" and, in contemplation of whose great works, we may truly say that, in that fortunate age, other New Worlds were explored besides America. It is a peculiar glory of Elizabeth that those intellectual discoverers were her cotemporaries, and that she encouraged and rewarded them. Many other sovereigns, intensely occupied with the active affairs of empire, have despised studious men, forgetting that all their high and mighty pageantry of action must speedily pass into oblivion, unless the monuments thereof are builded in books. Look back over the dilapidations of Time. See what an insignificant record of great actions the monumental granite of kings has been, compared with the monumental language of poets and historians. Granite cannot tell its own age, and will not burden its dull faculties with human remembrances. The steps of the pyramids lead up to nowhere, and sphynxes have themselves

become riddles. But Cheops and Cephrènes are still heard of in books. This great unstable globe is perpetually turning on its trunnions, and hurrying everything around towards the shady side of earthly oblivion; but books, like ranges of mountains, are the last objects that cease to reflect the light of one age to the eyes of another. Bacon says, of libraries, that they are "the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed." And sometimes, on opening a volume of history, we imagine ourselves in a sort of Westminster Abbey, where we behold kings, princes, nobles, warriors, each with the insignia of his offices and the trophies of his achievements gathered about him, each in his own robes or armor, lying on his own tomb, labelled with such an epitaph as it pleased his successors to give him, and all of them, in their helpless repose, silently appealing to the tender mercies of posterity.

WILLY AND I.

WE grew together in wind and rain;
 We shared the pleasure and shared the pain;
 I would have died for him, and he,
 I thought, would have done the same for me—
 Willy and I!

Summer and winter found us together,
 Through snow, and storm, and shiny weather;
 Together we hid in the scented hay,
 Or plucked the blooms of our English May—
 Willy and I!

I called him husband—he called me wife;
 We builded the dream of a perfect life:
 He was to conquer some noble state,
 And I was to love him through every fate—
 Willy and I!

Oh! he was so fair with his golden hair;
 And his breath was sweet as our homestead air.
 My cheeks were red, so the neighbors said—
 A thousand pities we were not wed—
 Willy and I!

Now I stand alone in the wind and rain,
 With none of the pleasure and all the pain.
 I am a beggar, and Willy is dead,
 And the blood of another is on his head—
 Poor Willy and I!

HARD SWEARING ON A CHURCH STEEPLE: PHILOSOPHICALLY TREATED IN A RAMBLING LETTER TO THE EDITOR,

FROM A QUIET MAN.

*Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten.*—*ÆNEID*. iv. 610.

GALEAM.—"You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you
For learning me your language."—*TEMPER*.

From a common custom of Swearing, men easily slide into Perjury; therefore, if thou wouldst not be perjured, use not to swear.—*HERACLITUS*.

SWEARING. A scape-pipe through which men let off their anger, their good breeding, and their morality.—*MODERN DEFINITION*.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a quiet man; I may say, a *very* quiet man. Rarely, indeed, is my equanimity of temper disturbed; and, though the experiment has never been made, I feel an inward assurance that I could go through—even a steamboat explosion—coolly, calmly, and collectedly, instead of scatterbrainedly, as do some of a less quiet turn, and who are always found, at the time of such accidents, in the vicinity of the boiler, or other equally dangerous locality. I am satisfied that the papers, of the day after the disaster, would have my name in the list of those gentlemen who "behaved with great gallantry on the occasion;" or among those whose "admirable presence of mind and cool intrepidity enabled them to be of invaluable service to the ladies on the boat, many of whom were on deck at the moment of the shocking catastrophe." So, at least, I am sure it would be, did not my peculiar infirmity—of which you will presently know more—intervene to foil me.

I am known sir, in my neighborhood, as "*THE QUIET MAN*," and when I inform you that I live in the same vicinity with three old maids, a chatty young widow, and a number of gossiping misses, you may possibly appreciate the intensity of that placidity which has acquired, and still maintains for me, a reputation so enviable under these highly adverse circumstances. I have been known, when an awkward lout of a boy had well-nigh eradicated the corn upon my gouty toe, by crushing it with his boot-heel, to turn to his mamma, who sat near, and, smiling sweetly, assure her in the blandest manner that, "it was of no consequence at all—made not the

slightest difference." I have been bled by a mosquito for half an hour, without wincing; and, when he had become so dropsical with the red current of my life, that he could no longer fly, I have been known to capture and slay him without one word of reproach, or the slightest malevolence of countenance. When the seediness of my coat and the shocking badness of my hat have procured for me the cut direct from old friends and fashionable acquaintances, I have calmly buttoned the one, and jauntily adjusting the other, walked forwards as imperturbably as if nothing whatever had occurred—just as the moon continued shining and held the even tenor of her way, despite the angry barkings of a diminutive cur which had imbibed the notion she had no business to shine. Aye, and I have been known—but sir, I will enumerate no further, lest the countless instances I could quote of my invincible quietude, should keep me too long away from the main subject of this letter.

I repeat it, then, I am a very quiet man—a mild, tranquil, unruffled, bland, placid man; and by some have even been thought phlegmatic.

But I am also, in some respects, a nervous man. I belong to that unfortunate class of persons whose acoustic ducts were too finely fashioned by nature in the beginning; over the drums of whose ears the parchment is either too thin, or too tightly drawn; and I am consequently the recipient of pains through that channel, which seem well-nigh incredible to those of less sensitive tympana—pains as real and racking, as tangible and torturous, as are kicks, cuffs, and stripes, to others of my fellow-

creatures. So subtle, refined, and exquisitely delicate is my sense of hearing, I have often wished, that like the people of the moon, I had been created *earless*.

The faintest echo from the tongue of a termagant, or a scold, causes me incontinently to betake myself to my heels; nor is it of any avail that I summon my resolution to aid me. Socrates philosophized, when Xantippe ranted and raved: but I consider flight a better thing than philosophy, when woman gives her tongue its will. Some of your street cries, in linked vociferation long drawn out, affect me sensibly. A feline concert from an adjacent roof, ends my repose for the night; while the cries of a cross child or a spoiled baby, induce in me certain snappish and pugnacious tendencies which might suggest to a timid mother the propriety of binding me, in a suitable sum, to keep the peace—first broken, be it observed, by their own darlings. "Can you pay this little bill, to-day, sir?" especially if I cannot—and I never can, till "to-morrow," or "the latter part of next week"—renders me a promising candidate for some friendly asylum. The tickings of a death-watch in the wall cause me to turn restlessly in bed; and the shrill pipings of a mosquito, or the buzz of a bee near my ear, are more dreaded than the concealed weapons they carry, in defiance of the statute made and provided. I am not a quiet man during the performances of an earthquake; am nervous on gunpowder days, such as national anniversaries; do not blame a dog for leaving the neighborhood of exploding fire-crackers; and am provokingly restless under the influences of opera music in churches. My teeth are set on edge by the scraping of a reed; and the mere thought, even in midsummer, of craunching a cane—thus converting the teeth into an amateur sugar mill—begets in me a chilliness which would be refreshing (in the dog-days) were it not also freezing; even a creaking hinge causes me to fly, with creeping cuticle, after the oil-can; and, though I have not tried it, I cannot doubt that the report of my adversary's pistol, in an affair of honor so *miscalled*, would cause me great trepidation, and force me to minute self-examination—searching and thorough as if occasioned by the monitions of that still, small voice, ever heard when least desired, but which I dare not disregard.

These sounds, however, are trifles compared with another assault upon my ear, frequently made, and so very frequently of late, I have been driven to this letter with a hope of relief. I allude, sir,—laugh if you will—to AN OATH—A CURSE. This it is, which shocks and shatters the whole web-work of my nerves—goes tingling and ripping through my cellular tissue—causes me involuntarily to wink as it flies past me; and grates and jangles upon my ear as if it would shiver the very skull itself. One of your big, black oaths, as it hums and hurtles and whizzes through the air, seems literally to cleave me through. I say *seems*, but the word is quite strong enough, for I have never learned the difference between *verisimile* and *esse*. We are happy or miserable as, to ourselves, we *seem* thus or so—not as we *are*. At times, I have believed myself riddled under a shower of oaths; and, as I know from actual experience how a man feels when he is shot, I have no hesitation in saying, that aside from the fatality sometimes resulting from lead, there is little choice between a ball, shot from some black-mouthed fire-arm, and an oath fired from the foul muzzle of a hard-swearer. Of course, I speak only for myself, and for others having a like sensitiveness of ear.

I am fully aware of the eccentricity of these notions. My prejudices may be, doubtless, they are, very singular and very antiquated: but, sir, I cannot help cherishing them. I am cognizant of the fact, that the world holds an oath in high esteem; but upon this point the world and I can never agree, though I do not undertake to say which party is in the right. I know that boys consider an oath a matter of much moment, and a proof of manliness—(rather mannishness); that dandies and "bloods" use it as an elegant ornament of speech, and can scarce do without it, it being an excellent substitute for thoughts and ideas, and for giving weight and "expression" to the same; that sea-captains use it as part of their discipline, to ensure prompt obedience to orders, and generals, as an accessory to victory; nor does it surprise me, a member, by-the-by, of the Peace Society, that oaths, imprecations and curses should form a fit accompaniment to the wholesale murder which men call war. Rich old "gents" use it as their prerogative—fools, from a want of sense—and sailors, as a luxury. I have understood that

oaths and curses form the popular vernacular of hell; and know that Lord Byron considered swearing a heavenly invention, professing to believe it divine in its origin. Many other great poets, too, and orators, and statesmen, have indulged silly in the luxury of oaths; though, for what reason I know not, they have seen fit to make small use of them in their songs, speeches, and State-papers. A celebrated queen, now dead, swore with great piquancy; and it is said, though I will not vouch for it, that a queen, now living, sometimes inserts an oath between a sip of her brandy-and-water and the whiffs of her cigarette. That some women do swear, however, is an incontestible fact—females known to the world as “women,” and females recognized as “ladies;” if no instance of the kind is known to you, Mr. Editor, I sincerely trust you may continue in this truly blissful ignorance, for an oath from female lips, fairly curdles the blood! May I never hear a second one!

Oaths pass sometimes for wit, sometimes for humor, and often for bravery; are daily heard in the streets of towns and cities, and frequently in private and *gentlemanly* circles; they abound in bar and billiard rooms, in brothels and bowling-alleys; are heard in hotels and stables; have been whispered in parlors, and even echoed through the halls of Congress. Yet, sir, in the teeth of all this authority and precedent, I am compelled to say that I do not admire an oath; and that I detest swearing.

Though I do not now allude to the oath taken in courts of justice, at inaugurations, and coroners' inquests, I am prepared to attack even this species of swearing, if any can be found to defend it. Any man may dodge “the book,” and *affirm* instead of swear, if he will but pretend to a little scrupulosity of conscience, and profess to have no stomach for a regular oath; and I have often laughed, in my sleeve and out of it, at the grave judges and shrewd lawyers who are quite willing to take a man's word for the stringency of his religious views, yet make him approximate as near as possible to swearing, to restrain him from lying about other matters. Oaths, moreover, are but poor sureties for veracity. Men have been known to lie on the gallows, under torture, in the very jaws of death, on the last confines of Time, and the threshold of Eternity;

and it is a good, general rule, that he who regards not his word and sacred honor, will not regard his oath, WHEN THE FINGER COMES—the very moment when the value of an oath becomes most apparent; for lying and “false-witness” are absolute luxuries to no man, and seldom resorted to except in the extreme emergency. Lastly and chiefly: we are expressly commanded, in the best of books, to “swear not at all,” and though some commentators have argued that the prohibition applies to our “conversation only,” which word occurs in the same verse with the above, I believe it would be difficult to show that conversation is there used in our sense of the word.

My dislike to oaths embraces the whole calendar; I fancy none of them. The smoothly running oath of the Latins, the majestic oath of the Greeks, the ambiguous oath of Spain, the soft, musical oath of Italy, the thunderous oath of Germany, the crisp, crackling, trolling oath of France, are all alike to me—all on a par with the big, burly oath of the English. Nor would I care if I never heard any one of them again. For a beggarly dinner, I would dispose of my sole right and title to the privilege, and even pay a handsome premium to any company that would insure my ears forever against such assaults.

But, sir, between the eccentricity of these views, and my awkward manner of expressing them, I fear that I weary you. Bear with me, I beg; for, though my hand is all unused to the pen, I feel it my duty for once to write, and let the pen have its way.

I am fond of metaphysics, and have been somewhat given to their study; but I have not been able to discover what peculiar cast or quality of mind it is, that leads men to swear. Phrenologists pretend that the bump of veneration is either wholly wanting in the crania of swearers, or is else so small, it cannot be rightfully considered a phrenological tumulus. My observation, however, has taught me not to place phrenology among the positive sciences; like many delicate, attenuate, and beautiful theories, that science can be turned to little practical account; and, in this especial particular of swearing, to no account. I have found mountains of veneration on the heads of the hardest swearers: and mole-hills of reverence overtopping mouths that were never defiled with an oath—facts which admonish

me not to look to oraniology for an explanation.

Gen. Paoli was of opinion that all barbarous nations swore from a certain violence of temper that could not be confined to earth, but was always reaching to the powers above. I consider this, however, an egregious error. The American aborigines were certainly barbarous enough when Columbus landed among them; and, though they possessed great violence of temper—a spirit which has never been tamed—they *did not swear at all*. It was not until the Pale Face taught him how, that the Red Man blasphemed. Indeed, it is among the barbarous races that we are to look, for awe, veneration and fear of God. Compare the white man's reverence for his God, with the Indian's for his Great Spirit, remembering the enlightenment of the one, the ignorance of the other; the former shrinks abashed from the comparison.

Again: it is in great cities, in towns, and civilized countries that swearing flourishes most vigorously. Paoli himself, went on to say, "that as is the variety of religious ceremonies, so is the variety of swearing." Wherever you find refinement, luxury, ease, affluence, and high civilization—in whatever countries these exist, there also will you find oaths in great abundance and variety.

Swearing originated in high life. Hence the proverb that it "came in at the head and went out at the tail,"—meaning thereby, that the nobility and gentry were the first to adopt it, and that it was afterwards confined to the plebeians. However true this may have been when the proverb was penned, it no longer holds good. Swearing has not "gone out," either at head or tail, or else it has been revived; for we find the practice on every hand and amongst all classes. Like everything else, the custom seems to have had its series of rises, progressions, and declines. Under the first Charles of England (1685), it was a finable offence to swear; offices were established in every parish for the collection of the fines; and the funds thus accruing were paid over to the bishops for the relief of the poor. Thirty years after, under Charles II., there arose an aristocracy of oaths, the gentry having their curses, and the plebeians theirs: and to such height was the distinction carried, Keith relates that the nobility greatly exceeded the commons in their terrific maledictions, which were called "gentleman-oaths."

The result of much meditation and inquiry was the conclusion that swearing does not come of any special character of mind, but is rather the offspring of fashion, circumstance, and custom. A habit, that like one's coat may be put on or off, at will. In support of this view I gathered the following facts:—

I once lived in a family, the head of which was an inveterate swearer. He was a stern man, and passionate: the slightest annoyance, the vaguest hint of trouble or perplexity, the least ripple in the stream of his existence, was sufficient to rouse his ire. Then, how the curses flocked to his lips, and were scattered broadcast around him! He had many sons, and though he never scrupled to swear before them, so positive were his commands to them not to imitate his example, and so sure the dread penalty that would have followed their disobedience, not one of them ever uttered an oath in my presence. Now, the inherent qualities of the mind *will* assert themselves—they *will* put forth bud and opening blossom, though circumstance, poverty or neglect may cut off the fruit. Had these boys had any native, mental proclivity towards swearing, the father's commands would have acted as but a partial restraint upon their tongues. My presence was, certainly, no check, for, like themselves, I was but a boy; and, moreover, no "blab," as they all knew.

Again:—the hardest swearer will remain for hours, and even days, in the society of ladies, or in company with a parson, without uttering an oath, or an approach to one. A sailor never d—ns the eyes of his captain; a trooper will not swear in presence of his commanding officer; nor will an urchin in ear-shot of his father; even Byron, though he thought swearing a heavenly invention, seldom cursed in print.

I had begun to flatter myself that the position just mentioned—that swearing is merely a habit—was impregnable. But my views have been well-nigh upset by the terrific oaths daily thundered forth from a CHURCH-STEEPLE now going up near my residence, causing great consternation and disquietude in the neighborhood, and not only impinging with dire effect upon my own nerves, but those also of all around. If men can ride an hundred miles with priest and parson without an oath, why can they not refrain from it on a church-steeple? If the parlor be too sacred a place to

swear in, why, I asked myself, is not a church cupola equally sacred? That it is not so considered, is plain. What, then, becomes of my position? You may well conceive the discomfiture which my falling argument gave me. But *nous verrons*.

I have paid some attention to Architecture; looked a little into Model Cottages, and can prate right fluently and prettily about the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders—ancient and modern Doric—the Tuscan order, now extinct; the Egyptian and the Roman styles. I have at hand, a store of ecclesiastic-architectural pedantry, well spiced with such words as:—transepts, almeries, lavatories, oratories, almonries, roods, jubes, misereres, aspersoria, naves, baptistries, pixes, crypts, auditoria, cloisters, chantries, benetiers, tabernacles, weepers, etc., to say nothing of a host of merely secular technicalities. I am, also, author of an essay, written to prove the superiority of the Jeffersonian capital, composed of the leaf and flower of the tobacco-plant, and surmounting a shaft of Indian corn, over the Greek Corinthian, of acanthus leaves, perched on a fluted column, and emblematic of nothing; also to show that Thomas Jefferson was a greater man, though no sculptor, than Callicrates, author of the Corinthian capital; that his conception was the happier of the two; and that we, Americans, are fools, fogies, and toadies, in not adopting the Jeffersonian idea, and running off after Grecian gods, when we have in our own land the elements of architectural orders, quite as beautiful, more chaste, and infinitely more symbolic, than anything to be found either at Athens or Rome. From some inexplicable cause, the essay attracted no attention, and is now out of print.

Yet, much as I have dabbled in architecture, I have nowhere seen it stated that oaths are essentially necessary in the construction of steeples, churches, or other sacred edifices. Their perpetual recurrence, however, falling at the rate of about sixty per hour from the aforementioned steeple, would indicate that I am at fault; and, though no writer on architecture has yet mentioned it, you may record it as a fact, that curses are as necessary to masonry and wood-work, as are bricks, mortar, and boards. The steeple to which I allude has now attained a height of some sixty feet, including the church at its base; and the

vane above the spire is to be 150 feet from the ground. I do not think it any exaggeration to say, that about 1,000 oaths, not reckoning the little fellows, have been consumed in getting the steeple to its present height.

THIS SETS ME THINKING!

What a vast amount of imprecation must have been required for rearing the turrets and towers, the steeples and spires, the monuments, columns, obelisks, and domes of the world! There is the Escorial, at Madrid, whose highest point is 200 feet from the earth; Notre Dame, at Paris, 204 feet; the Porch *only* of Solomon's Temple, 210 feet (I can never believe that oaths were used on that work); the Wellington Obelisk, at Dublin, also 210 feet high; Porcelain Tower, at Nankin, 228; Seville Tower, in Spain, 250; Milan Cathedral, and Castellan Tower, at Valencia, each 280; the minarets on the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, 290 feet; St. Ivan's Tower, Moscow, and Lincoln Spire, England, each 300 feet; Trinity Spire, and St. Michael's Tower, Coventry, the former of which is 300 feet high, and overlooked by the latter, which boasts its yard more of altitude; St. Paul's, and the Dome of Milan, each 370; the Walls of Babylon, 350; the end Wall of Herod's Temple, 360; Dome of the Florence Cathedral, 380; Tower of Utrecht, 464, and of Strasburgh, 474; the ancient tower of Balbec, in Syria, 500, and St. Peter's, at Rome, 518 feet high!

What awful maledictions must have accompanied these structures, while on their way to greet the earliest glories of the rising sun! And we have not yet mounted the Egyptian Pyramids, the highest of which rears its head to the proud height of 520 feet. What shuddering imprecations frightened the hyena and the jackal of the desert, when these vast piles of stone were heaping up, and up, almost to the clouds! Think too, of the Babylonian Belus, 666 feet high; and of presumptuous Babel, seeking for the sky, and only pausing when it had mounted to a height of 680 feet. What volleys of curses must have echoed through these stupendous fabrics ere they became wonderful! No wonder, that at Babel, there should have been confusion of tongues, amid such a din of oaths, as reverberated and resounded through its gigantic tube, from base to apex! And yet, sir, I have enumerated but a few of the architectural prodigies

of the world; have not dropped a hint about light-houses; not mentioned Trinity Church, New York; nor said one word of Bunker Hill, and Baltimore. You may well join me in my surprise that the earth was not long ago "crushed out," or swung blindly from its moorings, under the weight of so large a load of profanation.

Sir, as an American citizen, I have serious fears lest the architect of the National Monument to Washington, hath under-estimated the amount of imprecation necessary to the completion of that work. While the census-takers are gathering pitiful pennies in aid of this truly national and patriotic design, and the managers are forced to employ all sorts of schemes and ingenuities to shame the American people into patriotism—I blush while I write it—would it not be well for each State to send on a delegation of hard swearers to Washington?—or, at least, authorize their Senators and Representatives in Congress, many of whom, I understand, can out-swear a trooper, to do the necessary "cussing," and at once relieve our country of the disgraceful spectacle now staring her in the face—a monument commenced to her father, creeping upwards like a snail, threatening every moment to stand still, and be transformed into a monument of base ingratitude? Sir, I consider this a most excellent and timely suggestion, and trust the managing committee may be profited by it.

But to return to our steeple. How do you account, Mr. Editor, for this shameful practice, thus openly pursued in the broad light of day, and in so prominent and sacred a place, as a cupola of one of God's temples? I see you are puzzled, and will only trouble you to look over the results of my investigations; if no other good come of them, I have made at least one valuable discovery, which I shall give you the benefit of in brackets, and afterwards resume the thread of this sadly disjointed and incoherent epistle.

[Necessity is the reputed mother of invention. Haven't you often wondered who was the father? As usual, alas! the mother all the world knows; but the father—who is he? Well, sir, I have discovered that Perplexity is the sire of that brat; and, further, that he is the offspring of lawful wedlock. I hope the world will be duly grateful for this discovery, and that the boy will be more kindly received for the future, than in

the days of Fulton and Watt, when he lay under the ban of illegitimacy. You will see the bearings of this paragraph as you proceed.]

To resume: my first theory, by which to account for this singular phenomenon, was, luckily, correct. I only regret that I must invoke your patience while I unfold it.

An Eastern Pacha, whenever any row, broil, tumult, or other difficulty, was brought before him for adjustment, was wont to inquire, "Who was *she*?" Experience, he said, had taught him, that whenever these affairs were probed to the bottom and thoroughly sifted, a woman would be found to be the prime cause of the disturbance. Woman, he believed, was at the bottom of all evil whatsoever; and he even attributed to her the misfortunes and accidents which men commonly lay to the account of ill-luck, or destiny. In this day and generation, we are more gallant. Whatever we may *think*, we are careful to assign to woman a loftier position than the corner-stone of turpitude, the foundation course of disaster. Neither doth our philosophy consider money the root of all evil—the vivifying esculent which nourishes the hardy tree of wickedness. The race after wealth is daily becoming more exciting: the haste to be rich has kept pace with locomotion in general; and we of the present day, so far from turning up our nostrils at lucre, and pretending to believe it filthy, esteem it as our greatest good, and its acquisition the chief end of man. The true root of evil—the great first cause—is now ascertained to be the arch-enemy of mankind; and the burden of sin is laid where it rightfully belongs—on the broad shoulders of its father Beelzebub. To account, now, for this church-steeple swearing.

Can anything be more plausible than that Satan, who hates all things good—good men, good deeds, and good books—seeing an arena in process of construction, wherein he was to be encountered, grappled with, overthrown and utterly discomfited, is greatly exercised thereat, and is doing all that in him lies, to stay the progress of the work. Finding church and steeple to advance steadily, in defiance of all his machinations,—for a long, long time he persuaded the congregation they were too poor to build—he, in his blind fury and rage, has determined at all events, to manifest his presence in and about the edifice. But,

being himself too modest to mount the steeple in the garish light of day, and in the face of a whole town, and curse it in person; and having neither imp nor satellite equal to the task, he has put oaths and anathemas in the mouths of the builders, and thus vents his spleen by proxy upon the holy pile!

Sir,—I am no believer in spiritual rappings, necromancy, sorcery, or other humbug. I believe that witches are obsolete, and all manner of spells and enchantments broken—at best they were, in my opinion, but so much nonsense. But allow me to say, that however the world may scorn the idea, I do believe in a Satan. I accept him, sir, hoof, horns and tail, according to orthodoxy; and I believe him to be an active, wily, wide-awake, trap-setting, plotting, bird-liming, sulphureous fiend. Moreover, I believe **HE IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS CUPOLA!**

Another brace of brackets, if you please, Mr. Editor; 'twill break the connection but a moment.

[One of the workmen on the steeple has just called, in a loud voice, upon God to damn him! What superlative folly, to say the least, for a man upon a steeple to be guilty of! "Help thyself, and Heaven will help thee," is an old proverb, and a good one. Nor can I see why this man should invoke the Divine aid in a matter so easily arranged without it. Still less can I approve of the petition, when the whole neighborhood, old men and maidens, fathers and mothers and servants, and wee little ones—who have a great knack for imitation, and turn all they hear into availability—should be compelled to listen to it, or emigrate, and remain in exile from home till the lightning-rod is tipped, and the steeple finished. Why call upon God at all in this emergency? What with a fall of sixty feet—the route diversified by an occasional corbel, and terminating in a pile of slab-stones, setting up edgewise at the base of the steeple—it does strike me, and it will strike the experimenter even more forcibly, that a man of moderate abilities might contrive most effectually to damn himself, by simply leaping from the steeple to the stones. He who takes the leap may rest assured he will never be hung: and, with no better passport into heaven than the oath last upon his lips, I can promise him St. Peter will never grant him admittance.]

Having succeeded, as I trust, in ferretting out the cause of the dire effects

about which I complain, will you deign, Mr. Editor, to cast your eye over the following conversation in which *Necessitas*, *Perplex*, and I, participated; and containing, as you will see, numerous plans submitted by them with a view to cure or alleviate the evil, together with my comments upon them respectively.

PERPLEX.—(*loquitur.*) "I believe with you, that the devil is at the bottom of your steeple—the true and sole cause of this evil of swearing. Can he not be dug up—rooted out?"

Ego.—"Alas! *Perplex*, I fear not. For though Satan is as arrant a Paul Pry as ever 'popped in,' and is solicitous never to be intrusive; though, like a bad shilling, he is always on hand—I fear that any attempt to be rid of him by excavation, would end in defeat. You have no idea at what an immense depth he lies concealed. There is an artesian well in Charleston (S. C.), which has attained a depth of more than a thousand feet, and though every turn of the screw was expected to bring up water, there was no water yet at last accounts. Now, philosophers suppose the volcanic or fire strata of the earth to lie *below* the aqueous regions; and, as we should have to find fire before finding Satan, you will at once perceive the impracticability of your plan. Besides, to say nothing of the expense attendant upon the execution of your scheme, before we could attain such immense profundity of depth as would be necessary, the steeple would be finished, the bells hung, and then—an oath would stand no sort of chance by the side of a 'bob-major' in the belfry."

PERPLEX.—"Can you not exorcise him—lay him in some way?"

Ego.—"You forget the ubiquitous nature of the fiend; that he is spry as well as black as a flea—just under your thumb till you lift it to get him between your fingers. Even were there any power in incantation, which I do not believe, the subject to be exorcised must first be found—as a hare must be caught ere boiled—before you could commence to work upon him. While utterly faithless as regards the power of spells, I know of but one process for raising the devil, which of course would have to be done, prior to laying him. *Danæus de Sortariis* tells us, that he who would raise Beelzebub, must sacrifice to him, a dog, a cat, and a hen, all his own property—(none of which I possess); must

swear eternal obedience to him, and receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eyelid, or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil in person—a pretty piece of business truly, for a quiet man, and an anti-swearer, to be engaged in!

"Moreover, what would be the use of laying him, when he has been laid again and again, and will not *stay* laid—like the nasal organ of the urchin whose father took him to see the great Dr. Franklin; and who, when affectionately requested by his sire to blow his nose, replied, that he had repeatedly performed that interesting operation, but the nose 'wouldn't stay blowed.'"

PERPLEX.—"Decant a 'thousand o' brick' from the top of the steeple, so as to take the old reprobate just between the horns."

Ego.—"Ingenious, but not practicable. It would be folly to proceed thus, unless you had his majesty so 'cabined, cribbed, and confined,' that he could not dodge the falling missiles. You constantly forget that he is still at large, and that catching him is the first great step to be taken. In the event that we had him in such close quarters as I have described, what would it profit us? 'Didn't Father O'Flaherty hit him wunst over the top ov his head wid a testamint, widout aven stunnin' ov him? And shure, didn't he come back the very next night widout aven a bit of rag 'round his horns?'"

"I am of opinion we can do nothing with Beelzebub. Will you please contrive some plan, dear Perplex, for rendering the evil endurable. Ours it we cannot, unless we could remove the cause."

PERPLEX.—"Could not these swearers be induced to adopt the plan of the Louisiana sugar-planter, who was an awful swearer in his wild-oat days, but as the years grew thick upon him, became converted at a camp-meeting, and, instead of his old oaths, would ejaculate a terrific 'Thunder!' when his wrath was provoked."

Ego.—"You are still seeking to cure, rather than to alleviate. Men are forgetful, and swearers proverbially short of memory. Were the neighborhood to adopt the expedient you suggest, it would destroy our present watchfulness. In our joy at having at last found a remedy, we would throw off all restraint, instead of sitting, as we now do, on a perpetual *qui vive*, with shoulders

shrugged and eyes shut, awaiting the impending oath. Ere we knew it, some swearer would forget his substitute, and down would come a big, black oath, like a bomb-shell at a mess-table, scattering confusion and dismay in every direction, and completely upsetting confidence. I have heard of your sugar-planter before; and may as well tell you, what perhaps you have never heard, that when his ire was greatly provoked, he forgot to 'thunder' after the new style."

PERPLEX.—"Let the swearers be persuaded to commence work an hour or two before dawn—not with their hammers and trowels, but their oaths. And while Age is recruiting for the morrow, Innocence peacefully dreaming, Childhood smiling in its sleep, and Infancy chatting with the cherubim—ere darkness has flown to the uttermost parts of the earth, or the East grown warm with the blushes of Aurora,—let these fellows take a private 'cuss' of an hour's duration, to last them through the day."

Ego.—"A very pretty scheme, but like most pretty schemes, thoroughly Utopian. Swearing is said to be only good in its place (for my part I do not think it good in any place). To illustrate:—A traveller who once stopped at a badly kept inn, complained to the waiter, that his plate greatly needed cleansing, and received for answer that "every man must eat his peck of dirt before he dies." To this he replied (I am sorry to say with an oath), that he had no objection to complying with that requisition, but he'd "be d—d" if he "liked this way of making a fellow eat the whole peck at a meal." Thus, I fear it would be, with our steeple-swearers. They might curse you for your suggestions, and prefer to take their oaths in DRIBLETS."

Another consideration: men could not easily be brought to swear, at that hour, upon a steeple. The darkness shrouding the tall spire in its sable folds—the striking similitude of the couple's deep, black, and hollow void, to an abyss deeper, darker, and infinitely more profound—and, above all, the sweet, silent stars, which at that hour would still be shining overhead, would set the strongest lungs at variance, and illy attune the tongue to imprecation. Methinks that men, with hearts of men, would be more inclined to adoration, amid the deep stillness, the solemn grandeur, and holy beauty of such a scene.

PERPLEX.—"Get the swearers to curse

in some foreign lingo, which your children, at least, would not understand. You can easily collate from the dictionaries, a variety of oaths, some of which might strike the fancy of these fellows, and be adopted in lieu of their native-tongued curses."

Ego.—"Too much like your Sugar-planter scheme. I tell you there is no trusting the memory of a swearer. Besides, Perplex, do you not see that the furnishing of such a list would bring us in, as accessories to the crime. 'Tis all one with God, whether men use their mother tongue or an adopted one, in which to blaspheme. Nay, there are men, who will one day be called to account for oaths nestling deep down, like a brood of serpents, within their hearts, but forbidden by propriety, decency, or other motive, to come to the lip for utterance; others, for oaths inaudible, born in the rancor of the heart, and dying in whispers between their teeth."

"What think you, Perplex, of mounting a parson on the steeple?"

PERPLEX.—"Aye—or, a committee of ladies. The difficulty would be in procuring these worthy conservators of morals. 'Twould be an unheard-of duty to require of the clergy; and the ladies could not long survive so severe a trial as keeping guard, for days and weeks, over a regiment of hard-swearers."

"I fear, sir, I must give up your case as irremediable; I am quite in despair."

NECESSITAS.—"Please, sir, I have just thought of a remedy, occurring to me at the moment, when Perplex spoke of his despair."

Ego.—"Speak, Madame: I do attend ye."

NECESSITAS.—"I propose, sir, that you do sink, or cause to be sunk, at bottom of your steeple, a pit, deep, wide, and roomy; covered in with staunch, stout boards, all tongued and grooved, and sealed hermetically, save an aperture in the middle plank, through which you insert a tube, in length ten feet; five thereof below and five above, the intersection. Into this shaft, conduct tubes supplemental, in length sufficient to o'er-top the highest point to which your spire aspires, 150 feet (as all the morning journals say), and in numbers such as to supply each scaffolding that girts your spire. And at each landing in the hollow void, where airy ladders kiss, each ladder, ladder's foot, connecting tubes you place, all snugly fitting, with inter-joinings nice. Thus then, each swearer,

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or high or low in standing, when he fain would curse, hath but to turn him round, and fire into the tubes; once safe therein, the flying oaths would quickly find their destined grave, which hideth all deformity."

Ego.—"Bravo! Necessitas—I will—I will."

You have heard Mr. Editor; and now, may I beg of you to have the order for the tubing filled (which you will find inclosed), and ship the same to my address, at your earliest convenience. Be pleased to have the tubing of gutta percha, firmly riveted, and finished in a thorough manner. Some splitting, shivering oaths will try its strength, ere they become innocuous in the earth.

And now, sir, that I am done, I have misgivings lest you should think my tone too light. I assure you, I was never more serious in my life.

What would you have had? A sermon or a homily with the untaking title, "Swearing?" Sir, your patrons would never have read it. Nine-tenths of them would have turned over the leaves bearing that caption, with an impatient twirl of finger and thump, making a "dog-ear" at each corner, as they hurried forwards to the next article; just as people, at a book-auction, when a splendid binding surprises them with an inside Bible, shut it up with a contemptuous bang, and pry about for an Annual,—some "*Love-Token*," "*Forget-me-not*," or anything, in short, "interesting."

The Swearers have so often been soundly drubbed for their iniquities, they have become case-hardened and sermon-proof; of course they would have passed it by, perhaps with an oath, or a malediction on my devoted head. As it is, many will have an itching to know how their brethren appear while in successful operation on a church steeple. Much good may the sight do them.

The anti-swearers would, of course, have passed it over, as not meant for them.

As for the ladies—heaven bless them—they, too, would have thought it in no way useful to them, not knowing, in their innocence, that the world contained so unnatural a creature as a *female swearer*. While one-half your lady-readers would have been prodigiously shocked at the bald, hard word "SWEARING," and immediately "skipped" the paper; the other half would have held up their pretty little hands in dumb

astonishment, wondering "what on earth possessed you" to publish such a dry thing—judging of it, as all women do, by the first glance. Then calling for "*Godley*," "*Putnam*" would have been pitched summarily aside, and slid off upon the floor with as much celerity as did gallant "Old Put." of Revolutionary memory slide down the stone stairs, when the enemy were after him. The next moment would have found them threading the mazes of some love-story, or ravished with delight over the latest fashion-plates!

Sir, it is my earnest desire to be read, and I trust I shall not be disappointed. The world dearly loves to see folly shot upon the wing—some hoping to see her fall; the others ready to greet her with bravuras, can she but shake out the arrow from her side. For my own part, I was never a good shot "on the wing;" and have, therefore, chosen for my target, Folly on a church steeple. I trust the world will take equal interest in watching her struggles there, as when skim-

ming the air. For, sir, though I am nervous man, my own voice has a soothing, rather than a hurtful effect, upon my own ears; and to say truly, there is no one more fond of hearing himself talk, than

YOUR QUIET MAN.

P.S. I am not sure, but you had best delay publication of this until the steeple is finished—at all events, until I telegraph you that the tubing is put up and the connections with the pit duly made. I foresee that your magazine, when it arrives with this article, is to make a great disturbance among the swearers, and I must warn you to breathe not my name—no, not even to your wife—lest the whole troop should come buzzing about my ears like so many wasps and hornets. In passing the church, which I now do daily, I shall hereafter take the other side of the street, lest Perplex's idea about a thousand of brick should be carried into effect for the special benefit of, &c.,
Q. M.

THE RICH MERCHANT OF CAIRO.

A GREAT while ago,—several hundred years at least, there lived in Cairo a rich merchant, whose name was Abdallah. He had other names beside, as is the custom there, but none that added to his reputation or credit. He was commonly called Abdallah the Rich, and sometimes Abdallah the Miserly.

From boyhood almost he had been engaged in traffic, and always successfully. Shift as it might, the wind was still favorable to some of his ships, and ventures which ruined other merchants overflowed his coffers with gold. The blue Mediterranean reflected the gleam of his sails. Nile, the father of rivers, was shadowed by the swarthy faces of the slaves who rowed his boats, and the burning sands of the desert were trampled by the feet of his caravans. His emissaries were known in the bazaars of Delhi and Damascus, in the spicy forests of Ceylon, and among the pearl-divers of the far Indian seas. They even traded, it is said, with the natives of Timbuctoo, that mysterious city whose existence has so often been denied. Ab-

dallah, however, had never quitted Cairo, the city of his birth. He knew too well the dangers and hardships of travel to think of exposing his precious person to them. He had but to name a place to his agents, and say—"Go there," and they went.

His bazaars were in different parts of the city, but his house, like that of every good Turk, was in the Turkish Quarter. It was three stories in height, and the upper stories projected over the lower ones, casting a shadow even at noonday on the street below. The walls were originally white, with horizontal bars of crimson, like the stripes in a flag; but years had elapsed since they were painted, and they were kept in such bad repair that it was hard to say what color they really were, a smoky yellow, or a muddy red.

Along the front of the mansion, on a level with the floor of the two upper stories, ran a couple of balconies closely shut in with lattice-work. You see such lattices in most oriental pictures; they are made of thin slips of wood like our lath, and cross each other diamond-

wise. Save the arch over the door, which was elaborately carved, and illuminated with gold letters—a text from the Koran,—there was nothing about the outside of the house to stamp its owner a wealthy man. Inside, however, it was apparent, and all was rich and beautiful.

Like many other mean and selfish men, Abdallah was at heart sensual and luxurious. His floors were carpeted with the richest stuffs of the East, brilliant in dye, and soft as flowers to the feet. Where the marble pavement was seen, as it was in some rooms which were merely strewn with mats, it was cunningly inlaid with mosaics. Couches and divans softer than down lined the walls, and cabinets were filled with chiboques, and beautiful Persian pipes, whose water-bowls were buried in the long coil of their stems.

You passed from room to room by gliding between pillars, and by pushing aside curtains. Over the curtains rose magnificent arches of the finest and costliest workmanship. It would have made you feel proud just to walk beneath them, they were so grand, and yet so airy. Spicy cressets hung from the ceiling, and lanterns of divers colors dangled on golden chains. Pictures and statues there were none, both being forbidden by the Koran, but vases and cups abounded; vases of exquisite pattern, gold and silver, heaped with precious stones, pearls, rubies, and emeralds; and cups which a king might have drained. And Abdallah did drain them daily, so fond was he of his vault of old Greek wine!

But it was not within doors, after all, that the wealth of Abdallah was most manifest, but in his garden, which was the finest in all Cairo. It was situated at the back of the house, and was walled in with a high wall. A forest could not have been more shady and pleasant, so thick and leafy were the trees, palms, acacias, and sycamores, and so cool the winds imprisoned in their green retreats. The walks were hedged with roses and jessamines, and roofed with the branches of fruit trees. Here hung the golden quince, there the bloom-cheeked peach, and there purple plums and red pomegranates.

In the centre of the garden was a *kiosk*, or Turkish summer-house, a miracle of grace and beauty. It was square, with four pillars on each side, and a fretted dome overhead. The pillars supported Saracenic arches, through which

came gleams of the garden around, and the mingled scent of its flowers. From a black marble urn in the basin of the kiosk gushed a sparkling fountain, a broad silver shaft with a willowy base that dripped back into the urn, and over its rim into the bubbling ripples below.

It was a nook of delight, and a perfect nest of birds, the wondrous birds of the East. Some were inclosed in cages of sandal-wood and pearl, while others were as free as the air in which they wanted. Peacocks strutted in and out spreading their gorgeous trains; golden pheasants dreamed in the gloom of the dome; parrots chattered and swung on their rings, and Birds of Paradise, with sweeping rainbow tails, flew from perch to perch. Truly it was an enchanted place, that garden and house, and worthy of a better master than Abdallah.

Here Abdallah dwelt year after year. No one shared his enjoyments save his daughter Zuleika, and she only when he was away. There was not much happiness in the house where Abdallah was, he was so self-h and exacting. It was impossible to please him. He thought of no one but himself, and his own gains and losses. He had a wonderful head for accounts, and could reckon untold sums as by instinct. He knew to a fraction, how much every debtor owed him, and how much it cost him to just keep the life in his slaves.

When the business of the day was over, and he had smoked his bubbling pipe, and quaffed his cup of Greek wine, he used to shut himself up in his room, and gloat over his gold. It was his God, and he recognized no other, except he wished to take a false oath. Then he was profuse of his "By Allah's," and "the holy beard of the Prophet!"

Such was the man Abdallah, and such his mode of life up to the morning when our story begins. Having a new scheme of gain on hand that morning, he rose earlier than usual, performed his customary ablutions, and prepared to depart for the market-place. Before setting forth, he allotted their days' work to his servants and slaves; then he charged his daughter Zuleika not to leave the house during his absence; and, finally, after he had made everybody as miserable as he could, he departed, and the door was barred behind him.

It was still early in Cairo, and but few of the better citizens had yet risen. The streets were filled with the poorest

classes, and they jostled Abdallah in passing. He avoided them as much as possible, by picking the least-crowded thoroughfares, and keeping close to the houses. Here sauntered a water-carrier, with his jar poised on his head; and there marched a string of camels, bound for Siout and the desert. Artisans hurried to their workshops, rubbing their eyes as they went; donkeys turned the corners suddenly, and almost knocked him down; and, to crown all, a pertinacious driver insisted on having his custom! He must have been a wag, or a stranger in Cairo, that driver, to have, for a moment, imagined that Abdallah the Miser would ride. He knew the value of money too well, however wearied he might be, to think of spending it in that way. The idea was absurd.

As I said before, the streets were filled with the poorest classes, and the short turn that Abdallah made to reach the market-place led him among their dwellings. He had but little time for observation, so intent was he in hatching his schemes,—but he could not help seeing the filth and misery which surrounded him. The houses were in a ruinous and tumble-down condition; many of them without windows and doors—mere hovels,—and their dwellers were in perfect keeping, lean, sallow, and ragged.

Few of the men were at home, for the day being a festival, promised an abundant alms; but he saw the women in the miserable rooms, and troops of squalid children. Some of the women were busy with household matters, kindling fires for the morning meal, and mending the rents in their garments: others sat in the ashes, supine and dejected, their long hair falling over their eyes, and over the infants on their bosoms. These were the mothers and grandmothers: if there were girls in the family they were generally at the windows, ogling the passers-by, and singing ribald songs to entice them in.

One among the number arrested the sight of Abdallah, she was so much like his own child Zuleika. She was just her height, although her figure was frailer; had the same black hair adorned with sequins, and the same lustrous large eyes and long lashes. Zuleika, however, lacked the mingled mirth and melancholy of her counterfeit; nor was she ever seen, like her, at the balcony unveiled. The likeness puzzled Abdallah, but he

knew that Zuleika was safe at home, and his schemes came into his head again—so he passed on, and forgot it.

He had now reached a better portion of the city, although he was still in the Beggar's Quarter. He stopped in the public square, and gazed about him. His vision was bounded on all sides by the white wall of the city, and the fringe of palms overlooking it. An open country lay on the north—a region of gardens and grain fields; on the south and west, the shining length of the Nile flecked with sails, and the Pyramids that loomed through the haze of the Libyan desert. But the glory of the dawn was in the east, in the serene blue sky, and on the crests of the Mokattam hills, which were tipped with light. The sun had not yet risen, but the domes of the mosques were brightening, and the minarets burned with rosy flames.

The heart of Abdallah was glad within him, he hardly knew why, and he went on his way with a lighter and firmer step. To say that he was depressed by the Beggar's Quarter, or that he pitied its unfortunate dwellers, would show but little knowledge of a nature like his. Still, he felt happy in leaving them behind him, and in comparing his condition with theirs.

He drew near the market-place, in which his bazaars were held, when he was accosted by a beggar.

"I am poor," said the beggar, "it is two days now since I have tasted food."

"What is that to me?" inquired the merchant.

"Abdallah the Rich, I am poor and hungry, and I demand alms from thee!"

Abdallah started back amazed. He was not accustomed to demands, besides he had never before been mimicked as he was by the beggar; for the voice of the latter was an exact echo of his own. Nor did the imitation stop at his voice: form, features, gait, everything pertaining to Abdallah was reproduced with strange fidelity. It was as if he saw himself in a mirror, or stood beside himself in a dream!

There was a difference though, between the beggar's garments and those of Abdallah. The merchant was dressed as became his station and wealth, in a flowing robe, with a rich sash around his waist, and a jewel-hilted dagger in his belt. His turban was a costly cashmere shawl, and his slippers were heavily embroidered with gold. The beggar was clad in rags which failed to hide his leanness,

and he supported his tottering limbs with a long staff. His face was thin and ghastly, and his eyes, that burned with an unnatural lustre, were deeply sunken in their sockets. He was like Abdallah, and yet unlike; looking not so much as Abdallah did, as Abdallah might, should he by any chance become a beggar.

"Abdallah the Miserly," said the beggar, "you are rolling in abundance, while I am starving with want. Help me, or I die."

"You are mistaken in thinking me rich," said the covetous merchant. "True I have the reputation of wealth, but everybody knows the uncertainty of a merchant's business. To day he is rich, to-morrow poor. But, admitting that I am rich, my money is my own. I owe it entirely to my own exertions, and not to others. I cannot help you, so let me pass."

"But I am dying," persisted the beggar.

"Again I say, what is that to me?"

"Listen to me, Abdallah," said the excited beggar, shaking his skinny finger in the face of the merchant. "Listen to me, hard-hearted man, and tremble. You refuse me, your fellow man, bread, and you arrogate to yourself your good fortune. These are deadly sins, and must be atoned for. God gave you prosperity; he can give you adversity as well. And he does; from this hour there is a spell upon you."

The merchant turned in wrath and was about to smite the beggar, when he saw the Captain of the Sultan's Guard approaching in the distance. In spite of himself, he shuddered and turned pale. He did not for an instant believe the beggar's prophecy; but he knew that no man's life was safe, if it were known that he was rich, and the Sultan was in want of money.

"The curse is beginning to work, Abdallah," said the beggar, tauntingly; but Abdallah was too much troubled to hear him. He ran over in his mind all his late business transactions, to see how far the worst had infringed the law; wondered which one of his many agents was most likely to betray him; and whether, if the worst came to the worst, he could manage to escape with life.

"Perhaps I may escape even now," said he to himself: but no—the guard was too close. Besides, he reasoned, if I attempt flight, it will seem to confirm suspicion. But he could not have flown

had he tried, for his feet were rooted to the ground.

He was a grim-looking fellow, the Captain of the Guard, and his manner of arresting Abdallah was not calculated to set the latter at ease. He drew his long sword with one hand, and clutched the merchant by the wrist with the other, while the soldiers sprang upon him from the opposite side, and pinioned his arms behind him. He was then marched off in the direction of the Sultan's palace. As might have been expected, his arrest drew together a crowd. First and foremost came the rabble from the Beggar's Quarter; children who broke off their plays to revile him; women who ran to see if it was their lovers or husbands; and numbers of the beggarmen, whom the news had already reached.

Among others, was the girl who looked so much like Zuleika. It was strange, but she was not in the least like Zuleika now. She had lustrous eyes, long lashes, and black hair, adorned with sequins; but her face was haggard with sensuality, and distorted with indecent mirth. She was no more like Zuleika—the pure and beautiful Zuleika—than a wandering comet, a hell of aerial fire is like the moon, the silver Eden of night.

"This is marvellous, this change," thought Abdallah; and the beggar coming into his mind, he turned his head to see if the beggar was changed also; and lo! he had vanished.

The guard and their prisoner had now reached the Sultan's palace. It was a holiday in Cairo, and the square was filled with soldiers. Bodies of black troops were drawn up in files on each side, while the centre was filled by the dignitaries of the empire; bashaws of distant provinces, white-bearded old shekhs of desert tribes, and daring Mamalukes. Beside the palace gate, stood two gigantic Nubian slaves, the executioners of the Sultan, one swinging his bowstring, the other poisoning his immense scymitar.

The gates were thrown open, and the Sultan came forth to judgment. The Commander of the Faithful was mounted on a superb Arab barb, whose neck arched proudly, and whose step disdained the earth. His turban was covered with jewels, and it shone like a constellation under his cloudy plume. His caftan was green, the sacred color, but his sash was deep red. It was an omi-

nous color with the Commander of the Faithful, for it generally betokened the shedding of blood. So his court approached him with terror, kissing his robe, and feet, and even the ground before him. "Long life to the Shereef! May God prolong his days!"

Casting his eyes over the prostrate crowd, the Commander of the Faithful saw Abdallah kneeling in the custody of the Captain of the Guard. He summoned the latter, and as he drew near, dragging the helpless culprit, beckoned to the executioners. Behold Abdallah between them, in front of the Sultan.

"Long life to the Shereef! May God prolong his days!"

"We have heard of this man," said the Commander of the Faithful; "does any here know him? It is said that he is rich, very rich. It is also said that his riches are ill-gotten. If he has wronged any here, even a slave, let the wronged man step forth, and accuse him. By the beard of my father he shall have justice!"

The words of the Sultan passed from mouth to mouth till they reached the ears of a merchant who was passing the palace. Emboldened by the Sultan's permission, he accused Abdallah.

"Commander of the Faithful, the merchant Abdallah owes me five purses of gold, which he refuses to pay. He came to me one day, accompanied by a strange merchant, who, he said, was his friend; and who wished to purchase sandal-wood and gums. I sold him five purses' worth, Abdallah agreeing to pay for the same, in case his friend did not. Twelve moons have passed since then, and I have not seen the merchant, nor will Abdallah pay me the debt."

"Your case is hard," said the Sultan; "but we cannot help you. The law will do you justice, if you can prove your claim. We give you a purse of gold that you may prosecute it freely."

The next accuser was one of the Mamelukes.

"Commander of the Faithful, this shop-keeper lately sold me a sword for a true Damascus blade. I paid him his price without higgling, and went forth to battle with the enemies of the Prophet. We were hard pushed by the accursed Giaours, and fell before them like ripe grain. A boy, whom I could have slain with the wind of a good scimitar, engaged me; and, snapping my sword like a reed, gave me this ugly gash on the cheek. I have no sword now. Here is

the hilt of my famous Damascus blade," and he threw it at the feet of the Sultan's barb; "give me another, Master, and I will punish the lying shop-keeper."

"You are a brave fellow, Mameluke," said the Sultan, unbuckling his own sword, and handing it to the soldier; "wear this, and smite the Giaours. Leave the shop-keeper to us."

The soldier fell back in the ranks, and the Sultan made a sign to the slave with the bow-string, who seized Abdallah, and prepared to strangle him.

The next accuser was one of the desert shekhs.

"Seven years ago," he said, "there was a famine among my people. The tidings reached Cairo, and this dog sent his agents amongst us loaded with corn, not to relieve our wants, but to rob us of our flocks and herds. He built granaries in our midst, and tortured us with the sight of food which few were rich enough to buy. We implored the assistance of other merchants, and many attempted to help us, but he drove them all from the field, some by bribery, and some by underselling, till, at last, no one would venture against him. The souls of our dead cry out for justice—justice on the corn-selling dog!"

"We, too, have a cause of complaint," said the Commander of the Faithful, after a score or two had finished accusing Abdallah. "This jewel," and he plucked one from his turban, "was sold us by the merchant for a pure diamond, and it turns out to be a bit of glass. We gave him a thousand purses for what is not worth a piastre. To punish him for the cheat we confiscate his estates for the Prophet's treasury, and we seize his daughter for the imperial Harem. As for the wretch himself he shall become a slave. We give him to your tribe," said the Sultan turning to the desert shekh: "It is just that he should suffer, even as he has made others. The dog is no longer Abdallah the Merchant, but Abdallah the Slave. God is great!"

"Long life to the Shereef! May God prolong his days!"

The Sultan shook the reins of his barb, and rode down the square, accompanied by his bashaws and shekhs. The Mamelukes and black troops remained, together with Abdallah and the executioners. There was no danger now in insulting him, and they made the most of the opportunity. The Mamelukes began by robbing him of everything valuable. One snatched his turban, another his

sash, a third his jewel-hilted dagger, and the fourth the purse which he vainly attempted to conceal; the rest, meanwhile, rode around him and pricked him with the points of their long spears. He was then handed over to the soldiers, and buffeted about till his bones ached. When the shekh returned for his slave he found him in a sorry plight, for he was covered with blood and bruises, and his garments were torn to tatters. Could his counterfeit and second self, the vanished beggar, have seen him then, even he must have pitied him, he was so ragged and forlorn.

It pleased the shekh to ride through Cairo before he started for the desert, and the whin seized him to make Abdallah lead his camel. The slave walked before his master, sullen and slow, the string of the camel slack in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Turn which way he would he was blasted by the sight of human faces. Men of all ranks and conditions rejoiced at his abasement. Children climbed up arches and gateways to get a glimpse of him; citizens pointed him out to strangers, and veiled women peered at him from latticed balconies. Many of his debtors were present, and merry enough they were too. It was not every day that they could pay their debts so easily!

After traversing the principal streets of the city, passing squares, markets, and bazaars, the shekh halted to make room for a procession. First came a file of soldiers loaded with swords and daggers, and armfuls of sashes and shawls; then a row of black slaves, each with a jar of gold or jewels on his head; and lastly, the head eunuch leading a veiled girl, who trembled under her veil! The heart of the slave sank within him. It was the spoil of his own bazaars which the Sultan had just seized, and his own child Zuleika on her way to the accursed Harem! A mistwain before the eyes of the wretched man; he staggered a step, and fell senseless in the dust.

When he came to himself he was travelling with a caravan, for the tribe whose slave he had become, were journeying back to the desert. The shekh rode at their head, and Abdallah led his camel over the sand.

An ocean of yellow sand stretched away on all sides till it reached the edge of the horizon. Not a tree or plant was to be seen anywhere, not even a blade of grass. The sky was without a cloud, intensely blue and bright, and the sun a perfect glare of light.

Sometimes they followed the track of former caravans, trampling in the footprints of men and camels; at others, they struck out a path for themselves, making the far-away mountains landmarks.

The road was frequently strewn with bones, the skeletons of men and camels, some of whom were overthrown by whirling clouds of sand, while others must have perished from starvation.

One skeleton in particular impressed Abdallah, and made him thoughtful for a long time. It lay in advance of the multitude, and beside it was a broken water-curse. He picked up a fragment of the curse, and saw its owner's name engraved under the mark of the potter. The dead man was one of his own agents, a trusty Egyptian who started on a long journey for him, and never returned. "He met his fate in the desert," thought Abdallah, "he was starved to death that I might increase my gains. I remember now that his wife told me this, but I feigned to think it false, and refused her a single piastre. I am punished now, for I am in the desert myself. Allah forbid that his fate should be mine!"

He cast his eyes over the sea of rolling sand, and sighed aloud. Up to this time, and it was now the second day of the journey, he had made no complaint; but now his limbs began to fail him from excessive weariness. The hot sand burnt his tender feet, the waste of flint, into which the caravan had come, cut him to the very bone, and his steps were marked with blood.

In the afternoon the caravan halted at a valley well, and pitched their tents for the night. The valley was a mere gully, the bed of some ancient river, and the well a pit of brackish water. A stunted palm rustled in the burning air, and a few brave tufts of grass disputed the supremacy of the sand. It was a dreary place, but it seemed a garden to the weary Abdallah.

The camels were fed and tethered for the night: the shekh and his sons sat cross-legged in the tent and related marvellous tales; the slaves huddled together, and sang wild songs in strange tongues; but Abdallah, stood alone in the shade of the palm. His first impulse was flight, but a glance at his swollen feet convinced him of its utter folly. Had he needed anything else to deter him he could have found it in the hyena tracks which surrounded the valley.

He threw himself under the stunted palm, and strove to forget the change in his fortunes. He was no longer Abdal-

lah the slave, nor yet Abdallah the merchant, but Abdallah the man, a man alone with nature.

The stars were out by thousands, sparkling in the deep blue sky, and the moon lifted her horn above the rim of the desert. The first news that Abdallah had of her presence was a long ray of light which she shot full in his eyes. He turned his head aside and it glinted on the surface of the well. A second followed it, and discovered what the dusk had for some time concealed, the dusky faces of the slaves as they sang their strange wild songs. Then Abdallah saw the white tent of the shekh, and the group of tethered camels, and then the stretch of desert beyond.

There was something in the moonlight which made everything it shone upon beautiful, even the stern old shekh who came to the door of his tent to watch the slaves. It softened the heart of Abdallah and filled him with tender and dreamy thoughts. He remembered how often he had seen it shining on the mosques and domes of Cairo, and how it flooded the walks of his garden, and dripped from the walls of his beloved kiosk. Then his fancy wandered, as a moonlight fancy sometimes will, to ruinous old houses, and he saw the Beggar's Quarter as it was on the previous morning. The houses were old still, with walls and chimneys leaning to a fall; yet their decay seemed in some degree repaired, for the chinks and doors were closed, he knew not how, while the windows were curtained with white.

"If the moonlight does so much for the beggar's houses," thought Abdallah, "what might not human kindness do for the beggars?" It was a manly thought, and it ennobled even while it grieved him. He pondered over his past life, its narrow selfishness and blindness, and giving himself up to the influences around was initiated into the mysteries of nature. And the first thing that the universal mother taught him was that nothing exists for itself alone. He saw, in thought, the moon and stars shining on the earth, and the earth baring her brow to receive their light, giving her own in return. The land gradually crumbled into the sea on one side of the world, while the sea as gradually withdrew its waters from the land on the other. The clouds covered the mountains with snow: the snow melted and formed rivers: the rivers with mist fed the clouds; and the clouds turned into snow, and again covered the mountains.

The dew crept into the heart of the flowers, and the flowers breathed their fragrance to the falling dew. Innumerable were the examples of Nature, that it is necessary to give, as well as to receive. Yes, and even to give when there is no hope of receiving in return. "The desert, for instance," thought Abdallah, "what can the sun hope to gain by shining on its rocks and billows of sand? For leagues there is no living thing, save now and then a scorpion, or a straggling blade of grass. Yet the sun shines as generously there as in the gardens of Cashmere, and the stars, and the queenly moon brighten the solitude with their luminous smiles! And the great God of the heavens, the infinite and everlasting Allah, who made and overlooks the worlds—of what avail to Him are the prayers, and the lives of even the holiest? Yet the hands of the great Father are always stretched forth with blessings and bounties, and his ears are always open to the cries of his children."

"I have not performed my part," said Abdallah sadly, "as God and Nature perform theirs, but from this hour I will amend my life. I have not fallen in vain since I have learned to fulfil my duty. God is great!"

He rose from his seat beneath the palm, and walked to the edge of the valley, where he saw a stunted oolycinth growing alone in the sand. Curiosity impelled him to view it closer, and he hastened to it, although it grew in the midst of the hyena tracks. Stooping on his hands and knees he brushed the sand from it, and found that it was dying for want of moisture. Its leaves were shrivelled with heat, and the poor melon which it strove to shelter, was fairly wilted on the stem. It was a worthless plant at best; so bitter that no animal could eat it; but its forlorn condition touched the heart of Abdallah, and retracing his steps to the well he proceeded to water it, using for that purpose a fragment of the broken urn which he picked up in the desert. That done he bowed his head to the Holy City, and said the prayers of the Faithful, and, creeping among the camels, he was soon fast asleep.

The caravan rose at dawn, and resumed their march. The first good deed of Abdallah repaid him well; for the oolycinth was green and fresh. It waved its leaves to him at parting, and the shine of its yellow melon was brighter than gold.

The sky above, and the sand below; a desert of blue, and a desert of yellow. In the upper desert marched the sun, showering abroad his spears of fire, in the under desert the shekh and his tribe, vainly endeavoring to ward them off.

Sun, and sand, and hot wind. Fragments of bleaching bones. A winding string of men and camels, and a solitary swooping kite!

About noon they were startled by a mirage. It was the first that Abdallah had ever seen, and he marvelled greatly thereat. It grew up from the sand suddenly, and assumed the shape of a band of roving Bedouins, a tribe of desert robbers, mounted on flying stallions, and armed with long spears which they brandished furiously.

Then it became the house of Abdallah, a perfect picture of his lost mansion in Cairo. Like that, its walls were striped with red; its balconies shaded the street; the fountain played in its kiosk; and a mock Zuleika walked in the shade of its unreal trees!

Its third change was into the Beggars' Quarter, which seemed more wretched, if that were possible, than when Abdallah saw it last. Some of the houses had fairly tumbled down, nearly all the windows and doors were gone, and the squalid wretches had multiplied in every room. Parents had strangled their children, and were weeping for them; children had grown up, and were beating their parents; and the girl with sequins in her hair—she lay stone dead in the street!

Then the mirage surrounded Abdallah, and became the very square in which he was stopped by the beggar. He stared down the long streets, and saw the white

wall of the city, and the fringe of palms overlooking it. Gardens and grain-fields barred the north; on the south and west ran the Nile, alive with glancing sails. The Mokattam hills were flooded with light, and the mosques and minarets blazed with rosy flames. It was too like Cairo, not to be Cairo itself! Abdallah rubbed his eyes, like a man awaking from a dream, and found to his great joy that he had not stirred from the square. The beggar still stood before him, holding out his hand for alms, and in the distance he saw the Captain of the Sultan's Guard! Hardly a moment had elapsed, and yet Abdallah had passed through so many changes of fortune. It was like the prophet's living in the seventh heaven seventy thousand years, while a drop of water was falling from his pitcher to the ground.

"I have not dreamed in vain," said the thankful and humbled merchant, "for I have learned to perform my duty. Here, my brother, is alms for thee," and he gave the beggar a piece of gold; "depart in peace, and be happy. For me—I will go and pray. God is Great!"

"God is Great!"—the muezzins took up the cry, and passed it from minaret to minaret, till the morning wind was vocal with the sound. The faithful heard it in their houses, and came pouring into the streets, and sought the nearest mosque. Every man drew the slippers from his feet, and, crossing the sacred threshold, worshipped God and the Prophet. There were many solemn prayers said that day, and many grateful men in Cairo, but none that were more devout than Abdallah, the merchant.

"For, by the grace of God," he said, "I am still Abdallah the Merchant, and not Abdallah the Slave."

OUR GIVEN NAMES.

"WHO gave you this name?"

"My sponsors in baptism."

Then these sponsors have much to answer for in this matter of naming, to say nothing of the obligations that they take upon themselves.

The name of a person is a sound that suggests the idea of him. It is indissolubly united with every notion of him; the name and the man are more closely bound than man and wife, for even after

death we associate them together. How important, then, is it that no one should suffer for his name, that no unpleasant, ridiculous, or infamous associations should be connected with it, but rather that it should be honorable and honored.

It is true that the fair Juliet, in a passage often quoted and oftener misquoted, asks

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

Very true; but we do not go to names for smells, any more than to colors for music. And in the instance that she gives, what a loss it would have been to the world, if the word "rose" had not existed as the title of the queen of flowers; but, instead of it, some such common unmusical word as turnip or squash had been selected by the founders of the English tongue! What could poets have done with such a word? Where would they have found rhymes for it? The queen of flowers should have a name of beauty, and she has it. We are not able, at present, to say how many of the modern languages of Europe call this flower by a name resembling rose, or identical with it; but we believe that all of them do, which are based in any degree upon the Latin tongue, which had its *rosa*, a derivative and improvement upon the *rodon* of the Greeks. Juliet is in a very small minority upon this question.

And we would strengthen our position as to the importance of first names, by quoting Sterne's remark, that no one has ever thought of calling a child after Judas Iscariot. Some come pretty near it when they select the name Judah, which is radically the same name as Judas, but how carefully do they stop here! What an immense difference does a single letter, an H for an S, make!

We say *given* names, not *Christian* names, as is more common; for it is not every one having a first name that has a Christian name, as was exemplified in the case of Mr. Levi, who appeared as a witness before the Lord Mayor of London.

"What is your Christian name, Mr. Levi?" said that civic functionary.

"I have not got any, my Lord," was the reply. "I am a Jew, but my first name is Moses."

Various are the tastes in the selection of a name for a child—various are the motives that influence the decision. Sometimes a rich friend or relation is to be conciliated, and therefore some barbarous designation is affixed to a child that is a thorn in his side as long as he lives; and after all, the unfortunate may miss the expected legacy. Sometimes the name of some distinguished man is selected, to which the life of the new wearer adds no new lustre; thus we see George Washington and John Wesley occasionally figuring in the police reports, as the names of people arrested for

riot or petty larceny. A classical taste inspires others, who are not always very particular in the names, provided they smack of the ancients, owing to which it happens that there is a boy now living in Philadelphia who has been christened—if we may thus use the word—after Commodus, one of the most infamous of the Roman Emperors.

The late Bishop Chase, of Illinois, had a dislike to having Greek and Roman names imposed upon children, which he displayed very pointedly on one occasion when a child was brought to him to be baptized.

"Name this child," said the bishop.

"Marcus Tullius Cicero," answered the father.

"What?"

"Marcus Tullius Cicero."

"Tut! tut! with your heathen nonsense! Peter, I baptize thee," and the child was Peter thenceforth and for ever.

Others, again, set much store by Scripture names, many of which to our ears are anything but melodious—for instance, Obadiah, Jeremiah, and all the other *iahs*; but this fashion is not near so prevalent as it was a century or two ago. Some of the Bible names have much sweetness, such as Beulah, Rahamah, and Rhoda, but even these are rarely used.

The story is well known of the man, who, having called four sons after Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, wished to have the fifth christened *Acts*, because, as he said, he "wanted to compliment the apostles a bit;" but the sequel, as given by Mr. Lower, in the last edition of his valuable work on "English surnames," is not so familiar to us. It appears that the father had two other sons, who were christened Richard and Thomas, and that the story of the name that had been proposed for No. 5, getting wind amongst his schoolmates, he was constantly annoyed with having this distich repeated, of better metre than rhyme—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Acts of 'Postles, Dick and Tom.'"

Some persons appear to have tried how near they could come to the height of absurdity, in giving names to their children. Benjamin Stokely, the first white settler in Mercer county, Pennsylvania (whose account thereof is in the fourth volume of the *Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*), gave most extraordinary names to all his

children; at present, but one of them occurs to our memory—Aurora Borealis—by which he thought proper to designate one of his daughters. A Mr. Stickney, a distant relative of Dr. Franklin, numbered his children, calling them One Stickney, Two Stickney, &c. We might mention here, the case of Mr. New, who is said to have called his first child, Something, and the next, Nothing; but the story is probably the creation of the fertile imagination of Mr. Joseph Miller, or some of his successors.

We will venture to add a few rules, which are the results of our reflections upon this subject.

1. The son should not be called after his father, nor the daughter after her mother.

The object of giving first names is to distinguish a person from all others bearing the same last name, particularly from those of his immediate family; but this latter is not attained when a child bears the name of its parent. Confusion must always follow, not always to be avoided by the additions of senior and junior, or the designations, 1st, 2d, &c., which are common in New England.

An eminent lawyer, who adorned the Philadelphia bar, forty or fifty years ago, had a son with the same first name as himself, who was studying law in his office. One day a letter arrived without any addition of *junior*, but intended for the younger, which the elder gentleman opened and read. It was from a source not very creditable to any one.

"I am ashamed of you," said the father indignantly, handing it to his son.

"I am ashamed of *you*, sir," replied the son, handing it back, with his finger pointed at the direction.

One of the sons of the Benjamin Stokely of whom we have spoken above, was born during his father's absence from home. On his return, his wife told him that she had called the child Benjamin, after him. "None of that," cried he, "I have no notion of hearing people talking of *old Ben Stokely*."

This confusion is one objection to the practice which we condemn; another is that if a parent calls a child after himself, he is in danger of becoming partial to that child, at the expense of the others. This is a feeling which makes its way into the minds of even good men and good women; it seems to some that a child bearing their name in full, is more fully their representative than

others. As this is all wrong, it is best to prevent the arising of such feelings, by giving no occasion for their existence.

2. The more common a last name is, the more uncommon should the first name be. We can pardon almost any prefix to Smith, Brown, and Jones. As one of the learned fathers of the bar lately observed in a discourse, "Who shall declare the generation of the Smiths, and especially of the John Smiths?" The very mention of John Smith in a court-house, police office, or other public place—and it is of frequent mention therein—brings a broad grin into every one's face immediately.

3. No name should be given to a child that will suggest a ludicrous idea when written in full, or when the initial only is used. We always pitied Mr. P. Cox, and Mr. T. Potts, both worthy men, but with thoughtless godfathers.

Middle-aged persons, in Philadelphia, can recollect a druggist, named Ash, (now deceased) whose friends had selected Caleb for his first name. He was constantly annoyed with inquiries from school-boys, and others of the rising generation, as to the residence of Mr. Calabash.

Forty or fifty years ago a very worthy little French tailor, named Frogg, resided in Charleston, S. C., and on the birth of one of his sons some wags persuaded him that it would be a very good thing for the child to call him after the chief magistrate of the State—Governor Bull, which was done accordingly, the unlucky combination of the two names never striking the father until it was too late.

4. Females should have but one given name and when they marry, should retain their maiden name as a middle name. This is the practice among the Society of Friends, and were it generally adopted it would have many advantages. We should know at once, on seeing a lady's name whether she was married or single, and, if the former, what the name of her family was. And it is further to be considered that the adoption of this rule of but a single first name for girls, would put an end for ever to the whole brood of Emma Milvindas and Euphemia Helen Lauras, and a style of nomenclature which is thought by most persons to be ridiculous in the extreme.

Have many of our readers seen the pretty verses on the raising of a child, written by Mary, the unhappy sister of Charles Lamb? We shall presume that

they have not, and without apology conclude this essay with them :

CHOOSING A NAME.

"I have got a new-born sister ;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten !—
She will shortly be to christen :
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia or Louisa ?
Ann and Mary, they're too common ;
Joan's too formal for a woman ;

Jane's a prettier name beside ;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books ; *
Ellen's left off long ago ;
Blanch is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine—
What do you think of Caroline ?
How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next !
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her :
I will leave papa to name her."

TO MUMMY WHEAT.

FAIR resurrection from a buried era,
Superb in beauty, smiling here to-day,
Seeming almost a fancy-born chimera,
What com'st thou thus of ages past to say ?
Freed from the cerements resinous and gummy,
Speak for thyself and for thy speechless mummy.

Of her life-unit earth retains no record,
Nor shows a footprint of her sojourn here—
How her swift course with sun and shade was chequered—
What was her love, her faith, her hope, or fear ;
Nor symbolled host of heaven, nor scarabeus
Untombed comes up, from doubts hereon to free us.

What was her presence, when the spirit lighted
Her eye with joy, or darkened it with tears ?
How shone her visage—since, indeed, *benighted*
And hid, perhaps, for thrice a thousand years ?
No conjured ghost from Lethe's sullen water,
Will whisper aught of Egypt's silent daughter.

Was she devote to Isis and Osiris,
Friends of spring budding, and the ripening corn ?
And (we abjure *impertinent* inquiries)
How old was she?—and to what fortune born ?
Where, and how long before the morning twilight
Of Gospel day, first breathed the baby Nilite ?

Was she of Ceres once a priestess, making
Glad sheafy offerings to her deity ;
Then to the shades, with power vicarious, taking
The grain, tight-clutched, whose heart embosomed thee—
The cunning life within the germin wheaten,
The long, lone night in death's dark house to sweeten ?

* Southey was of a different opinion from Mary Lamb ; in one of his sonnets he says, "Saxen Edith pleases me the best."

"Sleeping while Egypt's impious power was humbled!
 Roused not by monarchy in dying throes!
 Fearless, while gods and thrones around her crumbled!"
 Thus far, her past estate the present shows:
 Buried by time's impervious rocky strata,
 Her life's last story giveth up no data.

Eager to turn both life and death to profit,
 Some wily speculator of our day
 Has broke her frame, and made a cook-fire of it,
 Tested for grace, and dined; then borne away
 The balmy stuffing of the old Egyptian
 Hoarded with care, for medical prescription!

For precious gums, and spice of fine aroma,
 From heads uncatamounted, are borne as prey,
 From where they'd rested since the death of Homer,
 The vital fire in modern clods to stay;
 And give the head Homeric, high and spicy,
 Though on the lyre the hand be weak and icy.

Deposits choice, inclasped by mummy's cincture,
 And blocked for ages in sepulchral walls,
 Now turned to powder, balls, and pungent tincture,
 Are deemed specific for the loudest calls
 To war with death and *Pilules Belladonna*!
 'Tis true, upon a *listener's sacred honor*!

Such, fair-haired *Afric*, was thy mummy's portion;
 But thou shalt live and thrive while earth remains;
 Albeit thy beauty may induce extortion
 From greedy traffickers in bread and grains;
 When dearth, that comes to pinch the needy tighter,
 Rubs every grout, to *Christian* venders, brighter.

But, premature may seem this open statement
 To one like thee, so fresh from ancient times;
 The while we moderns reckon for abatement,
 When filling measure, and supplying rhymes:
 While we affirm, our hearer should be sifting,
 Lest the light chaff the grain be over-drifting.

Yet men can meditate the grand transaction,
 To sell their fathers in their graves, for gain,—
 Those saint old precincts, where the first infraction
 Must shock like doom the reverential brain!
 When filial hearts can sanction such profaning,
 Grace save the city stricken with the staining!

Spirits of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph,
 Whose bones one tomb was consecrate to hold,
 How had ye left them to the grave's repose, if
 Paynim or Jew had shown such lust of gold?
 If Christian man can vend his brother living,
 To sell the dead for street, were past forgiving!

Magnific wheat! did thine ancestral kindred
 The silver cup imbed, in that full sack
 Of Benjamin, which his departure hindered
 When his lost elder brother called him back,
 Where the sweet stratagem of love fraternal,
 Drew tears like rain that gems the blossom vernal?

Did Nature, to commemorate the story,
 From that cup's lustre and those sparkling tears,
 By her fine alchemy, this silvery glory
 Produce, to shine so mildly round thine ears,
 While in the breath of morn with plume-like swaying,
 They seem with spirit bands at tilt, or playing?

Those busy powers by one bold prince deputed
 For building happy castles in the air,—
 To lay out lawns, and get the roses rooted,
 Still show their inklings after earthly fare,
 Through agents here, on muffled drum-heads thrumming,
 With velvet touch, and modesty becoming.

If *THEE* they seek, their whispers never heeding,
 Cling to thy mother's lap, and be content;
 For thou, of earth, art earthly still, and needing
 Her careful bosom and its nutriment;
 While, clothed anew, in modern fancy-dresses,
 Egypt's old priest-craft our young world caresses.

We wot not what their tables, here so troubled,
 Have done, dismissing spirits to unrest,—
 If death has on them in the beaker bubbled,
 Or reeked in savory platters, richly dressed;
 Or some young soul to games thereat been tempted,
 Till earth and heaven, to him, of hope were emptied.

But none may plant *thee* on the air-based mountains,
 And dreamy vales, that fill the *seten spheres*:
 Where spirit-rappings cannot open fountains,
 Nor furnish soil, to grow thy jeweled ears;
 And where some awkward planetary blunder
 Might crop thy head, thy grounding blow asunder!

Nay, lovely emblem, through the broken portal
 Of death's abode, thus sprung to life and light,
 As man by faith beholds himself immortal
 Beyond the tomb, till faith dissolves in sight,
 Thou and thy seed, to man on earth pertaining,
 Must nourish him and his, whilst here remaining.

We love the genial *WHEAT* from earth that springeth,
 The staff of life, supplying nature's need;
 We bless the sweet remembrance that it bringeth
 Of food whereon our faith and hope may feed;
 The hallowed metaphor of bread supernal,
 To stay the soul, and give it life eternal.

Yet, as the living grain to mummy olden,
 Who darkly held it ages in disuse,
 God's will to man may now be coldly holden,
 Still clasped, perverted, jeered, or deemed abstruse;
 When it should spread, a tree of life full blooming,
 Halo'd, the Spirit's breath each leaf perfuming!

ISRAEL POTTER; OR, FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE.

(Continued from page 601, vol. IV.)

CHAPTER XIX.

CONTINUED.

ERE long, a horrible explosion was heard, drowning for the instant the cannonade. Two of the old eighteen-pounders—before spoken of, as having been hurriedly set up below the main deck of the *Richard*—burst all to pieces, killing the sailors who worked them, and shattering all that part of the hull, as if two exploded steam-boilers had shot out of its opposite sides. The effect was like the fall of the walls of a house. Little now upheld the great tower of *Pisa* but a few naked crow stanchions. Thenceforth, not a few balls from the *Serapis* must have passed straight through the *Richard* without grazing her. It was like firing back-shot through the ribs of a skeleton.

But, further forward, so deadly was the broadside from the heavy batteries of the *Serapis*,—levelled point-blank, and right down the throat and bowels, as it were, of the *Richard*—that it cleared everything before it. The men on the *Richard*'s covered gun-deck ran above, like miners from the fire-damp. Collecting on the fore-castle, they continued to fight with grenades and muskets. The soldiers also were in the lofty tops, whence they kept up incessant volleys, cascading their fire down as pouring lava from cliffs.

The position of the men in the two ships was now exactly reversed. For while the *Serapis* was tearing the *Richard* all to pieces below deck, and had swept that covered part almost of the last man; the *Richard*'s crowd of musketry had complete control of the upper deck of the *Serapis*, where it was almost impossible for man to remain unless as a corpse. Though in the beginning, the tops of the *Serapis* had not been unsupplied with marksmen, yet they had long since been cleared by the overmastering musketry of the *Richard*. Several, with leg or arm broken by a ball, had been seen going dimly downward from their giddy perch, like falling pigeons shot on the wing.

As busy swallows about barn-eaves and ridge-poles, some of the *Richard*'s marksmen quitting their tops, now went far out on their yard-arms, where they overhung the *Serapis*. From thence

they dropped hand-grenades upon her decks, like apples, which growing in one field fall over the fence into another. Others of their band flung the same sour fruit into the open ports of the *Serapis*. A hail-storm of aerial combustion descended and slanted on the *Serapis*, while horizontal thunder-bolts rolled crosswise through the subterranean vaults of the *Richard*. The belligerent's were no longer, in the ordinary sense of things, an English ship, and an American ship. It was a co-partnership and joint-stock combustion-company of both ships; yet divided, even in participation. The two vessels were as two houses, through whose party-wall doors have been cut; one family (the *Guelphs*) occupying the whole lower story; another family (the *Ghibelines*) the whole upper story.

Meanwhile determined Paul flew hither and thither like the meteoric comets, which shifting dances on the tips and verges of ships' rigging in storms. Wherever he went, he seemed to cast a pale light on all faces. Blacked and burnt, his Scotch bonnet was compressed to a gun-wad on his head. His Parisian coat, with its gold-laced sleeve laid aside, disclosed to the full the blue tattooing on his arm, which sometimes in fierce gestures streamed in the haze of the cannonade, cabalistically terrific as the charmed standard of Satan. Yet his frenzied manner was less a testimony of his internal commotion than intended to inspirit and madden his men, some of whom seeing him, in transports of intrepidity stripped themselves to their trowsers, exposing their naked bodies to the as naked shot. The same was done on the *Serapis*, where several guns were seen surrounded by their buff crews as by fauns and satyrs.

At the beginning of the fray, before the ships interlocked, in the intervals of smoke which swept over the ships as mist over mountain-tops, affording open rents here and there—the gun-deck of the *Serapis*, at certain points, showed, congealed for the instant in all attitudes of dauntlessness, a gallery of marble statues—fighting gladiators.

Stooping low and intent, with one braced leg thrust behind, and one arm thrust forward, curling round towards the muzzle of the gun:—there was seen

the loader, performing his allotted part; on the other side of the carriage, in the same stooping posture, but with both hands holding his long black pole, pike-wise, ready for instant use—stood the eager rammer and sponger; while at the breech, crouched the wary captain of the gun, his keen eye, like the watching leopard's, burning along the range; and behind, all tall and erect, the Egyptian symbol of death, stood the matchman, immovable for the moment, his long-handled match reversed. Up to their two long death-dealing batteries, the trained men of the Serapis stood and toiled in mechanical magic of discipline. They tended those rows of guns, as Lowell girls the rows of looms in a cotton factory. The Parcs were not more methodical; Atropos not more fatal; the automaton chess-player not more irresponsible.

"Look, lad; I want a grenade, now, thrown down their main hatch-way. I saw long piles of cartridges there. The powder monkeys have brought them up faster than they can be used. Take a bucket of combustibles, and let's hear from you presently."

These words were spoken by Paul to Israel. Israel did as ordered. In a few minutes, bucket in hand, begrimed with powder, sixty-feet in air, he hung like Apollyon from the extreme tip of the yard over the fated abyss of the hatchway. As he looked down between the eddies of smoke into that slaughterous pit, it was like looking from the verge of a cataract down into the yeasty pool at its base. Watching his chance, he dropped one grenade with such faultless precision, that, striking its mark, an explosion rent the Serapis like a volcano. The long row of heaped cartridges was ignited. The fire ran horizontally, like an express on a railway. More than twenty men were instantly killed: nearly forty wounded. This blow restored the chances of battle, before in favor of the Serapis.

But the drooping spirits of the English were suddenly revived, by an event which crowned the scene by an act on the part of one of the consorts of the Richard, the incredible atrocity of which, has induced all humane minds to impute it rather to some incomprehensible mistake, than to the malignant madness of the perpetrator.

The cautious approach and retreat of a consort of the Serapis, the Scarborough, before the moon rose, has already been mentioned. It is now to be related how

that, when the moon was more than an hour high, a consort of the Richard, the Alliance, likewise approached and retreated. This ship, commanded by a Frenchman, infamous in his own navy, and obnoxious in the service to which he at present belonged; this ship, foremost in insurgency to Paul hitherto, and which, for the most part had crept like a poltroon from the fray; the Alliance now was at hand. Seeing her, Paul deemed the battle at an end. But to his horror, the Alliance threw a broadside full into the stern of the Richard, without touching the Serapis. Paul called to her, for God's sake to forbear destroying the Richard. The reply was, a second, a third, a fourth broadside; striking the Richard ahead, astern, and amid-ships. One of the volleys killed several men and one officer. Meantime, like carpenters' augurs, and the sea-worm called remora, the guns of the Serapis were drilling away, at the same doomed hull. After performing her nameless exploit, the Alliance sailed away, and did no more. She was like the great fire of London, breaking out on the heel of the great Plague. By this time, the Richard had received so many shot-holes low down in her hull, that like a sieve she began to settle.

"Do you strike?" cried the English captain.

"I have not yet begun to fight," howled sinking Paul.

This summons and response were whirled on eddies of smoke and flame. Both vessels were now on fire. The men of either knew hardly which to do; strive to destroy the enemy, or save themselves. In the midst of this, one hundred human beings, hitherto invisible strangers, were suddenly added to the rest. Five score English prisoners, till now confined in the Richard's hold, liberated in his consternation, by the master at arms, burst up the hatchways. One of them, the captain of a letter of marque, crawled through a port, as a burglar through a window, from the one ship to the other, and reported affairs to the English captain.

While Paul and his lieutenants were confronting these prisoners, the gunner, running up from below, and not perceiving his official superiors, and deeming them dead; believing himself now left sole surviving officer, ran to the tower of Pisa to haul down the colors. But they were already shot down and trail-

ing in the water astern, like a sailor's towing shirt. Seeing the gunner there, groping about in the smoke, Israel asked what he wanted.

At this moment, the gunner, rushing to the rail, shouted "quarter! quarter! to the Serapis."

"I'll quarter ye," yelled Israel, smiting the gunner with the flat of his cutlass.

"Do you strike?" now came from the Serapis.

"Aye, aye, aye!" involuntary cried Israel, fetching the gunner a shower of blows.

"Do you strike?" again was repeated from the Serapis; whose captain, judging from the augmented confusion on board the Richard, owing to the escape of the prisoners, and also influenced by the report made to him by his late guest of the port-hole, doubted not that the enemy must needs be about surrendering.

"Do you strike?"

"Aye!—I strike *back*," roared Paul, for the first time now hearing the summons.

But judging this frantic response to come, like the others, from some unauthorized source, the English captain directed his boarders to be called; some of whom presently leaped on the Richard's rail; but, throwing out his tattooed arm at them with a sabre at the end of it, Paul showed them how boarders repelled boarders. The English retreated; but not before they had been thinned out again, like spring radishes, by the unfaltering fire from the Richard's tops.

An officer of the Richard, seeing the mass of prisoners delirious with sudden liberty and fright, pricked them with his sword to the pumps; thus keeping the ship afloat by the very blunder which had promised to have been fatal. The vessels now blazed so in the rigging, that both parties desisted from hostilities to subdue the common foe.

When some faint order was again restored upon the Richard, her chances of victory increased, while those of the English, driven under cover, proportionably waned. Early in the contest, Paul, with his own hand, had brought one of his largest guns to bear against the enemy's main-mast. That shot had hit. The mast now plainly tottered. Nevertheless, it seemed as if, in this fight, neither party could be victor. Mutual obliteration from the face of the waters seemed the only natural sequel to hostilities like these. It is, therefore, honor

to him as a man, and not reproach to him as an officer, that, to stay such carnage, Captain Pearson, of the Serapis, with his own hands hauled down his colors. But just as an officer from the Richard swung himself on board the Serapis, and accosted the English captain, the first lieutenant of the Serapis came up from below inquiring whether the Richard had struck, since her fire had ceased.

So equal was the conflict that, even after the surrender, it could be, and was, a question to one of the warriors engaged (who had not happened to see the English flag hauled down) whether the Serapis had struck to the Richard, or the Richard to the Serapis. Nay, while the Richard's officer was still amicably conversing with the English captain, a midshipman of the Richard, in act of following his superior on board the surrendered vessel, was run through the thigh by a pike in the hand of an ignorant boarder of the Serapis. While equally ignorant, the cannons below deck were still thundering away at the nominal conqueror from the batteries of the nominally conquered ship.

But though the Serapis had submitted, there were two misanthropical foes on board the Richard which would not so easily succumb,—fire and water. All night the victors were engaged in suppressing the flames. Not until daylight were the flames got under; but though the pumps were kept continually going, the water in the hold still gained. A few hours after sunrise the Richard was deserted for the Serapis and the other vessels of the squadron of Paul. About ten o'clock, the Richard, gorged with slaughter, wallowed heavily, gave a long roll, and blasted by tornadoes of sulphur, slowly sunk, like Gomorrah, out of sight.

The loss of life in the two ships was about equal; one-half of the total number of those engaged being either killed or wounded.

In view of this battle one may well ask—What separates the enlightened man from the savage? Is civilization a thing distinct, or is it an advanced stage of barbarism?

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHUTTLE.

FOR a time back, across the otherwise blue-jean career of Israel, Paul

Jones flits and re-flits like a crimson thread. One more brief intermingling of it, and to the plain old homespun we return.

The battle won, the squadron started for the Texel, where they arrived in safety. Omitting all mention of intervening harassments, suffice it, that after some months of inaction as to anything of a warlike nature, Paul and Israel (both from different motives, eager to return to America), sailed for that country in the armed ship *Ariel*; Paul as commander, Israel as quarter-master.

Two weeks out, they encountered by night, a frigate-like craft, supposed to be an enemy. The vessels came within hail, both showing English colors, with purposes of mutual deception, affecting to belong to the English navy. For an hour, through their speaking trumpets, the captains equivocally conversed. A very reserved, adroit, hoodwinking, statesman-like conversation, indeed. At last, professing some little incredulity as to the truthfulness of the stranger's statement, Paul intimated a desire that he should put out a boat and come on board to show his commission, to which the stranger very affably replied, that unfortunately his boat was exceedingly leaky. With equal politeness, Paul begged him to consider the danger attending a refusal, which rejoinder nettled the other, who suddenly retorted that he would answer for twenty guns, and that both himself and men were knock-down Englishmen. Upon this, Paul said that he would allow him exactly five minutes for a sober, second thought. That brief period passed, Paul, hoisting the American colors, ran close under the other ship's stern, and engaged her. It was about eight o'clock at night, that this strange quarrel was picked in the middle of the ocean. Why cannot men be peaceable on that great common? Or does nature in those fierce night-brawlers, the billows, set mankind but a sorry example?

After ten minutes' cannonading, the stranger struck, shouting out, that half his men were killed. The *Ariel's* crew hurraed. Boarders were called to take possession. At this juncture, the prize shifting her position so that she headed away, and to leeward of the *Ariel*, thrust her long spanker boom diagonally over the latter's quarter; when Israel, who was standing close by, instinctively caught hold of it—just as he had grasped the jib-boom of the *Serapis*—and, at

the same moment, hearing the call to take possession, in the valiant excitement of the occasion, he leaped upon the spar, and made a rush for the stranger's deck, thinking, of course, that he would be immediately followed by the regular boarders. But the sails of the strange ship suddenly filled; she began to glide through the sea; her spanker-boom, not having at all entangled itself, offering no hindrance. Israel clinging midway along the boom, soon found himself divided from the *Ariel*, by a space impossible to be leaped. Meantime, suspecting foul play, Paul set every sail; but the stranger, having already the advantage, contrived to make good her escape, though perseveringly chased by the cheated conqueror.

In the confusion, no eye had observed our hero's spring. But, as the vessels separated more, an officer of the strange ship spying a man on the boom, and taking him for one of his own men, demanded what he did there.

"Clearing the signal halyards, sir," replied Israel, fumbling with the cord which happened to be dangling near by.

"Well, bear a hand and come in, or you will have a bow-chaser at you soon," referring to the bow guns of the *Ariel*.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Israel, and in a moment he sprang to the deck, and soon found himself mixed in among some two hundred English sailors of a large letter of marque. At once he perceived that the story of half the crew being killed was a mere hoax, played off for the sake of making an escape. Orders were continually being given to pull on this and that rope, as the ship crowded all sail in flight. To these orders Israel with the rest promptly responded, pulling at the rigging stoutly as the best of them; though heaven knows his heart sank deeper and deeper at every pull which thus helped once again to widen the gulf between him and home.

In intervals, he considered with himself what to do. Favored by the obscurity of the night and the number of the crew, and wearing much the same dress as theirs, it was very easy to pass himself off for one of them till morning. But daylight would be sure to expose him, unless some cunning plan could be hit upon. If discovered for what he was, nothing short of a prison awaited him upon the ship's arrival in port.

It was a desperate case; only as desperate a remedy could serve. One thing was sure, he could not hide. Some audacious parade of himself promised the only hope. Marking that the sailors, not being of the regular navy, wore no uniform; and perceiving that his jacket was the only garment on him which bore any distinguishing badge, our adventurer took it off, and privily dropped it overboard, remaining now in his dark blue woollen shirt, and blue cloth waistcoat.

What the more inspired Israel to the added step now contemplated, was the circumstance, that the ship was not a Frenchman's, or other foreigner, but her crew, though enemies, spoke the same language that he did.

So very quietly, at last, he goes aloft into the main-top, and sitting down on an old sail there, beside some eight or ten topmen, in an off-handed way asks one for tobacco.

"Give us a quid, lad," as he settled himself in his seat.

"Halloo," said the strange sailor, "who be you? Get out of the top! The fore and mizzen-top men won't let us go into their tops, and blame me if we'll let any of their gangs come here. So, away ye go."

"You're blind, or crazy, old boy," rejoined Israel. "I'm a top-mate; ain't I, lads?" appealing to the rest.

"There's only ten main-topmen belonging to our watch; if you are one, then there'll be eleven," said a second sailor. "Get out of the top!"

"This is too bad, mates," cried Israel, "to serve an old top-mate this way. Come, come, you are foolish. Give us a quid." And, once more, with the utmost sociability, he addressed the sailor next to him.

"Look ye," returned the other, "if you don't make away with yourself, you skulking spy from the mizzen, we'll drop you to deck like a jewel-block."

Seeing the party thus resolute, Israel, with some affected banter, descended.

The reason why he had tried the scheme—and, spite of the foregoing failure, meant to repeat it—was this: As customary in armed ships, the men were in companies, allotted to particular places and functions. Therefore, to escape final detection, Israel must some way get himself recognized as belonging to some one of those bands; otherwise, as an isolated nondescript, discovery ere long would be certain; especially upon

the next general muster. To be sure, the hope in question was a forlorn sort of hope; but it was his sole one, and must therefore be tried.

Mixing in again for a while with the general watch, he at last goes on the fore-castle among the sheet-anchor-men there, at present engaged in critically discussing the merits of the late valiant encounter, and expressing their opinion that by daybreak the enemy in chase would be hull-down out of sight.

"To be sure she will," cried Israel, joining in with the group, "old ballyhoo that she is, to be sure. But didn't we pepper her, lads? Give us a chew of tobacco, one of ye? How many have we wounded, do ye know? None killed that I've heard of. Wasn't that a fine hoax we played on 'em? Ha! ha! But give us a chew."

In the prodigal fraternal patriotism of the moment, one of the old worthies freely handed his plug to our adventurer, who, helping himself, returned it, repeating the question as to the killed and wounded.

"Why," said he of the plug, "Jack Jewboy told me, just now, that there's only seven men been carried down to the surgeon, but not a soul killed."

"Good, boys, good!" cried Israel, moving up to one of the gun-carriages, where three or four men were sitting—"slip along, chaps, slip along, and give a watchmate a seat with ye."

"All full here, lad; try the next gun."

"Boys, clear a place here," said Israel, advancing, like one of the family, to that gun.

"Who the devil are *you*, making this row here?" demanded a stern-looking old fellow, captain of the fore-castle, "seems to me you make considerable noise. Are you a fore-castleman?"

"If the bowsprit belongs here, so do I," rejoined Israel, composedly.

"Let's look at ye, then?" and seizing a battle-lantern, before thrust under a gun, the old veteran came close to Israel before he had time to elude the scrutiny.

"Take that!" said his examiner, and fetching Israel a terrible thump, pushed him ignominiously off the fore-castle as some unknown interloper from distant parts of the ship.

With similar perseverance of effrontery, Israel tried other quarters of the vessel. But, with equal ill success. Jealous with the spirit of class, no social circle would receive him. As a last resort, he dived down among the *holders*.

A group of them sat round a lantern, in the dark bowels of the ship, like a knot of charcoal burners in a pine forest at midnight.

"Well, boys, what's the good word?" said Israel, advancing very cordially, but keeping as much as possible in the shadow.

"The good word is," rejoined a censorious old *holder*, "that you had best go where you belong—on deck—and not be a skulking down here where you *don't* belong. I suppose this is the way you skulked during the fight."

"Oh, you're growly to-night, shipmate," said Israel, pleasantly—"supper sits hard on your conscience."

"Get out of the hold with ye," roared the other. "On deck, or I'll call the master-at-arms."

Once more Israel decamped.

Sorely against his grain, as a final effort to blend himself openly with the crew, he now went among the *waiters*; the vilest caste of an armed ship's company; mere dregs and settlements—sea-Pariahs; comprising all the lazy, all the inefficient, all the unfortunate and fated, all the melancholy, all the infirm; all the rheumatical scamps, scape-graces, ruined prodigal sons, sooty faces, and swineherds of the crew, not excluding those with dismal wardrobes.

An unhappy, tattered, moping row of them sat along dolefully on the gun-deck, like a parcel of crest-fallen buzzards, exiled from civilized society.

"Cheer up, lads," said Israel, in a jovial tone, "homeward bound, you know. Give us a seat among ye, friends."

"Oh, sit on your head!" answered a sullen fellow in the corner.

"Come, come, no growling; we're homeward-bound. Whoop, my hearties!"

"Work-house bound, you mean," grumbled another sorry chap, in a darned shirt.

"Oh, boys, don't be down-hearted. Let's keep up our spirits. Sing us a song, one of ye, and I'll give the chorus."

"Sing if ye like, but I'll plug my ears for one," said still another sulky varlet, with the toes out of his sea-boots; while all the rest with one roar of misanthropy joined him.

But Israel, not to be daunted, began:

"Cease, rude Boreas, cease your growling!"

"And you cease your squeaking, will ye," cried a fellow in a banded tarpaulin.

"Did ye get a ball in the windpipe, that ye cough that way, worse nor a broken-nosed old bellows? Have done with your groaning; it's worse nor the death-rattle."

"Boys, is this the way you treat a watch-mate," demanded Israel reproachfully, "trying to cheer up his friends? Shame on ye, boys. Come, let's be sociable. Spin us a yarn, one of ye. Meantime, rub my back for me, another," and very confidently he leaned against his neighbor.

"Lean off me, will ye?" roared his friend, shoving him away.

"But who is this ere singing, leaning, yarn-spinning, chap? Who are ye? Be you a waister, or be you not?"

So saying, one of this peevish, sottish band staggered close up to Israel. But there was a deck above and a deck below, and the lantern swung in the distance. It was too dim to see with critical exactness.

"No such singing chap belongs to our gang, that's flat," he dogmatically exclaimed at last, after an ineffectual scrutiny. "Sail out of this!"

And with a shove once more, poor Israel was rejected.

Black-balled out of every club, he went disheartened on deck. So long, while night screened him at least, as he contented himself with promiscuously circulating, all was safe; it was the endeavor to fraternize with any one set which was sure to endanger him. At last, wearied out, he happened to find himself on the berth deck, where the watch below were slumbering. Some hundred and fifty hammocks were on that deck. Seeing one empty, he leaped in, thinking luck might yet some way befriend him. Here, at last, the sultry confinement put him fast asleep. He was awakened by a savage whiskerando of the other watch, who, seizing him by his waistband, dragged him most indecorously out, furiously denouncing him for a skulker.

Springing to his feet, Israel perceived from the crowd and tumult of the berth deck, now all alive with men leaping into their hammocks, instead of being full of sleepers quietly dosing therein, that the watches were changed. Going above, he renewed in various quarters his offers of intimacy with the fresh men there assembled; but was successively repulsed as before. At length, just as day was breaking, an irascible fellow, whose stubborn opposition our adven-

turer had long in vain sought to conciliate—this man suddenly perceiving, by the grey morning light, that Israel had somehow an alien sort of general look, very savagely pressed him for explicit information as to who he might be. The answers increased his suspicion. Others began to surround the two. Presently, quite a circle was formed. Sailors from distant parts of the ship drew near. One, and then another, and another, declared that they, in their quarters, too, had been molested by a vagabond claiming fraternity, and seeking to palm himself off upon decent society. In vain Israel protested. The truth, like the day, dawned clearer and clearer. More and more closely he was scanned. At length the hour for having all hands on deck arrived; when the other watch which Israel had first tried, reascending to the deck, and hearing the matter in discussion, they endorsed the charge of molestation and attempted imposture through the night, on the part of some person unknown, but who, likely enough, was the strange man now before them. In the end, the master-at-arms appeared with his bamboo, who, summarily collaring poor Israel, led him as a mysterious culprit to the officer of the deck; which gentleman having heard the charge, examined him in great perplexity, and, saying that he did not at all recognize that countenance, requested the junior officers to contribute their scrutiny. But those officers were equally at fault.

"Who the deuce *are* you?" at last said the officer of the deck, in added bewilderment. "Where did you come from? What's your business? Where are you stationed? What's your name? Who are you, any way? How did you get here? and where are you going?"

"Sir," replied Israel very humbly, "I am going to my regular duty, if you will but let me. I belong to the main-top, and ought to be now engaged in preparing the top-gallant stu'n'-sail for hoisting."

"Belong to the main-top? Why, these men here say you have been trying to belong to the fore-top, and the mizen-top, and the fore-castle, and the hold, and the waist, and every other part of the ship. This is extraordinary," he added, turning upon the junior officers.

"He must be out of his mind," replied one of them, the sailing-master.

"Out of his mind?" rejoined the officer of the deck. "He's out of all reason;

out of all men's knowledge and memories! Why, no one knows him; no one has ever seen him before; no imagination, in the wildest flight of a morbid nightmare, has ever so much as dreamed of him. Who *are* you?" he again added, fierce with amazement. "What's your name? Are you down in the ship's books, or at all in the records of nature?"

"My name, sir, is Peter Perkins," said Israel, thinking it most prudent to conceal his real appellation.

"Certainly, I never heard that name before. Pray, see if Peter Perkins is down on the quarter-bills," he added to a midshipman. "Quick, bring the book here."

Having received it, he ran his fingers along the columns, and dashing down the book, declared that no such name was there.

"You are not down, sir. There is no Peter Perkins here. Tell me at once who are you?"

"It might be, sir," said Israel, gravely, "that seeing I shipped under the effects of liquor, I might, out of absent-mindedness like, have given in some other person's name instead of my own."

"Well, what name have you gone by among your shipmates since you've been aboard?"

"Peter Perkins, sir."

Upon this the officer turned to the men around, inquiring whether the name of Peter Perkins was familiar to them as that of a shipmate. One and all answered no.

"This won't do, sir," now said the officer. "You see it won't do. Who are you?"

"A poor persecuted fellow at your service, sir."

"Who persecutes you?"

"Every one, sir. All hands seem to be against me; none of them willing to remember me."

"Tell me," demanded the officer earnestly, "how long do you remember yourself? Do you remember yesterday morning? You must have come into existence by some sort of spontaneous combustion in the hold. Or were you fired aboard from the enemy, last night, in a cartridge? Do you remember yesterday?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"What was you doing yesterday?"

"Well, sir, for one thing, I believe I had the honor of a little talk with yourself."

"With *me*?"

"Yes sir; about nine o'clock in the morning—the sea being smooth and the ship running, as I should think, about seven knots—you came up into the main-top, where I belong, and was pleased to ask my opinion about the best way to set a top gallant stu'n'-sail."

"He's mad! He's mad!" said the officer, with delirious conclusiveness. "Take him away, take him away—put him somewhere, master-at-arms. Stay, one test more. What mess do you belong to?"

"Number 12, sir."

"Mr. Tidde," to a midshipman, "send mess No. 12 to the mast."

Ten sailors replied to the summons, and arranged themselves before Israel.

"Men, does this man belong to your mess?"

"No, sir; never saw him before this morning."

"What are those men's names?" he demanded of Israel.

"Well, sir, I am so intimate with all of them," looking upon them with a kindly glance, "I never call them by their real names, but by nick-names. So, never using their real names, I have forgotten them. The nick-names that I know them by, are Towser, Bowser, Rowser, Snowser."

"Enough. Mad as a March hare. Take him away. Hold," again added the officer, whom some strange fascination still bound to the bootless investigation. "What's *my* name, sir?"

"Why, sir, one of my messmates here called you Lieutenant Williamson, just now, and I never heard you called by any other name."

"There's method in his madness," thought the officer to himself. "What's the captain's name?"

"Why, sir, when we spoke the enemy, last night, I heard him say, through his trumpet, that he was Captain Parker; and very likely he knows his own name."

"I have you now. That ain't the captain's real name."

"He's the best judge himself, sir, of what his name is, I should think."

"Were it not," said the officer, now turning gravely upon his juniors, "were it not, that such a supposition were on other grounds absurd, I should certainly conclude that this man, in some unknown way, got on board here from the enemy last night."

"How could he, sir?" asked the sailing-master.

"Heaven knows. But our spanker-

boom geared the other ship, you know, in manœuvering to get headway."

"But supposing he *could* have got here that fashion, which is quite impossible under all the circumstances—what motive could have induced him voluntarily to jump among enemies?"

"Let him answer for himself," said the officer, turning suddenly upon Israel, with the view of taking him off his guard, by the matter of course assumption of the very point at issue.

"Answer, sir. Why did you jump on board here, last night, from the enemy?"

"Jump on board, sir, from the enemy? Why, sir, my station at general quarters is at gun No. 3, of the lower deck, here."

"He's cracked—or else I am turned—or all the world is;—take him away?"

"But where am I to take him, sir!" said the master-at-arms. "He don't seem to belong anywhere, sir. Where—where am I to take him?"

"Take him out of sight," said the officer, now incensed with his own perplexity. "Take him out of sight, I say."

"Come along, then, my ghost," said the master-at-arms. And, collaring the phantom, he led it hither and thither, not knowing exactly what to do with it.

Some fifteen minutes passed, when the captain coming from his cabin, and observing the master-at-arms leading Israel about in this indefinite style, demanded the reason of that procedure, adding that it was against his express orders for any new and degrading punishments to be invented for his men.

"Come here, master-at-arms. To what end do you lead that man about?"

"To no end in the world, sir. I keep leading him about because he has no final destination."

"Mr. officer of the deck, what does this mean? Who is this strange man? I don't know that I remember him. Who is he? And what is signified by his being led about?"

Hereupon, the officer of the deck, throwing himself into a tragical posture, set forth the entire mystery; much to the captain's astonishment, who at once indignantly turned upon the phantom.

"You rascal—don't try to deceive me. Who are you? and where did you come from last?"

"Sir, my name is Peter Perkins, and I last came from the forecastle, where the master-at-arms last led me, before coming here."

"No joking, sir, no joking."

"Sir, I'm sure it's too serious a business to joke about."

"Do you have the assurance to say, that you, as a regularly shipped man, have been on board this vessel ever since she sailed from Falmouth, ten months ago?"

"Sir, anxious to secure a berth under so good a commander, I was among the first to enlist."

"What ports have we touched at, sir?" said the captain, now in a little softer tone.

"Ports, sir, ports?"

"Yes, sir, *ports*."

Israel began to scratch his yellow hair.

"What *ports*, sir?"

"Well, sir:—Boston, for one."

"Right there," whispered a midshipman.

"What was the next port, sir?"

"Why, sir, I was saying Boston was the *first* port, I believe; wasn't it?—and"—

"The *second* port, sir, is what I want."

"Well—New York."

"Right again," whispered the midshipman.

"And what port are we bound to, now?"

"Let me see—homeward-bound—Falmouth, sir."

"What sort of a place is Boston?"

"Pretty considerable of a place, sir."

"Very straight streets, ain't they?"

"Yes, sir; cow-paths, cut by sheep-walks, and intersected with hen-tracks."

"When did we fire the first gun?"

"Well, sir, just as we were leaving Falmouth, ten months ago—signal-gun, sir."

"Where did we fire the first *shot* gun, sir?—and what was the name of the privateer we took upon that occasion?"

"Pears to me, sir, at that time I was on the sick list. Yes, sir, that must

have been the time; I had the brain fever, and lost my mind for a while."

"Master-at-arms, take this man away."

"Where shall I take him, sir?" touching his cap.

"Go, and air him on the fore-castle."

So they resumed their devious wanderings. At last, they descended to the berth-deck. It being now breakfast-time, the master-at-arms, a good-humored man, very kindly introduced our hero to his mess, and presented him with breakfast; during which he in vain endeavored, by all sorts of subtle blandishments, to worm out his secret.

At length Israel was set at liberty; and whenever there was any important duty to be done, volunteered to it with such cheerful alacrity, and approved himself so docile and excellent a seaman, that he conciliated the approbation of all the officers, as well as the captain; while his general sociability served in the end, to turn in his favor the suspicious hearts of the mariners. Perceiving his good qualities, both as a sailor and man, the captain of the main-top applied for his admission into that section of the ship; where, still improving upon his former reputation, our hero did duty for the residue of the voyage.

One pleasant afternoon, the last of the passage, when the ship was nearing the Lizard, within a few hours' sail of her port, the officer of the deck, happening to glance upwards towards the main-top, descried Israel there, leaning very leisurely over the rail, looking mildly down where the officer stood.

"Well, Peter Perkins, you seem to belong to the main-top, after all."

"I always told you so, sir," smiled Israel, benevolently down upon him, "though, at first, you remember, sir, you would not believe it."

PSYCHAURA.

The wind of an autumn midnight
Is meaning around my door—
The curtains wave at the window,
The carpet lifts on the floor.

There are sounds, like startled footfalls,
In the distant chambers now,
And the touching of airy fingers
Is busy on hand and brow.

'Tis thus, in the Soul's dark dwelling—
By the moody host unsought—
Through the chambers of memory wander
The invisible airs of Thought.

For it bloweth where it listeth,
With a murmur loud or low;

Whence it cometh—whither it goeth—
None tell us, and none may know.

Now wearying round the portals
Of the vacant, desolate mind—
As the doors of a ruined mansion,
That creak in the cold night wind.

And anon an awful memory
Sweeps over it fierce and high—
Like the roar of a mountain forest,
When the midnight gale goes by.

Then its voice subsides in wailing,
And, ere the dawning of day,
Murmuring fainter and fainter,
In the distance dies away.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IT is now some eighteen or twenty years since an enterprising Yankee, actuated, it is but charitable to suppose, by the purest love of musical art, by the enthusiasm of a discoverer, or by a proper and praiseworthy desire for posthumous fame, produced upon the boards of one of our metropolitan theatres, a musical sketch entitled "Jim Crow." Beyond the simple fact of its production by the estimable gentleman above referred to, the origin of this ancient and peculiar melody is beyond the reach of modern antiquarian lore. Whether it was first sung upon the banks of the Alatomaha, the Alabama, or the Mississippi; or, whether it is pre-American, and a relic of heathen rites in Congo, or in that mysterious heart of Africa, which foot of civilized man has never trod, is a problem whose solution must be left to the zeal and research of some future Ethiopian Oldbuck. It is sufficient for the present disquisition to know that it appeared in the manner above stated. To those (if there can be any such) who are unacquainted with its character and general scope, it may be proper to remark that "Jim Crow" is what may be called a dramatic song, depending for its success, perhaps more than any play ever written for the stage, upon the action and mimetic powers of the performer. Its success was immediate and marked. It touched a chord in the American heart which had never before vibrated, but which now responded to the skilful fingers of its first expounder, like the music of the Bermoothes to the magic wand of Prospero. The school-boy whistled the melody on his unwilling way to his daily tasks. The ploughman checked his oxen in mid-furrow, as he reached its chorus, that the poetic exhortation to "do just so," might have the action suited to the word. Merchants and staid professional men, to whom a joke was a sin, were sometimes seen by the eyes of prying curiosity in private to unbend their dignity to that weird and wonderful posture, now, alas! seldom seen but in historic pictures, or upon the sign of a tobaccoist; and of the thoroughly impressive and extraordinary sights which the writer of this article has in his lifetime beheld, the most memorable and noteworthy was that of a young lady in a sort of inspired

rapture, throwing her weight alternately upon the tendon Achilles of the one, and the toes of the other foot, her left hand resting upon her hip, her right, like that of some prophetic sybil, extended aloft, gyrating as the exigencies of the song required, and singing Jim Crow at the top of her voice. Popularity like this laughs at anathemas from the pulpit, or sneers from the press. The song which is sung in the parlor, hummed in the kitchen, and whistled in the stable, may defy oblivion. But such signal and triumphant success can produce but one result. Close upon the heels of Jim Crow, came treading, one after the other, "Zip Coon," "Long-tailed Blue," "Ole Virginny neber tire," "Settin' on a Rail," and a host of others, all of superior merit, though unequal alike in their intrinsic value, and in their participation in public approval. The golden age of negro literature had commenced. Thenceforward for several years the appearance of a new melody was an event whose importance can hardly be appreciated by the coming generation. It flew from mouth to mouth, and from hamlet to hamlet, with a rapidity which seemed miraculous. The stage-driver dropped a stove or two of it during a change of the mails at some out of the way tavern; it was treasured up and remembered, and added to from day to day, till the whole became familiar as household words. Yankee Doodle went to town with a load of garden vegetables. If upon his ears there fell the echo of a new plantation song, barter and sight-seeing were secondary objects till he had mastered both its words and music. Thereafter, and until supplanted by some equally enthusiastic and enterprising neighbor, Yankee Doodle was the hero of his native vale, of Todd Hollow. Like the troubadours and minstrels of ancient days, he found open doors and warm hearts wherever he went. Older, pumpkin pie, and the smiles of the fair were bestowed upon him with an unsparing hand. His song was for the time to him the wand of Fortunatus.

The prevailing characteristics of the melodies which this period produced are their perfect and continual lightness, spirit, and good humor; but the true secret of their favor with the world is to be found in the fact that they

are genuine and real. They are no senseless and ridiculous imitations forged in the dull brain of some northern self-styled minstrel, but the veritable tunes and words which have lightened the labor of some weary negro in the cotton fields, amused his moonlight hours as he fished, or waked the spirits of the woods as he followed in the track of the wary racoon. It is as impossible to counterfeit, or successfully imitate, one of these songs, as it would be for a modern poet to produce a border ballad like Chevy Chase or Lord Jamie Douglas. It is not alone the patient and laborious student of negro minstrelsy that can detect the ring of the false metal. The shameless imitations carry their imposture upon their face. Walpole, with all his credulity, would never have been deceived, had Chatterton turned his attention to manufacturing plantation songs.

The allusion to ancient English and Scottish ballads cannot fail to bring to the mind of the poetical scholar, the striking similarity that exists between many of the "specimens" of Percy, Ritson and others, and the most approved poetry of the African school. In the terseness and fitness of the language, the oft repeated idiomatic expressions, the occasional looseness and negligence in respect to rhyme, the carelessness and license in the metre, and, above all, in the incoherence of the constantly recurring refrain; the lover of negro minstrelsy is continually reminded of the old, plain songs which Shakespeare loved, and "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun" did use to chant. I quote almost at random from Motherwell.

"Oh! I never saw my love before
With a hey lilelu and a how lo lan;
Till I saw her through an anger bore,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie.

"And she gave to me a gay gold ring,
With a hey lilelu and a how lo lan;
With three shining diamonds set therein,
And the birk and the brume blooms bonnie."

Let the words peculiarly Scottish in Hynd Horn, the ballad from which the above is taken, or in almost any other ancient ballad, be literally translated into the African dialect, and we have at once a plantation song. The birk and the brume may be more alliterative, but they are certainly not more poetic trees than the gum and the persimmon. In

further illustration of this subject I cannot forbear quoting a portion of a banjo song from a volume now lying before me. Its genuineness, no one at all familiar with negro literature will presume to question, while its intrinsic worth and excellence will be perceived by the most indifferent or prejudiced observer. It is hardly possible to peruse it without thinking of Gil Maurice or Syr Charles Bawdin. Not inferior to the former in its simplicity and truthfulness, it is far above the feeble imitation of Chatterton in dramatic effect and artistic construction.

"Oh, my boys I'm bound to tell you;
Oh! Oh!
Listen awhile, and I will tell you;
Oh! Oh!
I'll tell you little 'bout Uncle Gabriel;
Oh, boys, I've just begun.
Hard times in old Virginny.

"Oh, don't you know old Uncle Gabriel?
Oh! Oh!
Oh, he was a darkey General,
Oh! Oh!
He was the chief of the insurgents,
Way down in Southampton.
Hard times in old Virginny.

"It was a little boy betrayed him,
Oh! Oh!
A little boy by the name of Daniel
Oh! Oh!
Betrayed him at the Norfolk landing;
Oh, boys I'm getting done.
Hard Times in old Virginny.

"Says he, How d'ye do, my Uncle Gabriel?
Oh! Oh!
I am not your Uncle Gabriel,
Oh! Oh!
My name it is Jim McOullen;
Some they calls me Archy Mullin.
Hard times in old Virginny.

* * * * *

"They took him down to the gallows,
Oh! Oh!
They drove him down with four grey horses,
Oh! Oh!
Brice's Ben, he drove the wagon,
Oh, boys, I am most done.
Hard times in old Virginny.

"And there they hung him and they swung him,
Oh! Oh!
And they swung him and they hung him,
Oh! Oh!
And that was the last of the darkey General;
Oh, boys I'm just done.
Hard times in old Virginny."

Those of us who have for so many years been looking anxiously forward to

the advent of the coming poet who is to take away from America the sin and the shame of never having produced an epic, or a lyric, commensurate with Niagara and the Rocky Mountains, will do well to get up a subscription and buy the author of this song, if his owner can be persuaded to part with him. His noble, poetic nature must chafe in the cotton field like Pegasus in harness. The specimen above given, is simple, grand, and expressive. The picture it presents to the imagination is natural and life-like. The stream of song runs in a straight channel, and conducts us swiftly and directly to the catastrophe. There is no turning aside for flowery metaphors, or forcible expressions—no straining for effect—no lugubrious whining over the hero's downfall—no moralizing his unhappy fate. Even the jingle of rhyme is wanting. And yet, for severe beauty, perfect dramatic structure, and succinct impressive narration, it would be difficult in the whole range of ancient and modern ballad poetry, to find a worthy rival to "Uncle Gabriel."

The lightness and prevailing good humor of the negro songs, have been before remarked upon. A true southern melody is seldom sentimental, and never melancholy. And this results directly from the character and habits of the colored race. No hardships or troubles can destroy, or even check their happiness and levity. As I pen these words, the grinning image of the boy Quash rises up before me like a phantom. Light-hearted, witty, and gay, he was the very type of his race. His jests, his laughter, and his songs linger with me yet, though many a long year has passed since I gazed upon his shining face. It is but fitting that I should embalm his memory in these pages. Watching one day the embarkation of a few bales of cotton, I noticed Quash in the shadow of the steamboat as she lay alongside the dock. A foolish whim induced me to say, "Quash, what is the name of that boat?" Quash stepped deliberately up to the side of the boat, gazed knowingly at the large black letters on the wheel-house, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked again, dropped his head between his shoulders, and peered earnestly into the unknown characters, stepped a few paces back, and went through the same manœuvres, and at last turned to me

with an arch leer upon his face; "I 'clar Maussa," replied he, "I'seo near-sighted, dis mornin', I can't 'stinguish de letters."

Reading Othello one warm and quiet afternoon, in the shade of a spreading fig-tree, I became suddenly aware of the bright eyes of Quash, which were turned with a curious gaze upon me and my book, as if he were wondering at that strange and awful science, which discloses to us the thoughts and feelings of the dead. "Quash," said I, wishing to get, from a mind totally unbiased by the conflicting opinions of critics, a "first impression" upon a disputed passage, "which reading do you prefer, 'Put out the light, and then—Put out the light,' or, 'Put out the light, and then—put out the light'?" Quash scratched his woolly head, and putting on that same indescribable leer again, solved the difficulty at once. "I tink, Maussa," replied he, "I should make um blow de light out de fuss time." If the student of Shakespeare ponders as long and as deeply upon this answer as I did, the covert satire and the Æsopian wisdom which it displays will not be lost upon him. Alexander's solution of the Gordian knot was not more witty or more wise. But that rascal Quash is at his old trick, again, I find, of causing me to neglect my business. Let us return.

In or about the year 1841, a descriptive ballad, entitled "Ole Dan Tucker," first made its appearance, and speedily acquired a renown and popularity hardly excelled, even by that of "Jim Crow." This may be partly attributable to the fact that less histrionic talent is required to give it a fitting interpretation, and partly to its intrinsic worth. In some respects Ole Dan Tucker may be regarded as the best of what I have denominated the ancient negro ballads. The melody* was far superior to anything that had preceded it. In its vivacity and liveliness, the music occasionally reminds us of some of Donizetti's happiest efforts, while its simplicity and quaintness at times breathe of Auber. The words, too, came more dearly home to the heart of the American people, than those of its predecessors. The song, it is needless to say, consists of a series of vivid pictures, disconnected in themselves, varying as rapidly as the changes in a kaleidoscope, and yet pre-

* I have hitherto given to the word *melody* its technical signification of a *negroic song*. Of course, here, it has its ordinary meaning.

senting to us the character of the hero, as a most artistic whole. The most searching test of popularity can be applied to "Ole Dan Tucker" with perfect confidence. It has been sung, perhaps, oftener than any melody ever written.

I have said that this was in some aspects the best of these songs. It was the last. With that ballad African minstrelsy may be said to have culminated. From that period its decline and fall was rapid and saddening. Hardly a song has been produced since that time which does not present the most glaring marks of barefaced and impudent imposition. The zealous student of this species of literature, as he wanders amongst the decaying ruins of its former grandeur, may well sigh at the rank and mildewed vegetation which is fast overspreading those noble relics of antiquity. If a buttress or a cornice of beauty meets his eye, he finds it but a portion of the old edifice degraded to a new position. If a gleam of the former light occasionally sparkles in his path, it is but the phosphoric glimmer which beams from loathsome and decaying putrescence. Vile parodies, sentimental love songs, dirges for dead wenches who are generally sleeping under the willow, on the bank of some stream, and melancholy reminiscences of negroic childhood fill the places once allotted to the grand old ballads of former days. From the volume before mentioned, I have not been able, after a most critical examination, to select more than ten which bear any trace of the cotton-field affluence, and these ten, with only one exception, have been so patched and dressed up for drawing-room inspection, that they look like a bumpkin who has suddenly come into possession of a fortune. They have lost their country grace without acquiring a city polish. This inundation of trash has swept away in its might all the ancient landmarks of song. It is mortifying to be obliged to confess that I have searched unsuccessfully from Appleton's to the book stand in the rear of the post-office, for a copy of the original

Jim Crow. The names, even, have lost their marked significance. The questionable taste which has given birth to appellations like Fanny Fern, Lotty Lee, Minnie Myrtle, and their long retinue of vegetable alliterations, has crept into this department of poetry and exhibits itself in such Afro-romantic fancies as Rosa Lee, Lily Dale, Flora May, Nelly Bell or Etty Way.* Poetasters who never saw an alligator, or smelt the magnolia blossom in their lives, sit coolly down to write an African ditty as a pleasant after-dinner pastime, or a daily task; and, as a natural consequence of this reprehensible assumption, we find the banana growing wild in Tennessee, South Carolina slaves gorging themselves with pumpkin pie, a deceased negress buried upon the Lawrence river in the midst of a furious snow, and a Kentucky sugar mill in full blast in the month of June.

But ludicrous anachronisms, and unpardonable ignorance of topography, are not the worst evils of which we have to complain. Instead of the lyrics which once stirred the heart of the nation, our wives and children are daily and nightly compelled to listen to some such horrible parody as this—

"In a lone cypress swamp, where the *wild-roaring* bullfrog,

The echoes *awake* with his deep thrilling tones—
Old Pompey lies there, and the plantation watchdog

A requiem howls o'er his deep sunken bones."

or sentimental trash like this—

"Etty was so gentle, kind, and good to all,
She played the old banjo which hung upon de wall;
Etty's voice was low and sweet, like de little bird;
Them soft and gentle tones dat I've so often heard."

or this—

"Oh! I ne'er can lub anudder
So fond, so true, again;
I'm thine, and thine foreber,
My charming Kate Loraine."

They are fortunate if they get to bed without being wearied and disgusted with some crude burlesque on a popular opera, served up with vulgar caricatures of the style and manner of well-known

* Rosa Lee, if such a personage had ever existed, would have been known as "Massa Lee's Rosa." The prevailing ignorance at the North on the subject of negro names is remarkable and amusing. They seldom have pretty or common appellations, as they impose on their owners the office—on some plantations no measure—of dispensing the nomenclature; and as the gentlemen are naturally unwilling to confer upon a slave a name borne by some member of the family or some friend. The fruitfulness of the women on the place of a planter whom I once visited, had on one occasion exhausted his vocabulary. "Please Massa," said a hand to him one morning before he was out of bed, "Clementine sent me to ask you for a name. She had a little boy, last night." "Call him Last Night," said my friend, lastly catching at the last words; and "Last Night" he is, and will remain until the shadows of the last night of all shall gather round him. He blacked my boots, and it struck me as a curious anomaly to rise in the morning, and call for Last Night. It seemed as if, like the last poet out, I was "summoning before me the dark past."

artists; and commended to popular favor by the vilest puns, of which "Lend her de Sham-money," or "Lucy did lam a Moor," are not exaggerated specimens. Now, all this may serve to make the unskilful laugh, but it cannot fail to make the judicious grieve. It is from the purpose of negro minstrelsy, whose end at the first was, and now ought to be, to present to the lovers of original poetry and music, a class of songs, peculiar, genuine, and unadulterated. A thoughtful, reflective man, can hardly leave one of the temples devoted to such barbaric sacrifices, without reasonable and just despondency and alarm. The decay of Athens and Rome was as marked and as melancholy in their literature as in their government.* The poet, the orator, and the statesman, went down hand in hand into the shadowy valley, and disappeared together in the clouds of ignorance and superstition that veil for ever the Dark Ages. Is it treasonable to hint, for the warning of American minstrels and politicians, that there is something more than a striking coincidence in this simultaneous decline; and that the present diseased taste in popular poetry, may be but the first faint symptoms of another dark period, in which America shall be hidden from the gaze of the world; never, perhaps, to emerge to her pristine dignity and splendor? I am no alarmist, and yet it seems to me that, in these views, the patriot may find matter for deep and serious consideration.

A proper diagnosis of the disease, however, is of no effect, unless a remedy is applied. Fortunately, in this case, we are not left without hope. The mine from which Jim Crow and Ole Dan Tucker were dug, is not yet exhausted, and a resort to it will be alike easy and successful. Why need we groan and grumble under the inflictions of ignorant and self-conceited song-writers, when every cotton-field teems with melody, and every slave hut, throughout the Southern country, has its little list of genuine ballads, which only need to be known, in order to be received to the heart of a nation. We talk with vague regrets and sentimental longings, of the forgotten strains of Tasso, once chanted so commonly by the shrill-voiced gondoliers of Venice. Poets have mused dejectedly over the songless boatmen, travellers have feelingly bewailed the silence and desolation of those once gay canals;

romancists and serenaders are gradually ceasing to adjure us to "list to the voice of the gay gondolier." That malice, which delights to slander the unresisting dead, has begun to deny both the gaiety of the gondolier, and the purity of his voice. He shares the fate of Memnon. Ever since the hush of those mysterious sounds which were wont to greet the dawn, there have not been wanting travelled Gradgrinds to assure us that the song from his lips was a humbug and a sham; and to degrade that majestic statue into a vulgar shoemaker with a musical lapstone, upon which the morning hymn was hammered by his knavish priests. So we are asked to believe that the voice of the gondolier was harsh and unmusical, and that "Tasso's echoes," chanted alternately, were but such polite and complimentary remarks as may be heard to this day among the drivers on the Erie Canal. But as I seat myself in imagination, on this calm and moonlight night, by a certain wayside in the South, I leave these discussions to the prosy antiquary, and care not for the songs of Venice, or the music of Memnon. Up from the Sound comes a gentle south wind, rippling the water, and fanning my whiskers; the shore surge whispers low at my feet; as far in the distance I hear the hum of the plantation. The tumultuous harmony of the stock, mingled and blending with the faint shouts and cries of the "people," and the nameless and varied sounds of insect life lull my senses like the gentle susurrus of Tityrus. And now, faintly heard far over the water, I distinguish the soft thump of oars in the rowlock of an approaching boat. I listen with attentive ears—for I know by experience the gratification in store for me—and soon catch the distant tones of the human voice—now more faintly heard, and now entirely lost. A few minutes pass, and the breeze once more wafts to me the swelling notes of the chorus half buried in the measured cadence of the oars. The wind dies away, and my straining ears again hear nothing but the measured beat of the rowers, and the plashing of the restless sea. But now, anew, I hear the sound of those manly negro voices swelling up upon the evening gale. Nearer and nearer comes the boat, higher and higher rises the melody, till it overpowers and subdues the noise of the oars, which in their turn become subser-

* Hallam's Middle Ages, Chapter lx., Part 1.

vient to the song, and mark its time with harmonious beating. And now the boat is so near, that every word and every tone comes to my ear, over the water, with perfect distinctness, and I recognize the grand old triumphal chorus of the stirring patriotic melody of "Gen'l Jackson":

"Gen'l Jackson, mighty man—
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away;
He fight on sea, and he fight on land,
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away.

"Gen'l Jackson gain de day—
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away,
He gain de day in Floraday,
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away.

"Gen'l Jackson fine de trail,
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away,
He full um fote wid cotton bale,
Whaw, my kingdom, fire away."

But the boat touches the beach; the negroes with a wild cry quit their singing, tumble out into the shallow water, drag their dug-out up high and dry upon the sand, and I am left once more with the evening breeze and the quieter harmony of nature.

The song, a part of which I have just quoted, is fresh from the sable mint in which it was coined. Its originality and genuineness every one familiar with plantation life will at once perceive; while some Georgians may even be able to point to the very river on which the dusky troubadours still chant it. I am well aware that in depriving the words of their appropriate music, I rob it of much of its attractiveness, and still it is no bad sample of what may be called the Historic Plantation Ballad. The particular naval battle in which Old Hickory was engaged, I have not been able to discover; but the allusion to the bales of cotton in the third stanza may not be without its effect in settling one of the vexed questions relating to the defence of New Orleans; and it adds another to the many examples of the superiority of oral tradition over contemporaneous written history.

It is not alone, however, on the water that these quaint songs are produced. The annual corn-shucking season has its own peculiar class of songs, never heard but on that festival; their rhythmic structure or casual pauses not being adapted to the measured cadence of the oars. Standing at a little distance from the corn heap, on some dark and quiet night, watching the sable forms of the gang, illuminated at in-

tervals by the flashes of the lightwood knot, and listening to the wild high notes of their harvest songs, it is easy to imagine ourselves unseen spectators of some secret aboriginal rite or savage festival. Snatches of one or two songs which on such occasions I have heard, recur to me. Could I in the following specimen give you any idea of the wild grandeur and stirring music of the refrain, I should need no apology for presenting it to my readers.

"De ladies in de parlor,
Hey, come a rollin' down—
A drinking tea and coffee;
Good morning ladies all.

"De gemmen in de kitchen,
Hey come a rollin' down—
A drinking brandy toddy;
Good morning, ladies all."

I place the above in a class to which I have given the name of descriptive songs. By this I do not mean to be understood as hinting that it is an accurate description of a "whitefolks," party. On the contrary, it probably originated in the tipsy brain of its dusky author; or, perhaps, in a moment of discontent may have been composed as an exaggerated satire. The allusion to the kitchen, as the place where the gentlemen are engaged in their pleasing and congenial occupation, goes to show that the minstrel had in his view a colored party, which I am inclined to think was in fact the case. But at this stage of our critical knowledge on the subject of negro literature, such speculations are alike tedious and unprofitable.

The comic ballads of the South, form a large and highly interesting class of songs, more especially as they are of a sort most readily transplanted, and most grateful to the public taste. Apart from their fun, however, they lack the merit which distinguishes many other kinds of African composition. The negro is humorous rather than witty, and his comic songs consist of ludicrous images, instead of witty conceits. I do not remember, in the whole course of my investigations, to have met with anything like a pun in a genuine plantation melody. The following shucking song has nothing to recommend it to public attention, save the questionable rhyme to "supper." The lovers of "Ole Dan Tucker" will be pleased and interested with a coincidence in which there cannot be the slightest ground for a suspicion of plagiarism.

"Ow bog on middle e' island—
Ho! melecty, ho!
Ow boy on middle e' island—
Ho! melecty, ho!

"Missis eat de green persimmon,
Ho! melecty, ho! [Repeat.]

"Mouf all draw up in a pucker,
Ho! melecty, ho! [Repeat.]

"Stald so till she went to supper,
Ho! melecty, ho! [Repeat.]

The main obstacle which the enthusiastic collector of these songs will have to contend against, will be the difficulty of thoroughly comprehending the negro dialect. So peculiar is it, that those even who have been familiar with it from their infancy, are often times at a loss to interpret such passages as the chorus in the last specimen. No assistance can be expected in such matters from the negroes, who, when called upon to repeat slowly and distinctly a line which they have just sung, will declare with the utmost gravity and solemnity that they have utterly forgotten it. I used to think that they were unwilling to show to the world the richest treasures of their literature; but subsequent investigations induced me to believe their assertion, and to conclude that their intellects could only retain the words when assisted by the music. An intelligent friend to whom I applied, suggested, though not without doubt, that the line in question was "Oh! my lady, oh!" And the fact that the ballad is principally devoted to the misfortune of the "mistress," gives some countenance to this interpretation. With the line "He full um fote wid cotton bale," in the ballad of Gene'l Taylor, I had an amount of trouble which will hardly be appreciated by those who see the line in print. I suppose it is hardly necessary to observe that "full um fote" means "filled" *i. e.*, constructed "his fort."

Autobiographic ballads hold a prominent position among Southern melodies; but as they are usually sung exclusively by their authors, and are regarded in a measure as private property, I do not feel at liberty to transfer any specimens to these pages; more especially as at this moment I find it impossible to bring any to my recollection. One melancholy chorus, "The long summer's day," I still remember. Its perpetually recurring sound never failed to have a singularly saddening and depressing effect upon me, whenever I heard it.

In speaking of this kind of literature the improvisations of the negroes must not be forgotten, but as they are usually but a running commentary on matters passing under the immediate notice of the minstrel, they possess but a local and transitory interest, and a single stanza taken at random will suffice. The reader will notice the chorus, which was a favorite one with the improvisator, and has served to string many thousand lines together.

"Ole Maus William, he gone to legislatur;

Ah! chogaloga, chogaloga, chogalog.

Young Maus John, he done come home from college,

Ah! chogaloga, chogaloga, chogalog."

Those who are familiar with Southern life, and especially those who have participated in its hunting delights, will perhaps understand, without any explanation, that the foregoing refrain is intended to be an imitation of the gobble of the wild turkey. I have performed many orthographical experiments, in order to represent the sound more nearly on paper, but without success, and I am aware that no words can express the rich, unctuous, guttural flow of the line, when uttered in perfect time by a full gang at their corn-shucking task. An approximation to it, however, may be made by pronouncing the words rapidly in a deep tone, and at the same time violently agitating the body in a perpendicular direction. Having on one or two occasions essayed this mode with considerable satisfaction to myself, and no little commendation from a few privileged spectators, I am enabled to make this assertion with some confidence; but, as the movement is slightly fatiguing, and totally devoid of grace, I do not wish to be understood as recommending it either to invalids or ladies. It is, however, the only feasible method of "talking turkey," that I have yet been able to discover.

I have thus attempted, as calmly and dispassionately as my own strong feelings of the importance of the subject will permit, to call the public attention to a serious and growing evil, and humbly, as becomes me, to point out some means for its removal. My task is finished, and my duty accomplished. Henceforth, the duty of guiding or correcting the public taste in these matters will devolve upon other pens than mine. I have endeavored to discharge my obligations to society fearlessly and sincerely.

ly. For this courage and sincerity alone I desire credit. If the considerations which I have presented shall have the effect of awakening public attention to the subject, I shall be sufficiently rewarded; if not, the consciousness of duty performed will sustain me. It is earnestly to be desired that collections of genuine plantation songs may be made. The grateful incense of posterity would embalm the memory of him who should hand down to them authentic ballads, which another generation may sweep from the face of the earth forever. There are men whose birth or long residence in the South, whose knowledge of the negro dialect, and whose taste and accomplishments in polite literature, seem to have especially fitted them for this service. For the few and imperfect specimens which I have given above, I have been indebted to a treacherous memory of a few months' sojourn in Georgia some six or seven years ago, when I had no reason to suppose that I should ever feel called upon to pen this article. Could I have foreseen its necessity, the collection would have been greatly larger and more perfect. But

enough has been presented to show how much may be effected by a zealous scholar under more advantageous circumstances. Upon a rough calculation, made with no statistics to refer to, I have concluded that there are, at least, thirty thousand slave plantations in the United States. Is it unreasonable to suppose that, on each of these plantations, one song may be found of undisputed genuineness and excellence? It will be a proud day for America when these thirty thousand songs are collected into several volumes, handsomely bound in Turkey morocco, and superbly embellished. Then negro minstrelsy will take its proper place in literature; then Ethiopian Serenaders, and Congo Minstrels will draw crowded houses at three dollars a seat, and one dollar for a promenade ticket; and then—but long ere that time the hand that writes these lines will have mouldered and become dust—will the eye of the student and antiquary linger reverently and delightedly over some time-worn manuscript as he decipher the title “Jim Crow,” or “Uncle Gabriel?”

ARE ALL MEN DESCENDED FROM ADAM?

TO the most cursory observer, the human race presents the utmost diversity in almost every aspect in which it can be viewed. Men exist of all colors, from the deepest black down to the purest white, of all forms of configuration, from the finely formed Circassian, to the stunted and deformed Bushman, and of all gradations in beauty, from the Georgian to the Papuan. Besides, the intellectual capacities of the race appear to be as various; and there is every variety of mental endowment in the human species, from the far-reaching sagacity and inductive power of the philosopher who extends the boundaries of knowledge to the very confines of creation, to the narrow intellect of the savage who burrows in the earth, and is influenced only by the instinctive feelings which guide the brute creation.

Is it possible, then, that a class of beings, so different in all their character-

istics have descended from a single pair? or does not the diversity of appearance prove also a difference in origin? Are all the modifications of form, color, &c., which distinguish the different families of mankind merely accidental, the result of climate, food, habits, &c., or do they indicate a specific difference which divides inseparably the human race? The latter supposition, viz., that all mankind do not belong to the same species is, we believe, entirely given up, at the present day, by every respectable ethnologist; though, by a very remarkable inconsistency, the accidental differences are adduced as a proof that the different families of mankind must have had a different origin. It is confessed that men possess the same general physical characteristics, are endowed with the same moral and intellectual powers, are influenced by the same hopes and the same fears, have the same sense of accountability, and the same conscience,

accusing or else excusing one another. After this avowal, there is doubtless some curiosity, on the part of the inquirer, to learn on what they ground the diversity of origin. He will be surprised to learn that it is partly by denying what they have before asserted with regard to specific unity. Man, they say, is specifically the same, because he possesses the same general characteristics. The several races of mankind have sprung from different ancestors and in different localities, because they do not possess the same characteristics. This, to my mind, is the plain meaning of their language. Suppose, however, that they mean only, that while the broad and general characteristics prove men to be specifically the same, yet the minor differences prove him to be from various stocks; still this language appears to us equally unfortunate, for it matters not in what mystification the term species may be involved of late, it has always been taken in the sense of an aggregation of individuals who *may* have descended from a common stock. It is perfectly obvious, then, that the accidental or permanent variations, in the human race, as an argument against the common origin of mankind, are entirely ruled out by the very terms of the controversy.

The arguments most relied upon against the unity of the origin of the human species, may be grouped under four heads:

1. From analogy.
2. From the fact that the varieties of mankind have been always the same that they are now, and consequently that they are unchangeable.
3. From the fact that, as we ascend the stream of history, nations appear to be broken into more minute fragments than at the present time.
4. From the diversities of language which exist in the world, all, it is maintained, entirely disconnected with one another.

1. The argument from analogy is as follows:—It is maintained, as the opinion of the best naturalists, that animals and plants, instead of proceeding from a common source, radiate from different centres over the countries in which they are found; for instance, the fauna and flora of the New World are different from those of the old, and those of Australia from both; the same fact is true with reference to other places more circumscribed in their geographical limits.

The inference by analogy from this phenomenon is, that, as animals and plants do not proceed from a common source, but radiate from different centres over the world, the same would be the case with regard to man; and that the various families of the race would have originated in the different geographical centres around which they are at present grouped. To this, it might be sufficient to reply, that there can be no analogy in this case between man and the animal creation: in their development they are subject to quite different laws. The fauna and flora appear in their most stunted forms in the colder regions of the north—they improve gradually as you proceed south, until finally they attain their most perfect development in the torrid zone; there, the flora exhibit their most gorgeous colors, and the fauna their greatest strength, ferocity, and beauty; while the law is reversed in the case of man, and he is found invariably to degenerate as you descend from the temperate to the tropical zone. In the language of Professor Guyot, "Nature goes on adding perfection to perfection, from the polar regions to the temperate zones, from the temperate zones to the region of the greatest heat. Animal life grows in strength and development; the types are improved; intelligence increases; the forms approach the human figures; the orang-outang stands already on his feet—trained up by man, he has been seen to sit at his table, and to eat with him. The negro of the woods, deceived by these appearances, regards him as a degenerated brother, who holds his tongue only from a desire to get rid of work—evidently the development of this animal touches here upon its highest expression.

"This ascending series will rise to its termination in man, who, in his figure, is the crowning excellence of the whole animal world, and the very realization of its idea; and the tropical man will be also the highest, the purest type of humanity, and, physically speaking, the most beautiful of his species. But who does not know that man makes here a wonderful exception? Far from exhibiting that harmonious outline, those noble and elevated forms, all those perfections the chisel of a Phidias or a Praxiteles has combined upon a single head, the tropical man displays only those unfortunate figures which seem to approach ever nearer and nearer the animal, and which betray the instincts of the brute."

Here, then, resemblance entirely fails in the very point in which the analogy should hold good, if the development of the human race follows a law common to the brute creation.

Supposing, however, that different centres of distribution for the fauna and flora of the globe exist, what does it prove? That as the fauna were intended to be local and peculiar, they were not created at a single point and transported by miraculous power to the positions they now occupy, but were called into existence on the spot, and in a situation from which they could spread over their assigned limits. Here we have simply the fact, that as the fauna were intended to be local they were created in different localities. But directly the contrary is the fact with regard to man, intended to be universal in his dominion over the world, and not designed for a particular location—his creation took place at one centre from which he has migrated over the globe. The capabilities of the animal creation limited them, in the utmost extent of their excursions, to certain geographical limits, bounded by barriers, over which they could not pass. As the capacities of man are, however, not limited by any obstacle on the earth, we think it decidedly more in analogy with the mode of the divine operations, that he should be left to find his way from a common centre, than that several distinct pairs should have been created in different localities, in order to make the work somewhat easier. Providence never multiplies force for the accomplishment of an object; and when, for the populating of the world, a common and single centre would have been sufficient, it would be unphilosophical to suppose that more than one was adopted. Gentlemen of the new school in philosophy are not fond of miracles; we cannot but express our astonishment then, that they are disposed to multiply them without necessity. The anomaly, however, may be accounted for by the fact, that in the present instance a miracle would be a proof of *their religions*—even Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, could pray for the performance of a miracle to confirm him in his attempt to prove that miracles are impossible.

Suppose, however, the fact of different centres of propagation be admitted, will the anomalies in the constitution of the human race be accounted for? will

not, on the contrary, fresh elements of difficulty be introduced into the discussion of the question. How did man come into these positions? Some deny he was created in these several localities, while others incline to the theory of a development according to law. Against the former supposition, the weighty objection before mentioned lies, of an apparent waste of power on the part of the Almighty, in introducing mankind by miraculous agency into a position of which they could have availed themselves by the mere exercise of their natural powers. In the last four or five centuries, how much of the globe has been penetrated by the enterprise of Europeans! Almost every sea has been furrowed by their ships, and almost every land has been visited by their commerce. Nay, more, there are few countries presenting any prospect of remuneration that have not been settled by their colonists. And, in more recent periods the mysterious impulse towards emigration has been so strong as nearly to depopulate countries of inhabitants proverbially attached to their native soil. With the prospect of comfort before them at home and with the examples of thousands before them who have been disappointed abroad, the Irish nation appear determined to forsake, in mass, their native land. The migration from Babel was only a fact belonging to a general law, which has found its expression in every period of the world.

The operation of this law, it may be objected, would be slow; we admit it would, but not by any means too much so to accomplish the peopling of the earth in a reasonable length of time; and very quick, when we compare it with the time required to carry out the divine plans in other parts of our economy. How long a period must it have required to bring the earth into its present state; how many countless ages does geology inform us were passed before it became a fit habitation for man, in comparison with it; how brief must be the period at the very longest computation required for spreading the human race over the globe.

The supposition, however, that man was placed in this world in full possession of his intellectual faculties and physical powers, does not accord well with the theory of those who deny the unity of the human race. Man, the embryologists think, was not made ori-

ginally lord of the creation; but, like some lords of more modern origin, he acquired his dominion in rather a questionable manner, and by force and fraud lorded it over the animal world.

It is gravely asserted that man grew up like the vegetables about him; or, more properly, like those forms of insect life which we brush every day from our paths; he descended from a monad or an oyster, it is not positively ascertained which, and by imperceptible degrees grew up to his present importance. It would be an amusing but rather tedious task for us to follow the various processes by which he became possessed of the several members which are so useful to him in his struggles for subsistence; and a rather metaphysical one to trace the subtle forces which combined to form his intellectual powers. The principle of appetency, in the language of the embryologist, explains all this. This mysterious power is equally indefinable and plastic in its operation. Where it came from they forget to inform us. It operates in a thousand capricious ways; it gave the elephant a trunk to save this rather unwieldy personage the trouble of stooping, while it gratified his propensity for feeling about him. Why it did not give all animals trunks, as it appears that it ought to have operated in the most impartial manner, I have never been able to ascertain; it gave the monkeys arms to indulge them in their propensities for climbing; and when these progenitors of the human family settled down into sober respectable men, they lost their strength in these members and used only their legs for the purposes of locomotion; while their sedentary habits have rubbed off another member, which in times of primitive simplicity was exceedingly useful in swinging an individual from tree to tree.

We are not informed of every particular transformation that took place between the oyster and man; we are only certainly assured of this, that the first stage in the process was an oyster, or something like it; and that the last but one was a monkey. It could scarcely be expected that there would be any records of this rather unintellectual period; we are therefore left entirely to conjecture as to the various particular developments.

But the history of the past is even less obscure than that of the future; we know, at any rate, that man was a mon-

key and had a tail; but what kind of a personage he may be, centuries hence, nobody can conjecture. I am not certain that even the embryologists have predicted. He may possibly lose some, at present, very valuable member, or he may receive some very desirable appendage to his person—he may manifest a propensity for aerial locomotion, and, by the addition of a pair of wings, reverse Plato's definition of man, as "*bipes implumis*." Gentlemen tell us that this view of the introduction of the human race is recommended by the simplicity of the means, by its freedom from any abrupt transition in the order of nature; you have a man here actually feeling his way in the world, becoming accustomed by slow degrees to the objects around him, and growing up, as it were, with the state of things in which he is placed. How beautiful is this development according to law; it shuts out all caprice, and personal partiality. But if the law acted in so very impartial a manner, as it appears it ought to have done, how comes it that developments are so very different? The elephant has a very long slender snout, the bull-dog, a very short, thick one; the giraffe has a very lofty neck, the lion and bear, very short ones; the hare can run very fast from his enemies, while the sloth is liable to be overtaken by every pursuer. Why did appetency act so differently in each? How did this blind influence manifest such apparent foresight? Now, we must confess that we cannot admire the philosophy which admits all these wonders of appetency, and is staggered by the supposition that man was endowed with the power and the instinct to spread from a single centre over the world.

It has been found, however, that the theory of different pairs of the human race originating in different centres, is liable to insuperable objections—to objections precisely similar to those urged against the unity of the race. If three or four typical varieties of the human family, such as the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Negro, compel us to adopt the theory of three or four distinct origins, because we cannot account otherwise for these apparently permanent varieties, further investigation will show that we cannot stop here, but that we must extend the principle much further; for the peculiarities that mark the different races are not confined to the great families of mankind, but extend to the different tribes of each of

these families; and the northern nations of Europe differ quite as permanently from the southern, as the Caucasian does from the Mongolian, and the tribes of Southern Africa are distinguished quite as much from the tribes north of the equator, and immediately around it, as the Negro himself is from the Caucasian. It is easy to distinguish an Englishman from a Frenchman, a Spaniard from a German, &c. Now, if the varieties manifested by the two or three great families of mankind, compel us to trace them to two or three different origins, why will not the differences equally ineradicable between infinitely numerous tribes, point also in each case to a different origin? The difficulty has been felt, and Professor Agassiz, the ablest representative of the above school, concludes that mankind have not sprung from a single pair, nor from separate pairs created at different centres; but have originated in groups, in various countries—in other words, have been sown broadcast over the world. To this inference he is also helped by the analogous distribution of vegetable and animal life. In countries entirely isolated from the old world, such as Australia, the fauna and flora are entirely different; the plants are of a different specific and generic character; the animals are also entirely distinct. In countries less isolated, there is more resemblance, without absolute identity, however, in any. The fauna of Europe, possessing the same specific type as those in America, present, however, varieties at once recognizable to the eye of the practised naturalist; when the geographical limits become more closely united, the resemblance becomes much greater, yet never amounting to identity.

Here it is to be observed that every species in one country has its representative species in another, and sometimes under circumstances, too, which forbid the supposition that they have been propagated from a common source. We find the same general facts to be applicable to man; and the representative species of the human family nearly alike, but not absolutely identical, are scattered over the world. From this it is inferred that, as the representative species of the animal creation could not have descended from a common origin, neither could the representative species of the human race.

This argument will strike different minds with different degrees of force;

most, however, will only see in it the admirable adaptation of the animal world to the circumstances among which they are placed, and the provisions made for their preservation amid the most diverse influences. Professor Guyot well remarks, "The resemblance of organized beings in the three continents of the north, is one of their distinctive characters; and this character is due to circumstance, that in proportion as the species change with the longitude, their place is taken generally, not by new types, but by analogous species. Doubtless, the similarity of *climate* is one of the most active causes of this resemblance; for the variety of the genera, the differences between the species of the three continents augment according to the elevation of the temperature; but this is not enough to explain the fact entirely. We shall see that the continents of the south, under similar latitudes, and in similar temperatures, offer types of animals, and of vegetation, very different in each of them.

"The continents of the south are more remote from each other than the foregoing. Broad oceans separate them, even to isolation. Scarcely any communication is possible between lands so distant; at any rate it is only indirect. Shut up in themselves, incapable of acting upon one another and modifying their respective natures, these continents are excluded from all community of life. What is there astonishing, then, in seeing their differences carried to an extreme, their characters exaggerated?

We see here only the most natural adaptation of animal life to the geographical latitude, and the fact that in different climates, the external characters are somewhat differently developed. Admitting, however, as true, every thing which Professor Agassiz wishes to prove, with regard to the animal creation: the difficulty still remains of showing that the same law of development applies to the human species. A mere analogy which evidently holds good only up to a certain point, cannot to any reasonable mind be conclusive. You may, from the development of the animal creation, argue with regard to the development of man in his *animal nature*; but when he is considered in his highest and most important relations, as a *moral, intellectual, and responsible* being, the analogy at once fails, and the law of development would, in consequence, we infer, be quite dif-

ferent. And such is the fact; for, as we before remarked, the animal and vegetable creations assume higher and more perfect types as you proceed from the poles to the equator; while, on the contrary, man is found in his most degraded position in the tropics, and becomes gradually more elevated as he approaches the temperate zone, in which he reaches his highest development, physical, intellectual and moral. The development of the animal follows only a physical law, while man being a moral as well as material being, is governed by both the laws of the physical and moral world.

The distinction has been well drawn by Professor Guyot. "In the animal," he remarks, "the degree of perfection of the types is proportional to the intensity of heat, and of other agents which stimulate the display of material life. The law is of a physical order.

"In man, the degree of perfection of the types is in proportion to the degree of moral and intellectual improvement. The law is of a moral order.

"The difference between the laws has its principle in the profound difference existing between the nature and destination of these distinct beings. The plant and the animal are not required to become a different thing from what they already are at the moment of their birth. Their idea, as the philosopher would say, is realized in its fulness, by the fact alone of their material appearance, and of their physical organization. The end of their existence is attained, for they are only of a physical nature. But with man it is quite otherwise. Man, created in the image of God, is of a free and moral nature. The physical man, however admirable may be his organization, is not the true man; he is not an aim, but a means; he is not an end, like the animal, but a beginning. There is another, new-born, but destined to grow up in him, and to unfold the moral and religious nature until he attain the perfect stature of his master, and pattern, which is Christ. It is the intellectual and moral man, the spiritual man. The law of development, if I may say so, is the law of man, the law of the human race and human societies; now, the free and moral being cannot unfold his nature without education; he cannot grow to maturity, except by the exercise of the faculties he has received as his inheritance. Here is the reason that the Creator has placed the

cradle of mankind in the midst of the continents of the north, so well made by their forms, their structure, by their climate, as we shall soon see, to stimulate individual development, and that of human society, and not at the centre of the tropical regions, whose balmy, but enervating and treacherous atmosphere would have, perhaps, lulled him to sleep—the sleep of death, in his very cradle."

To us, then, it appears incontrovertible, that the frail argument from analogy, even where analogy is inadmissible, fails entirely in the most important points.

2. It is maintained that no race of mankind has changed within the historic period: that the Gaul, the Saxon, &c., present the same conformation, and possess the same qualities now, that they did when first known to history; and that even the monumental remains of Egypt, which date back beyond 8000 years, exhibit to us the Negro, the Copt, and the Jew, with precisely the same physiognomy which they retain at the present day. If, at so early a day, we find races possessed of the same character they now exhibit, and if the lapse of centuries has not been able to change them in any important particular, what evidence have we that they can change at all? Does not the inference appear to be that they are unchangeable. It is not pretended I believe by any one that all the causes which operated in producing permanent varieties in the human species have been discovered; some of the causes, however, which are universally admitted as influential in modifying the human form and color, are climate, food, habits, and education; these being unchanged, man, as far as we know—indeed, the supposition is confirmed by experience,—would remain unchanged. Time itself, without the influence of these modifying laws, could never produce any impression on the human person. It is not surprising, then, nor contradictory of any law recognized by the advocate of the unity of the human race, that the Negro, the Copt, and the Jew, should present nearly the same appearance now, that they did three thousand years ago. The Copt and the Negro live on the same soil and subject to the same influences, climatic and otherwise, that they were then; the Jew, though changing his climate, has not changed his habits, has not amalgamated

with other nations, observes the same regimen, and pursues the same avocations now that he ever did. The only change, then, which he has undergone in entire conformity with physiological laws, is that of color, while the physiognomy, influenced only by food, and habits, and education, remains unchanged. But the assertion that man does not change when climate, food, moral and intellectual habits are changed, is contrary to well established facts. The Jew, occupying for several centuries the coast of Malabar, has become black as a Negro. The Brahmins, evidently descended from the same conquering race, differ in complexion according to the latitude they occupy in the immense country of Hindostan. The Turk in Europe has partially assumed the Caucasian cast of countenance, whilst in Western Asia he inclines towards the Mongolian. The Celtic nations, whom it would be the merest quixotism of criticism to deny to have sprung from the same race, possess very different characteristics; the Irishman is unlike the Frenchman and the Scotchman differs materially from both. Perhaps there can be no two nations more directly the antipodes of one another in mental and moral habits, than the Irish and Scotch; and there is scarcely any historical fact more certain, than that they are descendants from a common stock. The Saxon is different in almost every important aspect from the Dutch who now inhabit the country from which he formerly emigrated; and since transplanted into Ireland has superadded to the parent stock some of the qualities of the soil, and is generally considered to be a more genial, impulsive character than his brethren on the other side of the Channel; and what is more obvious to us, is that the American is assuming a physiognomy of his own; it is not that of any of the races from which he is sprung, nor is it identical with that of the offspring of those races born in Europe, but it is something peculiar and national.

History, then, and the most positive experience, prove that varieties have been produced, within the historic period, in families descended from the same race; it is, we think, then, the most gratuitous hypothesis to maintain that, because there are a few instances of permanency of type, during the historic period, there are, therefore, no variations at all from the original typical stock. This is

simply a question of facts; and, in my opinion, none has been more completely and triumphantly settled.

The question has been asked, however, how is it, that if races possess the capabilities of change, they never re-assume the original type, and that the negro, after being exposed for centuries to the climate of America, shows no signs of becoming white? As we said before, all the circumstances which govern the development of the human race, are not known; but, from a wide induction of facts, the law has been discovered, that, in the infancy of the human race, when the nature of man was plastic, he received, from the action of the circumstances among which he was placed, an impression which determined his conformation for ever; or, in the more scientific language of Lyell, whose opinions are entitled to the highest respect, human development is governed by the following laws:

"1st. All species have a capacity, to a certain extent, of adapting themselves to external circumstances.

"2d. When the change of situation they can endure is great, it is usually attended with some modification of the form, color, size, and other particulars; but the mutations thus superinduced are governed by constant laws; and the capability of so varying forms a part of the permanent specific character.

"3d. Some acquired qualities are transmissible, &c.

"4th. The entire variation from the original type which any given kind of change can make, must usually take place in a *very short space of time, after which no further variation can be attained by continuing to alter the circumstances, though ever so gradually*; indefinite divergence, either in the way of deterioration or improvement, being prevented; and the least excess beyond the defined limits being fatal to the existence of the individual."

It may be objected, that this is simply theory; this is true, but it is a theory evolved from a very wide induction of facts, and has the recommendation of harmonizing all the circumstances known, with regard to human development; while opposing opinions, which are theories too, run singularly counter both to facts and experience. In this connection we cannot avoid noticing the remarkable theory of Dr. Knox, that races can never change, and never amalgamate or emigrate without extinction; in other

words, that the typical character and location of a race, are so inseparably connected with its well-being, that neither can be changed without extinction. On the subject of variations of the human race, we have before remarked; and the connection between migration and extinction will be apparent to very few but the doctor, himself. Most of the nations of Europe have migrated to their present locations during the historic period, and have been, pretty generally, adulterated with a foreign element, which it is, I believe, generally admitted, has contributed to their improvement. The American nation is certainly derived from a great many different stocks, without any signs of degeneracy. The attempt to account for this anomaly, by pointing to the constant accessions made to the population from the parent stocks, manifests extraordinary ignorance of the true state of the case. Europeans and their immediate descendants are liable, in the process of acclimation, to many more diseases than the native American, and, consequently, exhibit a much greater mortality. The fact is, that the longer a family has been in the country, the greater is its immunity from disease, and the more does it multiply; whilst the least healthy, and the most subject to mortality, is the European. We are not certain that this is the case in all the British Colonies; we are pretty sure it is in Canada, and incline to the belief it is in all countries in the temperate zone. Man does, then, not only survive the shock given to his system by the action of a strange climate, and, by the addition of certain peculiarities, but is very frequently improved by the process.

8. It has been stated that as you ascend the stream of history, there is no more trace of unity among the human race than at the present time; but you find the species broken into divisions still more fragmentary. Where you now have nations, you formerly had tribes; and mankind, instead of converging towards a point, as you trace them back towards their origin, are found to diverge still more hopelessly, rendering the search after unity absolutely desperate.

It is doubtless a fact, that the first form of human associations known to history were tribes; and that the first form of government was patriarchal. But to identify societies with race, is to confound things totally distinct. At the present day, a nation is by no means co-extensive with a race, for several king-

doms are peopled by members of the same great family. Witness the Celtic race scattered over France, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the Slavonic occupying all the East of Europe, and the German split up into innumerable petty nationalities. It is impossible then from the social subdivisions of mankind to infer anything, as to their diversity of origin; and this is more especially the case, when we are discussing the primitive state of society.

The first form of government, as we have just said, was patriarchal; the oldest of the family was generally the leader of the tribe; this was simply an extension of the family relation, and continued until rendered impracticable by the multiplication of the people. The sovereignty was then confined to a single family, and by slow degrees assumed all the various modifications, which we at present find in society. Besides this very natural order in the development of government, the subdivision into tribes was necessitated by the pursuits of primitive man. The first avocations of the race were pastoral, communities were thus formed not too large for acquiring subsistence, and not too small for self-defence. Every pastoral country presents the same condition of things. The Arab of the desert is a living embodiment of the social state in the same locality two thousand years ago. He lives in tribes, which are broken up when they become unwieldy or when internal dissensions arise, and which never after coalesce. Yet no one, I believe, has adduced the multiplicity of tribes as a proof of the plurality of stocks from which the Arab is descended. The clan system is, however, not confined to the East or to antiquity; it existed until a very recent period in the Highlands of Scotland, among a nation descended of course from a common stock.

To adduce, then, the multiplicity of tribes in ancient times, as inconsistent with the unity of the origin of the human race, is completely to misapprehend the state of the question.

The same remarks hold substantially good in reference to the argument drawn from diversity of language; if indeed, there be a *radical diversity* in language. Most philologists think not, and I believe most of the languages of Europe and western Asia have been traced to a common Semitic stem. So obvious was this connection to the most eminent scholars.

of the last century, that the conveyance of all languages to a common origin, was to them conclusive of the unity of the human race. The opposers of this unity say they make no pretensions to philological research; seeing however, superficial differences in various languages, they are disposed to make the most of them.

If, however, a radical difference did exist between the various languages of the world, it would prove nothing against the unity of the race: it being obvious that families, confessedly of the same race, do not always use the same language. The Irish, Welsh, Gaelic, and French are as different as most languages from one another, yet still are consistent with community of origin, on the part of the nations that use them. The South Sea Islanders have different languages, not only in the different groups, but in the several islands which compose these groups; and in the small Island of Tatus, not more than 80 miles in circumference, the inhabitants speak four different languages totally distinct from one another. Yet it would not sound very philosophical to assign different origins to the inhabitants of each of these islands. The truth is, that every indication which is at all valuable in antiquarian research, points invariably to migration of the race from a single centre: it is the deduction of science as well as the testimony of history and tradition. National vanity is, doubtless, gratified as in Greece, by referring to Autochthones, or aborigines, springing like grasshoppers from the soil; but this tradition is involved in the obscurity of remote antiquity, and is extremely indistinct in its outlines; and, after all, amounts only to the simple fact, that the first *recorded* emigrants to Greece found inhabitants there before them. The inability to determine when the first inhabitants settled there arises simply from the fact, that the emigration took place before the historic period. In opposition to this supposition of the first inhabitants of Greece springing from the soil, or being created on the spot, we have the unanimous testimony of antiquity in favor of the migration of the race from a spot somewhere in North-western Asia. The Brahmins, Chinese, and Assyrians too, represent the human family as descending from the highlands of Asia; streaming down the sides of the Hindoo Oosh, the Himalaya, and the Altai Mountains, and finally spreading over the adjoining plains to the con-

finies of the ocean. The history, poetry, and legends of Europe, give precisely the same account of the settlement of that country; and all point to the mysterious, sacred East as the cradle of the human race.

We are told, however, that we cannot rely much on the chronicles and traditions of a barbarous age. Yet we think, that a testimony given with such unanimity and universality might have some weight with gentlemen who attribute such a profound significance to the Grecian tradition of men springing from the soil.

Our remarks have been extended to this point purposely without any reference to Scripture, because we do not think that the argument from Scripture would have much weight with the maintainers of the position we have been attempting to controvert. Scripture, it is asserted, was never given for the settling of physical and scientific questions, nor for any purpose, indeed, but the propagation of moral and religious truth. Be it so. But in the purpose of Scripture the origin of man is not developed as a simple ethnological question, but dwelt upon as the mode of accounting for the introduction of moral evil into the world, and its transmission through the different members of the human family down to the present time.

All orthodox Christians agree with St. Paul, in tracing the predisposition to evil in the human race, to one man's transgression, by whom sin entered into the world, and to our connection with him as our progenitor. Moral infirmity is part of the constitutional bias derived from our first parents, and only to be accounted for according to the theory of Scripture, by our intimate union with them by direct descent.

It may be, as it has been said, that St. Paul was deceived. To discuss this assertion, would be opening up a question entirely foreign to the object of this paper. Our remarks in this immediate connection are intended only for those who have some confidence in the teaching of St. Paul.

Apart, however, from the bearing of Scripture on the subject, the various converging arguments from science, history, and tradition, as well as the deeper moral consciousness of the race, are, we conceive, conclusive of the unity of mankind. Man instinctively recognizes man as his brother; the social instinct is paralyzed only when our better feelings

we deadened. Our hopes, our fears, our aspirations after the unseen, are all associated with the society and fellowship of our brother man. The mysterious sympathy which inspires whole nations with the emotions of a single man; the community of happiness which spreads through society under the thrill of a single joy—and the deep and yearning

tenderness excited by the occurrence of a great misfortune—are certainly indications of something more than a mere general resemblance among mankind; and can be satisfactorily accounted for by no other theory, than that which supposes the moral, religious, and physical unity of the human race.

SECRET SOCIETIES—THE KNOW NOTHINGS.

"Nihil scire, omnia scire est."—*Tertullian*.

WE think the historians, in general, have scarcely made sufficient account of the influence of secret societies on human affairs. They have written elaborately of the external events of history, of the rise and fall of dynasties, of the migrations of races, of political changes, of victories and defeats, of the philosophy, the arts, the literatures, and the manners and customs of nations; they have also dwelt with circumstantial accuracy upon the fortunes of great men, their precocious youth, their mature splendor, and their final mistakes and martyrdom; but the workings of those mysterious organizations, which, as much as anything else, have controlled the movements of society, they have treated only incidentally, as they chanced to be involved in larger movements, and without that careful research and comprehensive philosophy which their importance seems to demand.

Yet, no phenomena in history have been more constant, or more powerful in their effects, though not always flagrant, or even apparent, than the operations of these secret brotherhoods. From the earliest times, and among every people with which we are acquainted, they have not only existed, but exerted considerable influence over the developments of humanity. Among the oldest monuments of social life, carrying us back into the debatable land which hovers between a misty mythology, and a scarcely less misty traditional history, in the clouds of which men swell into the proportions of demi-gods, and the reformer, the civiliser, the thinker, and the poet, take the shape, in the excitable imaginations of their followers, of celestial divinities—in the rude hieroglyphics

and pictures of the Egyptian pyramids, in the Orphic legends which ante-date the civilization of Greece—in the Cabirian rites of Samothrace, we find traces of certain mystic associations, which were spread over vast empires, gathering into their shadowy folds the wisest men of the day, teaching through symbols the most exalted sentiments, and depositing, for the most part, the seeds of a superior social order. And, in each subsequent age—from the Eleusinian, and other mysteries of Greece, and the Bacchanalia of Rome—through the *Disciplini Arcani* of the earlier Christians—the Odinic priesthood of Scandinavia—the Druids, the Free-Masonry, the Monachism, the Rosicrucianism, the Knight-hoods of the middle ages—the Santa Hermandad of Spain, the Vehm-Gerichte of Germany, the Carbonari of Italy—down to the Red Republican conclaves of France, the Trade Unions of England—and the Odd-Fellow—and Know-Nothingism of the United States, the number and power of such associations has increased, until we may safely regard them as co-extensive with the civilized world. They have grown with the growth of society, and though not as dazzling to the imaginations of men as in the more primeval and credulous ages, they are still potent instruments of good and evil, embracing, as they do, multitudes of disciples taken out of every rank and condition of human existence. If their members were numbered, we have no doubt that the figures of the computation would extend into the millions.

A certain uniformity of character pervades these associations, in the midst, however, of a very marked and com-

trusted variety. The principle of secrecy they all have in common, and this implies, also, the use of symbols, or mystic signs, and the practice of hidden ceremonies. But their objects, both in respect to the persons comprised in each fraternity and the world outside, differ as widely as the circumstances of place or time under which they exist, and range from a simple exercise of good-feeling or charity, to the inculcation of a profounder philosophy, the overthrow of empires, and the reconstruction of society.

A controversy exists among learned men as to the origin and purpose of the ancient mysteries, which some regard as simple political devices, designed to impress the prevailing spontaneous religious faith more deeply upon the minds of the initiated, by imposing ceremonies, and artistic effects, while others see in them profound institutions, founded by great and good men, for the deliberate end of conveying to those who were worthy to receive them, the recondite doctrines of a pure morality, and a divine science. The latter view, introduced mainly by Plutarch and the later Platonists, elaborately insisted upon by Warburton in that store-house of erudition, the *Divine Legation*, and largely illustrated by the more modern works of St. Croix, in French,* and Orenzer† and Hermann, in German,‡ has predominated up to a very recent period; when more accurate historical inquiries, and a more scientific view of history, are thought to have dismissed it, along with the ancient view of the deep theological and philosophical contents of the early myths. But it is certainly clear that these mysteries, if not intended to impart an esoteric wisdom superior to that of the common people, did yet shadow forth important moral truth. A larger meaning, astronomical, metaphysical, and theosophic, has doubtless been given to them by the allegorizing tendencies of later times, than they originally bore; but the idea of purification, of the surrender of vices, and growth in virtue, is more or less involved in all. In no other way can we account for the strong hold they took on the feelings of the initiated, and the satisfaction and peace which they often gave unquestionably to their consciences.

Whatever may be the truth in respect to the mysteries, we are left in no doubt as to the general designs of the secret

orders, instituted by distinguished men, such as the schools of Pythagoras, or of those still larger fraternities, like the Essenes, the Templars, the Free-Masons, the Rosicrucians, &c., which were organized with the express purpose of moral and social reform.

The sage of Samos, though he concealed his principal doctrines in a nimbus of words, or under a seal of inviolable silence, openly avowed his objects to be scientific instruction, moral culture, social communion, and political change. His disciples were taught both speculative tenets and positive science, and, while collected in a special community, were yet induced to operate on the interests of society at large. The constituent principles of his academy were the principles which he wished to see carried out in the government of a nation, and the body of instruction was a propaganda of new political and social ideas. Müller, in his masterly work on the Dorians, contends that the aim of Pythagoras was to exhibit an ideal of a Dorian State; but a better statement of his leading thought would be, that he wished to show, by a living example, how the State and the individual might both reflect the harmonious order by which the universe was regulated and sustained. His celebrated societies were schools of philosophy, political associations, and religious brotherhoods, united in one; and, consequently, extending their discipline to the whole man, physical, intellectual, social and moral.

The Essenes, were a body of contemplative religionists, supposed to have taken their rise in Judea, about the time of the Maccabees, and whose name is referred to the Essen, a jewelled plate, containing the precious stones, worn by the Jewish high priest. De Quincey, however, in a brilliant and ingenious essay, contends that this was the name of the earlier Christians, adopted with a view to avoid persecution, and to enable them to propagate the new religion with more security and effect. His argument is not satisfactory, altogether, or rather, it is not inconsistent with the supposition of the obscure, ante-Christian existence of such a sect, and of its subsequent merger in the private assemblies of the converted Jews. Yet it is remarkable, as he states, that the New Testament nowhere speaks of the Essenes, or their im-

* Recherche sur les Mystères du Paganisme.

† Symbolik und Mythologie des Altan-Folkers.

‡ De Mythologia Græcorum Antiquissima.

pnted doctrines. "Christ, during his ministry in Palestine, is brought into contact with all known orders of men, Scribes and Doctors, Sadducees and Pharisees, Herodians and followers of the Baptist, Roman officers, insolent with authority, tax-gatherers, the Pariahs of the land; Galileans, the most undervalued of the Jews, Samaritans, hostile to the very name of Jew, rich men clothed in purple, and poor men, fishing for their daily bread; the happy, and those that sat in darkness, wedding parties and funeral parties, solitaries among hills or sea-shores, and multitudes that could not be counted; mighty cities, and hamlets the most obscure; golden sandedrims, and the glorious temple, where he spoke to myriads of the worshippers, and lone corners, where he stood in conference with a single, contrite heart." Yet, under none of these circumstances, do we hear of any interview between him and the Essenes. They are mentioned by none of his biographers; their name does not occur in the Acts of the Apostles; St. Peter, St. James, and St. Paul, never allude to them; and the Apocalypse of St. John is equally silent. Again, as the same writer is at pains to indicate, there was a singular resemblance between both the doctrine of the Essenes and those of the earlier Christians, and their practical, moral, as well as religious observances. Their hospitality, their antelucan worship, their aversion to marriage, their scrupulosity as to oaths, their faithfulness to friends, and love of peace, their contempt of pain and death, their white robes, their meals, their silence and gravity, and, above all, their lofty and spiritual religious principles, seem but mere echoes of the primitive economy of the Christians, as it is declared to us in the Apostolical constitutions. But, whether the Essenes were Christians or not, we have every reason to infer that the Christians were, at first, a secret society, or, at least, that they cherished a secret discipline and doctrine, which only the initiated were allowed to know. Neander and Mosheim, for certain reasons, pass lightly over the fact, which is abundantly established by Pagan and Christian authorities. Their rites were celebrated in secret, and guarded from profane eyes with jealous vigilance, a peculiar costume of the order was customary, on certain solemn occasions, as when baptism was administered to the

candidates, and secret signs of recognition were used among the members, in order that the dispensers of the fraternal charities might know to whom to administer relief, and that travellers, sojourning in strange countries, might discern their true friends.

The origin of Freemasonry is lost in the mist of the ages, or rather in the mist of words which learned men are apt to throw about that exceedingly remote and indefinite period of time. Some trace it to the *Collegia fabrorum* of Rome, and others to King Solomon, while Captain George Smith, of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, cuts the question short (or long rather) by making it coeval with the creation of the globe. "When the Sovereign," says he, "raised on Masonic principles the beauteous globe"* &c., &c. But, as a society, the Masons first attracted attention, during the Middle Ages, when the trades began to be incorporated, as the corporation of the Architects, because they were concerned in the structure of those grand religious edifices, which have come down to us under the name of Cathedrals, at first, assumed a leading and conspicuous position. Confining their mysteries to the secrets of the craft, they were afterwards extended to scientific principles, as their religious tenets. Protected by charters from the clerical and secular powers, and composed of members selected out of all the nations of Europe, they grew into great power, and dropping their technical character, came at last to be mere social and charitable societies, having for their motto, "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth," and interesting themselves in the establishment of schools, the extension of hospitality, and the practice of a pure morality. The conversion of the world to the principles of social equality and freedom has always been imputed to them as a main design of their organization, by the despots in Church or State, who have from time to time anathematized or persecuted them.

Whether this comprehensive scheme was cherished by the Free-Masons or not, it was confessedly an object with the secret order of the Illuminati, which arose in Germany previous to the French Revolution, and which, as revived by that arch-quack and mystagogue, Count Cagliostro, had, according to Louis Blanc, a great deal to do with the preparation

* Use and Abuse of Free Masonry. London, 1788.

of that event. Founded in 1776, by Adam Weishaupt, a professor of law at Ingoldstadt, it soon spread over Europe, and sent a shiver through all the established governments. A student of Pythagoras and the Rosicrucians, Weishaupt's primary object appears to have been to organize a movement against the Jesuits, with whom he had had a long and sore quarrel; but he was not slow in giving his order a cosmopolitan extension. A republican, a moralist, and a scholar, he sought to extend republicanism, morality and learning to the whole human family. In order to do this more effectually, he resorted to the known influences of decorations, symbolic initiations, &c., which impress the popular imagination and heart. By the sole attraction of mystery, by the single power of association, to submit to one will, and to animate with the same breath thousands of men in every country of the globe; to make entirely new beings of these men by a slow and progressive education; to render them obedient to madness, to death, to invisible and unknown leaders; to weigh secretly, with such a legion upon courts, to envelop sovereigns, to direct governments at their pleasure, and to lead Europe to that point, that every superstition should be annihilated, every monarchy abated, every privilege of birth declared unjust, the very right of property abolished, and the equality of the first christians proclaimed—such was the gigantic plan of the founder of the Illuminati.* He appeared, too, at a time most favorable to the adoption of hidden practices. The German mind was agitated with wonders and novelties. A curate named Gassner, who exorcised devils and cured the sick, by simple formulas, counted almost a million of adherents. At Leipsic immense crowds gathered on the public square to see the ghost of the magician Schöffa; numerous interpretations of the mystic book of the Revelations were circulated; and the Queen of Prussia and her women themselves maintained that they had seen the White Lady. Thus sensibility to the marvellous was widely awake; and thus Weishaupt attracted the simple by their hopes and fears, and the great by their love of power. Counts, dukes, and noblemen of all grades became his disciples, and a perfect fanaticism, in the cause of on-

lightenment in the new light sprang up, when the order was formally suppressed, amid storms of rage and conflict, by the King of Bavaria. But Cagliostro took up its rent and dissevered mantle, and, in that wonderful compound of mesmerism, legerdemain, magic, exorcism and folly, by which he, as the Grand-Khophta, (which Goethe has finely ridiculed) humbugged the visionaries and simpletons of France, restored the order to more than its pristine glory. The story of the Diamond Necklace, with which his impostures were connected, has gone to the ends of the earth, but his own end was in the castle of St. Leo, on the Adriatic, where he languished for three years in the horrible pits of a dungeon, and then gave up the ghost, in 1795.

We have no space now to speak of the Santa Hermandad of Spain, the Carbonari of Italy, the Lomburg brothers of Denmark, and a score of other secret institutions which have arisen at different times and in different countries; and we refer to those we have named, only as an illustration of one or two important principles. They show that this bent to mysterious brotherhoods is a permanent phenomenon of history, while they help us to explain the causes of their sudden and prodigious success, as well as their inevitable tendency, after a temporary triumph, to dissolution and decay. A great many people ascribe their advent and sway to mere delusion or trickery; but they have a deeper foundation in human nature, for which the cunning of the few and the folly of the many, that easy solution for troublesome problems, will not entirely account. In their origin, the greater number of these associations have been really benevolent, and of sincere and earnest purposes. A true, honest sympathy in the cause of mankind, a chivalric and heroic enthusiasm, and profound religious convictions have often lain at their roots. This was the case with the ancient mysteries, with the Knight Templars, with the Illuminati, with the revolutionary societies of Europe, and with many of our own secret charitable societies. And it was this which mainly fastened upon them the regards and attachments of their followers; for the theory of delusion, of imposture, of a wilful trifling and hocus pocus which certain minds consider amply adequate for the clear-

* Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution.

est explanation of whatever is strange or surprising in this strange world, we hold at the cheapest rate. Great and stirring movements—movements which extend over large tracts of space, which conquer a species of perplexity as to time, which, if they do not survive in a continuous line, still reappear with an evident constancy, diving down like a duck in one age (because the sportsman's shot-gun, perhaps, is levelled that way), to come up in another, do not argue a universal and undying gullibility in our race, but deeper principles at work, and striving to get acceptance.

The specific causes of the phenomena we are considering are several, and among the first, the inherent and irrepressible love of our poor human nature for mystery itself—mystery which is consubstantiate, if we may so express it, with the infinite depth and yearnings of our souls. We, all of us, feel at times, with Thomas Brown, as if there were not miracles enough in the universe to fill our boundless capacity for faith. But, without entering in these profounder regions, do we not know that a simple secret, shared between one or two persons, is a bond of union and amity, and a source of peculiar enthusiasm? When the heart of the young man has spoken the word, brooded over in silence so long with tremendous alternations of fear and hopes, to the heart of the maiden, does not the world take on another hue, and fill up with an unwonted glory? What sweet and blessed radiance hovers over the secret nuptial couch, which one glimmer of the day, one prying eye, or one listening ear, would wither and dash into darkness. Speech, says the German proverb, is silvern, but silence is golden. "Bees will not work, except in darkness," says Carlyle; "thought will not work except in silence; neither will virtue work except in secrecy." It is not, however, secrecy itself, so much as a communion of secrecy which weaves the charm. Let the silence and secrecy relate not to a few but to a multitude, let it span the earth with its unseen mystic ties, let it trace itself back to hoar and venerable antiquity, and look forwards to the far visionary future, linking the two together by awful truths which dare not be avowed, and yet must be propagated, communicating in the broadest daylight by unseen telegraphs, and stretching out in the gloom of night a bloody hand as in

Spalatro's vision; while back of all there stands a vast, intangible, dark association, woven into a complicated network of affiliated association; having its agents everywhere, omniscient as the eye of Cæsar—omnipotent as the hand of Death,—and what a mingled fascination of terror and power and glory steals into our thoughts. Connect the idea of benevolence with it, or the watch and ward of some high truth, and the secret spell becomes a grand enchantment. It recalls those imposing oriental fables of subterranean spirits who guard the sacred treasure beneath the root of the sea; or we think of the mystic virgins, who, in the depths of caves, muffled from human sight, shelter the flame of life; or fitting images of the everlasting wanderer, who bears from generation to generation, a knowledge of the sorrows and woes of his race, of which he must not wholly unburden his breast, impart a kind of supernatural sublimity, or at least an apparitional and portentous greatness to the conception.

The symbolism of these societies—the impressive rites and ceremonies—the brilliant decorations—the dignities and orders—is a second cause of the powerful appeal which they make to human nature. Our ordinary life, save under certain exceptional circumstances, is prosaic, but our souls are full of poetry, and glad to escape from its dryness and monotony. We tire of the arid deserts over which, with our halting caravans and heavy merchandise, we pass wearily, and we run like children towards any verdurous plain, or purling brook, though it prove only a *fata morgana*. Our souls feel themselves regal, while our environments are squalid and beggarly. Lying in mangers—swaddled in rags—toiling as the ox or the ass never toiled—exhausted, overtaken, feeding on husks—with a curtain of drab drawn across the glories of the landscape and the sunrise, we are yet conscious natives of palaces—at home amid flowers, and wine, and music, and dresses studded with gems, and a high and stately intercourse, and a life whose appliances are splendor, and whose motions are graces and harmonies. Even the simulation or mere appearance of these is seductive. Whatever recalls to us a sense of our true destiny—whatever represents it to our imaginations, though intrinsically puerile and flatulent—high-sounding titles—regalia—the pomp of ceremonies—banners, orna-

ments—is welcome in the absence of the reality. "Not one logical, mensurative faculty," exclaims Teufelsdröckh, "but our imaginative one is king over us; priest and prophet to lead us heavenward, or magician and wizard to lead us hell-ward." The State and the Church have long known this, and addressed themselves to its nice application. By the brilliancy of courts, heraldic coats of arms, military ensigns, the insignia of office, baldricks and caparisons, buttons and decorations, and the magnificence of rites, they have wielded the minds, by first dazzling the imaginations of men. Consider an army without its gay trappings and uniforms, its standards and parades—its pomp and glorious circumstance! Consider Catholicism without its robes and cassocks, and painted windows, and gilded altars, and waving incense, and the daily miracle of the host!

Secret societies, in the third place, are often a necessary resort under the lynx-eyed and powerful despotisms, which lie in wait for the appearance of new truth. More, perhaps, than any other cause, has this one led to the formation of hidden agencies for the defence and nurture of cherished doctrines and hopes. It is well said by Confucius, that when light came into the world, a thousand spirits of darkness stand ready to seize upon her, and strangle her in her birth. Every new truth, especially if it be important truth, which menaces old establishments, or rebukes ancient manners and opinions, has to fight its way inch by inch to general acceptance. Consuming fires of persecution are kindled round it—legions of stipendiaries hang over it with their swords—popular malignity watches it with jealous care—or mitred priests and crowned kings let loose their ubiquitous police of spies and spearmen to dog its track, and arrest, or thwart, or crush out its life. It was for this reason that the early Christians guarded so zealously the admissions to the small number of their disciples—that they celebrated their worship in caves and catacombs, and stole furtively from land to land, like outcasts hunted by dogs, or guilty wretches flying from the presence of their fellows. And it is for this reason, that the aspiring minds of Europe, who would cast from the backs of the people the heavy weight of wrong, which centuries of royal and priestly oppression have heaped upon them, must machinate in secret, must move in the shadow of the woods, or

under the pale light of stars, must bury their papers in tombs, and send their dispatches through the air—and gather adherents by conspiracy—or undermine and elude, and ferret, and circumvent. "Echo must not babble of their whereabouts,"—nor the lightest footfall betray them to sudden death. Argus, with his hundred eyes, hovers around them, while Briareus, with his hundred hands, is eager to seize them. All the dread machinery of government, all the selfish instincts of power, are their enemies. Ah! what a story of hair-breadth escapes and adventures—of heroic daring, and subtle sagacity—of impossible communications across barriers and cordons finally achieved—insuperable obstacles overcome—secrets of cabinets wrung from their inmost archives—espionage submitted to a keener espionage and made to witness unwittingly of facts whose discovery became its despair. What a story of such things could Kossuth and Mazzini tell, if policy permitted them to unseal their lips, and declare the solitudes and shifts by which the spark of republican freedom has been kept alive and carried over Europe! "Take the young child, and go into Egypt," is a command addressed to all who bear with them a precious deposit of truth.

The last cause to be mentioned of the prevailing disposition to fly into secret organizations, is one that has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by those who have thought or written of the subject. We mean the obvious inability of existing society to meet the wants of the human soul. The actual relations of men to each other, are almost universally felt as a burden, if not a curse. The struggles they engender, the long and painful warfare against poverty and disease, the meanness, the falsehood, the competition, the cut-throat conditions of success, the smallness of the recompense when you do succeed, the exaggerated importance given to the mere physical life, and the low estimate put on all kinds of spiritual greatness, the anarchy of opinion in politics, philosophy, and religion, the hollowness of church worship, "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely;" in short, a thousand flagrant departures from our conceptions of what is just and true, force us to take refuge, not as Hamlet contemplated in the "undiscovered country," but in associations which promise an escape and relief. The harmonies of

life and intercourse which we seek in vain, amid the jeers and discords of our mere business societies, we hope to find in the narrower but more sympathetic circle of the special brotherhoods. "Around us," we say to ourselves, "all is hard, cold, formal, distant, and unideal—a social Nova Zembla, where the heart is benumbed by the universal wintry air, and the better thoughts fall back like buds suddenly smitten by the frosts. Let us solace ourselves in some select and worthy fraternity, composed of the finer spirits of the race, and living not in its selfish propensities, but according to a noble ideal of the heart. Let us sail away from this rude, coarse, over-crowded continent, to some pleasant little isle, in the golden tropics, where the day, so long as it lasts, shall be a summer day, and the nights shall be filled with moonlight and syren serenades. There, in the depths of our retreat, while the perfumed breezes blow gently over our cheeks, with hands grasped in warm fellow hands, let us bow down and invoke that ideal of a true society, which is grander than Christianity, and as fair as the sweet companies of heaven. Let us gradually prepare men for their future—for the equality, the liberty, and the glory which is their right—by a secret regeneration which shall gradually extend over the whole of humanity." Thus, contemplative, ardent, ambitious, and sympathetic minds, are alike drawn from the immediate duties of life into partial and generally impractical schemes of secret reform, and thus organizations are recruited which come in time to be the most formidable instruments in the resistance to the furtherance of the grander movements of society.

Strong, however, as the impelling motives of these associations are, the forces of cohesion which bring them together and the outside pressures which keep them so, they are intrinsically exposed to one or the other of two fatalities. They corrupt inwardly, or they provoke outward hostilities which become their ruin. No matter how pure their original intentions, they sooner or later degenerate; or, if they do not degenerate, they get to be so powerful that society, by an instinct of self-preservation, rises against their life. The ancient mysteries were undoubtedly at the outset purely religious observances, but they became the scenes of a licentiousness which cannot be ex-

pressed in words, the very name of their ceremonies, *orgia*, now signifying whatever is detestable and repulsive in human indulgence. The schools of Pythagoras, in Greece, at last excited an indignant insurrection of the people. The secret discipline of the early church, as its initiatory rites, have grown into the "reserve" and the mummeries of Romanism. The Knights Templars, who projected the political unity of Europe, ended as a grasping and avaricious sect. The Freemasons have never recovered the abduction of Morgan, and if we may believe De Quincey, their principal secret now is, the imposing style in which the Right Worshipful Grand Master causes the trembling neophyte to "fork over" his two guineas for a general supply of brandy and water. In a word, our humanity will not be cheated; it will not permit any of its representatives to seclude themselves with impunity from the general mass; even in its own apparent interests; for when they make the attempt, it either withholds from them the sources of life, allowing them to dwindle and mortify like a limb cut from the parent body, or it stimulates the jealousy of its fellows into internecine hatred.

We have made a long preamble, in what has been said, to a few words which we have to utter about the *KNOW-NOTHINGS*—but it was necessary to a proper understanding of the subject. It seems to us that the society which baptizes its members as *ignoramus*, and which has made such strange havoc of late among the political parties, is, in some sort, a lineal descendant of the secret societies gone before. It has originated in many of the same causes, and will, in all probability, share the same fate. Whether its objects are as dignified or liberal as some of theirs have been, we cannot say, because in respect to those objects it is literally nescient. It refuses to declare its purposes, save as they may be learned from its acts, which fall, ever and anon, like claps of thunder upon a startled world. But it is quite universally believed that its aim is to establish a strict Americanism in the public life of this country; and, in order to accomplish that end, to exclude all foreigners, especially Roman Catholics, from the pursuit of office.

If this be so, we feel bound to say, that its doctrine, as well as its discipline, is objectionable, and that neither Demo-

cracy nor Christianity will justify the means or the ends it proposes.

As to the former, unless we have grossly mistaken the fundamental principles of a true State, and a true Church, the very idea of a secret organization is at war with both—at war with the grand humanitarian aims, their open, manly, frank, and comprehensive character. Democracy is a theory of society, which rests the liberty of all men upon a footing of perfect equality, and bounds its sympathies only by the good of the whole people. It contemplates nothing less than the Commonwealth, or, as the word truly signifies, the common weal. It can entertain, therefore, no very friendly feeling for any scheme of action which falls short of that exalted and impartial scope. Universal in its nature, it has no occasion for concealments or stratagems. Its methods are open and above-board, because its objects are not private nor exclusive, but public. What has it to fear from the broadest daylight—the intensest scrutiny of the sun—or even the purer search of God's own steadfast eye? But scorning whatever is sinister, everything indeed which approaches the enigmatical, the obscure, or the indirect, how can it tolerate the dark works of an agency unknown to it—an agency which skulks like owls and bats at the first glimmer of the morning, and which, like the pestilence, walketh in darkness? Democracy says to its children, "I am open, honest, and free! In the old world, beneath the sensitive and grinding feudalisms of Church and State, there may be reason for those who meditate good purposes to plot in secret and mature their benevolent plans under the wings of silence, but with me there can be no such need. Let your thought be known, and who is there to harm you? Open your hearts, that their good wishes may profit all! Why reserve anything unless it be evil? why muffle and hide your tracks, if you go about good? Are there wolves and beasts of prey to eat you up the moment you are exposed?"

In the same way, the church, in the true idea of it, can have no sympathy with any object less broad than the good of all men, nor with methods less open than its own universal charities. An awful mistake has been committed in considering the church as having an interest or policy apart from the interest and policy of the human race, in converting it into an ecclesiasticism, for the inculcation of creeds, and the separation

of men one from another on grounds of mere belief, instead of regarding it as a universal spiritual economy, identical with all that is truthful and loving in the hearts and minds of men. Of course, all they who take the narrow view of it, will find little in its idea or functions to rebuke the spirit of exclusivism or secrecy in any of its manifestations; but they who take the larger view, who see in all the designs of Christ a truth and goodness commensurate with the universe, will shrink instinctively from every scheme which proposes to work underground like a mole, or to bottle up the overflowing graces of the Creator within the limits of its own sect or party. Christianity must work for all men, in the openest and directest way, or cease to work at all. We have abundant evidence of this in its earlier history, in its disastrous deflections into gross ecclesiastical impositions, and need not dwell upon that head. In this country, at least, it must exhibit a spirit as broad, generous, and as frank as the spirit of our political organization, or fall disgracefully behind. "Its doors must be," as an able writer has said, "as wide as the doors of our political house, or we shall present the disreputable picture of a body larger than its soul, or of a Church less celestial than its corresponding State." If Democracy, then, disowns every sinister and partial organization, every scheme less Catholic and transparent than itself, how much more must a genuine Christianity?

As a doctrine, in the second place, what does Know-Nothingism propose? The political disability of vast numbers of men, on the ground of race or religion. Can anything be more intolerant, narrow, or bigoted? Did the old priestly or warlike tyrannies which man has been writhing under these centuries back, lend themselves to a meaner dominion than this would assert for our young Republic? The fetid and defunct dynasties which have become a loathsome remembrance to men, which were terrible fungi in their day, and a reproach for ever, grew from roots like these it is now proposed to plant in our soil. We that have made it our song ever since we were born, that here humanity had at last found a home, that here all the antiquated distinctions of race, nationality, sect, and caste, were merged in the single distinction of manhood—that here man was to be finally recognized as man, and not as Jew or

Gentile, as Christian or Mohammedan,—as Protestant or Catholic—we, who have made the world ring with self-glorifications of the asylum of the oppressed of all creeds and nations—of the city of refuge to all the weary exiles of freedom, “whom earth’s proud lords in rage or fear, drive from their wasted homes,” we, are now asked to erect political barriers, to deal out political excommunication as narrow, as mean, as selfish, and as unwarrantable as ever debased the elder governments.

That a preparatory residence and discipline should be required of foreigners, before their incorporation into the State, is reasonable; the extent and nature of such social quarantine may also be conceded to be a question for discussion; but the total exclusion of aliens from citizenship for the future, is so monstrous a meanness that one is loth to entertain the conception. It is such an utter and unequivocal surrender of nearly every peculiarity of our institutions, that it would not merely lay all the new comers under ban, but denationalize ourselves! The cry is, “America for Americans,” and we agree to it heartily, but what is America, and who are Americans? He is not a Jew saith the apostle, who is one outwardly—and America, in the same sense, is not a certain measurable area of territory, nor the American every miserable biped that happens to be born upon it. America, is the cognomen of a nation of men, and not of a collection of arable acres; and Americans are not simply the individual Indians, negroes, and whites, who first saw light between Passamaquoddy and Pensacola, but all who are Americans inwardly—who are built up on the American idea, who live in the true sentiment of democracy, whose political “circumcision is of the heart, in the spirit and not in the letter, and whose praise is not of men but of God.” These are the true Americans, wherever they chanced to be born—whether Turk, Russian, Milesian, or Choctaw, and are infinitely to be preferred to the unthinking and virulent natives, whose Americanism sinks no deeper than their skins; and had no existence before their flabby little bodies were first swaddled. America to the Americans, surely;—not to the spurious, skin-deep, apparitional Americans, but to the real men worthy of the name!

We are apt to suppose, in projecting these exclusions, that the persons shut

out are the only persons seriously affected by them, but that is a woeful mistake. He that commits injustice, he that perpetrates meanness, suffers from it as badly as he that is the direct victim. Ourses, like young chickens, says the familiar old proverb, always come home to roost. Debar the half-million of emigrants who annually reach our shores from the elective franchise, and what would be the effect? Why, the growth, in the very midst of the community, of a vast disfranchised class—of an immense body of political lepers—of men having an existence apart from their fellow men, not identified with them, not incorporated with society; and consequently tempted on all sides to conspire against it, to prey upon it, and to keep it in disorder. Coming here ignorant, vicious, unruly aliens would remain ignorant, vicious, and unruly; for they would have few of the strong motives which they now have to become orderly and estimable citizens. They would remain outside of those educational influences, which are the glory as well as salvation of free institutions, the jury, the ballot, the legislative assembly, etc., and which render it so important to us to extend those influences to all who are members of our societies. We have already, in the midst of us, one class of outcasts, in the poor and degraded free blacks, and that, we should think, sufficient to appease anybody’s malignity, without striving to raise up another from the Germans, the Irish, or any other nation.

It is scarcely possible, however, to believe that the Know-Nothings contemplate such an extreme error as the entire exclusion of future aliens from political life. It must be a calumny of their enemies, or a product of suspicion aggravated by fear. At any rate, we are certain that the late political *tourbillons* which have sent such swift consternation and dismay into the hearts of the old political foxes, have not been caused by any affinity for such a project. We have too much respect for our fellow-citizens to suppose it; but we ascribe these extraordinary movements to other sources. They are a result of a double reaction—firstly against the excessive cultivation of foreigners by the demagogues; and, secondly, against the miserable folly and corruption of the old political parties.

It cannot be denied that for some years now, both whigs and democrats

have prostrated themselves before the alien-voters, in a servile and disgraceful way. Holding the balance of power, as the latter did, between the two parties, there was no end to the concessions, the flummies, and the substantial *douceurs*, too, by which they were courted. Honors and offices were heaped upon them with a profusion, which recalled the *début* of some popular actress, and the showers of bouquets which greeted her from her adoring friends. It was better to be an Irishman, or a German, than a native American; a Mac or O', to one's name, was the handle which lifted him to fortune—and an unpronounceable German patronymic was a passport to all kinds of political favor. No ticket was a complete ticket which did not contain a sop, in the shape of a candidate to the Irish interest or the German interest, and the suppleness with which senators and governors bent themselves in that direction, set new lessons in the art of fawning—gave new formulas for the preparation of adroit lies. Is it a wonder, then, that the Americans themselves, shoved so wholly into the shadow, should get a little tired of the game? More especially, when the same influences, which introduced the foreigners into political office, were likewise introducing them into so many private places of emolument and trust? Not at all! But the foreigners were not to blame for it, or, at least, for nothing beyond a little natural presumption occasioned by their good luck. The dastardly and un-

principled demagogues, who wheedled them into excesses, are the offenders who should bear the brunt of the punishment. Let all those, too, who hereafter appeal to the citizens under any other name than Americans, come in for a share, and then we shall have "America for the Americans," in the truest and best sense of the phrase.

In the late irruptions of Know Nothingism, which have come over the old parties like an avalanche from the Alps, whelming rider and horse, captain and cattle, in a common ruin, we are disposed to rejoice. We should do so, with a joy unfeigned, if we were sure that the effects of the *bouleversement* would be confined to the flatulent old hacks, the queasy and prurient old bawds, who have so long had the control of the old parties. We should be glad to see them and their machinery—their caucuses and primary assemblies, and regular nominations—pitched like rotten wood into the pit; we did laugh indeed, "many a time and oft," during the last fall, as we saw how invisible hands were pricking one after another of their windbags, and allowing them to exhale, amid looks of blank astonishment on the part of those whom their gassy contents had often floated into office; but we fear that the success of the Know Nothings may throw them into the hands of these very men, or if it does not, that their intoxication may carry them to lengths which we shall have to deplore.

THE CHILD THAT SLEEPS.

THE noon-day heat hath hushed the air,
And leaflets drink with noiseless glee
Their fill of light, and everywhere
The hot earth pulses silently.

Adown through ash-leaved maple limbs,
That guard with green the open sash,
A thousand rays, with voiceless hymns,
A golden throng, benignant flash.

And light and air serenely keep
A smiling watch about the bed,

Whereon divine resistless sleep
Hath chained those lips, that restless head.

The warm beams play at hide and seek
'Mong naked knees and arms and curls,
And smoothly glide from rounded cheek,
Like flying shadows chased from pearls.

And whosoever there draws nigh,
A loving, solemn silence keeps,
To catch that whisper from on high,
The breathing of a child that sleeps.

EDITORIAL.

CURSIVE AND DISCURSIVE.

IT is due to our friends and the public that we narrate to them the late conversation (in our private office) between ourselves and Alick M. Payne.

Payne is young. He is bitten with a scribblo-mania. He is also rural—rural in the extreme; as will be sufficiently evident when we add that he has plunged headlong into the great whirlpool of New York—and is yet circulating therein—with a view of accumulating immense riches, on the strength of having sold three articles to the publishers of a Magazine.

We knew him erst, in his native wilds; and now, in the first proud flush of his expectations, while he was debating whether he should accept the editorial chair of a leading periodical (we faintly suspected him of meditating our own ejection from our place), or publish a volume of essays (entitled, *What I don't know Anything About*), he came to us to chant his little poem in advance.

We eradicated, in the first instance, his editorial expectations. He had delineated with enthusiasm the infinite ascending series of his triumphs. Able editorials; trenchant criticism; fresh thoughts; opera; arts; literary circles; the best society; he displayed a paradisaic picture, all sunshine and foreground, without a middle tint or a shadow.

The considerations which we laid before our aspiring friend were very simple and very obvious.

"Let us suppose, dear friend," said we, "that you are, in the single respect of ability, competent to fill a chair, such, for instance, as that which we occupy. Suppose that you have the requisite *power*. Have you the training that you need, to use it? Do you imagine that you comprehend the forces of whose lines of action your own line of action must be compounded? Don't answer. I asked for rhetorical effect; not to get any response from you. And, above all, don't keep smiling in that supreme manner, and manipulating the little ginger-colored fog upon your upper lip. Listen, now, to the words of experience—while we delineate to you the duties of the place we hold—what, in holding such an one, you would be necessitated to do.

For the performance of such duties,

Alick, that quaint introverted contemplation of yours—that self-centered habitude of mind which evolves bouquets of artificial flower-fancies, however life-like, would be useless. That you can construct unheard-of sentences—can juggle with English until you create, out of its hard material, dishes as foreign to its normal state as were the Frenchman's five piquant soups and thirteen varieties of *entremets*, to the horsetail and the old shoe from which he compiled them,—will never help you. He failed disgracefully in the wild endeavor to make a sirloin of beef out of his subject-matter. No more could you, from such mental labor as you have most used, deal as a master and leader, with the literature of the nation. What! have you the strength and the wisdom to read MS. scrawled, scribbled, or blotted, at the rate of a thousand articles, and thirty thousand pages a-year; to judge which of them are best suited to the current popular demand, and at the same time to improve the popular mind; to let down easily the nine of every ten who are refused, with sweet and tender declinations, such as shall soothe the rage of the disappointed great, and the anguish of the disappointed small; to put your heart under a Pharaonic dispensation of hardness; to steel yourself alike against the cries of the needy girl or the starving boy who have poured out their poor souls on paper, that their best thoughts may haply bring them a few dollars to scare away the hunger-fiend, and the imperial frost of scorn, or the imperial lightning of wrath from the eminent man whose calm statement (mentioning what little amount is to be remitted for the article, and in what number it is to stand) is answered, that you don't think his composition suitable to the present occasion of the Magazine?

Beloved friend, the daily avalanche of material would crush you as to quantity, and scare you to death, as to quality and variety. Consider only the fearful sag-end of our contributions. Crazy men's poems, covering a quarter of a ream of (appropriate) foolscap, in light yellow ink and an indistinct style of lettering, as if written by a palsied man, with weak saffron tea; interminable concrete tediousness—whose highly respectable concocters, like Dogberry, have it in their hearts to bestow all of it on us, if

they were as tedious as a king—dribbling over a century, or half century of pages; watery essays, collegially pun-speckled, read before a students' society, or radiating the thick darkness of seventeen-year-old philosophers from before a village lyceum; wonderful sonnets, odes, lyrics, and Æthyrambics, with lines duly capitalized at the beginning, separated into groups of from one to seventeen and a fraction, and shadowing forth all conceivable phases of human passion, from the inarticulateness of idiotic drivel and flat ultra-Mosaic meekness, around the ring to the inarticulateness of chaotic maniacal fury; such has been the lowest class of matter offered; and the quality of the remainder has varied through all the grades of excellence, up to the prose and poetry of the leaders of American literature.

I barely allude to the additional duty of "doing the books." Four to ten *per diem*; strictly miscellaneous in assortment; either with tedium to be read, for a fair and valuable criticism, or dishonestly to be skimmed for a pretentious or useless one. You, who are honest, would consume the midnight gas, and fritter away your golden hours in cursory, exhausting and useless investigations, to tell people who write what they have done well or ill, and people who read what to buy. That is right, Aliok; criticism should do that, honestly and bravely, or it should do nothing; but the daring craft must steer between eddies and whirlpools.

You smile—happily rather more feebly than at first; nor do you yet fondle the ginger-colored fog.¹ What? you always did like hard work; and pride yourself, if upon anything, upon that precise quality of grubbing? Yea? Listen further, oh, "wash neophyte"—that is only the exoteric mystery of our craft.

You are competent to judge the judges—to proceed apodictically and *ex-cathedrally* in estimating the greatest, and in not under estimating the smallest, of our literary men and women? Granted, presumptuous Aliok, for this occasion only; and now, receive a second blow.

You know what are the aims of the periodical under our charge—a mind so clear and an ambition so pure and lofty as your own could not entertain lower ones. We will classify them in a trine division, and the product of the analysis may, if you choose, stand as the ideal purpose of American periodical literature. Or, suppose

you were intending to occupy the place of your speaker.

An infinitesimal shadow of consciousness fleeted across the face of the audience. Aliok had in dreams pressed our throne—an editorial king.

Our aims are three; and conflicting: we would stand the truest type and exponent of American thought; that is, of a national intellect far the most gigantic and active; of a national intelligence the strongest and most vivid, the most unbounded, discursive, joyous and free, that has ever stirred upon the earth.

We desire—and *this* aim, as higher and nobler yet, may confront or overbear that other high and noble one—to exist in this free Western land as a power; wielding such influence as we may, on the side of all that is Right and True, irrespectively of individuals or organizations.

Lastly, we desire to please the public taste. This we must do, in order to maintain our existence. But in order to maintain our self-respect, we must do it subject to the dominant exigencies of the former two purposes.

You, therefore, editorially instantiated, oh, steam-engineering Aliok! can, we suppose, do the work. And you can proceed, in steam-enginary impassibility, to condemn and refuse all that is too flat or too sharp, notwithstanding the poverty, grief, or fame of the writer; nor shall your cylinder engine-heart be touched by anger or sorrow—scared by the gibbering ghosts, or the remonstrating personalities of the rejected.

"Their necromantic forms in vain
Haunt you on the tented plain."

Yea; suppose.

But, having selected the compositions which seem to you the best, can you impartially apply the other tests? Will not article A be too heavy, B too long, C too provoking, D too irreligious, E too vulgar? Not for your own calm and self-centered judgment, passionless Aliok—but for "people." People, you know, are such singular people. They won't see; can't see; see through inverting glasses. And if you provoke, or frighten, or stupefy, the "list" shortens.

Can you, Aliok of the fairy fancies, comprehend this wicked, reckless, impetuous, jolly, keen, calculating, sober, benevolent, affectionate, religious American people? Can you administer to such brain-fevered customers a cup which shall cheer but not

inebriate—a draught which shall do them as much as they will endure of good, in a way more delightful than the most delightful evil? Can you?

Your smile is gone. Now we see your blue(ish) eyes sparkle a little under the gathering yellow brow. You have forgotten the lip-service. And the thought of heavy and complicated responsibility challenges a rising respondent energy in your heart. That is manly. You are not so ignorantly certain, either, as you were. Not discouraged? Wait a little. An impartial intellectual eclecticism has been the very ideal of your studies and your literary efforts? And *that* may perhaps —?

Perhaps; and *only* perhaps. You may be the Coming Man. Who knows? If you are, we individually will enlist as a faithful private under your banner. But who knows?

We think we remember you angry, Alick. Were you ever? Oh yes, you say—when that great jeering tow-headed fellow boxed your ears. Yes, you were. We recollect how you polished him off; and were suspended from college, too. Aha, impassible Alick?

Why, dear man, you are as touchy as tinder. Do you not know that if a careless waiter, even, at a public dining-room, delayeth his coming, you fume and fret yourself into a hot mist of fidgets? How at any suspected imputation or insult, you jump like a snap-bug, and avoid firing great volleys of vituperation only by biting off the tip of your tongue?

Well; you can't deny it, though we see that you are getting angry already, even at the description.

But—suppose, for instance, you sat in our place, as we said—truly it is a place to be filled by a man mightier than he who taketh a city—namely, by a ruler of his own spirit. For humbugs will be let fly at you. Spiteful rivals will sneer at you. Unscrupulous contemporaries will—ahem!—convey. Arguments for belief as clear, to you, as common honesty, or the golden rule, will be vilipended as nests and summaries of all iniquity—infernal machines exploded to shatter the peace of God and the happiness of men. Each contribution rejected may be the chrysalis whence shall shortly creep a volant thing, flitting dimly here and there, and whispering contagious dislike. For contributors (although all very nice-people) are only human. Have

patience while we state a fact or two to substantiate our assertions; facts, as the chess-books say, “recently occurring in actual play.” A gentleman—of the cream of gentility—a spoonful of cream of gentility, we might say—sent us a poem; a composition which we will mildly characterize as less than Miltonian. And therewith he wrote, “If you accept the inclosed, send me a check for One Thousand Dollars.” You know, Alick, that every man has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He has also the right, my friend, to set his own value upon his own poetry. But, candidly, we did not send him the document alluded to; and that for a plain reason; namely, that the amount would, at twenty-five cents per hundred (the usual rate), have procured us four hundred thousand old newspapers, full of matter equally valuable for our purposes; from among which we might select any portion, correspondent in dimension with the Thousand Dollar Poem, at an expense (estimated) of one eighth part of a mill, current money of the United States. We may add, as a specimen of the curiosities—or rather the amenities of literature—that there was a most wonderful quantity of diplomatic noncommittalism in a set of kind endorsements which our friend had forwarded to further his suit.

That is a mild specimen of an “asker.” But, Alick, in such a case you must not fire off a quiverfull of jokes at him, the unhappy. You must write a civil and sugared letter, regretting that the finished (a safe word) production which he sent is unfortunately of a length which must at present preclude its insertion.

Here, again, is a case of mental delusion or frailty, which is worth recording. A correspondent, very evidently a worthy and kind-hearted one,—writes to our publishers that a literary friend of his had recently died at his house, in the country. As literary executor of the deceased, our correspondent says he is much interested in learning from the papers left in his possession, that his late friend was the author of the *Potiphar Papers*, and as there could be now no reason to the contrary, he calls upon our publishers to do justice to his friend by announcing the fact, that these “admirable papers,” &c. were by Mr. —. The reply of our publishers was briefly to the effect that the gentleman was mistaken, inasmuch as the said papers were from another source altogether; and, moreover,

the said publishers had never written a line to the deceased friend, and, indeed, had never heard of him, or from him in any way whatever. Whereupon our worthy correspondent replies, with very excusable indignation, that he has positive proofs to the contrary. "I have," says he, "Mr. —'s correspondence in my possession. In it I find several letters from your firm of the most flattering description." "As a sample, I will quote the following, which I wish you to reconcile with the one quoted above," i. e. to the effect that the authorship of said papers belonged elsewhere.

"Mr. —

"DEAR SIR:—Inclosed please find our draft on 'New York City Bank' for four hundred dollars, which we ask you to accept as a small consideration for the valuable services you have rendered us. As we have often before said, so we now say to you, that the 'Potiphar Papers' have done more for the popularity of our Magazine, more to establish its character, than *all else* we have received or published. We feel that the trifle we send you is no *compensation*, but you know this is our first year, and the enterprise thus far has been an experiment. Its success warrants us in making it a permanent thing; and if we can secure yourself and a few others to contribute monthly, we think we can make it what the public now have reason to expect. Your health being again well-established, may we not expect regular contributions from your flowing pen? Let all your leisure time be devoted for writing for us, and *we* will make the compensation satisfactory. We have under consideration a plan which, in the course of two months, we shall submit to you, for your improvement and approval, and then shall ask the terms upon which you will execute it. We have not realized the promised pleasure of seeing you in our city. What *new* inducements can we offer? The freedom of our houses and the city shall be yours. We do desire most sincerely to make your acquaintance personally, and shall not be satisfied with anything short of seeing you in our own "sanctum," and in our own houses. With new assurance of our interest in your prosperity, and continuing good health, we are, most cordially, yours, &c.,

(Signed) "G. P. PUTNAM & Co."

"This letter," proceeds our correspondent, "proves conclusively, by your own acknowledgment, that Mr. — *was* the author of the 'Potiphar Papers,' and I am at a loss to perceive how, with this letter in being, 'Mr. Blank, one of our editors,' should claim for himself the authorship of this very

able and entertaining work. The only way in which I can reconcile the matter is, that the letters to Mr. — were written by you—while that *to myself* was written by Mr. Blank."

Now, Alick, perhaps you would have considered this curious assumption of borrowed plumes in no other light than as a mere imposture for selfish or mercenary purposes; but why not suggest the charitable benefit of the doubt, and let it pass for an instance of peculiar mental hallucination?

It was rather cruel that the worthy executor should be so rudely undeceived in regard to the claims of his departed friend; but even charity could do no less. Our publishers had simply to pronounce the letter quoted as an entire fabrication, having no shadow of a foundation. But, whatever the motives which prompted such an imposture, or the mental disorder which caused such a delusion, we need only note it in this nameless way, as one of the minor curiosities of literature.

Our publishers, you think, should profit by the demonstration of liberality and hospitality so handsomely assessed upon them in this counterfeit epistle. They will of course seize the next opportunity to *deserve* this pleasant reputation. Lesser cheques and colder compliments, and more limited invitations, would be very ungracious, after the precedent so generously imagined for them as suitable in such cases.

The "fitness of things" in *creditable* authorship, is again exemplified (and rather too often by the way) by some of our contemporaries on the other side of the water. We refer to the now *chronic* habit in which several English Magazines indulge of copying from American books and periodicals, not only without credit, but in a way calculated to deceive. Here in *Bentley's Miscellany*, for August, is a specimen—a poem of Tuckerman's, copied from his volume published by Ticknor in 1850, is given as an original contribution to *Bentley*, with the careful *omission* of the author's name—reversing, in this instance, a recent compliment to ourselves in the same magazine, when it copied the poem of "*The Two Angels*," adding the words "By Henry W. Longfellow," and giving it as an original poem, written specially for *Bentley*! And then as an example of appreciative and generous "conveyance," we find that a composition for which our publishers had taken pride in sending the author

a 'considerable' compliment, is going the rounds of American periodicals credited to an English magazine! Call you this "encouraging American literature? No! You would denounce the meanness, dishonesty, &c. &c.? Calmly, worthy friend. Remember that anything *mean* is decidedly "Un-English." Besides do not our excellent and respectable cousins have provocation? These 'several courtesies' they think are only reciprocal, and if they are so deficient in poets, and find it so difficult to fill their pages with readable matter from their own authors, can we grudge them a lift, now and then? True, it is pleasant to have one's "good works" recognized and acknowledged in some shape—but meekness and charity are Christian virtues. Let us help our neighbors over sea as far as practicable, and let the "balance" go towards the *old* scores that are certainly rather in their favor, and so we will still pay our poets and lend them to Bentley and Eliza Cook and the rest, *without* con-sid-er-a-tion.

Further, Alick; for we would exhibit to you a fair specimen of the thorny understatum beneath that which you count a bed of roses—there exploded upon us, not long ago, a direful storm of wrath, aroused by an article discussing a question of great importance, touching the religious, moral, social, and pecuniary prosperity of the whole country. We will quote only one specimen of the epistolary torpedoes which cracked about us as fast as squibs at a regimental training.

"I can but hope and trust," says our correspondent, "that this matter will be amended; and that the Magazine will simply occupy *neutral* ground in relation to all political and *disturbing* questions. If not, I shall then be compelled in self-defence to adopt more decisive measures upon the subject."

Alick, Alick! your conduct in respect to this esteemed friend would have been totally indefensible. You would have flashed editorial thunder and lightning about his head and ears, enough to make a Sennacherib of him. You would have twitted him with being an emperor, or something of the kind; with residing (we do not break confidence in saying so much) in the "kingdom of South Carolina"—and talking as if he owned it; you would have inquired, with sarcastic quietude, after the precise nature of the force to be applied "in self-defence;" you would have been confident that so clear-sighted and self-res-

pectable a man would never fire a *brutian fulmen* at you—an empty bang? and you would have jeeringly inquired *how* you must needs expect to be compelled? You would have stated with offensive innuendo that free speech was yet exercisable in *some* portions of the country; and that you, individually, proposed to dwell in *some* such portion. You would have asked *what* interesting "question" is *not* "disturbing;" and how, if not "disturbing," there could be *any* "question" about it?

We, Alick, are wiser. What is the use of calmly stating cases to a man in a delirium? What did we say about it? Nothing.

We wished, to be sure, that allowance had been made for human liability to err; for our (possibly) honest mistake; and we resolved, as we had always resolved, not to choke down fair statements of our own or anybody's else opinion, to suit Maine, Michigan, or Mississippi.

You would demolish them? You would show them what it is to undertake to gag a free citizen? Restrain your impetuosity, impulsive friend. They honestly differ from us, and if they are unfortunate in not being able to endure a fair and thorough examination of both sides of *any* subject, let us not imitate their tender timidity.

But you look disconsolate. You don't see the use of trying either to edit or contribute, if neither editor nor contributor has only such chances of pleasure and success as we have delineated?

You are vibratory, Alick. There is use, and great use, both in editing and contributing.

It is a noble object, that of standing highest among the periodic utterances of so true and living a mind as our American mind. And the achievement of adequately controlling those utterances—or a principal vehicle of them,—is task enough to satisfy a very high ambition—and a very widely and vividly active intellect.

The honest editor's is a noble office; and we magnify it accordingly. And why should you take a view so suddenly sad, of the contributor's fate? It is true that nine-tenths of the matter offered us cannot come into the Magazine, and could not, even if Bacon, Milton, Shakespeare, Scott, Irving, Hawthorne, or De Quincey, should furnish us the same amount. The greater the mass, the better is the best; and this is *our* reason for desiring an extended field from which to choose. Meanwhile, lest you, "humble"

Alick, and other modest worth unknown to fame, should take undue discouragement from our words, understand, we pray you, that we have found our most satisfying literary success in the fact that while we have received assistance from leaders in American literature, so we have transplanted into our conservatory, full many a plant that otherwise might have wasted every particle of its sweetness upon the desert air. What we mean, in plain English, is simply this: that nobody ought to be dismayed at this chance of failure; because, first it is no greater here than elsewhere; and secondly, the greater the alternative honors.

Perhaps, that is reasonable, you say? It is. That last MS. of yours? Had we had time to read it?

No. We did read one page; and it occupied a golden half hour of our time. You have no right to expect that we shall decipher for you. If you send us hieroglyphics, you must inclose a Champollion. Your composition was evidently very good; and we think we may promise that if you will do two or three more clerical operations upon it, it shall appear.

You write a remarkably plain hand?

Pray "don't be dreadful." It is so plain that it is repulsive. We speak to you like a father, dear Alick; with tears in our eyes; and you should not be vexed. In the first place, you have written on both sides of the sheet. Paper is not so dear, but that you might waste half the space on it, to do much towards gaining the eyes of the editor, and the care of the compositor.

You have used foolscap. Leave it, hereafter, for those whose heads it fits. It folds very inconveniently; and, in our hands, or on the table, it wriggles and crooks in an ugly, inconvenient, provoking fashion; so that we cannot well appreciate the excellence of the sentiments inscribed upon it. "Commercial note," or an equivalent size, is the paper you should use.

The writing is *not* good. See here, is that word—no, you must not see the context—psalm, or Jerusalem?

Jerusalem, you say, of course.

No, it is meant for psalm. "A psalm exhaled from the deep soul of the nation."

I could pose you over your own script, all this day. You cannot read your own writing when it is cold. Let us enunciate to you our statement of the theory of writing.

Its first requisite is to be read easily.

Its second requisite is, to admit of rapid execution.

Its third requisite, to be beautiful in form, of letter, line, and page.

Therefore, Alick, when you send MS. to us, be careful, first, that it is legible. That secured, write as fast and as handsomely as you will.

Alick departed. He had, perhaps, been unceremoniously trimmed. But he is much benefited, if only he adds to the tail of his judgment—as the English judge learnedly remarked, by way of *obiter dictum*—what we clipped from the wings of his imagination.

Alick is—nobody. We mean that he is nobody in particular.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We insert a letter, unfortunately some time mislaid, giving valuable information as to Fitch's and Fulton's deserts in the history of steam navigation. It is from a distinguished contemporary observer and actor in the matters whereof he speaks.

FITCH'S AND FULTON'S STEAM NAVIGATION.

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly.

SIR:—I have been infinitely amused by your article upon the "Reminiscences" of the cosmopolitan Nolte; more so, even, than by the book itself, which, though amusing from its very errors, contains, among many "too tedious to mention," one in particular that, from its relation to the judicial history of our State and the Union, calls for correction. I undertake this task the more readily, from personal participation and knowledge in regard to the matter in question.

I refer to his account of the introduction of steam navigation upon our waters, the whole credit of which he gives to Mr. Fulton, without noticing the assistance which that ingenious and adroit mechanician derived from the inventions and experiments of his predecessors. He mistakes, in the first place, in assigning a secondary part to the late Chancellor Livingston, in his connection with Mr. Fulton; whereas, it was the Chancellor that first directed the attention of Mr. Fulton to steam navigation, and furnished the pecuniary means for its successful establishment, as well as for the previous experiments—and that, not in consequence of any family connection between them, as Mr. Nolte supposes, but from Mr. Fulton's introduction to him at Paris, in relation to his torpedo and catamaran projects, while Mr. Livingston resided there as Minister from this country. Both Mr. Liv-

ington and his brother-in-law, the late John Stevens, besides, John Fitch, James Rumsey, and others, had been engaged in experiments of the kind long before the Chancellor's mission to France. Upon Mr. Fulton's presenting himself in Paris, Mr. Livingston, apprised of his mechanical skill and ingenuity, engaged him to assist in the experiments he was then making in steam navigation on the Seine. He was aware that prior to any of his own attempts, John Fitch had, in the year 1787, obtained exclusive grants from the States of Pennsylvania and New York, to navigate their waters with "the steamboat by him lately invented," provided, that within one year, such boats should be placed by him on those rivers, and whose speed should not be less than four miles an hour. This condition was performed, whereupon the State grants became absolutely vested in Fitch and his representatives. About the same time, Rumsey was engaged in similar experiments upon the waters of Virginia, but with what result, does not appear.

Fitch, who had used a very imperfect engine, constructed by himself, afterwards repaired to Europe, to avail himself of the improvements made in that machine, in its application to other purposes, both in England and France. Having gained the information he sought, he was about to embark on his return home, when he was taken ill, and died at L'Orient. His papers, plans, models, and drawings, fell into the hands of Mr. Moses Vail, United States Consul at that port, of which Mr. Livingston was informed, and sent Mr. Fulton with authority to receive them, and they were delivered to him accordingly by Mr. Vail. Before, however, Mr. Livingston went to France, he had procured from the Legislature of New York, in the year 1798, an Act transferring to himself the exclusive right granted to Fitch, upon a representation that the latter had gone abroad and died, *without performing the condition upon which his grant depended*. The same allegation might have been made with stricter truth in regard to Mr. Livingston, who was never able to perform the similar conditions, till on his return from France, he had associated Mr. Fulton in his enterprise, and obtained a revival of his grant, which had in the meantime expired, by its own limitation, in their joint names.

You will observe that the grant to Fitch was made before the adoption of the present Federal Constitution, when the State had a right to make it, while the transfer to Mr. Livingston was made, after that Constitution had been nine years in operation, and the State had surrendered the right to the Gene-

ral Government. It was upon this ground, principally,* that the validity of the State grant was drawn in question, both in the Courts and Legislature of this State. The Chancellor, Lansing, decided against it; but his decree was reversed by the Court of Errors, and final judgment rendered in its favor. A compromise, however, was entered into between the parties, by which Messrs. Livingston and Fulton granted a license to their adversaries for the exclusive right of steam-navigation upon Lake Champlain, upon condition of their forbearing to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, whose decision alone was final upon the main point in controversy.

But a memorial was subsequently presented to the Legislature at the session of 1814, by Governor Ogden of New Jersey, setting forth in substance that he was the proprietor of a ferry between Elizabethtown, in that State, and the City of New York, the value of which was destroyed by reason of a license granted by Messrs. Livingston and Fulton to John R. Livingston, for the exclusive navigation of the intermediate waters by means of steam; and that he had applied to the State grantees for a similar license, and had been refused. He also stated, that he was deterred from venturing a steamboat upon his ferry by the extraordinary penalties given to protect the State grant, declaring it *ipso facto* forfeited to their use, directing the Court of Chancery to issue an injunction for the seizure of such boat, and rendering it irrepleviable during a trial, thus in effect awarding execution before judgment, and without a trial. He, therefore, prayed relief, either by an act, declaring that the State grant did not extend to the continuous waters, common to both States, or by a repeal of the extraordinary remedies above mentioned, which, in their operation closed the doors of the Courts of Justice against a trial of his rights.

This memorial was referred to a select committee, consisting of the Hon. William A. Duer, late President of Columbia College; the Hon. John Savage, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; the Hon. Samuel Young, afterwards Canal Commissioner and State Senator; John H. Avery, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Owego; and Bethel Mather, a respectable merchant of Troy. It was upon the hearing before this committee that the facts above stated appeared in evidence. A remonstrance having been interposed by Messrs. Livingston and Fulton, they appeared before the committee, by their counsel, Messrs. Emmet and Colden; while Governor Ogden conducted the inquiry on his part in person.

* Another ground of objection to the State grant had been previously taken by the Council of the Revision in 1798, when the bill was sent up for their approval, viz.: that it divested the right of Fitch, without proof of the facts upon which its forfeiture was alleged to have arisen. But the act passed the Legislature, notwithstanding this objection, and the question of the repugnancy of the grant to the Constitution was not raised either in the Council or the Legislature.

From the anxiety of the public to hear the evidence and arguments adduced on the occasion, the committee sat in the Assembly-chamber, which was crowded to overflowing during the investigation, by members of both houses, public officers, and private citizens of both sexes. The committee were instructed to report not only the facts of the case, but their opinion upon them, and their unanimous opinion was declared adverse to the validity of the State grant, as repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, which vested in Congress exclusive power to secure the rights of authors and inventors, and to regulate commerce among the States. But, inasmuch as the collision between the Federal and State jurisdictions presented a purely judicial question, they recommended merely the repeal of an act passed in 1811, giving the extraordinary remedies complained of by Governor O. to protect the State grant, and which formed no part of the right vested in Messrs. Livingston and Fulton. The bill reported for that purpose passed the Assembly, but was defeated after a long interval, and much maneuvering in the Senate.

The State grantees were, nevertheless, so much alarmed that they admitted a number of men of influence and capital in different parts of the States to participate in the profits of their monopoly; and among them the late Cadwallader D. Colden, who had appeared—as has been stated, as one of their counsel before the committee. Upon the death of Mr. Fulton, not long afterwards, this gentleman published his "Life of Robert Fulton," in which he attacked the report of the Committee of the Assembly in no measured terms. This called forth an answer from Mr. Duer, the chairman of that Committee and author of the report, defending it successfully from the assault. This which was followed by a "Vindication" of the exclusive right from Mr. Colden, and concluded by a "Reply," from Mr. Duer, which seems to have been *conclusive*, in more senses than one; for here the matter rested between these gentlemen, and soon the friendly intercourse, which had been interrupted by this war of pamphlets, was renewed between them.

The controversy however, was renewed by others. Governor Ogden had accepted a license from Livingston and Fulton to run a steamboat on his ferry, while the late Mr. Thomas Gibbons, a retired lawyer of great eminence who had removed from the State of Georgia to Elizabethtown, where he had become the proprietor of another ferry to New York, but which was worthless unless he could place a steamboat upon it, possessed of great wealth, and confidence in the opinions of the New York Committee of 1814, and more in his own, as well

as of great energy of character and perseverance in his undertakings, instead of soliciting a license from our State grantees, resolved to try the question as to the constitutionality of their exclusive right, at the risk of losing a valuable steamer by venturing her into the waters of New York. He was well assured that none of its courts would issue the obnoxious injunction given by the Act of 1811, repugnant as it was to the first principles of natural justice. And he was right;—Chancellor Kent granted Governor Ogden, who was the complainant, merely the common-law injunction, which permitted him to replenish and run his boat upon giving security to respond in damages to the State grantees in the event of their right being ultimately established.

The act was carried *pro formâ*, through the State Courts, who gave decisions similar to that between Livingston and Fulton, and their opponents and Mr. Gibbons appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, where the case was argued at great length and with great ability by the counsel on both sides, and judgment pronounced, in accordance with the luminous opinion of Chief-Justice Marshall, in favor of Mr. Gibbons, upon the very grounds taken in the Report of the Committee of the New York Assembly.* Thus was this great question definitively settled in favor of the powers of Congress and the rights of the people.

A FORMER MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—*Mile-Stones in our Life Journey*; by SAMUEL OSGOOD. A series of meditations upon several points and periods of human life. It is written most gracefully and pleasantly. The introductory chapter, a short recapitulation of personal remembrances, is delightful. The personal reminiscences of a kindly and intellectual man are always pleasant, and there are very few in whose hearts this chapter will fail to conjure up troops of memories of the childish and youthful hours which were long ago so cloudless and gay; which now are dimmed by the shades of the thicker atmosphere into which the storms of maturer life have driven them.

Nor will the remainder of the book prove less suggestive. Indeed, that last word indicates one of its main characteristics. It is not profound or exhaustive; it was written half as a recreation; it glances at many topics, asks questions, and hints at

* See 10 Wheaton's Reports, 466, and Duer's Lectures on the Const. Jurisp. of the U. S., pp. 197 and 245.

considerations about each; and all along, the pages abound with sentences which show that they came from a mind full of pure and elegant thought; and which set a busy and watchful mind straying off hither and thither in long, diverging trains of meditation or reverie. Such books are fruitful; not, perhaps, as furnishing so very much fruit ready ripe for the gathering, or as demanding strengthening exercise for the proffered attainment; but as pleasantly stimulating the reader to think for himself about the things which the writer has examined. To speak of a few portions of the book singly:

The remarks, p. 40 *et seq.* on the deficiencies in the present usual courses of theological study are well-timed and most true. We have heard from the lips of divinity students and of clergymen—and the same opinion is held by many wise laics—the confession that the seminary course is narrow, exclusive, defective, one-sided. As things are, the theological graduate goes forth to his work in the church, very little better prepared than a landward-bred student of navigation in the books, who should suddenly be set upon the quarter-deck, first in command of a Liverpool packet. The student of divinity learns logic, abundance of polemics and dogmatics, and possesses, let us admit, a heart warm with earnest love to God and man; he can show where, in respect to the Trinity and the Atonement, is drawn the tenuous line between Orthodoxy and Heresy; can distinguish a Supralapsarian, a Sublapsarian, any other Arian, or Arian, from each other, and from the widow Endive's horror—that awful heretic the Paripomenon. Yet of practical wisdom, what has he? What, to acquaint him with the social state of the people wherein he shall dwell—their temptations in business, in politics, in pleasure? What, to show him the actual living relations between the undeniable inevitable hardworking struggling world, the (how successful!) strife of all to avoid the apostolic denunciation of worse-than-heathenism, against those who do not provide for their own families,—all this on the one side, and on the other the exalted spiritual inner life, hid with Christ in God, angelically disregarding of earthly gain or love, of earthly cross or crown, which has risen, in its divine beauty, before his own soul; which in his hours of seclusion with God has wafted his own soul up such infinite heights of heavenly aspiration; which is the abiding power within him to

strengthen him in his devotion to God and his race? What to furnish him with the kind words which shall soothe a heart tortured in affliction, or dissolve away lurid clouds of anger? His parish life will be haunted with petty squabbles, deep griefs, empty exulting folly, hateful selfishness, vile machinations. These ugly spectres will call horribly to their brethren in his own heart; and he will be set to fight the foe both within and without. And his ammunition is a slender store of Greek, a slenderer of Hebrew, Dwight's (or other) Theology, whole on his shelves, skimmed in his notes, not at all in his head—a shingly bundle of polemic definitions and distinctions, and half-a-dozen sermons. The old Puritan custom of studying with established and experienced ministers satisfied this need. It is beginning to be suggested again. We hope that something will be appointed to be performed by candidates for the ministry, in the nature or in the stead of a thorough ministerial apprenticeship.

To return to the books before us, Mr. Osgood, in mentioning (p. 65) the late rapid intellectual and social progress of Rhode Island, might well have mentioned the name, or at least have alluded to the work, of Henry Barnard. It was in no small degree owing to his earnest and arduous labors—yet gratefully remembered in that State—that her Common Schools were, not long since, set in the way of thorough regeneration; and through and with her Common Schools were reached and improved her town libraries, young men's institutes, her academies and colleges, her men and women; *quod semper sed melius*.

We notice that Mr. Osgood's views upon the education of children into goodness, correspond not ill with those so very powerfully advocated some years since, by Dr. Bushnell.

A single light shadow of alliterative fancifulness hovers upon the book—ten times as much would have become affectation—in the repeated use of the phrase “glee and gloom,” we are unpleasantly reminded of the milk and water “land and sea, ship and shore” &c., iterated to nausea, of Mr. Colton. Mr. Osgood does not need any such claptrap.

One more thought. The “Mile-stones,” in common with a well-nigh universal habit of thinking, would diagrammatize life, in Rise, Progress, and Decline, as a curve, falling at its further end. Against

this we solemnly protest. It is discouragement and sorrow, all uncalled for. Life should be portrayed as a never-ending ascent; a ladder into heaven. For the vanishing joy of childhood, the deeper exhilaration and effervescent delight of youth, the steady glowing strength of manhood, are in turn replaced by pleasures of a higher and a higher kind; and the strengthlessness and slow defects of age are more than compensated, if the life has been true, by the growth of the inner life. That last period should not be figured as miserably recurved to earth, in sign of death, but as the highest human aspiration towards the disembodied life which only can be pure life.

And so we leave regretfully a book which has charmed us with true and beautiful thoughts, skilfully and elegantly set. We could write very long on the many themes it opens.

—*Salt Water Bubbles*, by HAWSER MARTINGALE, is a pleasant collection of little nautical sketches, of which we remember to have seen several heretofore, in some periodical. There is not a vulgar or profane word in the book, yet no lack of fun. The fore-castle-men, perhaps, are a trifle super-elegant in their English; but that is better than the lingo larded with oaths, which has dirtied so many pages of sea-stories. We have aided our judgment in this instance, by the weighty voice of an *amicus curiæ* of some twelve years old, who speaks confidently and strongly of the excellences of the Bubbles.

—*Leaves from the Tree Igdrasyi*, by MARTHA RUSSELL. The title is the least bit in the world wire-drawn. The representation of Life by a tree is but a wooden notion, savoring of the coarse minds and dim perceptions proper to the hard-handed and thick-skulled Northmen, and to the crabbed Carlyle. But it is a difficult matter to select just the right title for a book; and perhaps we should not have done as well as Miss Russell.

The book is a republication of a number of sketches and tales, several of which we remember to have seen in the *National Era*. The first—*The Diary*—is the best. It is a woman's narrative of her own love, and so truly told, that we half suspect the writer transferred some of it, at least, from the pages of her own heart. The remainder of the book, though not so impassioned, is well and womanly done; is quite as good as matter so composed can be expected to be.

—*The Wide-Awake Gift and Know-Nothing Token for 1855*, is, we believe, the first book professing to set forth the faith and works of "Sam." We must, however, except one small volume which was exhibited to us some time since with great secrecy, as "The Constitution and Laws of the Know-Nothings;" and which revealed to our eager eyes a dozen pages of pure white paper, together with the announcement upon the third cover page, that the elephant was to be seen at Barnum's. Whether the present volume is intended as a manual of the Know-Nothing faith, and whether it is claimed that all the matter within it directly sanctions and supports the present practices of that secret (and therefore dishonest and untrustworthy) organization, we do not know. We however apprehend no danger from matter as solid as Washington's Farewell Address, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, nor from matter so tenuous as the newspaper essays and poems of which much of the rest of the book consists. If all worshippers at the shrine of "Sam" are numbered among the buyers of the book, a large edition will be called for.

—*Wisdom, Wit, and Whims*, by JOSEPH BANVARD, is an alphabetical list of ancient philosophers, giving, under the name of each, a short biographical notice and statement of remarkable sayings, doings or doctrines compiled apparently in haste; indeed, it is acknowledged to be extracted, in good part, from three works whose names are given. The material does not seem to have been even worked over by Mr. Banvard; he should have called himself "Editor." The book might be useful as a supplement to a biographical dictionary.

—*Maxims of Washington*; collected and arranged by J. F. SCHROEDER, D. D. A maxim is defined as an established proposition, or one generally admitted to be true. Under this definition, we can hardly judge the following to be a maxim:—"There must be a faithful and pointed compliance on the part of every State, with the late proposals and demands of Congress, or the most fatal consequences will ensue." Or—"We exhibit the novel and astonishing spectacle of a whole people deliberating calmly on what form of government will be most conducive to their happiness; and deciding with an unexpected degree of unanimity, in favor of a system which they conceive calculated to answer the purpose;"—or the following—"Few gain by

this abominable practice; while thousands are injured." "I appeal to the archives of Congress, and call on those sacred deposits to witness for me." Neither can any of the frequent citations, occupying each a page or more, claim to be "maxims." A maxim, besides being a generally admitted proposition, is expected to be complete or absolute in statement, and strictly general in application; the brief statement of a universal principle.

A careful examination of the book enables us to state that it contains thirty-one sayings entitled to the designation of "maxim," not counting those which are imbedded in extended quotations from Washington's writings. The book is, in truth, a collection of short and long extracts, sometimes repeated, from the writings of Washington, his letters, messages, addresses, general orders, and will; bearing in very various ways, but only exceptionally in an aphoristic way, upon very various topics, for which see the index.

The selections appear to be fairly arranged, and may be very useful as a compendious abstract of Washington's opinions, in his own words. No man's thoughts are better worthy of consideration by American citizens; and the book will be worth owning by all such. But the title is a misnomer, and calculated to produce wrong impressions as to the character of the work. We should not have said so much about it, were it not that, especially in the case of a book of this character, we apprehend that many buyers might find their purchase of quite another character than they had supposed. We presume that Dr. Schroeder himself—than whom no man is a more capable judge of such a question—would, on reflection, agree with us.

—*Webster and his Masterpieces.* By Rev. B. F. TAPPAN. We do not think this a very valuable biography of Webster, for the simple reason, that it describes him as very nearly a perfect human being: we think, indeed, that it implies as much as that he was the very greatest man that ever lived. Now, however overpoweringly transcendent the magnificence of Mr. Webster's mind and its productions within its own peculiar empire,—and there, none could esteem him more worthily than we—it is our firm belief that his character and life were marred by very great defects and faults, and that his aims were mournfully far from being set, and his successes from being ob-

tained, in the noblest departments of human effort.

Again: a biography by a contemporary, must, in the nature of things—as long as men are merely human—be useful mainly in furnishing materials towards a just estimate of the subject,—not as accomplishing that estimate itself. As such, Dr. Tefft's work is and will be useful. But discussions of the political views and circumstances of any leading politician, by a contemporary to contemporaries—although, perhaps, not always entirely avoidable—are always (and reasonably), distrusted; and, therefore, inexpedient where not absolutely necessary.

So laudatory a biography as this must, of necessity, be faulty. The true history of a man's life should judge him; not merely admire and defend him. But, with this exception, the narrative is praiseworthy. It is clearly and easily told; and the perusal of the achievements even of so mighty a man as Daniel Webster is a most healthy stimulant to the rest of us who never can hope to equal or to excel him. The two volumes of Dr. Tefft include a judicious collection of Webster's most noted speeches and orations.

—*The Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe.* By the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, is a tribute, on the part of friends, to the memory of a young man of remarkable accomplishments, cut off, untimely, by the hand of death. As such, it is not properly an object of criticism. It contains the records of Mr. Wallace's opinions as they were left in manuscript, and without the last touches of the paternal hand. Had he lived longer, he would probably have modified some of his judgments, especially the narrow limits which he assigns to Art, and his singular views of Comte's philosophy; but, even in the imperfect form in which these writings appear, they show a mind of rare vigor, exquisite sensibility, discursive cultivation, and the noblest tendencies. The essays on the general principles of art, with which the volume opens, though they embrace little that will be new to persons who are readers in this department of philosophy, are written in an earnest spirit of conviction, and say many things, incidentally, of the deepest import, and the nicest discernment. The warm, religious feeling with which Mr. Wallace informs his topics, is one of his most delightful characteristics—relieving the most abstract research into

principles by a glow and flush of emotion. His remarks on the cathedrals of the Continent, exhibit a fine artistic perception, and a complete familiarity, not only with the science of architecture, but, what is more important, with its poetry. We know of no better series of criticism, in the same department, not excepting Ruskin's more pretentious treatment of the matter in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture." And, we might make a similar observation on the sketches of the great painters, which are full of eloquence, beauty, and profound observation. We trust that this will not be the only monument we are to have of Mr. Wallace's diligent culture and native force. His friends may rest assured that they owe it to the world to let us see his other papers, even though still more unfinished than these of the volume before us.

—BAYARD TAYLOR seems to be as industrious a writer as he is a traveller, for he gives us book after book, with as much facility as he steps from California to Cairo, or from Jersey to Japan. His last work, *The Lands of the Saracen*, includes his journeys through Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily and Spain, and is the second of the three books in which he proposes to complete his tour round the world. India, China, the Loo-Choo Islands and Japan, are reserved for the third and concluding volume. Many of the regions described in this volume have been often before traversed, and Mr. Taylor is enabled to say little that is novel in regard to them, though his own impressions are always vivacious and fresh; but the part relating to the voyage from Aleppo to Constantinople, through the heart of Asia Minor, has not often been explored, and is opened to us as a quite virgin field. Mr. Taylor's characteristics, as a traveller, we have before described, and we need, therefore, only to mention the publication of his work.

—Whether it was the fault of the publishers, or of some indiscreet friends, that *Ida May* was announced as from the pen of Mrs. Stowe,—we cannot say; but that announcement has, no doubt, seriously damaged the public estimation of the work. All who have taken it up, expecting to find a new Uncle Tom in it, must have been seriously disappointed. It is not a work without talent; it is conceived with considerable vigor, and executed with ability, but it is so vastly inferior to the novel with which it was brought into relation, that we

can hardly read it with patience. The truthfulness of Uncle Tom's Cabin,—the dramatic action; the fine discriminations of character; the alternate pathos and humor, are all wanting in *Ida May*, of which the plot is quite improbable, the characters ineffective and unnatural, and the story simply romantic. There are several vigorous descriptions in *Ida*, and some scenes of remarkable power; but, as a whole, we find it on a level with the majority of stories that are published in these days. The writer would do better with a less ambitious aim, and a more quiet sphere of incident.

TRANSLATIONS.—*Afraja*, a tale of Scandinavia, already briefly noticed, vol. iv. p. 564, is an account of the fortunes of a young Danish nobleman who is sent, for the repairing of his patrimony, to settle in the wild region of Finnmark; of his enterprises and achievements in business and in love. The translator has not succeeded in escaping into "English undefiled," from the haunting German idioms. But they have a quaint flavor, which is, perhaps, not inappropriate to the queer remarks of the shrewd traders and shepherds of the Northland. Mr. Morris must have recognized the Yankee-like qualities of Helgestad, the foremost of his characters; for he gives him the use of the Yankee vocable "calculate," in a way not otherwise to be accounted for. "I calculate that you are right," he says. Helgestad is a very good Yankee, indeed—better than one could have supposed a German capable of delineating. The book is extremely readable, and very pleasantly so, except that several of the good people, as well as the bad, are uncomfortably destroyed. *Afraja*, a cunning, but patriotic and noble-hearted old Lapland chief—a curious parallel, by the way, with his striking Indianisms, to Helgestad's New Englishish financiering—is burnt by judicial condemnation for witchcraft. His poor pretty little daughter, Gula, hopelessly in love with John Marstrand, the hero, Bjornarne Helgestad, hopelessly in love with her, and Olaf Veigand, ditto with the heroine, are summarily choked off in the Northern Ocean; and Mortund, another of Gula's lovers, a young Lapp, meant by her father for her husband, is, like Alexander McPherson,

"Shot with a bullet
Plumb through his gullet."

This "heroic practice" of extirpating all persons who become inconvenient in the

course of the story, without distinction of age or sex, as a sultan or a dey remedies his little domestic difficulties, is a most gratuitously and unartistically murderous practice. Why, when the threads of the imagined life lie in the writer's hand, should he wield the sanguinary shears, when he might weave them rather upon the pleasant distaff? When it is precisely as easy—unless to a careless literary sloven—to have his story end in sunshine as to overcast it with a chilly sunset storm, should he choose the discomfort of the latter? There is enough of sorrow in real life, which we cannot expect to shun. Let us have pleasant scenes portrayed in pictures and in books. Sorrow at fictitious distress is fit, perhaps, to fill the empty heads of indolent women—it is certainly not fit for anything or anybody else. Books which end in sorrow are of the same class of untrue and morbid excitements with statues of dying gladiators, pictures of deaths by famine, of the sawing asunder of Isaiah, of the roasting of St. Lawrence. They are as proper as an anatomical demonstration, or the actual inflation of the rack, might be in a parlor, for the diversion of one's friends.

Mr. Mügge's murders—they deserve no other name—are a blemish to the book. Yet, we doubt not, that many who love to drop a sympathetic tear—in the parlor, on a lace handkerchief—will disagree with us. But in spite of that, for some of the good people in "Afraja," and none of the bad, come to good fortune, the volume is very readable, well-written, and well-translated.

—*The Youth of Madame de Longueville.*
Translated from the French of Victor Cousin. By F. W. Ricord. Translation is a work which all think easy, but which very few can do. It is not sufficient to furnish literal equivalents, word by word, for the matter of the original. Nor is it even necessary, or always allowable, to retain the structure of the sentences, or of the paragraphs. The office of the translator is to render the foreign thought into the native thought: and, to that end, the garments of the languages must be altogether and entirely exchanged. This demands acquaintance not only with the mere relative lexicography of the two tongues, but with the genius and style of thought peculiar to each, and the equivalent thoughts in each.

In these respects Mr. Ricord is hardly prepared for the work of translation. A strong French odor—if the expression is

allowable—pervades the volume. This defect makes the perusal of the book unsatisfactory; inasmuch as English words, in French idioms, communicate to the great mass of English readers only indistinct ideas.

Aside from the merely literary merits or demerits of the book, it possesses a certain kind and degree of interest, as portraying the empty, bustling, frivolous, useless life of the upper classes in France, during the tangled disturbances of the long minority of Louis XIV., and the selfish and vicious administration of Richelieu and Mazarin. Although Madame de Longueville is selected as the central personage of the book, the disconnected sketches of her unprincipled and dissipated life are quite equalled in importance by the masses of detail about men and women now as insignificant and uninteresting as Madame de Moubazon, Mademoiselle de Vigeon, and that Duke d'Enghien, who won early fame by gaining the bloody fight of Rocroy,—people heard of in Madame de Sevigne's letters, but about whom nobody now cares a pin. Nor are the heartless and wicked intrigues of these empty-headed people made any pleasanter by the truly French, indifferent, and matter-of-fact manner in which M. Cousin has narrated them. He takes it as a thing right in itself, and altogether of course, that young women should marry decrepit old men, if their parents choose; and that, afterwards, they should have as many lovers as they wish, to comfort themselves. Nor has he any comment to offer, or even a disapprobatory word upon the base murders, called duels, which destroyed—within a few years—nine hundred of the gallantest gentlemen of France; the robberies, falsehood, greediness and selfishness which were the entire foul atmosphere in which the ladies and gentlemen of the Court of Anne of Austria lived and moved. We cannot count it any great advantage to American literature that it is increased by the addition of such books.

REPRINTS.—*History of the Crusades.* By MAJOR PROCTOR. 1 vol., 12 mo. Hildreth has occupied—in narrating the events of seventy years in the life of one nation—four or five times as much space as Major Proctor has used in the history of all Christendom, and the greatest empires of Heathenism, for three hundred years.

So compressed a work can be little more than a summary: and Mr. Proctor's is a clear and comprehensive summary of the

history of the Crusades, derived, in considerable part, as he honestly acknowledges, from Mill, Gibbon, and other modern writers on the period. We will take the liberty here of suggesting a still shorter abstract of the history of the Crusades, in which each Crusade is localized by its main characteristic, in such a way that the numerous class whose memories cannot hold a bald figured date, may cling by a chain of associations. Our list is as follows:—

Abortive mobbish expeditions, about 1096, not counted as Crusades, under Walter the Penniless, Peter the Hermit, Gottschalk the German Monk, and the goat and goose; destruction of the whole crew.

First Crusade, 1096; taking of Jerusalem, and Latin Kingdom there.

Second, 1147; erection of principalities of Antioch and Edessa.

Third, 1189; nothing at all.

Fourth, 1202; Latin Empire at Constantinople.

Fifth, 1217; free access to Jerusalem.

Sixth, 1238; Jerusalem in possession of Christians.

Seventh, 1245; defeat and captivity, in Egypt, of Louis IX. of France.

Eighth; death of Louis, in Tunis; abortive expedition, into Palestine, of Edward II. of England.

The profuse insertion of wretched woodcuts is a great blemish to a really valuable and well-written book. And, aside from the miserable execution of these, they are calculated to operate as impositions upon the innocent. What propriety is there in pretending to furnish portraits, either of the face, dress, or outfit of Mohammed, Zingis Khan, Bondocdar, Alexius Comnenus, or Theodore Lascaris? These absurd limnings continually remind us of the pictured forms of Ahasuerus, of Xerxes, of Adam and Eve, in the New England Primer, and are precisely as reliable. These pictures go to degrade the book to the level of those diluted concoctions which, under the name of Pictorial Histories and the like, within a few years deluged the country. In the name alike of truth and honesty, we enter a solemn protest against this most unpleasant practice, which sins both in omission and commission. It cannot give us a right idea of the appearance of the men and things in question; and, further, it does, in fact, give us a wrong one.

—*Synonyms of the New Testament*, by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, is a neat little volume of 250 pages, uniform with the au-

thor's two other books, on Proverbs and on the Lessons of Words. It is a careful discussion of the distinctions among about a hundred and fifty Greek synonyms in the New Testament. Of its precise practical value to the student of the mixed and intricate dialect of the Testament, we cannot speak. But the book is one of a comparatively new, and positively valuable character. The cautious examination and comparison of such expressions as are here discussed, cannot fail to suggest valuable new truths upon the verbal study of the Scriptures.

—A more timely scientific work could not appear than that just issued by H. Ballière, of No. 290, Broadway,—we mean *Latham's Races of the Russian Empire*. It is a complete and accurate account of all the varieties of people dwelling under the protection of the Russian government, including all those who have been conquered by the dominant race, or absorbed into its body. It is founded upon the great ethnological and statistical map of Russia, which was published by the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, in the year 1852. Few men are more competent to write on the subject than Dr. Latham, well-known for his "English Language," his "Varieties of Men," and his "Ethnological Notes to the Germania of Tacitus." A colored map of the whole of the Russian Empire, distinguishing the several tribes, adds greatly to the value of the work, which, also, constitutes a second volume of Norris's Ethnological Series.

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- FANNY GRAY; a History of her Life.** Illustrated by six colored figures. Crosby, Nichols & Co.: Boston. [One of the prettiest and best executed little divertissements for children we have ever seen. Little places of five to ten will be delighted with it.]





JOHN W. WATSON, F.R.S.E., F.R.S.

The subject of "Nature"

1860

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DIPLOMACY AND CANNON-BALLS.

THE IMPERIAL GAME IN EUROPE.

THE calendar has completed a full cycle, since the "game of kings" was again commenced in Europe. Slowly, but steadily, the great players have brought out their forces, and calmly and deliberately strengthened themselves for a long and desperate struggle. The world has looked with the deepest interest at the magnitude of preparation, the magnificent displays of power, and the wonderful development of resources by the Western Powers, contrasted with the sluggish movements and stubborn and dogged self-reliance of their great enemy. Young America and its kindred spirit everywhere, has scarcely been able to restrain its impatience at these cautious and deliberate movements, and, like the spectator of other and smaller games, has been constantly overlooking the board, hurrying the players, suggesting all manner of wise or foolish experiment, and restraining with the greatest difficulty the appetite for blood and carnage which its own fevered condition has created.

And still the game has moved grandly on. The giants have awakened slowly, but refreshed by their long sleep, and have gathered together their old armor, and polished and sharpened their battle-axes, and examined and strengthened every joint in their harness, with a deliberation that proved at once that they appreciated fully the magnitude of the contest in which they were to engage, and the ability and courage of the enemy they were to oppose. The flippant scribblers for the

press have sneered, it is true, at the supposed inferiority of Russia, and kept up their courage and fanned the war spirit of her enemies by boastful predictions of victories won without a struggle, and triumphs so easily obtained as to be shorn of their value. But, with all their mistakes—and they have been neither few nor small—the allied nations have not made that great one, of undervaluing the enemy they were to encounter.

The war having begun, it became necessary to avoid the appearance of indecision or hesitation, while time should be gained to make those vast preparations that were indispensable for its successful prosecution. For this purpose, far more than with any expectation of an amicable arrangement of the difficulties, negotiations have been carried on—congresses held—meetings between royal nobodies arranged, and all the machinery of continental diplomacy brought into the fullest action. The time has not yet come for the history of all this manœuvring to be written; but if either of the great actors in it shall preserve the record in detail, it will exhibit, when it shall be brought forth to astonish another age, a degree of duplicity, an extent of chicanery, an amount of cunning, and a succession of blunders, that has not been excelled, if equalled, on the earth, since the day when the Arch Enemy first commenced teaching diplomacy to man.

It has been the habit of Western Europe to arrogate to itself a superiority

over the Eastern nations, so great as to be unquestionable, in all the refinements of life. In letters—general diffusion of intelligence—quickness of perception, and high mental culture, they have claimed a pre-eminence so decided as to distance competition; and, wrapping themselves complacently in the mantle of their own self-conceit, have looked down with haughty condescension on the inferiority of their neighbors. It would not be difficult to show that in the negotiations preceding the declaration of war, the feathers of national vanity were sadly ruffled; and the philosophic historian may yet deduce from it anew the old truth, that wars more frequently originate in the bad temper, passions, weakness, or caprice of those whose duty it was to avoid them, rather than from any real difficulty about their ostensible cause. But the errors that preceded and rendered the war inevitable, were but “trifles, light as air,” when contrasted with the greater blunders that have been committed during the last year.

From the beginning, it has been apparent alike to parties and lookers on, that the alliance of Austria and Prussia was of the utmost consequence to the belligerents. If they should join their power to that of Russia, French vanity and English self-conceit were alike compelled to admit, that it would give the contest a character of equality more satisfactory to the lovers of a fair fight, than to their hopes of easy and speedy victory. By bringing the war to the banks of the Rhine, it would compel one of them, at least, to drink of the cup it had helped to drug, and by reviving the recollection of the time when eastern armies had quartered further to the westward of that famous river than it was pleasant to contemplate, would suggest to its imperial usurper, considerations in reference to a repetition of that mode of occupancy of his royal residences, vastly more possible than agreeable. History and experience had alike taught, that semi-barbarians were troublesome visitors for luxury and refinement, and that the Cossacks of the Don, and the Hussars of the Danube, though but picturesque features in Eastern landscapes, assumed a somewhat different and vastly less satisfactory aspect, when their horse-tails streamed in the streets of Paris.

But, if the alliance of Austria and Prussia could be secured to the Western Powers, it would transfer the seat of

war to the East, and expose the whole western frontier of their enemy to their attacks. The worst horrors of the controversy they had provoked would be spared to their own subjects, and the whirlwind that was to come from the wind they had sown, would be reaped by others. Oh! it was a crafty device, *but not original with them*. It was, at least, as old as *Æsop*, and the fable of the monkey and the cat had long since demonstrated its practical advantages in all cases where it could be carried out.

The wiles of diplomacy make good progress so long as they are not seen or counteracted. But, Russia was as keenly sensible as they were, of the importance of securing this alliance, and as active and more successful in its efforts to obtain it. But the alliance she desired was not that of active co-operation, but of “masterly inactivity,” and her object was not to array her neighbors against her enemies, but to use them rather to mislead and embarrass them. This will become perfectly apparent from a slight glance at her own position.

No other power is so self-existent and self-sustaining as Russia. Extending from the mild parallels of southern Europe to the frozen regions of the north, she embraces within herself the productions of almost every clime, and the material for a domestic commerce equal to all the wants of her people. With an overflowing population—agricultural resources boundless and well developed—defended on the north three-quarters of the year by the “frozen mail” of impenetrable winter—on the south by the dangerous navigation of the Black Sea—its vast distance from her enemies, and the stupendous fortifications that crown its coast—unapproachable from the east—it is obvious that it is only from the west that she can be attacked with any possibility of doing her any serious injury. Her ports could be blockaded, it is true! But what then? By cutting off the exportation of her vast surplus of wheat—greater than that of all Europe beside—her enemies, accustomed to depend upon it for bread for their own people, would be *starving themselves*, while by its accumulation at home, the price would be lowered—universal cheapness and plenty would thus more than compensate the masses for the other losses they might sustain, and the government itself would be enabled to feed its increased military force at so much

less expense, as to be a gainer, rather than a loser by the blockades.

If, instead of blockading, they capture the ports, the result would be yet more disastrous to the invaders. They would batter down stone walls, that could be rebuilt from the same materials when the war was ended, but where would be the vastly more expensive "wooden walls," that they must sacrifice in every such attack? Where the hecatombs of brave men, that would be offered up at every step from the construction of the first parallel to the last hand-to-hand encounter in the "imminent deadly breach," and whose expiring cry of agony would thrill through the heart of brethren at home, and make the soul of the nations shrink from the further prosecution of the hell-born struggle? Whence would come the many millions of treasure that such far-off and difficult operations would require, and that, added to indebtedness already so vast that the mind trembles as it attempts the enumeration of the figures that express it, must secure national bankruptcy as another of the fruits of the bloody game? And when in the suspension of business, the interruptions of the ordinary channels of trade, the cutting off of a part, and the diminution of all the foreign demand for their productions, the manufacturers shall be compelled to suspend their operations, and the spindles of Manchester shall cease their revolutions, and the looms of Lyons shall be idle, and the thousand thousands that they now feed shall gather together with sunken and haggard visages, on which hunger has preyed until it has taught lessons that only hungry men can learn, and their deep, despairing cry for 'bread' shall ascend to heaven, will they be quieted and sent back peaceably and contentedly to their starving families, by the assurance that all the bloody battles that have been fought, the gallant fleets that have been destroyed, the millions of money squandered, and the hosts of noble men sacrificed, have all been to demolish a few forts that were worth nothing after they were captured, that they might the more effectually prevent Russia from sending them the food for which they were dying, and from purchasing the manufactures that would have supplied the means to pay for it?

The time has been when all these natural results of war would have been encountered by the English and French nations, and if now borne without repin-

ing, would, in a just cause, have been submitted to, to the end. But it was before forty years of peace had followed half a century of carnage, and in its contrasts as well as in the burdens it found itself compelled to bear, had taught the masses their true interest and their power. They now rule whenever they are aroused and exercise their strength, and when want stalks through the land, and ranges them under his banner, he will become a leader, powerful enough to shake to the foundation every war-worn and tottering throne.

It is now entirely apparent that the interest of Russia is to prolong the war. Acting only on the defensive, her operations at home are conducted with vastly less expense than those of her enemies. The disbursements for the support of her armies are all made among her own people, and the evils resulting from sending abroad so large a proportion of the capital of a country are thus averted from her, while they fall with the greatest severity upon her foes. Every soldier lost can be replaced by another, and hardly be missed, while the ranks of the hostile forces can only be filled at a sacrifice of time and money so great, that every victory becomes in its consequences a defeat. Nicholas has only to remain on the defensive until they are exhausted by their bootless triumphs, to be able to present to the world the new spectacle of the vanquished dictating terms of peace to the victors.

It is idle to deny the Czar the possession of great sagacity and ability. That he does not comprehend fully the relative position of his neighbors, his enemies, and himself, is a supposition not now to be entertained. He has no present need of the assistance of Austria and Prussia, as he can exhaust his enemies more rapidly without, than with their aid. He would much rather that they should be husbanding their resources—strengthening themselves commercially and financially—enlarging and drilling their armies and protecting him by their neutrality, than to be obliged to defend their territories as well as his own, and furnish the "sinews of war" for their troops, in addition to the armies of Russia? If they enter the struggle as his allies, they lose their financial strength with the capitalists of Europe, and he must supply the funds that they would be unable to procure anywhere else. So long as he knows he can trust them, he had far rather that they should be coquetting

with his enemies—borrowing their money—embarrassing their counsels—sowing the seeds of discord and distrust among them, and feigning hostility to him, than to have all the aid that all the resources of the two kingdoms could possibly give him. And when this course of policy shall be played out, and the Western Powers, duped by their hopes and blinded by their fears, shall have been led on, until the embarrassment and ruin that follow in the track of war shall reach them, then from the signal at the fountain-head of Absolutism, the hollow disguise will be thrown off, and a million fresh and well-disciplined troops will be wheeled into line with the armies of Holy Russia, and backed by the unexhausted resources of Austria and Prussia, will be marching quick-step towards the setting-sun, at the very moment that sleepy diplomatists there will be dozing over some new plan to secure the coöperation of the German States.

But if the policy of Russia is so apparent, that of Austria and Prussia has been from the beginning equally clear:—To stimulate the controversy, yet have no part in it, was their first great object, and if they were unable entirely to avoid it themselves, then to give it such a direction as would secure an ultimate triumph to Russia, the mighty cost of which should weaken her greatly, and at the same time enable them to claim that she owed it to them. These were great objects, to be attained only by boundless duplicity and perfidy, and they who undertook it were apt scholars in the school where such treacherous lessons are learned. That these have been and are their real springs of action, the facts abundantly prove.

The most careless observer could not fail to see that the protracted wars of Napoleon the First had operated with most severity upon the German States, while the long peace that had followed had developed the resources and increased the strength of England, France, and Russia so much more rapidly, that the day was not far distant when Austria and Prussia must be content to take rank as second-rate powers. If, therefore, they could stimulate this war between their great rivals, and avoid it themselves, diplomacy would have achieved one of its greatest triumphs, and they could look with all confidence to the fiendish ally they had invoked to exhaust the resources, crush the pro-

spérité, and humble the power whose growth they feared. Most shrewdly have they played their game. Pretending in the first instance to side with Russia, they supported and sustained its emperor until he had committed himself too far to retreat with honor. When England and France, witnessing the firm attitude of the Czar, and shrinking from a war in which so little of principle was involved, seemed to waver in the support of the positions they had taken, Austria all at once had discovered that her interests and theirs were identical, and that it was hardly more that was wanting than the formalities of an alliance which already existed in fact. The statesmen of Western Europe had from the beginning been impressed with the belief, that Nicholas would not attempt, single-handed, to sustain a war in which all the other great powers were united against him. Fortified now by the supposed adhesion of the Central States, they regained the courage they had previously lost, and assumed again the dictatorial tone to which Austria well knew the Russian bear would never submit.

Thus the controversy began, yet Austria and Prussia were *not quite ready* to "let slip the dogs of war" themselves. They preferred to be spectators rather than participants in the costly and bloody game. Yet it was necessary that the show of negotiation should be kept up, and the eager anxiety of the belligerents rendered it by no means difficult for the shrewd old diplomatists that had learned their craft under Metternich, to play alternately upon their hopes and fears, and to find in the ever-changing phases of the negotiations abundant pretexts for the delays they desired. How the grim and significant smiles of contempt must have fitted over the iron visages of those old graybeards, as they played thus from mouth to mouth with the inexperienced imbecility that represented the one, and the timid old fogysm that guarded the honor of the other of their would-be allies.

Perhaps the whole history of diplomacy cannot furnish a greater triumph, or one followed by more momentous results. Had the diplomatists of France and England been equal to the emergency in which they were placed, they could not have failed to see that the real interests of the three Eastern powers were, as against them, necessarily identical—that Austria and Prussia had nothing to

fear from Russia, but everything from them; that they could not take an active part in the war without actual ruin, but that so long as it only raged around them, it was protecting and enriching them; that as all governments are selfish, and absolute ones supremely so, it was at least possible that they were husbanding their resources and augmenting their armies only to be "in at the death," and that in the very nature of the case, it was utterly impossible that the tyrants whose aid they sought should not secretly sympathize with their relative, neighbor, and friend, or that they could, under any circumstances, really desire the success of their arms, or an alliance with them upon any terms. The great men who, half a century ago occupied their places, would have died with mortification and chagrin had they been guilty of half so great a blunder.

It has been frequently said, that it is as easy for Russia as for the Western powers to arouse Hungary and Italy. They who hazard such an opinion can hardly have reflected much upon it. Of all the governments of the earth claiming to be Christian, Russia has the least sympathy with any movement having for its object the amelioration of the condition of the people, and the most reason to fear the spread of democratic ideas among them. Unhesitating, abject obedience, is the keystone of all its power, and it cannot become the propagandist of liberal principles, or the fomentor of resistance to legitimate authority *anywhere*, without teaching its own people a lesson that would shake its throne. Its security has hitherto been in its ability to keep these great exciting elements at a distance, and Austria and Prussia have been the "*cordon sanitaire*" that has protected it from infection, and kept the political pestilence from its borders. When Hungary made its gallant struggle, the epidemic came too near, and it was the instinct of self-preservation, not love for Austria, that brought the Cossacks to her aid. Russia could as well put arms and newspapers in the hands of her own serfs, as in those of the people of Hungary, and would do the one quite as willingly as the other.

But supposing this were not so, and that Russia should be insane enough to wish to pull down the only other supporters of absolutism, and to establish democratic governments in their stead: How is she to do it? Will Mazzini or

Kossuth take service under her auspices for such a purpose? Not only are they domiciled with her enemies, but they hate her with a hatred scarcely less than that they cherish for Austria itself.—Even if they were willing to use any means that promised to advance the interests of their respective countries, they would not dare trust Russia. They know that the only hope of liberal principles in Europe is to be found in the land that has furnished them with an asylum. Are they likely to form an alliance against her? They have learned too bitterly to forget whence came the power that crushed out their last hope. Would they now rally to its aid, knowing, at the same time, that it only desired to use them for its own purposes, and that when once in its power it would grind them to dust beneath its iron heel? No! Russia cannot, if she would, and would not, if she could, arouse again to action the slumbering volcanoes that in overwhelming the House of Hapsburgh, might bury her also in the ruin they would make. But England and France could set these elements in motion, and the danger to themselves would be more remote. Thus supported and supplied with the necessary arms and munitions of war, the oppressed of Italy and Hungary could be rallied to a contest, the result of which could not be doubtful—that would secure the overthrow of the government of Austria—lead in all human probability to a grand fraternal union with the red republicanism, that whatever the form, would be the real government of France, and carry the spirit of democracy run mad not only over Poland, but following in the track of the Great Uncle, might give the Little Nephew an opportunity in Moscow itself, to wipe out from history the remembrance of that mighty Napoleonic blunder.

Thus, then, it follows, that Austria *could not* take part with Russia, and that Russia *would not* desire an ally that would bring her so much weakness instead of strength. As a barrier and a safeguard, she would be invaluable; but as a supporter, she would be a burden more grievous to be borne, than the loss of ten Bomarsunds, or twice ten Sebastopols.

Equally apparent is it, that Austria and Prussia *cannot* voluntarily form an alliance with the Western Powers. So long as they remain neutral, the

business and commerce of the belligerents must pass into their hands; and in the general increase of wealth and prosperity, they will find ample means to defray the extraordinary expenses of defending that neutrality. But the moment they become parties to this controversy of others, and are "counted in" in this "free fight," not only must they share the general calamities that war imposes upon the other belligerents, but they become at once the battle-field where the great contest is to be fought out. Russia, France and England, would furnish men and money, but it would be Austria and Prussia that would supply the provinces to be laid waste, towns to be sacked, houses to be burned, homes to be made desolate, and people to be crushed and demoralized by the mad orgies of victorious troops, and all those other horrors that for ever follow in their track. With no one interest involved—no honor compromised—no passions aroused—the engagement of Austria and Prussia in such a conflict, would show a degree of weakness and folly only paralleled by that of the obtuse statesmen that still dream over their portfolios, and utter, in oracular sentences, their predictions through the press, and breathe out in diplomatic and congratulatory notes their earnest expectations, that Austria and Prussia, or either of them, will soon perfect an alliance with the enemies of Russia. It would be inviting desolation and ruin to make their homes within their borders, and they have no affection for, or sympathy with, their billing and cooing neighbors, that will lead them to make such measureless sacrifices on their account.

If other reasons were wanted why Austria and Prussia *cannot* be honest in any negotiations for such an alliance, they are to be found in their past history as connected with Russia—in the common interests of Absolutism—in a common hatred of Revolution—in the sagacity, long tried, that ever has taught them that by union alone can they exclude the enemy they most dread—in the similarity of institutions and character, and in the ties of blood that bind their reigning families together.

The shrewd observer, looking over the whole field calmly and dispassionately, can hardly doubt that the whole course of Austrian diplomacy has secretly been approved, if not dictated by Russia:—It is too clear to be doubted, that the latter could receive no such aid

from the central powers, as would counterbalance the injury that she would suffer from the consequences of revolts in Italy, Hungary and Poland, and from opening her whole western frontier to attacks from which she is now protected, because the armies of her enemies can only reach her through neutral territory. The course of Austria in occupying the Danubian provinces, had the effect to throw a neutral army between the hostile camps, and enabled Russia to draw off for the Crimea a large part of the forces that otherwise would have been indispensable for the protection of the line of the Pruth, and interposed a perfect defence against attack from the only side on which it was to be feared—from Turkey:—and yet, Austria smiled complacently as she moved on the army of occupation, and spoke in silvery tones as she turned towards the West; and my Lord Aberdeen—bless his easy, honest soul!—took it all for an act of courtesy, and dreamed when he retired into his night-cap, of an alliance with Austria.

How much longer this game can be played successfully, depends entirely upon the extent of the stupidity and blindness of the Western Cabinets. Judged by the past, they must be considered illimitable, and their gullibility as bounded only by the wishes of their opponents. If they shall open their eyes in time, and cutting through the diplomatic meshes in which they are entangled, force decisive action, they will learn at last that Austria and Prussia never have sympathized with or intended to join them, and that they have been deluded and deceived from the day the controversy began. It is not impossible that Nicholas himself shall think that the new patients he has to deal with, are not yet "sick" enough to enable him to give them the "*coup-de-grace*" with safety, and that rather than weaken his friends before he is ready to use them, he shall prefer to have them make a pretended alliance with his enemies. He will thus have bonds for the good conduct of Hungary and Poland, and the means of knowing as soon as they know it themselves, all that shall be worth his knowing, of their plans against him. In making such an alliance, England and France will be leaguering themselves with traitors and hypocrites, and will share the fate of those who choose such friends. Neither Austria or Prussia will join them for any purpose but to embarrass or betray them, and the Alliance will

last no longer than shall be for the interest of Russia. When the time shall come that requires it, pretexts will not be wanting for a peace that Austria and Prussia will think honorable, but that they cannot accept, and that will thus be made the means of turning against them the very weapons they had prepared for their enemies, and that may also array upon the other side, the moral sense of the world.

The future historian will find ample materials to enliven the monotony of his

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pages, in the events of this unnatural and unnecessary war. Following it in all its details, he will record many bloody battles—many “glorious victories”—but among them all, he will find none so thorough and astounding in their character, so damning to the fame of the vanquished, or so utterly without precedent and without excuse, as the uninterrupted succession of triumphs over the Western Cabinets, by Eastern Diplomacy.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

A SECOND EPISTLE FROM MR. SPARROWGRASS.

MRS. SPARROWGRASS says that summer sketches should not come out in the winter. She thinks what was written in June is not fit to be read in December, and a paper made in July is out of season in January. “The one you are putting in your overcoat pocket, now,” she says, “was written last August, and I know it.” At first I was as much confused as if I had been caught in some flagrant act of impropriety, but I rallied a little, for a lucky thought struck me. “Mrs. Sparrowgrass,” said I, “I will put the August paper in print, now; but at the same time request them not to read it until warm weather.” This admirable and original piece of finesse pleased my wife highly. “That will do,” she said, “but do not forget to tell them not to read it until then.” So now, good reader, when you have reached this point, fold up the leaf, and do not open it until Sirius is in the noon-day sky.

We begin to enjoy the clouds since we have moved out of town. The city sky is all strips and patches; but the sky of the country forms a very comfortable whole. Then, you have the horizon, of which you get but an imperfect idea if you live in a crooked street; and besides, you can see distant rain storms passing over far-off landscapes, and as the light-winged breeze comes sweeping up and you feel the approaching dampness, there is a freshness and fragrance in it which is not at all like the miasmatic exhalations of a great city. Then, when the rain does come it is not simply an inconvenience, as it always is in town,

but a real blessing, which even the stupid old cabbages know enough to enjoy. I think our musk-melons feel better now, as they lie there in sandy beds sucking the delicious fluid through their long vinous tubes. I think our Shaker corn, as he gives himself a rousing shake, and flings the big drops around him, does so with a species of boisterous joy, as if he could not have too much of it; and Monsieur Tomata, who is capering like Humpty Dumpty on the wall, is evidently in high feather, which is not the case with our forlorn rooster, who is but poorly protected under the old basket, yonder. The rain came from the southwest. We saw the clouds rolling up over the Palisades in round masses, with a movement like puffs of smoke rolling up from the guns of a frigate. It was a dead calm; not a pensile leaf twinkled; the flat expanse of the river was without a ripple. We saw the conglomerated volumes of snow-white vapor ascending to the zenith, and below lay the Hudson, roughening in the now audibly approaching breeze. Meanwhile the sky grew ashy pale in the southwest, and the big clouds overhead were sometimes veined with lightning, which was reflected momentarily by the now darkening water. Just below us we heard the quick rattle of the rings as the wood sloops dropped and reefed their broad sails in anticipation of the squall. Everything around us reposed in a sort of supernatural twilight, the grass turned grey and old, the tree trunks changed to iron, the air seemed denser, sullener, sultrier. Then

a little breeze prattled through the chest-nuts, and whitened the poplars. Then it subsided. Then the white cloud above appeared a tangle of dazzling light, and a sharp fusilade followed on the instant. Then Mrs. Sparrowgrass got frightened, and said she must go in, and as she said so, the wind pounced upon her and carried up her sunbonnet at least three hundred feet above the tide water. Then it slammed to every door in the house, prostrated my Lima beans, howled down the chimney, roared and whistled through the trees, tore the dust from the roads, and poured it through our open windows, hurried off the big gate, laid it on my pie-plant, and blew down my beehive, which liberated all my bees, who instantly settled upon our watch dog and stung him so that he ran away and did not return until the following Sunday.

Nevertheless, the scenery around was marvellously beautiful. South of us a grey rain-curtain was drawn across the river, shutting out everything beyond, except the spectral masts and spars of a schooner riding at anchor. The Palisades started up in the gloom as their precipitous masses were revealed by the flashes of unearthly light that played through the rolling clouds. The river before us, eeked with snow, stretched away to the orth, where it lay partly in sunshine, under a blue sky, dappled with fleecy vapors. Inland, the trees were twisted in attitudes strikingly picturesque and novel; the sord flew before the blast like spray, and below it the swells and slopes of livid green had an aspect so unusual that it seemed as if I had been transported into a strange place—a far countrie. Our cottage, too, which I had planned and built, changed its tinted walls to stark, staring white, with window-panes black as ink. From room to room Mrs. Sparrowgrass flitted like a phantom, closing the sashes, and making all secure. Then the electric prattled overhead for a moment, and wound up with a roar like the explosion of a stone quarry. Then a big drop fell and rolled itself up in a globule of dust in the path; then another—another—another. Then I bethought me of my new straw hat, and retreated into the house, and then—it rained! Reader, did you ever see rain in the country? I hope you have; my pen is impotent; I cannot describe it. The storm hushed by degrees, and went off amid saffron flushes, and a glitter of hail. The western sky parted its

ashy curtains, and the rugged Palisades lay warm and beautiful under the evening sun. There it declines, amid melted topaz and rubies; and above it, on one side, stretching aloft from the rocky precipices high up in the azure, is a crescent of crimson and golden fragments of clouds! Once more in the sunlight, and now we will throw open all the windows and let in the cool air.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract breaks in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, bugle! answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!

I have bought me a bugle. A bugle is a good thing to have in the country. The man of whom I bought it said it had an easy draught, so that a child could fill it. He asked me if I would try it. I told him I would prefer not, as my wind was not in order; but that when I got out in my boat, the instrument should be critically tested. When I reached home, I could scarcely finish my tea on account of the bugle. The bugle was a secret. I meant to surprise Mrs. Sparrowgrass. Play, I could not, but I would row off in the river, and blow a prolonged note softly; increasing it until it thrilled across the night like the dolorous trumpet of Roland at the rout of Roncevalles. I slipped away, took the hidden instrument from the bushes, handled the souls, and soon put five hundred feet of brine between me and the cottage. Then I unwrapped the brown paper, and lifted the copper clarion to my lips. I blew until I thought my head would burst, and could not raise a toot. I drew a long breath, expanded my lungs to the utmost, and blew my eyes almost out of their sockets, but nothing came of it, saving a harsh, brassy note, within the metallic labyrinth. Then I attempted the persuasive, and finally cajoled a faint rhythmic sound from it that would have been inaudible at pistol-shot distance. But this was encouraging—I had gotten the hang of it. Little by little I succeeded, and at last articulated a melancholy B flat, whereupon I looked over at the cottage. It was not there—the boat had drifted down stream, two miles at least; so I had to tug up against the tide until I nearly reached home, when I took the precaution of dropping at anchor to windward, and once more exalted my horn. Obstinacy is a Sparrowgrassian virtue. My upper-lip, under the

tuition of the mouth-piece, had puffed out into the worst kind of a blister, yet still I persevered. I mastered three notes of the gamut, and then pulled for the front of the cottage. Now, said I, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, look out for an unexpected serenade.

"Gnar-ty! Gnar-rra-raa-poo-poo-poop-en-arr-ty! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta! Poo-poo-ta-rra-noop-en taa-ty! Poopen te noopan ta ta! 'np! 'np! Graa-too-pen-tar-poopen-en-arryty!"

"Who is making that infernal noise?" said a voice on the shore.

"Rrra-ty! 'traa-tar-poopen-tarty!"

"Get out with you!" and a big stone fell splash in the water. This was too much to bear on my own premises, so I rowed up to the beach to punish the offender, whom I found to be my neighbor.

"Oh, ho," said he, "was that you, Sparrowgrass?"

I said it was me, and added, "You don't seem to be fond of music?"

He said, not as a general thing, but he thought a tune on the fiddle now and then wasn't bad to take.

I answered, that the relative merit of stringed and wind instruments had never been exactly settled, but if he preferred the former, he might stay at home and enjoy it, which would be better than intruding on my beach, and interrupting me when I was practising. With this I looked up my boat, tucked the bugle under my arm, and marched off. Our neighbor merely laughed, and said nothing.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus,
Let no such man be trusted."

When I reached my domicile, Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me who that was, "blowing a fish-horn?" I have in consequence given up music as a source of enjoyment since that evening.

Our fruit did not turn out well this season on account of the drought. Our apple trees blossomed fairly, but the apples were stung by the curculio, and finished their growth by the time they got to look like dried prunes. I had the satisfaction, however, of producing a curious hybrid in my melon patch, by planting squashes in the next bed. I do not know which to admire most—the influence of the melon on the squash, or the influence of the squash on the melon. Planted side by side, you can scarcely tell one from the other, except from appearance; but if you ever do eat a boiled musk melon, or a squash raw, you will have some idea of this singular and beautiful phenomenon.

On the Fourth of July we had company from town. "Dear," said Mrs. S., "have you seen our cherry?" I answered, that I had set out many trees of that kind, and did not know which one she alluded to (at the same time a hopeful vision of "cherry pie on the Fourth of July" flitted across my pericranium). As we all walked out to see the glorious spectacle, I told our guests aside, the young trees were so luxuriant in foliage that I had not observed what masses of fruit might be concealed underneath the leaves, but that Mrs. S. had a penetrating eye, and no doubt would surprise me as well as them. When we came to the tree, my wife turned around, after a slight examination, and coolly observed, she thought it was there, but some boy must have picked it off.

"Picked it off," said I, as the truth flashed in my mind. "Yes," she replied, with a mournful accent, "picked off the only cherry we ever had."

This was a surprise, indeed, but not what I had expected. Mrs. Sparrowgrass, how could you expose me in such a way? How could you, after all my bragging to these city people about our fine garden, make a revelation that carried away all the foundations of my pride in one fell swoop? How could you, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

[This article, from an officer of high standing in the U. S. Army, is, of course, a *military* view of the subject, which, from such competent authority, is entitled to respect: but the conductors and many of the readers of the Magazine may reasonably hold opinions at variance with those herein advocated.]—*Editor.*

THE subject of our article is so much associated, in the popular mind, with ships, forts, and the preparation and proper distribution of all munitions of war, that it may be thought that we here propose to discuss those questions. But we do not deem it necessary to combat an idea which all history controverts, that a large naval force will ever be able, by cruising in front of our extended coast, to prevent a hostile expedition from landing on our shores.* It is sufficient for our purpose to accept the reluctant admission of the historian Alison, that in the face of greatly superior maritime forces, Ireland was, for sixteen days, in 1798, at the mercy of Hoche's expedition of 25,000 men, and that neither the skill of English sailors, nor the valor of English armies, but the fury of the elements, saved them from the danger. "While these considerations," continues Alison, "are fitted to abate confidence in invasion, they are, at the same time, calculated to weaken an overweening confidence in naval superiority, and to demonstrate that the only base on which certain reliance can be placed, even by an insular power, is a *well-disciplined army and the patriotism of its own subjects.*"

Nor do we think it necessary, while the recent vain boastings, now contrasted with the insignificant performance of the allied fleets, is still notorious, to waste argument on the exploded idea that ships can contend with forts.† The results of such contests in our country, at Fort Moultrie, Mobile Point, Stonington and Fort M'Henry, abundantly show that our sea-board defences, if completed under the supervision of our able engineers, and properly garrisoned, will resist, successfully, any merely naval aggressions. But recent events, showing with what facility large armies are transported by water, as conclusively prove that the great maritime powers will look to their armies to accomplish in future wars what it would be idle to expect from a navy, and it is by the organization of forces "fitted to bring into ac-

tion the physical strength of the country with a competent knowledge of their duty and just ideas of discipline and subordination," that such armies must be met. The means by which we propose to accomplish this great object, will leave unchanged the present militia laws of the Union, but we shall endeavor to show in what manner existing institutions may be applied to the great purpose in view, by a simple enactment granting to the States, in the words of the Constitution, the consent of Congress "*to keep troops.*"

The great Francis Bacon has said that "the principal point of greatness in any State is to have a race of military men;" and elsewhere, in his enumeration of the elements of true greatness in a State, he writes: "that it consisteth also in the value and military disposition of the people it breedeth, and in this that they make profession of arms. And it consisteth also in the commandment of the sea." But he continues: "In the measuring or balancing of greatness, there is commonly too much ascribed to largeness of territory, to treasure or riches, to the fruitfulness of the soil or affluence of commodities, and to the strength and fortification of towns and holds." What was made evident to Bacon by the lore of ages is equally true now. If we, as a people, neglect our military resources, do not foster the military spirit of the people, but on the contrary disregard military merit, and even neglect to honor and reward great military services rendered to the State, we cannot breed a race of military men, and are in danger of verifying the assertion of de Tocqueville, in his Observations upon Democracy in America, that "the military career was little honored and badly followed in time of peace." * * That "this public disfavor is a very heavy burden, which bows down all military spirit," and that if such a people should undertake "a war after a long peace, they would run a much greater risk than any other people of being beaten."

The existing institutions which we

* For a sketch of the principal maritime expeditions, see Jomini's Art of War, translated by Major Winship and Lieut. McLeod. See also the report of a board of officers submitted at the first session of the 26th Congress (Doc. 451), containing numerous illustrations from history, showing the impracticability of covering even a small extent of coast by cruising in front of it.

† The subject is ably discussed in "Halleck's Military Art and Science," under the head of "Sea Coast Defences."

propose to use as aids in the efficient organization of State troops are the Military Academy, the army of the United States, and the militia of the States. The Military Academy is already in successful operation. The first step, then, towards proper State organizations should be to give to the regular army a system of recruiting in harmony with our institutions and the manner in which all militia force must be collected. It is the several States which furnish the militia force, and the regular army should, therefore, be recruited by States. Let every regiment have its depot in a particular district of country, and with the present rate of pay given to the non-commissioned officers and privates, and the reward of promotion from the ranks be bestowed whenever merited, and we should soon have an army in the different parts of which the various sections of the country would take a lively interest. In an army thus collected, which offered a career worthy of being sought, an *esprit-de-corps* would soon be developed which we may in vain seek in our present establishment, and such an army, instead of being regarded by their countrymen as strangers in sympathy and pursuit, might be made the nucleus of science and strength, around which the mental and physical force of the country could be concentrated in war. To accomplish this great object, other changes are also necessary, but much lies within the discretion of the Secretary of War, and upon his recommendation it is not doubted that Congress will legislate where legislation is required.

If the idea be just that the skeleton regular establishment is maintained in peace, as a *nucleus* to be expanded in war, to meet the wants of the country, the President should be careful not so to dispose of that force as to make this great purpose unattainable or difficult when war may impend. If it be possible so to locate the troops as to give them all possible instruction, and, at the same time, not neglect our Indian frontiers, the latter object should not be suffered to override that other most paramount consideration.

Look at any map of the United States, and attempt for a moment to realize the vast extent of our possessions. Bring your mind back to the period when railroads did not afford those facilities, which we now have in a portion of our country, for quickly passing over hundreds of miles, and you may no longer

consider that military posts in Texas, New Mexico, California, Oregon, &c., and on the routes to those distant States and territories, have such means of communication as would enable us to bring together any respectable force in a short period. Bear in mind that the whole army of the United States consists of but one hundred and fifty-eight companies, and that these companies are scattered in posts which dot our immense territory. Realize this, and then answer, is it possible for the small number of troops thus stationed to prevent marauding parties of Indians from passing between these posts and committing depredations either in Mexico or upon our own people? No candid inquirer will assert the possibility! What, then, is remedy? Settlers upon our Indian frontiers must be provided with arms; and the United States Government, besides encouraging Indians to engage in agriculture, must hold tribes responsible for the acts of individuals. Where predatory bands of Indians have been known to proceed against Mexico or our own people, the tribe must be made answerable, and no vain pursuit made after the marauding party. We must severely chastise such tribes, and make them understand that the United States require them to govern and control their young men. That, for the acts of any individuals of the tribe, chiefs and head men are responsible; and that we will not fail, in any instance, to punish the tribe for such predatory acts. An occasional campaign made against Indians to punish them for their misdeeds, would produce lasting effects, and prove far more efficacious in guarding the lives and property of our citizens, than the present system of small posts, which, by the impunity they afford, can only encourage a spirit of adventure in Indian tribes. Another advantage in breaking up the present vicious arrangement of small posts, would be the establishment of schools of instruction for cavalry, artillery, engineers, and infantry. We now have a preparatory school for the cultivation of military science, at West Point; but, if officers of the army, after graduating there, are left without means or motives for improvement, and on remote stations suffer their minds to degenerate from want of exercise and competition, the Military Academy will have accomplished but very partially the great object of its institution. If the army is to be made the rallying point of our countrymen in war, it should keep pace

with the improvements made in Europe, and this can only be done by assembling the engineers, and the three arms of the service, together, in schools of *practices*. Let those schools of practice be properly located: and, besides, the great results thus to be obtained by embodying the troops, detachments could at any time be sent to strike and punish tribes of Indians that failed to keep the peace. With one large detachment on the Atlantic coast; another at Jefferson barracks; a third in Texas, and a fourth on the Pacific, the army might be kept in a high state of discipline and efficiency, and soon made, by legislation, all that it should be. With an army so disposed, it would be apparent that all officers should be active, intelligent, and progressive. A retired list would soon relieve it of broken down veterans, and proper legislation would enable commanding officers to appoint their own staff officers, in recognition of the established principle that such officers are the assistants of commanders of troops. Such a change would be necessary to insure the just responsibility of commanding officers; and, by instituting a rigid system of inspection, which would inform the General-in-Chief and Secretary of War of the legitimacy of the acts of all commanders, defects of organization, errors of administration, and pernicious customs of service, would be made known and corrected by the Executive and Congress.*

The Secretary of War has recently, in General Orders, No. 17, issued very well-considered regulations for carrying into effect the 5th section of the Act of Congress of August 4, 1854, relative to the promotion of non-commissioned officers. Let the Secretary now abandon the system of recruiting, which burdens the army with the cum of cities, and promotion from the ranks would follow as regularly as from a lower to a higher grade of commissions. But until something more be done to better the composition of the rank and file, it is much to be feared that few enlisted men will be found worthy of the proposed advancement in condition—an advancement, as the army is now composed, of *caste*, as well as grade. In a Republican army, *caste* should not exist, and it is to break down that distinction, leaving only the necessary difference in grades

from private to general, that it is proposed that the army should be recruited by States.

Our army organized and collected, as herein recommended, could easily, on the approach of war, by the addition to each regiment of two battalions, and by increasing the number of privates in a company, be made fifty thousand strong, and this Federal force, organized, as it would be, in harmony with the State troops, would constantly have kept pace with the advance of professional knowledge in Europe, and be capable of diffusing that knowledge throughout the country by means of the State organizations to be considered.

If the first French Revolution did not inaugurate the ideas of liberty and equality, it at least first inculcated by practice the correlative duty of every citizen to defend his country. Accustomed as Americans are to borrow ideas from the English press, it is not remarkable that the outcry made by that aristocratic community against French conscription should have been echoed in our own country. But in the language of General Knox, "It is the wisdom of political establishments to make the wealth of individuals subservient to the general good, and not to suffer it to corrupt or attain undue indulgence. Every State possesses not only the right of personal service from its members, but the right to regulate the service on principles of equality for the general defence. If people, solicitous to be exonerated from their proportion of public duty, exclaim against the only reliable means of defence, as an intolerable hardship, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon them, that while society has its charms, it also has its indispensable obligations. That to attempt such a degree of refinement as to exonerate the members of the community from all personal service, is to render them incapable of the exercise and unworthy of the characters of freemen."

Let us, then, no longer permit the marvels of industry in which our countrymen have been eminently successful, so far to dazzle us as to make us forget the lessons of past history. The Italian republics of the Middle Ages had made great strides in industry and the arts. The republic of the United Netherlands was enriched by commerce in the time

* This article was put in the hands of the Publisher in November. The ameliorations here suggested are partly incorporated in a bill before Congress to improve the efficiency of the Army, and it is known that the paucity of numbers alone has heretofore prevented the Secretary of War from aggregating troops. The increase embraced in the bill will give him that power.

of De Wit. But in bending their whole energies to the attainment of riches, and neglecting their military resources, Italy became the prey of foreigners, and Holland only secured national independence by the sacrifice of political liberty.

The history of modern tactics proves "that preparations in peace give victory upon fields of battle." The mobility of troops, as now organized, armed, and instructed, the quantity, and still more the kind of artillery used, render a passive resistance such as that formerly made, impossible. The impossibility of resisting attacks by such means causes the defence to seize the moment in which the attacking party uncovers himself to resort to the offensive, and hence the issue is now more quickly decided, and conquest more rapid than it was a hundred years ago. The ease with which large bodies of men are now transported, the rapidity of all preparatory manœuvres, as well as the greatly increased mobility in action of instructed troops, admits of the ready concentration of great numbers of such men, without the machine becoming too heavy or unmanageable, or its component parts losing the sentiment of order. It therefore follows that the loss of a battle, in consequence of the numbers engaged, is now much more important than it formerly was, and that such loss resulting from incapacity to manœuvre, or want of discipline, may involve the most disastrous consequences. If the people of the United States suppose that the facilities which our railroads offer enable us to concentrate larger masses of men in a short period, the answer must be made that *DISCIPLINE* is the soul of an army, and that without the habit of obedience, an assemblage of men in battle can never be more than a panic-stricken mob. Instances in our own history are not rare to verify this truth. The fields of Princeton, Savannah River, Camden, Guilford Court House, &c., during our Revolutionary War, not to speak of later disasters, amply sustain the declaration of Washington, that such undisciplined forces are nothing more than a "destructive, expensive, and disorderly mob." "When danger is a little removed from them, they will not turn out at all. When it comes home to them, the well-affected, instead of flying to arms to defend themselves, are busily employed in removing their families and effects; while the disaffected are concerting measures to make their submission, and spread terror and dismay all around, to

induce others to follow their example. Daily experience and abundant proofs warrant this information. Short enlistments and a mistaken dependence upon our militia, have been the origin of all our misfortunes, and the great accumulation of our debt. The militia come in, you cannot tell how; go, you cannot tell when; and act, you cannot tell where; consume your provisions, exhaust your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment." Such is human nature! If further proof be needed, contrast the conduct of the panic-stricken petty officers and crew of the Arctic, in abandoning the passengers, men, women, and children, in their ship to a watery grave, with that of the heroic British regiment which, under similar circumstances, made use of all their boats to save the women and children, and then, standing by their arms, went down with the ship. The desolate hearths and bitter anguish caused by this recent event brings fearfully home to us the contrast between indisciplined and discipline, and it is to be hoped that this bitter lesson will cause our countrymen to heed the admonition of the Father of his country, that "In peace we must prepare for war." Let us not deceive ourselves by supposing that when danger becomes imminent Congress will take the necessary measures to meet it. The steps which are necessary call for sacrifices from the people, and unless public opinion sanctions the means, Congress, in the day of trial, will be found to represent misdirected popular opinions. It is much to be feared that the military wants of our country have not yet been realized by our people, and it behooves those who have considered the subject, to endeavor to awaken their countrymen to the necessity of military organization. Our past history proves that the necessary measures to raise armies will not meet with favor from Congress unless they have first been discussed and approved by the people; and if the probability of war, therefore, is even remote, it is time that such discussions should engage the public attention, unless we are content, in the pursuit of gain and indulgences, to await the period when foreign armies shall be landed on our shores.

The veteran, Mr. Gales, has in the *National Intelligencer* on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Madison, given a picture of the inertness of the last session of the War Congress of 1814-15. His recollections of the past furnish in-

structive lessons of what we may expect in the future, if the attention of the people of the United States be not fixed on the necessary sacrifices which love of country demands. So believing, we reproduce extracts from his historical sketch, being firmly convinced that the measures then recommended, are essential to the safety of our cities and towns, if some organization by States, at least, as efficient as the militia scheme recommended by General Knox, with the sanction of General Washington, be not at once adopted. Mr. Gales writes: "Congress had assembled on the 19th of September preceding—not, as might be supposed from the date, in consequence of the then recent capture of the city [of Washington] by the enemy, but in pursuance of a requisition by the President, anterior to that event, calling Congress together (as the President informed the two Houses, in his message at the opening of that session) for the purpose of supplying the inadequacy of the finances to the existing wants of the Treasury, and of making further and more effectual provisions for prosecuting the war. During the recess of Congress, the honor of the arms of the United States, had been gallantly sustained in every conflict by land and sea; politically considered, the capture of Washington itself, and the destruction of the Capitol and the other public buildings, so far from being a misfortune, was for the administration a fortunate event, by its effect in exciting indignant feelings throughout the country, uniting the people in support of the common cause, and preparing their minds for the additional burden of taxation which it had become obvious that they must be called upon to bear. All that was wanting to the vigorous prosecution of the war, was the provision of men and money for the purpose. The progress of recruiting for filling the ranks of the regular army had already proved entirely too slow, if not total failure, as had the resource of loans for the support of the government, as well as for carrying on the war. The army, whose organization was, on paper, more than 62,000 men, comprised an actual force of only 32,000, exclusive of officers, of which force probably not more than one-half could be relied on for effective service; and the credit of the government had sunk so low that plummet could hardly sound the depth of its degradation.

"At the opening of the session, the President, in his communication to the

two Houses of Congress, with eloquent persuasion, endeavored to impress upon them the necessity of making *immediate* provision for filling the ranks of the army, and replenishing the treasury. In this purpose he was earnestly seconded by Secretary Monroe, of the War Department, and the new Secretary (Mr. Dallas) of the Treasury Department.

"Towards the first of these objects, a bill was soon matured, and afterwards received the assent of Congress, extending the age at which recruits might be enlisted to fifty years, doubling the bounty in land to each, and removing the interdiction upon recruiting minors and apprentices. This measure was a mere experiment, of no practical value, as the event showed. The plan for filling the ranks of the army upon which the Executive relied, and which was placed before the Senate in a bold and energetic report from the War Secretary, was to form into classes of 100 each, all the population of the United States fit for militia duty, out of every class of which, four men for the war" were to be furnished within thirty days after the classification, by choice or by draught, and delivered over to the recruiting officer of each district, to be marched to such places of general rendezvous as might be directed by the Secretary of War. This plan, which, as the reader will perceive, comprised all the essential features of the French conscription, though, perhaps, the only one which at the time promised effective results, found from the first no favor, especially in the House of Representatives; and became more and more obnoxious, the more the administration seemed to have it at heart. Hardly any one in Congress had the courage to allude to it. Mr. Troup did indeed prevail upon the Military Committee, of which he was chairman, to allow him to report a bill, conformable to the Executive recommendation, by the pregnant title of "An Act making provision for filling the ranks of the regular army, by classing the free male population of the United States;" and the bill was referred to a committee of the whole House, and never after heard of. In the course of the session some Acts had passed, looking to the employment of volunteers and detachments of militia, under the old plan, for short terms; and one of more importance, "to authorize the President of the United States to accept the service of State troops and volunteers." This last was not only the most effective measure

which had passed towards the supply of men for carrying on the war, but it was the most so that was likely to pass.

"The truth to say, indeed, notwithstanding the nature of the emergency, a dogged inertness seemed to paralyze the action of Congress during the latter part of that session. The recommendation to recruit the army by drafts from the militia was not only unwelcome, as we have said, but revolting to the inclinations of the popular branch of Congress; so much so, that a great proportion of the members of that body (and among them some of the leading and most conspicuous members of the republican party) shrunk from it as from the plague; and, as though the leprous influence of that proposition contaminated every other part of the plans of the administration, it was with almost equal reluctance that the House approached the consideration of adequate measures (such as Mr. Secretary Dallas frankly and fearlessly recommended) for the support of the public credit, and for strengthening the sinews of war."*

From the foregoing sketch of the past, it is evident that unless the opinions and prejudices of the people of the United States be greatly changed, any attempt to raise large armies in the most critical emergencies, without the agency of States, must prove a failure. In order, therefore, to provide for the "common defence," the aid of State organizations will be necessary, and several plans, more or less efficient, have consequently been proposed to better the organization of the militia. All such attempts have, however, met with no favor from the people; and, indeed, it is much to be doubted whether the constitutional reservation to the States "of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress," and governing them, except when called forth "to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions," will admit of any "good, energetic, general, uniform, and national system of organization." The division of authority made by the Constitution between the United States and the several States, in regard to the militia, until called forth by the Federal Government, has left with Congress only the right to provide for "organizing, arming, and disciplining the

militia;" but discipline, in that restricted sense, without power to govern, means little more than prescribing a system of tactics, and such discipline can never make soldiers.

There is, however, another suggestion in the Constitution of the United States, for providing for the common defence, which is obnoxious to none of the objections made against large standing armies, and which commends itself to favorable consideration, as being in harmony with our form of government, and capable of furnishing any number of disciplined soldiers which the exigency of our foreign relations may require, without outrage to the instincts of the people of the States. The tendency of the multiplication of States in our confederacy is to restrict the authority of the General Government over the internal affairs of the people of the States. This has been shown by breaking down the Bank of the United States, establishing the independent Treasury, refusing appropriations for internal improvements, and, lastly, leaving to the people of territories the regulation of their own institutions. The maxim "that the world is governed too much," has been sturdily preached, until it has become necessary not to shrink from maintaining our doctrine in the face of foreign powers. To do this we must arm for defence, and the consistent mode of doing so, is for Congress to give its consent for the several States to "keep troops." States now have that authority in time of war, but for such troops to be useful in war, they must be prepared in peace, and the Constitution of the United States forbids States "to keep troops in time of peace without the consent of Congress." The consent of Congress being required, it could be given with conditions attached, and those conditions, besides providing for the common defence in war, should require the organization and instruction to conform with that of the army of the United States, or rather with the cavalry, harnessed batteries of artillery, and infantry of the army.

To encourage States in such organizations, let Congress provide for the annual distribution of five millions of dollars among the several States and territories in proportion to population, upon satisfactory evidence being furnished to

* In striking contrast with this inertness of Congress, the Legislature of New York assembled on the 26th of September, 1814, passed by the 24th of October, a bill giving additional pay to the militia from the State treasury, an act to encourage privateering, and an act to raise twelve thousand State troops by conscription or classification. See Hammond's Political History of New York, vol. 1, pp. 330-1.

the Secretary of War, that such States have organized camps of instruction during two months in the year, containing a number of troops at least equal to ten out of one hundred of the enrolled militia force of the State. Direct the President to furnish to the several State Governors, upon their requisition, such army officers as they may desire to aid the commanders of the camps of instruction, and the information collected and kept up in the army will thus be diffused throughout the country. The different States will take pride in their respective organizations, and would recruit their armies according to the genius of their people. Their military codes would react upon each other, and upon that of the United States. An interest in military affairs would take the place of present derision, and more than all, the United States might laugh to scorn the efforts of any invader.

The Prussian Landwehr of the first ban, to which the proposed organization is assimilated, is considered a reserved army, remaining by their firesides in times of peace, save their annual seasons of manœuvring, but ready to appear in case of war upon the first call, organized, equipped, and armed to serve like the line of the army, either at home or abroad. The Prussian territory is divided into as many districts as there are battalions of the Landwehr of the first ban. Each district furnishes a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, a company of artillery, and some other detachments. The battalions and squadrons are named from the principal town of their district, and dépôts of arms, clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and cavalry and artillery equipments, are there located. The districts of the Landwehr are also the recruiting districts of the line of the army; and, as troops from the same district serve together, there naturally exists between those corps ties of consanguinity, which dispel all feelings of superiority, and cause them mutually to sustain each other in time of danger.

In each district of the Landwehr, the following small list of officers are permanently paid. For the infantry: one major commanding, one adjutant, who is also accountant, four first sergeants,

and four second sergeants (one per company), eight corporals (two per company), and one armorer. For the cavalry: one captain, or first lieutenant, one quartermaster sergeant, and three corporals. The paid commanders of battalions, are charged with the assistance of their staff, with the *personnel* and *material* of the Landwehr, and are accountable for the ordnance and military stores in dépôt in their districts. The first sergeants keep the list of names belonging to their companies, and no man can absent himself without notifying them.

If all the States of the Union did not deem it better to keep up a small permanent force, it is supposed that they would all find it necessary to maintain a small skeleton organization of officers and non-commissioned officers, similar to that of the Prussian Landwehr of the first ban. If such officers and non-commissioned officers were appointed by the States from officers and non-commissioned officers who have honorably retired from the army, a new link would be established between the army and State troops, which would prove mutually beneficial.

It appears to us a fit moment to initiate a stable military system in harmony with the genius of the people of the United States, when the great maritime powers are fully occupied in Europe, and we are thus freed from the pressure of immediate danger, resulting from the collision of antagonistic ideas. We do not flatter ourselves that this problem, surrounded as it is with difficulties, has been satisfactorily and completely solved; but, if attention is awakened to the subject, we do not despair that abler pens will second our puny efforts, and that in the end the United States and the several States may model their military institutes on those of France, which, recognizing all Frenchmen as equals in the eye of the law, do not admit of promotion to a higher grade, except by service in a lower one; but, at the same time, reward and encourage professional merit and personal conduct, while frowning down all favoritism by the positive requirement that no one shall be appointed to any grade in the army, except through the usual authorized means, rigidly, fixed by law.

PROMETHEUS AND EPIMETHEUS.

L

PROMETHEUS;

OR THE POET'S FORE-THOUGHT.

OF Prometheus, how undaunted
 On Olympus' shining bastions,
 His audacious foot he planted,
 Myths are told and songs are chaunted,
 Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition
 Of that flight through heavenly portals,
 The old classic superstition
 Of the theft and the transmission,
 Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,
 Born of heavenward aspiration,
 Then the fire with mortals sharing,
 Then the vulture—the despairing
 Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
 Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
 Only those are crowned and sainted,
 Who with grief have been acquainted,
 Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
 In their triumph and their yearning,
 In their passionate pulsations,
 In their words among the nations,
 The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
 All this toil for human culture?
 Through the cloud-rack dark and trailing,
 Must they see above them sailing
 O'er life's barren crags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's
 By defeat and exile maddened;
 Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
 Nature's priests and Corybantes,
 By great sorrows touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent
 That around their memories cluster,
 And on all their steps attendant
 Make their darkened lives resplendent
 With such gleams of inward lustre!

All the melodies mysterious,
 Through the dreary darkness chaunted;
 Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
 Voices soft, and deep, and serious,
 Words that whispered, songs that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,
 All the quivering, palpitating
 Chords of life in utmost tension,
 With the fervor of invention,
 With the rapture of creating!

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
 In such hours of exultation,
 Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
 Might behold the vulture sailing
 Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there is not given
 Strength for such sublime endeavor,
 Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
 And to leaven with fiery leaven
 All the hearts of men for ever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted,
 Honor and believe the presage,
 Bear aloft their torches lighted,
 Gleaming through the realms benighted,
 As they onward bear the message!

II.

EPIMETHEUS;

OR THE POET'S AFTER-THOUGHT.

Have I dreamed? or was it real,
 What I saw as in a vision,
 When to marches hymeneal,
 In the land of the Ideal
 Moved my thought o'er Fields Elysian!

What! are these the guests, whose glances
 Seemed like sunshine gleaming round me?
 These the wild, bewildering fancies,
 That with dithyrambic dances
 As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!
 Pallid cheeks, and haggard bosoms!
 Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses,
 And from loose, dishevelled tresses
 Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O, my songs! whose winsome measures
 Filled my heart with secret rapture!
 Children of my golden leisure,
 Must even your delights and pleasures
 Fade and perish with the capture!

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous,
 When they came to me unbidden;
 Voices single, and in chorus,
 Like the wild-birds singing o'er us
 In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!
Must each noble aspiration
Come at last to this conclusion,
Jarring discord, wild confusion,
Lassitude, renunciation!

Not with steeper fall nor faster,
From the sun's serene dominions,
Not through brighter realms nor vaster,
In swift ruin and disaster,
Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

Sweet Pandora! Dear Pandora!
Why did Jupiter create thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee!

No, not hate thee! for this feeling
Of unrest and long resistance,
Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him, whom thou dost once enamour,
Thou, beloved, never leavest;
In life's discord, strife and clamour,
Still he feels thy spell of glamour,
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,
Struggling souls by thee are strengthened,
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,
Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted,
Lives, like days in summer, lengthened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
O my Sibyl, my deceiver!
For thou makest each mystery clearer,
And the unattained seems nearer,
When thou fillest my heart with fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!
Though the fields around us wither,
There are ampler realms and spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces;
Let us turn and wander thither!

NATURE IN MOTION.

NO vulgar error has perhaps longer prevailed among men, than that of the permanency and immutability of our globe. The peace in which our mother earth seems to slumber, is but an illusion: in all nature nothing is ever at rest. The moon around the earth, the earth around the sun, that sun around another great centre, and all the heavenly bodies in one unbroken circle around the throne of the Almighty—all are in restless motion, treading their path in the great world of the Lord and praising his name in never-ceasing anthems.

But even at home, our own great mother Earth is not, as many still believe, at rest, and its very foundations are every now and then giving signs of the mysterious life which is throbbing in this vast globe. Meteoric stones, also, come like aerial messengers from distant, unknown spheres, and speak loudly of the life in spaces unknown to human vision. For stones travel as well as life-endowed organic bodies; they are, in fact, the very oldest travellers on earth of whom we have any knowledge. The mountains are not everlasting, and the sea is not eternal. Thousands of years ago, rocks began to shiver in the fierce cold of the Polar regions; even Sweden and Norway, Greenland and Spitzbergen became intolerable, and they set out on their great journey to the warmer South. But huge, unwieldy travellers as they were, they soon tired and rested awhile in the wide, sandy wastes which stretch through Northern Europe and Asia. Some, the large ones, remained there, bleak, blasted masses of rock, sterile and stern, like grim giants of dark, old ages. Their lighter companions, smaller and swifter, rolled merrily on towards the foot of mountains, and there they also lie, scattered over the plains of Europe and Siberia. Science calls them "erratic" stones, the people know them as "foundlings," for there they are, like lost children, belonging to another climate and a different race from those which surround them. When they travelled, man knows not. It must have been in times of yore, however, when the great Northern Ocean covered yet with its dark waves, mountain and forest in the very heart of the continent. Other blocks travelled against their will, packed up in

snow and ice. Whole islands of ice, we know, were torn off by terrible convulsions from the coasts of Scandinavia; the storm-tossed sea hurled them into her powerful currents, and thus they were carried southward, bearing on their broad shoulders huge masses of rock that had rolled down from their native mountains. These gigantic guests from the North soon stranded against the mountains of the continent; they melted under a more genial sun, and their burden fell to the ground. When, afterwards, the bottom of this vast sea rose and became dry land, these foreign visitors also rose and found themselves, with amazement, in a southern country, under a southern sun. Thus it is that the famous statue of Peter the Great which adorns one of the magnificent open squares of his city, was hewn out of Swedish granite—the same stone from the far North which furnished the colossal vase before the Museum in Berlin.

How long ago these early travels were made by rock and stone, we know not; but they are by no means at an end. The same process is still going on, even now. The Arctic still sends her children out to dwell in warmer climes, and year after year sees wandering stones come from high, icy regions, and tumble into the Atlantic, or strand on the low shore at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. If the bottom of the sea on the banks of Newfoundland is ever to see the sweet light of heaven, it will be found strewn with mighty rocks from Greenland, and our children's children may yet erect a monument to the great father of our country, hewn out of Greenland stone.

Other rocks are sea-born. Lofty mountains, now capped with snow and wrapped in clouds, bear unmistakable evidence that they once dwelt at the very bottom of the ocean. Sandstone blocks, piled up high until they form large mountain chains, on which gigantic trees are deeply rooted, and the birds of heaven dwell, to whose summit men painfully climb to look down upon the sunny plain, were once mere loose, fragile sand down in the deeps of the sea. They are still mixed with countless shells, the bones of fishes, and a thousand relics of their former home. On the other hand, we know that large tracks of sea-bottom once belonged to the firm

"The land where the lemon-tree blows,
In darker leaves bowed the gold orange glows,"

for Seville oranges and lemons came to Europe only through the Arabs. The latter are not even found on the walls of Pompeii, and the common orange, which is a Chinese by birth, was brought to Europe first by bold Portuguese sailors.

In Europe, these fruits lingered a while, were remodelled from their first rough shape, developed and refined, and then sent, ennobled in shape and quality, across the broad Atlantic. Here they have rapidly spread from State to State, and are even now on their way, through California, back to their original home. The day may not be far distant, when the youthful Union, which has already given grain back to starving Ireland, and loads the tables of the rich with the finest apples the world knows, may send its grapes and unsurpassed nectarines to ancient Persia, from whence Europe received the hard, unflavored peach. Strange it is, that as Europe has never returned any similar gifts for the many presents it has received from the East, so America also has given to Europe nothing in return for her many kindnesses. For the whole rich blessing of our grain harvest; for the wholesome rice, the profitable cotton; for sugar and spice, oranges and pomegranates, all of which we owe to the Old World, we have sent back but two rather equivocal gifts. For smokers alone will be disposed to think the introduction of tobacco a real, valuable present. A plant which affords no edible root, fruit, or other nutritious part, distinguished neither by beauty nor by sweet odor; but, on the contrary, by a disagreeable smell and taste, which produces, when eaten, nausea, vomiting and giddiness, and is, in large quantities or concentrated, even deadly poison—such a plant is surely at least a doubtful gift. So it is with the potato, which has long been considered by its enthusiastic admirers an incomparably rich gift of the West to the East, but which now might easily be looked upon as the fatal fruit marking in the annals of history the first decline of European nations.

But even tobacco is not accepted as a Western gift by all botanists. Although it is said that the Spaniards found it used in Mexico medicinally, especially in the treatment of wounds, and saw it smoked there, as the English did in Virginia, still it was certainly known as

early as 1601 in Java and China, and there is good reason to believe at an even earlier date in China. Now, as tobacco did not reach Europe before 1559, when it was first used in Portugal—and, consequently, in Europe—as medicine, it may at least have been known in Eastern Asia long before the discovery of America. Nature, moreover, seems almost desirous to avenge the unnatural movement from West to East by the rapid degeneration which marks the culture of both these vegetables in Europe. But even if maize really came from this Continent first, if the Indian fig and the closely related agave, which now grow wild around the Mediterranean, and add so much to its picturesque scenery, have their true home in the New World, these two plants would still be the only ones that have ever travelled eastward, single and isolated exceptions to the great law of Nature, that plants, animals and men, all must travel towards the setting sun.

This mysterious but undeniable movement is still going on. It proceeds, even in our day, on a grand and imposing scale, and essentially alters, from time to time, the vegetable character of whole countries, as they are newly discovered or newly settled. It shows us in indelible signs the silent, irresistible force with which humble plants prescribe their path on earth to both the animals that feed us and the different races of men. For such is the strange relation between plants and Man: they are of paramount importance for his existence not only, but also for his welfare. It is little to say that they feed and clothe him, and that they enable him to sustain the life of those animals, from whom he receives in return not only food and comfort, but, what is incomparably more valuable, service, affection, and gratitude! The cerealia have become the first, and most binding social tie between men, because their culture and preparation require vast labor and mutual service. As no society, moreover, can exist without laws, it may well be said, that these short-lived grasses are in truth the first cause of all legislation. Not without good reason, then, was it that the Romans called their Ceres not only a goddess, but also a legislator.

To the careless observer, animals seem to be as permanent features in Nature as plants. Apparently the same sparrow picks up grains of wheat in the harvest-field that robbed our cherries in early

summer, and the same game which our forefathers hunted, tempts us now in field and forest.

It is, however, not so. The demoralized domestic animals, it is true, are nearly the same now that they ever were; the same sheep of whom "Abel was a keeper," sleep night after night on our pastures, and the "cattle on a thousand hills" rove now on our plains. But all nobler, higher life among animals moves restlessly round the globe. Here also there is an incessant going and coming, flying and pushing, an endless change of home, to exchange a used-up past for a promising future.

No class of animals, high or low, escapes entirely the general law of movement, and if we read occasionally of flights of storks and shoals of herrings, these are mere anecdotes, nothing but single, detached features of that unweary life which moves in grand and restless masses round the terrestrial globe.

Of the earliest migrations of animals, even of those whom Man has bound up with his own existence, we know but very little. History, which tells us nothing of man's own first journeys, condescends not to speak of beings less noble. We guess, rather than we know, that the domestic animals at least left their common home in the great centre of all earthly life, Upper India, together with the first migrating nations. We conclude this mainly from the fact that the races of men separated at a time when they were all shepherds. This we know from Language; for in all idioms the words relating to pastoral life are cognate words, whilst in other respects the relationship is far more complicated and difficult to trace. A remarkable instance of this connection is the word "daughter" in German, "tochter," from the Greek *θυγάτρις*, which is in Sanscrit "dhitri," and there means "milking woman," because we know that it was the custom of all pastoral nations to leave the milking of the herd to the daughter of the owner. The animals themselves maintain a certain connection with their first home on earth, for most of them have still some wild relations on the high table-lands of Middle Asia, where, in primitive fierceness, strength and beauty, they rove about, and race for hundreds of miles along the valleys to exchange exhausted lands for new rich pastures.

Animals, like plants, travel occasionally by means of the various agents whom

nature herself places at their disposal. The giant rivers of the earth, the Ganges, Congo, Amazon, Orinoco, and Mississippi, annually float islands towards the ocean, covered with living inhabitants. Nothing is more common than to meet out at sea, thousands of miles from all land, masses of fucus floating on the surface of the water, and serving as a resting-place for small shell-fish, unable to transport themselves by swimming, far from their native shore. Off the Moluccas and Philippines, sailors often meet, after a typhoon, with floating islands of matted wood, full of life, and covered with large trees, so as to deceive their eyes, and to endanger the safety of their vessels. Trunks of trees, also, are found drifting in the great currents of the ocean, perforated from end to end by the larvæ of insects, and filled with the eggs of molluscs and fishes. At other times, they have been known to convey lizards and birds from land to land, and on the island of San Vincent there appeared once a huge boa constrictor, twisted around a large, healthy cedar-tree, with which it had been torn from its home in the primeval forests of Brazil, and swallowed several sheep before it could be killed by the astonished natives. The gulf-stream, it is well known, carried, more than once, dead bodies of an unknown race, with unusually broad faces, to the Azores, and thus contributed to the discovery of our continent by confirming Columbus in his faith in the existence of a New World. Greenlanders and Esquimaux have even been carried alive across the Atlantic, and found themselves, to their amazement, on the coast of England.

Nor are these always individual journeys. Currents of air carry myriads of vegetable seeds, and with them countless eggs of insects and infusoria all over the world. To settle this formerly disputed question, a German philosopher, Unger, placed several plates of glass, carefully cleaned, between the almost air-tight double sashes with which he protected his study against the rigors of a fierce northern climate. Six months later, he took them out and examined the dust that had fallen on them through imperceptible cracks and crevices, with the microscope. The result was, that he discovered in the apparently inorganic dust the pollen of eight distinct plants, the seeds of eleven varieties of fungus, the eggs of four higher infusoria and living individuals of at least one genus!

(To be concluded in our next.)

TWO LITTLE STARS.

TWO little stars, at eventide,
Rose in the azure, side by side,
And 'mid the glittering orbs on high,
Floated serenely through the sky.
They sparkled with a trembling ray,
But rovingly pursued their way,
Though others blazed, more brilliant far than they!

The night stole on—but, with it came
A sweeping storm, in mist and flame,
Which hung with gloom the starry dome,
And lashed the billows into foam,
While like a phantom, stern and stark,
Stretching its thin arms in the dark,
Through the wild chaos tossed my trembling bark!

The night wore on—the angry blast
Had spent its fury, and was past,
And gentle zephyrs wooed to rest
The troubled Ocean's heaving breast—
When, far above, amid the blue,
As, one by one, the clouds withdrew,
Those little loving stars came beaming through!

And on they went, with rising force,
Up to the zenith of their course,
Till, in the Orient's rosy light,
Melted the shadows of the night;
And then, with undiminished ray,
Still side by side, they stole away,
Lost in the glory of the coming day!

Thus, dearest, onward, side by side,
Through youth, the spirit's eventide,
Up to the night of Life have we
Humbly fulfilled our destiny—
And though around the rich and great
Are glittering in far loftier state,
Contentedly we share our lowlier fate!

And thus, though storms may come and go,
Shrouding with gloom the world below,
Above the tumult, as we rise,
In calm communion with the skies,
Still be it ours, serenely bright,
To bless the darkness of the night,
Cheering the tempest-toss'd with heavenly light!

And when, at length, each end attained,
The zenith of our course is gained—
As side by side those stars withdrew,
Still riding in the brightening blue,
Still beaming with unbroken ray—
As gently may we glide away,
In the effulgence of Immortal day!

MY THREE CONVERSATIONS WITH MISS CHESTER.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS at a party; where, is none of your business, and immaterial to the following relation. On second thoughts, however, as localization increases the interest of a narrative, I will say, at New York, in a Fifth-Avenue palace.

Perhaps it would be well to say something introductory about myself. I was twenty-five—between you and me, fair reader, I am not so very much older now—tall, well-formed, strong and active, both mentally and physically, and an extensive and omnivorous reader and student. The only trait of my character which has any special significance, relatively to the matter in hand is, that I have a considerable endowment of that magnetic power used in throwing "sensitives," as they are technically termed, into the mesmeric state, although I very seldom exerted it, and my possession of it was known, I believe, only to myself. Did it never happen to you, respected reader, when looking intently into a person's eyes during conversation, that you *saw* the thought, and even the very words, which passed through his or her mind, in comment or reply? The whole group of phenomena, of which that is one—embracing some classes of dreams, much mental action, animal magnetism, biology, the whole circle, in fact, of physico-psychological science—is, at this present writing, the most profound, comprehensively, multitudinously and variously related, the most promising, important and intensely interesting, and the least understood, of all the departments of human knowledge. I wish I could stop to indicate a few of the complex and astonishingly intimate ramifications by which this philosophy—the philosophy of the combined and reciprocal inter-action of mind and body, the wondrous march or border-territory whereon spirit and matter bear conflicting and contested sway—underlies and entwines itself with human interests and human actions. But that is not my present design; and for the narrator, especially, must *hoc age* be inscribed upon his pen. Mind *this*; not that, nor the other.

The relevancy of these remarks consists in this, namely: that the few circumstances which I propose to narrate are an actual exemplification of the

working of the laws to whose existence and influence I have alluded. I have permission from the lady most interested to record and publish them; for, however insignificant in themselves, they will, at least, form some portion of the archives from which a future generation is certainly to draw facts coöperative in constructing a fabric of universal philosophy, more marvellous in architecture and more immeasurably magnificent in dimensions, than any the wildest dream hitherto figured by the loftiest human intellect. This splendor, however, is of course. Systems of actual truth, the work of the All-powerful—as their awful vastness unveils itself before human eyes—must as much transcend the beauty and the size of the one-sided little elaborations of human minds, as the unimaginable splendors of evening clouds excel the blue and yellow dabs of that landscape-goat of a "paintaster," Skumble; as the great palaces of the heavens surpass the ecclesiological glories of the Wooden Gothic.

I had selected, according to my custom, a corner, from which I was making my ordinary use of the company, viz.: studying their lives from their faces, and working the detail of expressions and postures into connection with the pre-existent mass of mental philosophy, whose acquisition and arrangement had been my study for years.

All the usual varieties of young men and women passed in review before the uninteresting person in the corner. I was not dressed in fine raiment, wore no gloves, was not known as a "lion," known, indeed at all, to only two or three besides my cousin, the daughter of the house, and only very slightly known even to them and to her. So, nobody stopped to talk with me; and, as I had arranged with cousin Ellen to let me alone, save when I should ask to be introduced, I had a fair opportunity for my secret espials. It was a curious and entertaining spectacle, when rightly viewed. First, I generalized my eyesight—if the expression be allowable—and gazed upon the moving mass before me, without reference to any particular individual. This, especially during the dances, furnished a droll spectacle. Such another may be observed by gazing in the same general manner at a church, all waving with fans, like a

flock of great butterflies over a bed of gay cabbages, on a hot Sunday in summer: and another, more decided in character, by observing the simultaneous nutations of heads, fingers and arms in an orchestra. These effects are different from that of a band of marching men; for the entire body of these last moves forward by rhythmic progressions, while in the cases just instanced, the company considered together, is stationary; and the rhythmic movement of individual limbs and instruments throws only an atmosphere, as it were, of ordered motion over the whole.

I threw out of consideration the bodies of the dancers, and only observed their heads. A strong volition of a few minutes' duration enabled me entirely to lose the remembrance of bodies, and to free myself from the sensations coming from the sound of the music; and so, from the silent motions of the dancers, and the accompanying expressions of the faces, in quadrille dances especially,—there arose before me a spectacle of such intense absurdity that I was forced to break off my occupation to avoid an obtrusive laugh. I was beholding only faces, it will be remembered, as solely as if I had been looking at heads cut off. The expressions upon nearly all of them were of intense solemnity. Nearly upon a level, they bobbed up and down in couples and fours; swam about, cooking themselves oddly to one side or to the other; turned towards each other in the alternations of rest, and gibbered slightly; anon, launched forth again upon the inane vagaries of their solemn mummery. I nearly laughed aloud, but ceased gazing; and, forthwith, grew angry. Apish phantasms of silly sport, the winking, wiggling heads were a fair representation of the earnestness with which the "first circles" bury themselves in the mindless frivolities of polite society. I was angry that the observances of fashion should be so much regarded, even by the brainless nobodies who gabbled and fluttered before me; and with a most expansive and ardent aspiration after the Apotheosis of Labor, I left the dancers to their aimless evolutions.

Then I made a similar experiment upon the heterogeneous volume of sounds that arose from the social hubbub of the rooms. Not listening to any single voice, I regarded only the clacking, clattering rattle that flowed turbulently up from so many voices, mingled with the

monotonous dance-music of the two German fiddlers, the harpist and pianist, who officiated as orchestra. The din was stunning. It was as if the English language had been torn into ragged angular scraps and fragments, and vociferated at the utmost possible speed, and entirely at random, by the whole company. Now and then a shrill laugh, or one or two connected words loudly articulated, jumped up from the rough average of the confused noise. The harsh fiddle-notes darted and streamed up and down among the tumult, like so many vocal squibs; and the harp and piano were scarcely audible. A minute or two of such listening satisfied me, and I returned to my invidious business of watching my neighbors.

A flaxen-haired and flaxen-moustached dandy, whose unnaturally slender limbs, cased, *secundum artem*, in skin-tight pants, would almost qualify him for the workhouse under the vagrant laws, as "having no visible means of support," stood "diddling" (i. e., imitating the movements of a wretch in an ague-fit), after the approved fashion, and expending washy conversation and washier smiles upon a female counterpart. Two or three city damsels, very much alike, all having the fair complexions, slender forms and large fringed eyes, so common among metropolitan beauties,—were giggling and chattering, in the enjoyment of that fluent ladies' talk so incomprehensible and unattainable to us stupid and slow-tongued men. Two or three wizzled antiques of the same sex mumbled sourly together upon a sofa. Several fat mothers conversed in awful conclave, on the other side of the room; and in the middle, the varying dances wove their interminable tangle.

With her back towards me, so near that I could almost hear her words, stood a tall young woman dressed in black, with magnificent shoulders and arms, with raven-black hair of great fineness, length and volume, and a dark but peculiarly transparent complexion. She was surrounded by several gentlemen, whom she seemed at no loss to entertain, at least so far as to bear her full share in the conversation, and in the commerce of wits, whatever they might be; for there seemed to be in the circle much laughter, though not of the pleasantest sort. As I watched the group, I saw one and another of the gentlemen's faces redden, when the others laughed; one

or two grew preternaturally sober, and quietly left that part of the room. The lady's noble head, haughtily set upon her neck, moved now and then with an almost imperceptible gesture of disdain or anger. I quietly drew a little nearer; not to listen to the conversation, but to observe the heads. The faces of the men were all foolish and conceited; and they were, as it happened, all fair-haired. Although I could not see the lady's face, yet the dark masses of her hair and dress, and the height and volume of her head, her self-possessed attitude, the minute gesture of which I spoke, and the short and keen replies which she shot about, rendered the contrast of characters, as she stood among the young men, extreme and striking.

She stood talking with her retinue for a considerable time; and afterward with others who approached. I observed her steadily and intently, watching her head, her temperament, her form, and her demeanor. All were faultless; at least, even with a sufficiently critical disposition, and much experience in estimating phrenological, physiological, and psychological characteristics, I could not see anything to change. I did not, however, as I said, see the front of her head. I gazed and gazed, until I became absorbed in my contemplations, and in considering their consequent and collateral reflections, my meditations eventuated in a profound reverie, of a dim and undefinable character. All my thoughts, at first, seemed centered upon the individual lady at whom I had been looking. But I lost track of them; and it seemed, afterward, as if I had entered into a state resembling that which Asiatic ascetics believe they can attain by unending reiterations of their sacred name.

I was aroused from entire forgetfulness of time and place, by some sudden and uncomfortable sensation, which made me for an instant suspect that I had been struck, although I could not say where. Upon this unceremonious recall of my fugitive wits, whatever its nature might be, I looked again at the fair object of my speculations; and with such a feeling as if I had not seen her for a long time. For the sudden change from abstracted reverie of intense contemplation, to mere ordinary intuition, was quite great enough to cause the requisite break in the current of my consciousness. The strange beauty, for some reason or other, was blushing deeply—at least it is improbable that so brilliant a color would

incarnadine her neck, and not her cheeks and brow. Deeply she blushed for some unknown reason, and almost immediately she moved away, without turning her head, saying something which I could not hear, to a distant part of the room.

I recurred to my cogitations upon the flitting figures before me, but still my thoughts recurred to the "dark ladye." I felt certain that she must be well worth acquaintance. It could hardly be possible that one evidently of so remarkable natural endowments, should not present a rare study for the philosopher—especially for the philosopher in living minds. I desired to complete my new discovery. My snug corner became dull. I left it; and edged and twisted about the lofty rooms, pretending great need to arrive at some point in advance, which, like the beetle with buttered horns, I carried forward as I went. Up and down I wormed about; sometimes looking earnestly at the other side of the room in general; sometimes peering with emphasis at a feigned something among the closely crowded male and female shoulders around me; until, after making a good deal of trouble, and many skilful evolutions, I unsuspectingly established myself to my satisfaction, *en échelon* and to the front of my unknown. Thus, I was in better luck than before, in my philosophical pursuit. For while I was as well hidden from her as before, by the densely aggregated and moving mass of the crowd, a skilful adjustment of my operations would preserve me from annoying her, while I could study her face and gesture-language to much better advantage.

Of her face, the lower half was perfect but not peculiar, unless for the firm closure of the full lips. The eyes were large, black, and deep-set. The eyebrows fell with an unusual slope at the outer end of the eye. The forehead rose high above, full and steep, like an intellectual man's forehead; and in those portions which would be its four angles, were it a parallelogram laid athwart the face, fuller than any I had ever observed. And in looking, again I glided into deep and concentrated musings; and again, from a state of profound reverie, I was aroused by such another shock as I had felt before. Again I gathered together my scattered thoughts; and as soon as I had retraced their lost clue up to the passing moment, again I looked toward the dark beauty who had so much at-

tracted me. She had changed her position, and was looking another way; but again, whether from some casualty of conversation, or from having noticed my persistent gaze, she was blushing.

Beginning, now, to be actuated by a desire to obtain by conversation the complement of the scanty knowledge with which mere exterior observation had supplied me, and thus to secure some satisfactory acquaintance with one who, I did not doubt, possessed unusual gifts, I forthwith resorted to Cousin Ellen. From her I requested an introduction to my fair unknown; at the same time inquiring in general as to her name and condition. She was, Ellen said, a Miss Irene Chester; the daughter of a farmer in one of the small sea-port towns of Fairfield County, Connecticut; an assistant teacher in one of the city schools; an old schoolmate of hers, cousin Ellen's; here in society for almost the first time, but already making quite a sensation; nicknamed "The Two-edged Sword," from the keenness of her repartees; always a strange girl; invited on the ground of the school-fellowship, having, I think, been Ellen's room-mate; perhaps not known at all in city society, beyond Ellen's immediate circle; of great conversational talent, a student, a reader, and otherwise accomplished.

These last, namely, the study, reading and accomplishments, a trifle unsettled me; for ladies with those recommendations usually gabble and dabble, but little else. Yet I took comfort from the omen of power in the nick-name, and persisted.

Miss Chester heard my name and the recital of my cousinship to the pretty hostess, with considerable frigidity; looked me clearly in the eye as I accosted her, and waited, apparently under the influence of some dislike or disinclination to speak, for me to begin.

These cool receptions are very much more adapted to vivify one's anger than one's intellect. I burned in inward wrath and outward speechlessness, for a minute or so; then suddenly adopting a resolution, I drove away the rage, assumed as pretty a simper as I could muster, and ventured to remark, with an air of great interest and (I flatter myself) a well executed "diddle,"

"It's very fine weather, Miss Chester."

"Yes sir."

"Unusually crowded rooms this evening. How tiresome it is to squeezed up

among so many disagreeable vulgar people!"

"Do you think so?" said she, with a sort of glimmer in her eye. "If it is so disagreeable, what made you come?"

"Self-denial," answered I, "is healthful for the soul. And aside from that excellent reason"—here I rather exaggerated my simper and my diddle, to the young lady's evident disgust—"I must have had a presentiment of pleasure reserved for me, in the acquisition of so delightful an acquaintance as Miss Chester." I accompanied the last words with a culminating grin, and as silly a bow as I could contrive.

"Are you acquainted with me?" she asked, with a curious observing expression of eye and of lip, as much as to say, "behold here a new and strange variety of baboon."

I sniggered after the most approved style, and answered with the fashionable euphuistic dialect, at which I could easily see that Miss Chester's disdain and anger were flaming almost unendurably.

"He, he, he! Ah flattah meself that I am competent to elucidate and analyze charactahs at short notice. But you must be weary with standing so long. Pahmit me to wait upon you to the *tête-à-tête* opposite; and if you will allow me, ah shall be exceedingly delighted to fahnish you a specimen of my powahs in that line."

"By all means, sir," said Miss Chester. "I thank you."

So we sat down.

"I must make one preface," said I. "I presume that a young lady of Miss Chester's talents and information" (another disdain-provoking bow from me), "is aware that such observation as I have been able to make, cannot reveal what modifications circumstances and occupation may have engrafted upon your original character. Permit me, therefore, to ask that you will just tell me what and where your life has been."

"Not one single syllable," returned she, with evident pleasure in a short refusal. "You pretended to an acquaintance with me, and offered to prove it. And now, when it comes to the trial, you already begin to feel about for such scraps and hints as you may hope to coax out of me, after the usual fashion of fortune-tellers. I thought it would be so. I don't believe you know yourself, and to pretend to know me, whom you never saw before, and pro-

bably never will again! How should you? And why should you?"

"I know this, at least," said I, quietly, and dropping my baboonery, "that you are quite angry, and that you have acquired a sudden and immeasurable contempt for me. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said she, promptly, and with inconsiderate but full sincerity; for she spoke in answer to all my conversation and manners, up to my last question. Then she started, and looking at me in hasty alarm, and reflecting what her answer had been, added, "No;" for she comprehended for the first time the indications afforded by the new tone of the query.

"Hot and cold," I replied. "However, both answers are right. No matter for the apparent inconsistency. Deeper thinkers than either of us have decided that truth may oftentimes best be presented by the assertion of incompatible extremes."

"I think you are correct," said Miss Chester, "but I don't know how you could tell. However, as to that notion about presenting truth, it behoves to be careful lest the poor creature perish between its two incompatible bundles of hay. Well, sir; now, if you will please commence the proof positive of acquaintance?"

"Yes." I scanned her face a moment, and added, "You do not like to attend church."

"I do, too," she replied, hastily. "You are wrong there."

"You are glad to think so," I said. "But think a moment. I do not mean that you dislike religious services. But does not very much of the church choir music displease you?"

"Yes."

"And the prayers—were you never perplexed with a troublesome feeling that somehow they were not *your* prayers?"

"And the sermon—I am sure you have often shocked your friends by staying at home and reading one, when they were sure you ought to have been at church."

"Pshaw!" said Miss Chester, "you found that out from cousin Ellen."

"Not at all. I stated the particular fact merely as one phase of a characteristic which ramifies into many manifestations. You are what is sometimes called 'original'—I mean slow of belief, and independent in reasoning. You examine doctrine and precept for your-

self. The rapid statements of a sermon—of any oral discussion of a subject, do not satisfy you. You want to examine, to compare, to weigh. That accounts for your preferring to read sermons rather than to hear them. In general, you dislike lectures and public addresses, on whatever subjects; and in general, you prefer to read on them rather than to hear. As to the prayers, you are wrong to allow yourself in the feeling, though I am right in stating it to you. The dissatisfaction is owing to your defect of sympathy, either with congregation or preacher. If you would abandon yourself to a generous participation in petitions which are only such as universal petitions must of necessity be, you would reap good from the prayer. The music, not to speak of its usual wretched execution, is unpleasant to you, as a dishonest pretence of praise, offered usually by the irreligious and profane lips of persons who chant hymns to God, not because hymns overflow from hearts full of love, but because in their individual cases, the laryngeal membranes and tenses possess unusual motive and vibratory power. You see that my observations are merely individual corollaries from the premises of honesty, good observing and reflecting faculties, and musical temperament."

"It appears, then," said Miss Chester, "that your acquaintance is one not of very long standing, and hypothetical and extemporaneous to an extreme."

"But have I not spoken truly?"

"Yes, I believe so," said she, "although the things you say are such, as for some reason or other had not been articulately presented to me exactly in that way. I hardly knew them, if at all. And what is more," she added, "with a troubled look, "I do not like to be so easily read. I had thought myself safe in unintelligibility."

"While," I rejoined, "you fancied that nobody else had got beyond 'baker' and 'shady.'"

"Excuse the long word. I will plead the privilege of my pedagogy for that, though. But as to your discoveries; I see that things which I certainly never told to anybody, are known outside of my own mind. The more I think of it, the less I like it."

"But you should not dislike truth," I said.

"The truth is not to be spoken at all times. Nor is it always best or necessary to have it known even."

"Perhaps not," I answered. "But I will proceed with my analysis."

"No," said Miss Chester, hastily. "You have said enough already. I—— You"——

"One single remark let me make, however," I answered, and I now looked steadily into eyes that did not endure my gaze. "Just one thing. You do not despise me any longer. And you are half afraid of me, and the rest, I fear, is dislike."

"I won't tell you anything about it," she replied, with an alarmed sharpness.

"Very well; quite as well," I rejoined. "A good observer is like a good arithmetician. He proves his work as he goes along; he does not need to look for 'the answer in the book.' But let me ask you if you play chess?"

"I do. Not much; but I am very fond of it."

"Will you give me leave to come and play a game with you?" I asked.

I had permission; and thus our conversation ended for the evening.

It is no part of the design of this plain statement of facts, to produce any dramatic surprises. So I will plainly say, that by this time I was exceedingly delighted with my new acquaintance, and, indeed, to all intents and purposes, thoroughly and suddenly "in love at first sight."

But as to the nature of her opinions, in regard to me, except for the brief synopsis which I had mentioned to herself, and which, also I was confident of, in respect to my estimate of their kind, but not of their degree, I could form no guess. But respect is much.

CHAPTER SECOND.

MISS CHESTER, in truth, was almost my ideal, in point of personal attractions; namely, the embodiment of health and strength, under the lovely feminine limitations imposed by the laws and graceful lines of womanly beauty; and I felt a certainty which long observation and study in psychology and physiology might justify, that her mind was worthy even of a nobler casket, if such an one were imaginable. The fine hair, so inscrutably dark; the deep liquid eyes, whose unfathomable irises seemed, as I gazed into them, overflowing as redundant fountains into the clear white eyeballs; the dark and clear transparency of skin, demonstrated (a rare conjunc-

tion) quickness and endurance, not bodily only, but intellectual. The great volume of the head, the noble lofty forehead, the height of the upper cerebral region, proved as surely her intellectual excellence; which, in such a character as hers, must have been sustained and developed by the severe discipline of her work as a teacher. For, although the fact is seldom recognized, and indeed little known, no occupation on earth furnishes so comprehensive, invigorating, and symmetrical an exercise for the maturing, or matured mind, as the quiet and neglected business of "teaching school." And although disagreeable conclusions might seem suggested by the sharp words which I was certain she had distributed plentifully to the amiable youths, my predecessors in conversation, of which she had given me a specimen or two, and of which, the surname she had acquired might be reckoned a boding omen, yet they pleased me. For the wretched dandies richly deserved them. And how natural was it, for a strong and clear mind like hers, full of noble thoughts and the power to live them out, to be kindled into sparkling and blazing anger at the witless drivell of the butterflies she crushed! Moreover; I remembered with keen delight, how the wrathful contempt which my simulated folly had provoked, faded out forthwith, as soon as I spoke true and clear thoughts to her; how her maiden pride, so pardonably and beautifully lofty and outspoken, when she felt that her interlocutors dwelt in a sphere far below her—when she flashed lightnings of scorn down upon their puny heads from the ethereal air of her own inaccessible and uninvaded realm of thought—had fled, abashed; how with truthful and maidenly honesty infinitely more lovely than her beautiful anger, and which was the basis, to me reflecting upon it, of deep delicious musings, she had recognized in me an intelligence honest and like her own, in kind at least, even if (which I never doubted) her womanhood had clothed her with the great womanly prerogatives of deeper intuitions and more unfathomable enthusiasms. And that she was a true woman still, and not a mannish unsexed truant from her right life-limits, I knew; first, because I had seen so plainly—and I revelled in the remembrance, not from selfish pride of power, but because the fact vindicated to myself a claim of near relationship to such a noble soul—because I had seen

so plainly how she consented to respect my masculine prerogative of self-confident and aggressive intellection; and, second, because it was only with such instinctive frankness, and with such sweet and close-following recoil into reluctance, that she recognized my bold appeals to her own interior consciousness—my sudden invasion of her own realms of silent thought—where she had before sat, sole empress,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Such thoughts burdened me in daily dreams; and the current of my studious life, before flowing steadily on in reading and thought, now spread itself out in wide, quiet expanses of reverie; reflecting infinities of sweet thoughts, but flowing onward no more. I was "deeper than ever plummet sounded," in (I flattered myself), a reasonable, noble, and beautiful love.

After two or three fruitless calls, made, to my great disgust, when Miss Chester happened to be out of town, or otherwise employed away from home, I succeeded in finding her at leisure for the chess game which she had promised me.

I was shown, that evening, into a well furnished parlor; and in a few minutes Miss Chester entered, dressed, as usual, in black. She greeted me as if I had been an old acquaintance.

"Yes," said I, "that is right. We are acquainted, are we not? In fact, old friends?"

"In some sense," she replied, "it certainly does seem as if I had known you a long time; or rather, as if you had known me a long time, for I don't feel as well acquainted with you as you do with me. You read thoughts with an ease which frightens me."

"Where the fountain is so clear," I said, "it is no wonder that its depths are searched. Turbid and muddy thoughts would have shamed your mind into a cloudy secretive fear. But *that* would have revealed its own story, too."

"I believe," said Miss Chester, "that I won't talk any more mental philosophy with you. But here is our battlefield. I suppose I might as well surrender without a summons, if it were not for the shame. So I challenge you to the course with sharpened spears, as Ivanhoe did his wicked enemy, Brian de Bois Guilbert."

"I accept the challenge, but not in

the spirit of De Bois Guilbert. And in token that I bear you no ill-will, I offer you the right hand of a foeman's friendship."

She hesitated almost imperceptibly, but took the offered hand with a smile. I had offered her mine, indeed, that I might touch hers again, and I think some conscious or unconscious perception of it withheld hers.

"Now, then," said I, as I held her hand a moment, let it go, sat down by the table, emptied the chessmen upon the board, and quoted with assumed ferocity, "Death to the Huguenot! Fagot and Flame!"

Miss Chester replied promptly.

"But the braggart retreated more sad than he came. There's a Roland for your Oliver, sir. Still, your random shot told, for my mother was of a Huguenot family from the south of France, which came over to this country about 1690, and settled near New York, when John Jay's ancestors and so many more good men and women fled out of France to escape the *dragonnades*."

"Indeed? But now please tell me where you found the quotation with which you answered mine?"

"If I can remember, certainly. And where did you get yours?"

I reflected a moment. "It is mere 'flotsam,' I suspect—a splinter from some half-read poem, floating among miscellaneous *débris* of hurried reading. I declare I can't locate it. Stay, I'll tell you. No." And I had to give it up.

"I'm not so honest as you," said Miss Chester. "I have tinkered my line—it is a sort of transfer from Walter Scott's 'Search after Happiness.' The last two lines, you know, are

'And the king, disappointed, in sorrow and shame
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.'

"I think I caught it by the jingle at the end, as one might a rattlesnake by the tail. Excuse the pun, please. The requisite alteration I extemporized."

By this time the battle was ranged. Miss Chester, by lady's privilege, having the white pieces, and I the bloody red.

I invited her to the attack with as much politeness as did the Colonel of the English household troops his French adversaries at Fontenoy, and with more literature; for I challenged again in verse—

"Charge, Chester, charge!"

"For shame!" exclaimed my fair foe,

laughing however, "to pervert and parody right and left in that way! I fear you don't reverence anything, sacred or profane. I won't begin, now, unless the lot shall decide it so."

By lot the first move fell to me.

"I don't know" said I, scanning Miss Chester's face, "whether to attack you in an ordinary or an extraordinary manner. Let me consider. You like ghost stories. I shouldn't wonder if you specially enjoyed Poe's marvellous imagination "The Fall of the House of Usher."

She laughed. "You are right, I declare. Do you?"

"I do, indeed. So, seeing that you take such delight in things 'strange and vague,' I will treat you to a chess opening of that precise description."

And I moved, king's knight's pawn one.

In giving a cursory account of the progress of the game, I cannot of course expect to make myself understood in detail by untechnical readers. But the game of chess is one whose combinations and varying fortunes can perhaps be more readily represented by illustrative phrases drawn from the language pertaining to departments of life and action not merely ludicrous, than any other transaction so insignificant as a sedentary amusement. I shall therefore pause a little for an explanatory *excursus*.

The main series of evolutions of a game of chess may very aptly be narrated in phrases applicable to a military campaign. There is the same set of material conditions; namely, an area for combat, invasive and defensive; a given force to command; main points of attack and defence; centres of operations; and necessity for intricately adjusted combinations of effort, for in both cases each separate corps or soldier must subserve some leading purposes, immediate or remote, or both, and must also strengthen his neighbors without impeding them. The strife is decided by the same conditions in the opponents, viz., equality or inequality of force, or of skill, or of both. And the same qualities of mind are required; clearness of perception, lunganimity, boldness, decision and perseverance.

Having premised thus much, I may more intelligibly proceed to state that the move with which I commenced my game was the first step of a plan of campaign like that of Fabius the Delayer; a movement designedly insignificant, upon my own flank, designed to induce

the enemy to deploy rapidly and unwisely and so to lay her positions open to some deadly attack when the game should be in mid career. I intended to hold my centre troops close around my king, and to carry on my attack and defence from the sides of the game, allowing my opponent what is usually supposed the decisive advantage of occupying all the central open field, as the sly old Roman I mentioned, who "lurked and wandered in the bailiwicks" of Apulia and of Latium, lying close among the hills, watching Hannibal, and waiting for chances to annoy him.

The game progressed as I expected; and in truth, much more so, too. For Miss Chester's forces had been manoeuvred more skilfully than I had presumed upon; indeed she was the only lady player I ever saw who marshalled the mimic ranks with a man-like and purposeful decision and force of combinations. My plan, like an illogical argument, seemed likely to develop itself only to its own confusion. My deceitful Fabian policy, allowing my opponent time and space to construct an impregnable array, had cramped up my own hosts within a space so limited as to prevent me from developing their power anywhere. It seemed likely that (in a "chess point of view") I should be slain helpless and motionless, like a rat in a hole.

But it was not merely the difficulty of my chosen course of play, either, that prevented the operation of my combinations. I had been struggling hard to confine my attention wholly to my game; for, as a good player and a genuine lover of chess, I abhorred to be beaten. My sexual pride, moreover, revolted, in spite of philosophy, against being beaten by a woman, and I experienced much repugnance, also, at the prospect of sharing the undesirable sensations of that disingenuous machinator commemorated by Shakespeare as affording special delight to beholders—

—"The knavish engineer
Hoist by his own petard."

Therefore I strove to centre my mental powers upon the analytical and mnemonic operations mainly valuable in chess. But, for the first time, I could not do it. At one move after another, I caught myself gazing at Miss Chester, instead of at the pieces, and my thoughts intensely occupied in retracing the occurrences of the evening when I first met her. The

violent efforts I made to discontinue this irrelevant occupation, must themselves of course have used much of the power which I could otherwise have bestowed on my game; and their ill-success, again, left more and more of their power to expend itself upon unreasonable and absurd reverie. But so it was, and I could not prevent it. The time which I should have occupied—which Miss Chester *did* occupy—in planning and combining, I used in gazing at her, as she leaned in steady study over the table; in gazing, not merely with the close attention to curves and forms which, nevertheless, artistic knowledge and experience did cause me to use; but with that mere rapture of contemplation with which we look at what is grand and perfectly magnificent, even to the satisfaction of our ideal of perfection. She nearly surprised me at it, once or twice. I escaped by quickly dropping my eyes, not altogether ingenuously, I fear, upon the board. Nor, had she been disposed to critical observation, could the fact have escaped her that something prepossessed me. For not only did such evasions cause my cheeks to tingle, but they were followed by particularly asinine proceedings in my conduct of the game. For, having wasted the minutes which should have found me a strong move, in dreams, I then, ashamed of further delay, moved not only unpreparedly, but with the additional blindness of embarrassment and anger.

We had played without remark, Miss Chester studiously and I morosely or abstractedly, for nearly an hour. It was only the slow development consequent upon the line of play which I had adopted, which kept me from being checkmated before. But at last I thought that I discovered the inevitable impendency of check-mate in five moves. I waited to study the position fairly, and instead of that, fell off into unseasonable and profound meditation. I can hardly assert that I was precisely in the voluntary exercise of my ordinary mental faculties, such was the extreme of my abstraction. At least I quite forgot, for the time being, my place and my occupation, in dreams of delightful memory, and delightful, though groundless, vaticination. But these were suddenly shattered into destruction by a spasm or blow which vibrated in some mysterious way through all the chambers of my being. I looked up, and was astounded. Miss Chester stood erect before me, her

large eyes dilated, and her breast heaving with anger and fear; and the red blood crimsoning her fair face, her fair neck, into a deep blush.

"How dare you," said she, rapidly and angrily, "use such a power over me! This is the third time that——. But you may understand that even if you have it, you can never subject me to it. Did you not understand that the will of your subject must be subdued, or surrendered? If I were not able and willing to defy all you can do, I promise you I would have left you without a word. So often—in my own home, too!"

In utter extremity of surprise, I too arose. She had spoken as if profoundly convinced of some pernicious attempt designedly made by me; but what her precise belief could be, I wondered, and had to answer nearly at random.

"Would you believe me," I asked, "under *any* sanction?"

"She replied hesitatingly, "I don't know"——

"I swear to you," I said, "before God, that I never entertained the most distant wish or purpose in respect to you, which could displease, or should displease the proudest or noblest woman."

She stood yet hesitant in angry beauty. Even where truth is intellectually believed, it is often not felt until some corroboratory circumstance be furnished.

"You *know* it is so," I added, earnestly, "I know you saw how unexpected your words were to me."

"I did," she answered. "I saw it. I believe you. But it was natural, you know, to be indignant."

"But I *don't* know, either," I replied. "There is something here which I don't half understand. And you must let me talk with you about it. Let me lead you to the sofa."

She sat down, and I sat, unrebuked, near her. "What do you mean," I continued, "by speaking of 'the third time?'"

"You know," she answered, half suspiciously, as if thinking that I pretended ignorance.

"I think I partly do; but I want to be certain."

"Don't you recollect," said Miss Chester, "that you treated me in the same way, twice, the other evening? And before you had spoken to me, too?"

"I remember well," said I, "being twice surprised myself, by some one striking me a severe blow, as I supposed. And I acknowledge that I looked much

and often at you. But, to-night, it must have been your anger, I think, that struck me. At least, I saw that you were angry. I say struck. But it was not a blow. It was something like a spasm; or, indeed, not that either; a sudden and powerful repellent force exerted upon me, and operating, it seems to me, now that I consider it, neither on my body nor my mind. But I don't understand it at all; although I confess to you—. But tell me, please, what was the sensation that you experienced? For it seems to me that you have been agitated much more than I."

"You magnetized me," said she; "or tried to. Don't you know what that is?"

"Yes. I know what that is, perfectly well. I know that I have some power of that kind. But I have never met with any phenomenon like these which seem to have occurred, in respect to you, and certainly *have* appeared in respect to myself. Please tell me plainly all about it. For there are, I think, many things which I can learn from you; and I shall be right glad to learn."

I spoke with two meanings; if, indeed, I needed any instruction in the love-lesson which I was intuitively learning from my beautiful companion. Whether she saw both of them, I do not know. But she blushed as she answered,

"I will tell you just what happened to me. You know what the sensation is which indicates the coming of psychomagnetic power from some person other than one's self?"

"No, indeed," I replied; "that is, unless these three curious, sudden rebuffs, if I might call them so, which I have felt lately, were such. In truth, I have perhaps an unreasonably keen horror of coming under any such influence. I have often thought, that if I should find any person 'magnetizing' me, I would kill him, as surely as if it were necessary to prevent him from cutting my throat."

"Yes. Then you can understand," said she; "how justifiably I was displeased when I found you trying to magnetize me."

"Don't you believe me yet?" I asked. "I do not most solemnly assure you that I had not the remotest intention of the kind. If I did it, it was entirely and most innocently involuntary."

"Do you mean to say," returned Miss Chester, now apparently much surprised, but incredulously, "that you did not undertake to put my volition into a state

of subjection to your own, either this evening or the other?"

"Most assuredly I do," I answered. "Did I not tell you so before? I never used any such power at all, except to relieve one feeble person from a headache."

So speaking, I grew angry. For now, for the first time, I understood what was the suspicion that Miss Chester entertained of me, viz.: that I had endeavored to make myself master of her will, by taking advantage of her susceptible nervous temperament. So I myself now spoke further; and disdainfully and wrathfully.

"And since you yet think that I proposed so vile and devilishly wicked a snare as to rob a woman of the control of her own spirit, I do well to be angry. I will not even deny the base accusation. Believe it, if you can. And good by to you. For I denied it, and truly, before. Neither shall any one have the opportunity of disbelieving me twice, if I can prevent it."

So I was departing in haste, and in bitter anger and disappointment—anger at being so unworthily suspected—disappointment at the death of wild baseless hopes, unjustified, and, truly, almost unborn.

But she saw then—her feminine instinct admonished her—that I spoke in most entire truthfulness. And she recalled me; saying, "Don't go. I believe you, now, most fully. I did not understand you before, or I should have believed you before."

And when, in my overpowering and deaf wrath, I strode unlistening into the hall, and was departing in speed, like a true and kind friend, she stopped me. For she stepped promptly between me and the door; and as I lifted my angry eyes upon her, hardly seeing anything, indeed, through the turbid tumults of unendurable passion that raged within me, she laid her fair hand upon my arm, and detained me with gentle force. And she lifted her clear eyes to mine, and looked upon me with such grieved and deep surprise, that I was abashed and ashamed to appear before one so pure in such unlovely fury.

"You must not go away so angry. Come back. I will tell you a good reason for my suspicion. You positively shall not go away so unjustly angry at me."

"Miss Chester," I replied, in shame as sudden as my wrath had been, "I will

stop, if you will promise to forgive my foolish passion."

"Yes; certainly." Then, seeing that I was disposed to reduplicate apologies, she continued; "Don't say a word about it. We don't, either of us, I believe, quite understand the other, yet. But when I have told you what I wish, you may depart, if you will, either to return or not. I do not expect to retain friends long."

She spoke sadly. Nor was her sadness needed to induce me to remain, for my own displeasure was born of sorrow. So we sat down again.

"The reason of which I spoke," she said, "is simply this. I have before this time, narrowly escaped from one who sought to exercise over me the power which I supposed you were seeking to use. I am sure I need not justify myself any further?"

"No, indeed," I answered. "But why did you speak of not retaining friends for any long time?"

"Because I never sought to. I cannot expect fuller measure of liking than such as I have meted out to others."

I could not deny the justice of the retribution. I made no answer, and there was a short pause. Then, recollecting a former part of our conversation, I asked again for an account of her own sensations at the time when she had supposed me attempting to bring her under a magnetic subjection to my will.

"I doubt very much," said she, "whether the words exist for describing it. For several years I have read and talked much on this new philosophy of the mind and soul; but all the terms are vague, transferred from former uses into the present one; unsuitable, they fit like an empty crabshell to an oyster. So I can hardly tell you what it is. It begins, however, with a sensation which I can hardly describe, as I said, as to its precise nature—a general consciousness of relations or sympathies offered or obtruded from outside of one's own being; and this consciousness of mere relation proceeds and intensifies and individualizes, until the threads or web of the medium of connection weave thicker and thicker, and gather up into a cord passing directly to the person acting; and then that person becomes recognized as so acting. I don't mean that there is any actual cord, or material, or traceable road or way opened between the parties. I use the expression as the

best practicable mode of representing the train of sensations. One thing more will finish all I can tell. You remember that story of Heinrich Zschokke, in which the somnambulo lady recognizes so disgustfully the gross animalized character of the Italian prince, her wooer?"

"Yes."

"The story is truthful there. There has always been, when I have felt the sensations I describe, an almost immediate revelation of that kind. It has seemed to me, though I must use words in the same vague representative sense again, that those who approached me in that way were unhumanized into beasts. Their personality seemed to change and degrade. Their souls departed. The force of their life was a mere animal efflux, first imperceptibly alloying the stream of influence which they rayed forth, but rapidly predominating until I was inexpressibly shocked by the consciousness of the innate brutality of such minds. I don't think I can state the experiences more intelligibly, though I have spent much time in meditating on them. I almost doubt whether, in the present state of scientific nomenclature and research, the conditions for the classification of this department of knowledge exist."

Miss Chester ceased. "Allow me," said I, after a little thought, "to ask you a supplementary question or two. Was it not the bestial grossness of the powers, which you felt, which aroused in you the resisting horror of spasmodic volition, which freed you at once from the vile influence?"

"Yes," she replied; "I feel sure that it was." Then I asked, once more, with many doubts, and a most painful sinking of the heart, like that which assails a rash leaper, who doubts for an instant, in mid air, whether he shall reach the other side of the chasm—for I staked an unmeasurable hope or sorrow upon the chance of the single question—almost desperately I asked, although I was certain that I had looked and longed in pure freedom from any low desire—"Are you sure that it was that same disagreeable surprise and disgust which caused you to recalcitrate so violently against the influences which seem to have gone from me to you?"

"I cannot be quite sure," returned Miss Chester. "I repel every approach of the kind as soon as I can distinguish the individual making it. And I now

undergo so painful an agitation when I become aware that I am within such a sphere—such a keen apprehension of dangerous neighborhood, and so quick an anger—that I no longer stop to analyze the elements of whose operation I am conscious. But," she added, looking to the further side of the room, "I do most fully believe that the thing happened without ill intention on your part. Is not that enough?"

"Perhaps so, if it is all you can say."

Then a thought occurred to me, that I would contrive to have this test applied; for I cared for no risk. I would know, if I were unconsciously impure, that it was so; and purify myself. I did not for a moment doubt the reliability of this strange insight. And I continued—

"But I want leave to visit you again, and to read you one passage from a favorite author of mine, which I am sure

you will like. And, in return, I shall ask you for some music."

"But I have not told you that I could play. You have found it out by some queer method, I am sure. What was it?"

"I observed, as you drummed upon the table, that you played triplets and thirds with your left hand; and only a pianist or organist would do that."

"It is right," said she. "I will furnish such music as I can."

I was so bold as to ask her to set a time for my next visit, which she did; and I was about departing, when she reminded me that our game of chess was yet unfinished. I hastily assured her that my interest in that game had altogether disappeared, when I had discovered the five-move mate; that I "resigned the game," and challenged her to another, at the first convenient opportunity. And so I departed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GLIMPSES OF FRENCH LIFE.—THE RESTORATION.

WE imagine that none of our readers, but those who have travelled in Continental Europe (and not all of these) can form a clear conception of the rapid and the radical change which so important an event as a revolution makes in France. We on this side of the Atlantic, accustomed to our homely jog-trot sort of life, are utterly without the means to frame an idea of the complete change that event makes, in the twinkling of an eye, among a people like the French; nay, it is so far removed from all of our habits of thinking and of acting—so different from all of our experience—that when we attempt to depict the scene, we incur no little danger of being as ridiculous as the well-known blind-man whose pride was to boast that he had found out what scarlet color was like, and who, when pressed at last to explain his discovery, said it was like the clangour of a loud trumpet. The great difference between our respective races makes it hard

even for one on the theatre of the events, to do more than to observe them, and without being in all cases able to detect their connection and their causes: of a truth, he witnesses them in very much the same manner as he sees the Fakir of Ava, or the Wizard of the North, execute their tricks. The rabbit was in that box and the watch in this hat, yonder box was empty, and now it contains rabbit and watch; but how this change was effected he cannot understand, for it is in total opposition to all his experience.

The changes wrought by the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851, and the Revolution of February, and the Revolution of July, were assuredly startling; in a single night, many social and political circles disappeared for ever, like the frozen highway over the public ford, when the spring's breaking up dissolves it: but none of these approached the change which took place when, after the retreat

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris. Par le Docteur L. Veron. Comprendant: La fin de l'Empire, la Restauration, la Monarchie de Juillet, et la République jusqu'au Rétablissement de l'Empire. Tome Deuxième. Paris: Gabriel de Gonet, Éditeur, 6 Rue des Beaux Arts; Martimon Libraire, rue de Grenelle-St.-Honoré, 14. 1853.*

from Moscow, and the battle of Waterloo, the Empire fell. We have, with M. Vernon's aid, endeavored to exhibit some sketch of the Empire. Let us now, with the same resources, strive to place before our readers a picture of the Restoration.

A horde of Rip Van Winkles poured into France, who, since the "son of Saint Louis ascended to Heaven," had slept (but for the extreme hardships and the daily toil many of them had endured during their long emigration from their native land) rather than lived in the obscure hamlets of some obscure German Duchy or Electorship. They had cultivated a sedulous ignorance of "Monsieur Buonaparte;" they effaced all the events which had taken place since the Revolution and down to the proclamation of Louis XVIII., they were persuaded the good old days of their forefathers, blessed with every feudal privilege, had returned, and, during the first days of the Restoration, some of the more ardent adherents of the House of Bourbon were as hypocritical as the dowager peeress M. Michelet's instances in his history, who, met on the gala staircase of the Palace of the Tuileries, by one of her old friends, like her an *émigrée* (as these self-exiles were called), was stopped in her congratulations by the former saying, with a contemptuous shake of the head: "Ah! but it don't smell like Versailles!" They returned to France as though they were marching into a conquered country: the purse of Fortunatus alone could have satisfied all the pecuniary claims for indemnity made on the government. Monsieur le Ministre wrote one of them to the Count de Pradel, the Director General of the Royal Household, under the Count de Blacas: "I beg you to repair as soon as possible my pecuniary losses; I give you my word of honor, my income now is only five thousand dollars a year." The streets were filled with carpet warriors, accoutered in the ridiculous old military habits, who ignored the existence of any great warriors but Turenne, Condé, and de Saxe; these irresistible subjects for caricature were soon ridiculed in every print-shop window,

while some of the officers of the Grand Army amused themselves with dressing as *Voltigeurs* of Condé's army, and going to Tortoni's to breakfast, and walking on the thronged Boulevards, to the unspeakable amusement of the passers: but these officers were punished for their temerity, and it is said that one of them, meeting an old *émigré* in a complete costume of *Voltigeur*, the day he left prison, said: "You are very imprudent to wear such a costume: they put me in jail for a month for wearing just such another!"

Literature, which had slumbered, if indeed it were not stifled during the eventful days of the Empire,* revived with a singular rapidity.

The fields of literature had long lain fallow. Revolutions—those political tornadoes—had completely laid waste the country; the nation had, as it were, to begin again their existence; the fences were to be rebuilt; the roads cleared of the huge trees which rendered them impassable; the houses were to be again roofed. Perhaps it would be justice to attribute this dearth of literature rather to the French revolution than to Napoleon, and to mathematical studies.

Be this as it may, the return of the Bourbon family certainly gave a wonderful excitement to literature, and to the fine arts. The mangled warrior was no longer the hero of the drawing-room. The bulletins of the army were not now the favorite daily reading of the public. A new arena was open. Other battles were to be fought—combats not less glorious, not less contested, not less intellectual, than those of Austerlitz, Marengo, and of Jena. A parliament was open. The nation was present at all of the debates by the dextrous reporters. The city of Paris, with all that it contained of beauty, of rank, of intellect, were spectators of these contests of peace. The victor's name was on every lip, every drawing-room talked about him, every tongue complimented him. The newspaper rose from the rank of a mere chronicler, to the post of a councillor and of an advocate. It became an estate in the nation. Many drawing-

* Our readers will remember that the greater part of the writings of Mme. de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand were published by foreign presses. We have deemed it just to give M. de Lamartine's description of this period:—"It was the day of the incarnation of the materialist philosophy of the Eighteenth Century, in the government and in the *mœurs*. Nothing can depict, to those who have not felt it, the proud sterility of that epoch. They regarded calculations and strength, numerals and the sabre, as containing everything. It was an universal league of mathematical studies against thought and poetry. Numerals alone were free, honored, protected, paid. Mathematics were the chains of the human understanding. I breathe—they are broken."—*Des Destinées de la Pologne*. This, like almost all epigrammatic writing, rather exaggerates the evil tendencies of the Empire; but on this very account, it is perhaps the best suited to give us, distant readers, just conceptions of the effects of the imperial rule: exaggeration makes remote objects more perceptible.

rooms became literary parliaments, where the aspirant for literary honors read his poetry, or declaimed his tragedies, or anticipated the publication of his history; the drawing-rooms of the Countess Baraguay d'Hilliers, of Madame de Laoretelle, of Madame Angier (the wife of the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy), of M. Camponon, and especially of Madame Ancelet, were celebrated by the brilliancy of their literary evenings. M. de Lamartine, and M. Victor Hugo soon appeared in all the splendor of their genius. It was not a long time before the excited war of the Classics and the Romantics, gave a new vigor to the passion taken in literature. French literature, too long cooped up with the narrow thought that there was no world without its field, had become acquainted with all the literatures of Europe; nearly all the master-pieces of foreign authors were translated into French, and inquisitive students explored all of these new mines.

David, who had long ruled the dictator of painting (the just reward of the immense service he had rendered art, by saving it from the decline it was menaced by the imitators of Boucher and Watteau), David's school of art was attacked by Gros, Prudhon, Gericault, and Eugene Delacroix, who, by works which are now celebrated, urged the claims of color in opposition to the rank David had given to drawing. As under the Restoration, religion again occupied the place from whence it had long been dethroned; in the general desire to give it all its wonted pomp, music was not forgotten: Chérubini and Lesueur organized the royal chapel, and provided the best musicians, the finest voices, and the most gifted singers of Paris to interpret the religious music. M. Auber then gave those promises of his musical talents, which have been more than fulfilled. It was not long afterwards before Rossini came to Paris with all those operas now familiar to every ear from St. Petersburg to Canton. Nor should we forget that it was at this time that Boieldieu's genius reached its maturity, and gave the world *La Dame Blanche*.

M. Veron tells us also that a real revolution took place in dresses, and a great deal of advantage was gained from the hints suggested by the Russian and Prussian uniforms: the ridiculous short-waisted coats and dresses disappeared for a more healthy and a more beautiful

fashion. "We borrowed from the English, in 1814," says he, "a new art to France, newer than is generally thought: the art of cleanliness. Persons were well dressed and perfumed under the *ancien régime*, but during the worst days of the Revolution, and of '98, clean hands made you suspected. From the first days of the Restoration, cleanliness was understood and practised. Human nature was respected and honored; man was no longer, as they said, *food for cannon* (*chair à canon*). I am far from pretending that in a single day the public *mœurs* changed from vice to virtue; but the scandals of license gave place to an observed decency, and to the severities of prudery; nay, they even went to elegance; yellow gloves became fashionable and indispensable in the drawing-rooms, and in the boxes and stage-boxes."

M. Veron is not less happy in describing the Restoration. He depicts to us the entry of the Allied Armies into Paris the 20th March, and his own sensations at meeting a Cossack holding the horse of a Russian officer, and the gallantry of the Czar Alexander, replying to some ladies who waved the Bourbon colors, and exclaimed: "*Vive Alexander!* if he gives us our Bourbons!" "Yes, ladies," replied the monarch, "you shall have them again. *Vive Louis XVIII.*, and the pretty ladies of Paris!" The Emperor of Russia at that time became the guest of the Prince de Talleyrand, at whose house the Provisional Government of the day met, the Emperor of Russia presiding over their deliberations. It was there the "spoils" were distributed to the "victors,"—a very delicate office, for, as is always the case, where one was satisfied, an hundred were discontented; let us, however, instance one laughable incident, which (with others) relieved the monotony of discontent, and which is too good to be lost. The distribution of offices and decorations having been made upon the principle inculcated by the old saw, "charity begins at home;" all of Prince de Talleyrand's immediate friends were well cared for, except the Abbé de Pradt, who by some accident had been forgotten. Every post was filled except the Grand Chancellorship of the Legion of Honor; it was given to the Abbé de Pradt, who immediately hastened to take possession of his official residence; he was met at the threshold by an old usher, whose appointment dated from

some time early in the Empire; he threw open all the doors before the new Grand Chancellor, and bowing profoundly, said to his new master: "*Mon General*, you have but to command—your orders shall be obeyed!" We learn from M. Veron, the history of the celebrated *mot* attributed to Charles X., at that time *Monsieur*: "Nothing is changed in France—there is only one Frenchman more!" The evening of the entrance of the Count d'Artois (*Monsieur*) into Paris, the 13th April, 1814, there was a reception at Prince de Talleyrand's; the latter asked if *Monsieur* had said anything. Receiving a negative answer from those who had accompanied *Monsieur*, he said, "He must be made to say something. Bengnot (a gentleman present), you are a man of talents, go into my study and make us a *mot* for *Monsieur*." M. Bengnot took a candle and went into the study: he twice returned to the drawing-room with some phrases which were rejected; a third time he returned to the study, and in a short time he re-entered the drawing-room with an air of triumph, exclaiming: "Nothing is changed in France—there is only one Frenchman more." The company applauded it, it was printed in the morning papers, and it has become historical as being the expression of the thoughts of *Monsieur*, while, in reality, it was only the expression of the opinions and of the wishes of the frequenters of the Prince de Talleyrand's drawing-room. At this moment, Paris, with the inconstancy of enthusiasm which has now passed into a proverb, was fevered with delight at seeing its ancient dynasty again in the Palace of the Tuileries; every evening, songs and dances were improvised under the Palace windows; in the theatres unanimous audiences demanded the Bourbon songs, of *Vive Henry IV.*, and *Charmante Gabrielle*; all the members of the Royal family visited the several theatres in state, and were received by the audiences with an uncontrollable enthusiasm. The first and the most remarkable of all these performances was at the Théâtre Français, where the crowd was so dense, they at one time broke past the ticket-takers, and a great many people entered the theatre without paying; the prices of seats in the pit were twenty-five dollars—we mean the prices asked by and paid to the speculators who had bought up the pit tickets—the legal price was forty cents. At seven o'clock precisely, the Duke de Duras,

first gentleman on service, appeared alone in the royal box and announced: The King! The entrance of the king and the royal family excited the liveliest emotion in the house. For a quarter of an hour there was nothing but tears and frenzied cheers; Racine's *Britannicus*, and Alex. Duval's *Les Héritiers*, were the pieces performed. According to the old ceremony, two actors with wax candles in their hands received the king at the door, and escorted him to his box; when the royal family retired, Talma (who had played in *Britannicus*) was one of the actors who escorted the king to the door; the king said to him: "Monsieur Talma, I have been very much pleased with you, and my opinion is not altogether to be disdained, for I saw Lekain play very often."

These halcyon days were soon interrupted by clouds, and soon the political ocean was again tempest-tossed. How the storm ended by throwing the House of France again an exile on a foreign shore, is freshly remembered by our readers, notwithstanding the four revolutions which that country has since undergone. The people and the soldiery were animated with the same implacable hate of the Bourbons; even in the Garde Royale, this aversion existed to a so great degree that the Guards exhibited it among themselves on every occasion: when in the games with cards in their barracks they had to count *eighteen* points at *piquet*, they invariably used the obscene word in the French language. At the translation of the remains of the murdered Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette from the old Cemetery of the Madeleine to Saint Denis, the crowd of persons that were assembled along the route of this funeral procession insulted all the persons that were in it, and, when, by an accident, the decorations of the funeral car became engaged in one of the swinging lamps, at that time the only lamp used to light the streets, the cry of *A la lanterne!* that cry of the worst days of the Reign of Terror, was raised. Our readers may remember that this was the cry with which the populace would engage their leaders to hang by the ropes which supported the swinging street lamp (*la lanterne*) any person whose hands were too clean, or whose clothes were too elegant for their democratic tastes. During the whole period of the Restoration, secret societies covered France; almost every

person was a conspirator. *Carbonarism* (as these secret societies were called) had its *centes*, or lodges, in all the colleges, in the learned professions, in the scientific bodies, among the literary men: in a word, everywhere, and especially in the army. All of the most distinguished men belonged to it; let us content ourselves to instance General de La Fayette, M. Guizot, M. Thiers, M. Arago, M. Lafitte, M. Casimir Perier, M. Odillon Barrot. "People conspired," says the Duke de Rovigo in his memoirs, "on the kerbstones at the street corners, and nobody, unless indeed the ministers be excepted, was ignorant what was going on." There were fifteen matured and publicly exposed conspiracies during the Restoration, and M. Veron gives new and interesting details about them all. We rise from reading them with the conviction, that during the whole course of their career (great as their mistakes confessedly are), the Bourbons were much more sinned against than sinning. They covered with honors and with favor all the imperial generals who did not publish themselves as enemies to the throne. They nobly forgave all their enemies. And yet, as we have said, they were surrounded with conspirators: General Berton, the chief of the Saumur conspiracies, never missed a Sunday's reception held by the king and the princess, and when the Duke d'Angoulême went into Spain, nearly every one of his staff officers was a conspirator against his family's throne. If we cannot find the space to lay before our reader even a sketch of all of these conspiracies, neither can we consent to pass by without mention the story of the four sergeants of Rochelle.

A sergeant-major of the 45th Regiment of the Regular Army, while in garrison in Paris, in 1821, had been initiated to *carbonarism* by a law student. He, in turn, created a *cente* in his regiment, and, in the first place, received as members of it a soldier named Lefèvre and a sergeant named Goubin. After a while, the *cente* increased in numbers. The 22d January, 1822, the 45th Regiment quitted Paris to go to La Rochelle. A quarrel with some of the Swiss Guards in Orleans separated Bories from his comrades during the route. Suspicious had been excited. Bories opened his mind at Poitiers to Sergeant-Major Choulet, who informed the colonel of all that had passed, and he ordered that Bories should be lodged in the house of a retired officer, who professed to be an enemy of

the government, and to whom he was so imprudent as to confide his position and his hopes.

At Niort, his comrades accepted a dinner offered by the liberal party, and at it they expressed themselves so freely as to compromise themselves. When Bories reached La Rochelle he was sent to the city jail, from whence he was taken and sent to Nantes, where General Despinos, the commandant of the division, wished to interrogate him. This, his unexpected departure, placed the direction of the *cente* in the hands of Sergeant Pommier, who was not capable of this office. While Bories was going from La Rochelle to Nantes, the Saumur plot was attempted to be carried into execution, and failed, and Lieutenant Delon and General Berton (the chiefs of the Saumur plot) reached La Rochelle. Delon embarked with one of his friends, Lieutenant Moreau, for Spain. Berton remained in La Rochelle. He regarded the situation of La Rochelle as excellent: it was a sea-port, the seat of a central civil *cente* which was supported both by other civil *centes*, by the 45th Regiment, and by two battalions of infantry quartered in the Ile de Ré; La Rochelle was a rallying point, and a point of refuge to which the sea remained always open. Berton opened communications with Pommier, and enjoined him to be prepared to act. Pommier assembled the *carbonari* of the 45th Regiment in an inn, about a quarter of a league distant from La Rochelle. He informed them of the presence of General Berton, and communicated to them the orders he had received. A sergeant-major, named Goupillon, insisted that they should act at once, and so *carry away* the regiment, as it were by force, and, as a means of diverting the efforts of their opponents, that they should fire the barracks. This proposition was rejected. Pommier refused to explain about the precise moment of action, and they separated, promising each other to be ready. This meeting took place the 11th March; the 18th, Pommier and Goubin, designated in the reports made to the authorities about the Niort dinner, were arrested, by order of the colonel, and imprisoned in the city jail. This double arrest alarmed Goupillon, who began to tremble for his own security. Urged by the Sergeant-Major Choulet, he made a declaration to the colonel, informed him of all he had seen, done, and heard, and gave him the names of all of the initi-

ated. That very evening, Raoulx and Lefèvre were arrested as they came from an interview with General Berton in the house of the President of the Central *Vente*, and shortly afterwards the other conspirators were also arrested; and the searches made discovered in their trunks, or in their mattresses, the poignards they had received as the rallying sign. General Despinois hastened to La Rochelle. Goupillon had made only incomplete avowals. The general obtained from Goubin and Pommier the most explicit avowals: they informed him about the central *vente* with which they had been placed in relation at Poitiers, and thus enabled the authorities to detect the lien which united the civil conspirators to the army. The ministers were informed of this, and the members of this central *vente* were immediately arrested. One of them, named Hénon avowed everything, and gave the exactest information. But the organization of the *Charbonnerie* was so framed that the discovery of one *vente* could not lead to the discovery of another *vente*, and still less to that of the directing committee or the *haute vente*. After six months of researches, the authorities could join to the *carbonari* of the 45th Regiment only Captain Massias of the same regiment and the members of the central *vente* designated by Goubin and Pommier. M. Massias, M. Baradère, and Bories had had relations with General de La Fayette and other members of the directing committee, or the *haute vente*, but they kept silent. The trial commenced the 21st August, 1822, before the Court of Assizes of the Seine department; there were twenty-five accused. During the trial, many efforts were made to intimidate the jury; all of the jurors received, and every public place (and especially the Italian Opera-house, where Baron Trouvé, the foreman of the jury passed away every evening) was filled with small slips of paper, on which were printed the panel of the jury, with these menaces in writing: "Blood for blood! The death! The poignard." Bories, Goubin, Pommier, and Raoulx were condemned to death. Several schemes were formed to save the lives of the four condemned sergeants. Some proposed that when they were brought from Bicêtre to undergo their sentence, that the carriage in which they were placed should be stopped by a cart, overturned as if by accident on the route, that the escort should then be attacked, put to flight,

and the four sergeants be delivered. Others proposed to collect together the nine or ten thousand *carbonari* of Paris, to place them behind the line of soldiers formed from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Grève, to seize the soldiers at a certain signal, while other *carbonari* would run to the hurdles, capture the four sergeants, and place them in a post-chaise stationed in some adjoining street, and conduct them into a place of safety. Others again proposed to counterfeit the arrival of a courier sent with a pardon, and who by waving a paper would make the escort undecided, and cause enough emotion in the throng to allow a lucky *coup-de-main* to be successful. A young medical student, M. Guille de La Tosche, who was pursuing his anatomical studies at Bicêtre, informed General de La Fayette that, with the aid of a surgeon, an *interne* in the establishment, he could secure the evasion of the four sergeants.

The keeper of Bicêtre had agreed to aid them, provided they gave him a capital, whose revenue would be equal to his pay, which was six hundred dollars. Fourteen thousand dollars were raised and given by Colonel Dentzel to M. de La Tousche. Colonels Dentzel and Fabvier, and M.M. Ary Scheffer and Horace Vernet and some other persons, undertook to prepare the means of flight for the four sergeants, the keeper of Bicêtre and his uncle, an old priest, the almoner of Bicêtre. But this priest notified the Prefect of Police. The keeper then changed his game. He declared that he was only waiting for the scheme to be more matured to speak to the police, and avert it. The police ordered him to continue to play his former part. At the appointed day, M. de La Tousche and the *interne* came to the rendezvous. M. de La Tousche was the bearer of two thousand dollars in gold, which were to be paid in advance, and of twelve thousand dollars in bank notes, which were to be given to the keeper only after the evasion. The gold was spread out on a table to be counted. At this moment, a quarter-master of the gendarmerie and two gendarmes suddenly entered the room and pounced on the table. M. de La Tousche was so fortunate as to get between the door. Taking advantage of his knowledge of the building, he went into the dissecting-room, hid himself there so securely no one could find him; the next morning, by daybreak, he leaped over the work-

house's cemetery wall, returned to Paris, and gave to Colonel Dentzel the twelve thousand dollars he had saved. The execution of the four sergeants took place the 21st September, 1822. Before they started for the scaffold, the Procureur-General and the President of the Court of Assizes asked them in an agitated voice if they would not endeavor, to excite the royal clemency by making revelations. They replied unanimously they had no revelations to make. Again pressed to save themselves by revealing what they knew, they made the same reply. But during the march which led them to the scaffold, these four young men, full of *sang-froid* and of courage, looked around from the hurdles, endeavoring to find in some point of the horizon, or among the crowd that surrounded them, the rescuers that were promised them. None came; no attempt was made to save them. Raoulx was executed first, then Goubin, then Rommier, and last of all Bories. They all died crying *Vive la Liberté!* The inhabitants of Villefranche, in the department of the Aveyron, Bovies's residence, resolved to conceal his death from his parents. He often wrote to them; when he ceased to write to them, they said that he had been sent to the colonies, and they recommended the same discretion to the soldiers who came thither on leave of absence. For several years no one betrayed this secret. They would have bitterly reproached themselves, as for a crime, had they afflicted the honorable old people, esteemed by the whole population. The four sergeants of Rochelle are buried in the cemetery of Mount Parnasse; we still freshly remember that when we were in Paris, their graves continue a favorite object of pilgrimage, and that every All Saints' Day pious hands cover them with flowers and with funeral wreaths.

M. Veron gives us some new details of the arrests of Marshal Ney and Colonel Labédoyère and the romantic escape of M. de La Valette. So far from being arrested by M. Decares, Marshal Ney was arrested by the Royal Volunteers of Aurillac, the 5th August, 1815, in the Château de Bessonnis, near Aurillac (Auvèrgne). This chateau belonged to M. de Cantaloubre, a relation of the Marshal; and Ney owed his arrest solely to his own imprudence. When Marshal Ney quitted Paris for some secure retreat, he took with him a sabre remarkable for its beauty and richness, given to him by

Napoleon, who had worn it in Egypt; this sabre had attracted the attention of M. de Cantaloubre and of his friends; the sabre was left one day on the sofa in the drawing-room; it excited a good deal of conversation in Aurillac, from its splendor, and its having belonged to Napoleon. Suspicions were soon hazarded that the guest who recently had reached the Château de Bessonnis was a fugitive Bonapartist, and the relation known to exist between Marshal Ney and the lord of the chateau, suggested to some one that the unknown guest of the chateau was none other than the marshal. This surmise acquired the certainty gossip proverbially gives its themes; the news spread like wildfire, and the loyal Royal Volunteers of the village, felt they could not exhibit in a stronger light their zeal and their fidelity than by arresting one of the most illustrious imperial marshals whom the ordinance of the 24th July stigmatized as a traitor to the king. This whole movement was voluntary. A brother of M. de Cantaloubre, the postmaster in Aurillac, and himself a relation of the marshal, was informed of the designs of the Royal Volunteers; he hastened to the chateau to inform his brother and the marshal. In his haste, and the obscurity of the night, he fell into a ditch and broke his leg, so that, far from continuing his route, he could not rise from the ground. The marshal could not be warned, but there was a last resource; the Royal Volunteers did not know him personally, and when, at daybreak, they reached the chateau, chance led that it was to Marshal Ney himself they asked the question, "Where is Marshal Ney?" Flight was still possible.—"You ask for Marshal Ney," said he to them; "come with me, I will show him to you." He carried them into his room. "I am Marshal Ney." He surrendered himself to them without resistance; they carried him to Aurillac, and then sent him to Paris, where he arrived on the 19th of August, 1815, the day Labédoyère was shot. While they were on the road to Paris, the marshal and the gendarmes who guarded him had stopped in an inn by the wayside for refreshment; while they were resting, some forty old soldiers who had served under the marshal, and now discharged, were on their way home passed by the inn. They recognized their old chief, and exchanged with him significant glances, which gave him to understand that they could deliver him.

The gendarmes themselves seemed disposed to yield easily before these superior numbers. They waited only a gesture of the marshal, but he was too confident of his acquittal to wish an escape. Our readers know that he was tried by the Chamber of Peers, 161 Peers (an unusual number) being present, they were unanimously of opinion that he was guilty: 189 voted for his death, and 22 voted for his transportation. He was shot.

The arrest of Labédoyère was due to his own inexcusable imprudence. He had received warning of the contents of the royal ordinance, and he had left Paris for the environs of Clermont in the department of the Puy de Dome; his flight was protected by passports, which Fouché had delivered blank, knowing very well for whom they were intended. Every one thought he entertained the wise plan of going to Switzerland, and from thence to England: nothing was easier than the voyage from Clermont to the Swiss frontier; but what does the colonel? He returns to Paris, and selecting of all vehicles in the world, the public *diligence*, to accomplish his journey; among the passengers was an officer of the *gendarmerie*, who recognized him. When the *diligence* reached the Barrière de Fontainebleau (the name of one of the gates of Paris), and while the *octroi* officers were making their usual searches, the officer of the *gendarmerie* took a hack and hastened to the Prefecture of Police. The Prefect of Police was absent; he communicated his secret to the Commissary of Police on duty; the latter went to the *diligence* office, and found the coach had arrived, and that the colonel had already gone; but the police obtained the number of the hack he had taken, and they soon ascertained that he had gone to a house in the Faubourg Poissonnière. They asked the porter, of the house what had become of the traveller who had arrived an hour before. He replied that he was still with the person who lived on the *Entresol*. They went up stairs and arrested him. All this was over when the Prefect of Police returned to his office. That day Fouché gave a grand ball in honor of his marriage with Mademoiselle de Castellane; he had invited all of his friends of the Faubourg St. Germain to it, and scarcely one of them had failed to come. It was during this ball, and in the midst of dances, Fouché heard of Labédoyère's arrest; it

gave him the greatest pain. A new conspiracy had just been discovered in Paris, and the government concluded that the colonel had come up to take a part in it. Labédoyère was scarcely thirty years old; he was a handsome young man, a brilliant and promising officer. When he joined Napoleon after the return from Elba, it was because his regiment had forced him away with them. His punishment would have been comparatively light, but for the unfortunate coincidence of the plot discovered the eve of his arrival in Paris. He had ardent friends in all parties; most of the members of his family were royalists. They resolved to contrive an escape from jail; an obstinate fatality averted this plan, even after the jailer had been gained: everything was ready, even six thousand dollars, the sum required to remove the last difficulties, had been procured, when the person who conducted the plan of evasion (a lady) talked about it to an *officier de paix*, who she believed was in the secret, but who knew nothing about it; he made a noise about it; the unfortunate lady was arrested and sent to jail, where she was immediately examined; she nobly avowed her whole scheme, and the depth of her affection for Labédoyère. She was released the day after he was shot. He resigned his life with the greatest courage.

The Count de Valette was more fortunate. His arrest, too, was due entirely to his own negligence. He had several times been warned of the danger which menaced him; he took no notice of these friendly admonitions. The police officer who arrested him, called in the morning to tell him he should arrest him at night. Still he did not fly! At six o'clock in the evening, as he was about sitting down to dinner, he was arrested in his house in the Rue de Grenelle. His wife was a tall and a spare woman; he was very short, and very fat. Tried before the Court of Assizes, he was condemned to death. He appealed to another Court—the sentence was confirmed. He craved the royal mercy: M. de La Valette inspired a great deal of interest—he had a great many and warm friends. The crime imputed to him was not of especial gravity, but the party then in the majority in both Chambers demanded his blood with an inflexible cruelty. The king, always disposed to leniency, urged that before this vehement hostility, he was not in a vo-

sition to hearken to the dictates of his heart, and that if the blood of M. de La Valette was spared, it would cause torrents of blood to flow, for his pardon would cause the overthrow of the Ministry, and it would be replaced by men belonging to the powerful majority, who, once in office, would pursue other victims with relentless cruelty. M. Decares (then Minister of Police) thought that if the Duchess d'Angoulême could be induced to intercede with the king for the pardon of M. de La Valette, the king's fears would be dissipated. The king approved the plan, and thought it excellent. M. Decares engaged the Duke de Richelieu to win the Duchess d'Angoulême's consent. The duke spoke to her eloquently and warmly, and at the last he touched her heart; she promised to intercede, provided *her friends did not object to it*. The method of obtaining the pardon was formed by M. Decares and Marshal Marmont, who was a devoted friend of M. de La Valette; it was agreed that Madame de La Valette would fall at the king's feet, and that at the same time she should invoke *Madame's* (the Duchess d'Angoulême) pity; when *Madame* joining her prayers to those of the petitioner, the king would grant their request. The Duke de Richelieu had been authorized to say so much to *Madame* in the name of the king. But the friends *Madame* consulted, dissuaded her from exerting any influence in the matter, and the next day (which was the day appointed by M. Decares and Marshal Marmont for this scene) the strictest orders were given that no women should be allowed to enter the *Salle des Maréchaux* in the Tuilleries. When Marmont (who knew nothing of this order) came there with Madame de La Valette on his arm, the *garde du corps* on duty said: "Madame, my orders are that no ladies shall be admitted." Marmont replied: "Are you ordered too to keep me out?" "No, Marshal." "Then I

shall go in," and he entered, forcing Madame de La Valette in with him. At the sight of her, the Duchess d'Angoulême became very much embarrassed; her countenance showed a lively interest, but her eyes met her friends' glances, and she dared not give way to her heart. She has often expressed her regret since, that she did not listen to the impulse of her natural generosity. The king, seeing that he was not sustained, received the petition and made an evasive reply. The execution was fixed for the next day. This same day, Madame de La Valette went to see her husband in a porter's chair, accompanied by her daughter, a child of fourteen years old, and an old governess. The husband and wife dined together in a separate apartment, where the countess took her husband's clothes, and gave him hers. As if to make the difficulties of the evasion greater than they were at best, a stupid servant was so imprudent as to say to the porters, they would have a heavier load when they returned, but that they would not have far to go, and "you will get twenty-five Louis d'or." "Then we are to bring back M. de La Valette?" said one of the porters; this man went away, but he kept the secret; his place was supplied by a charcoal-seller, who happened to be there. Three women soon appeared, and crossed the jailer's room; one of them seemed overwhelmed with grief—she covered her face with her handkerchief and sobbed bitterly. The jailer, touched, aided her out, and without daring to raise her veil. He went into the prisoner's chamber, where he found no one but Madame de La Valette: "Oh! Madame," exclaimed he, "you have undone me! you have deceived me!" When Louis XVIII. heard of it, he said: "Madame de La Valette has done her duty." M. de La Valette remained concealed in Paris until the 21st January, 1816.

THE MOUNTAIN WINDS.

I SATE upon the lofty Tryon's* brow,
 While yet the sun was struggling up the east;
 Broad was the realm around, fragrant below
 The plains, with summer fruits and flowers increased.
 The soul and eye were at perpetual feast
 On beauty; and the exquisite repose
 Of nature, from the striving world released,
 Taught me forgetfulness of mortal throes,
 Life's toils, and all the cares that wait on mortal woes.

Never was day more cloudless in the sky,
 Never the earth more beautiful in view:
 Rose-hued, the mountain summits gathered high,
 And the green forests shared the purple hue;
 Midway, the little pyramids, all blue,
 Stood robed for ceremonial, as the sun,
 Rose gradual in his grandeur, till he grew
 Their God, and sovereign devotion won,
 Lighting the loftiest towers as at a service done.

Nor was the service silent; for the choir
 Of mountain winds took up the solemn sense
 Of that great advent of the central fire,
 And pour'd rejoicing as in recompense:
 One hardly knew their place of birth, or whence
 Their coming; but through gorges of the hills,
 Swift stealing, yet scarce breathing, they went thence
 To gather on the plain, which straightway thrills
 With mightiest strain that soon the whole wide empire fills.

From gloomy caverns of the Cherokee;
 From gorges of Saluda; from the groves
 Of laurel, stretching far as eye may see,
 In valleys of Iselica; from great coves
 Of Tensas, where the untamed panther roves,
 The joyous and exulting winds troop forth,
 Singing the mountain strain that freedom loves—
 A wild but generous song of eagle birth
 That summons, far and near, the choral strains of earth.

They come from height and plain—from mount and sea—
 They gather in their strength, and, from below,
 Sweep upwards to the heights—an empire free,
 Marching with pomp and music—a great show
 Triumphal—like an ocean in its flow,
 Glorious in roar and billow, as it breaks
 O'er earth's base barriers: first, ascending slow,
 The mighty march its stately progress takes,
 But, rushing with its rise, its roar the mountain shakes. + + +

O winds! that have o'erswept the viewless waste
 Where nature dwells in verdure—where the wild,
 Not barren, though a wilderness, is graced
 With flowers more sweet than e'er in garden smiled,
 Or, in strange mood, by northern snows beguiled,
 Have swept the *mer de glace*, nor felt the cold—
 Unfold to me, as to a yearning child

* Mount Tryon, a lofty summit, looking into South Carolina.

That longs for marvels, in its longings bold,
The story of your flight, the experience yet untold.

The world is yours, for ever, generous winds!
Ye have won all its avenues; have swept
Where nature in her stern dominion binds
The waters in ice-fetters, nor have crept,
♦ Though the sad sun himself in Heaven hath slept
O'ercome with chills of apathy; and thence
Have brought the doom to flowers, that, unbewept,
Do not all perish;—yet 'twould recompense
Your wrong, to share with us your strange intelligence.

The cultured and the wild, the height, the plain,
Ancient and present seasons, all are yours!
Ye have heard Israel's monarch harp complain,
Have swept old Homer's lyre on Hellas' shores,
Hearkened while Dante's savage soul deplores,
And Milton moans his blindness in your ears,—
Yours only!—Oh! how boundless are your stores
Of treasured legends: yield them to my prayers,
Make fruitful all the thought to rove through perishing years!

Methinks, as now your billows from below
Roll upwards, and with generous embrace
Swell round me, that I hear a murmuring flow
Of song, which might be story; and I trace
The faint far progress—men, and time, and place,
Commencing in relations fit,—till start
The actors into action;—art with grace
Appealing to the kindred in our art,
Till all grows life and light, for fancy and the heart.

I climb the mighty pyramids, and scan
The boundless desert—vacant, vast, and wild;
Yet, still I see the ancient prints of man!—
To sweep away the sand above him piled,
And pierce his vaults—reveal him as the child
Of an ungoverned passion, fierce and strong,
Rending his way to power;—his nature fill'd
With savage lusts that teach a joy in wrong,
While vengeance broods above, nor spares the usurper long.

How, as your murmurs swell upon the sense,
Grow they to voices, and inform the ear!
The Imagination, in its dream intense,
By natural consequence becomes the seer;
The vanish'd ages at its will appear;
The gates of Nimroud open: o'er the plain
Stream forth the servile myriads, dark and fair,
In fatal pomp, the power is wed to pain—
Sennacherib leads the host, and piles the fields with slain.

And Judah, as a captive in his hands,
Droops to his dungeon. The sad wife and maid
Go to their lowly toils in stranger lands;
Their silent harps among the willows laid,
Resound not, though by the fierce conqueror bade,
Respect the glorious God-rejoicing strains
That ever, morn and eve, glad tribute paid
To the great Giver of their happy gains,
Ere guilty deeds had changed their raptures into pains.

Their mournful harps, yet swept with trailing wings,
 To unseen spirits ; with a power to cheer,
 The sorrowful chaunt re-opened sacred springs
 Of love and worship : the consoling tear
 Though salt had yet its sweetness, and made clear
 Jehovah's promise of that coming hour,
 Howe'er remote, the dawn of happier year,
 When in the fullness of his wakening power,
 The widowed bride should wear, once more, the bridal flower.

Thus, on your wings ye bear to unknown times,
 The Empire's conquering shout, the captain's song ;
 Your voices are the voices of all climes,
 All ages—rise and fall—the weak, the strong ;
 The cry of grief or rapture, praise or wrong,
 Moves with your choral pinions ;—ages die ;
 But still their accents rise and linger long,
 Even as the light from stars that fleck the sky,
 Will strain through space though they no longer burn on high.

I list ye, and these valleys teem with life ;
 The desert puts on verdure ; cities soar
 Beneath the mountain ; and the glorious strife
 Of purpose and performance even more
 Resounds from human haunts ; the generous lore
 Recalls the beautiful when earth was young ;
 Legions of glorious aspects ye restore—
 Shades of these mighty minstrels who have sung
 When Nature was a child, and Art first found her tongue.

I travel with ye o'er each sacred spot,
 Made holy by the march of mightiest men ;
 Here was the altar-place : this mystic grot
 Harbored a muse : within yon wooded glen,
 Pan marshalled all his satyrs ;—here, again,
 Gathered the little phalanx of the free,
 Prepared to welcome the last struggle there,
 For shrines and temples, dear to liberty,
 The gift of shadowy fires, that watch'd the strife to see.

Where the glad nation, lapsed in summer bliss,
 Forgot her vigilance—where the conquering race
 Stood forth, and bridged with death the precipice
 That kept them from the bright luxurious place,
 Ye lead me still,—till, meeting face to face,
 I gaze upon the past, o'er walls of time,
 Each circumstance of power, and pride, and grace,
 Unveiled, with realms of each delicious clime,
 Where glory wraps her pall around the hills sublime !

What empires ye unfold to me, blest airs,
 That travel o'er all wastes of time and earth ;—
 Those mighty shadows, when the strife was theirs,
 Have felt your pinions, and, with sense of mirth,
 Thrown wide their bosoms, feeling a new birth
 In your cool breathings ; in the storm of fight
 Ye swept the plain, and to the soul of worth
 Brought cheer, in echoing answers of great might,
 From other god-like souls that strove for home and right.

Oh! sing for me, for ever, from your heights—
 Roll from your deep abysses the proud strain
 That teaches power, and tells of wild delights,
 Of a sad grandeur, half allied to pain;—
 O billow anthems, upward swell again,
 With all your awful voices, that unite
 The ages with their Gods;—a shadowy train,
 That fill great robes of purple on the sight,
 And, in the maturing soul, look down with eyes of night!

MINING VANITIES.

"Sed itum est in viscera terræ:
 Quas reconsiderat, stygisque admovent umbris,
 Effodiantur opes irritamenta malorum."—*Ovid. Met.*

"Innumerable furnaces and pits
 And gloomy holds."—*Alexander Smith.*

"Seven up."—*The Broker.*

THERE is a wicked street, that is over-
 topped and crossly frowned upon by
 the steeple of Trinity.

Banks and railroad companies inhabit
 it, and various are its receptacles of
 floating capital. *Digging* has become
 incorporate therein; and bad men do
 unscrupulously go about to bury their
 loose talents in the earth, by way of a
 serious and paying investment. I am
 moved to apostrophize the iniquity.

What have I to do with thee, thou
 Wall street, stocked with ephemeral
 "fancies!" I and my friends look down
 upon thee, from the garret and dormer
 windows of a sublime independence.
 How *little* thou art! Thou art content
 to control the small destinies of a nation!
 Thy name is in the mouth of the politi-
 cal economist. Thou art nothing—the
 mere mainspring of the State—a piece
 of mechanism! Away with thee! Thou
 hast body. Thou art earth-born, mortal.
 Thou feedest men. Thou pamperest
 them with bread. Thou buildest
 cities and ships, and sendest forth mer-
 chandise, and makest civilization vulgar
 and universal. Thy mean-spirited bank-
 ers support the charities of christendom
 with **MONEY**! I hate thee! Thou
 knowest naught of ethical mysteries and
 metaphysics. Thou art dusty. Thou
 never tastedst pure ether. Thou never
 dwelledst in lofts and celestial observa-
 tories.

It is true, thou hast backers. Practi-
 cal men love to look upon thee, and in

thy ebb and flow, to watch the "tide of
 times." Philosophers justify thee, and
 say thou art a necessary development of
 progressive and associated humanity.
 The Arts do smile upon thee, and Reli-
 gion accepteth thine alms.

But for all that, I deal not in thy
 securities.

—Oh, what a "suggestive" subject!
 If it were my trade, now could I ser-
 monize till doomsday. But I feel that
 the spirit of Homily is exhaled already—
 a transient inspiration that came upon
 me, unexpectedly glancing over the
 stock-book of the Mining Board.

The truth is, I have something to say
 about *mining*, in the concrete; some-
 thing experimental about the *modus*
 of mining; something in the way of
 autobiography—instructive, descriptive;
 something in the Gradgrind line of *facts*;
 and my only anxiety now is, to make
 the transition easy, from a moralizing
 vein to a copper vein. There is but one
 route.

We take the cars—cross to Philadel-
 phia—get upon the Reading Railroad,
 and ride fifty miles. Here we descend
 at a lonely station—cross a bridge with
 a river under it, and then another bridge
 with a canal under it—come to several
 warehouses, a store and a dwelling, a
 great many nails lying about in kegs and
 otherwise, and a score or two of pigs
 (iron), all on the right bank of the
 canal. We follow the road along the
 canal a few rods, and discover a gris-

mill and a tavern, built of stone, and four or five other stone houses, huddled together sociably. Here are a corner and cross-roads. We turn to the right, and pass through a street of small stone houses with courtyards. On one side, about half-way along, is a little stone church, and at the end of the street, a large rolling-mill, where they roast their pigs and turn them into nails. Close by are a stone office, and a stone coopering shop, where they make kegs for the nails; a stone table, too; and, in sight at the top of a hill, a pleasant house, *not* of stone, pleasantly shaded, and with pleasant grounds, well laid out, where live the Iron-masters.

Passing these, and more stone houses beyond the rolling-mill, we go on into the back country, through wild scenery: catching a glimpse, among the woods, of a great smelting furnace devoted exclusively to pigs; crossing a number of bridges over streams of various sizes: climbing a number of hills; and meeting and overtaking many heavy teams, loaded with ore for the furnace, or pigs for the rolling-mill, or coal, or bags of copper for the canal.

The road is worst in the known world. It cannot be said to *possess* ruts—it is made up of ruts—ruts three feet deep, crossing each other at impossible angles, and qualified by a gentle filling in and overflow of Broadway mud (as it was before the advent of Genin).

We *pursue* this road for nine miles, and our journey is ended.

* * * * *

There, near a century ago, a party of miners went a-digging for copper. They threw out a considerable quantity of dirt, and made a deep hole.

They had an expressly imported engine, of — horse-power, to pump the water out.

They dug and blasted without regard to expense, and “timbered” as they went down, in true Cornish style, until they had reached a depth of two hundred feet, more or less, when—I forget what—somebody fell in, or the water was too strong for them, or the captain-miner got drunk, or died, or their money gave out—in consequence of which, the mine was abandoned and went to ruin.

Meanwhile they had found no copper “to speak of.” There were indications in abundance; indeed, quite a heap of surface ore betokening a vein thereabouts, but no vein was discovered. So the land passed into the hands of an

Iron Company, and was probed ferruginously, to some extent, and with some success.

But the superstition died not, that there was “copper there somewhere;” and the legend of the old mine was perpetuated and confirmed by the daily turning-up of incredible specimens of malachite, and by a decided sprinkling of the yellow sulphuret, which bothered the iron men.

At last the fame of their possibilities reached New York; and the “Mine Holes,” as they had come to be called (diminutive “holes”), were visited by Gothamites, who leased the right of search for copper, set up a rickety “whim,” brought a couple of blind horses, a pick or two, some chisels and a spade, built a cabin, and started a new shaft. I saw the newly opened mine in this embryo state.

You can hardly imagine a more forlorn picture, than that whimsical and shaky windlass; pitched, awry, on the side of a steep bank (not even a sand-bank, but a bank of the deepest and most irretrievable mud); a barren heath stretching out indefinitely behind it, with a few hillocks of refuse ore near by, to relieve the monotony; and a blind, dizzy, broken-down, spavined skeleton of a steed, eternally turning, and turning, and turning about it. You have seen, at work in a farm-yard, a trembling and creaky old churn, of one sheep power:—Well, set it out alone, on a New Jersey flat, and set it going, and you will have an antitype of that solitary whim.

But from this small beginning, the mine grew to be famous. For, just beside the diggers, as the shaft was going down, there was found, unstirred, and close to the top of the ground, an inexhaustible “deposit” of carbonates, green and blue, only waiting to be dipped up and carted away. There could be no mistake about the extent of it, for there was *one end* exposed, so many feet thick, and testifying an *evident* infinity of back-ground.

And now the stockholders strutted upon ‘Change, and fat dividends were talked of as a thing of to-morrow. The stock was held aloof as too precious for the general market, and, of its own accord, went up to *fifteen*! The excitement was select, but intense, and there was reason for it.

But, happy is the man who places not his dependence upon malachite. A few

months of digging, and the "deposit," whose depth was measureless, and whose breadth beyond computation, began to dwindle and grow beautifully less, until it had well nigh died out altogether: and the stockholders threw dust in the air, and put on sackcloth, and blamed the president.

But the company went on digging, and hoping, and sinking their shaft, and feeling about for the undiscovered vein, that was still "there somewhere."

Perhaps I should inform the ignorant of the distinction between a "deposit" and a vein, or "lode." One is supposed to be the bed of an ancient stream or body of water—the copper in it having been brought from some distant source, and *deposited*, usually in the form of a carbonate. While the other is formed of more valuable combinations of the metal, found in fissures of rocks—probably in a primitive state—and often extending continuously for considerable distances. Deposits are of uncertain quality and permanence, and are little depended upon in mining. But, a good "lode" is the miner's extremest ambition.

So they were undiscouraged—the "Mine Holes" men—and kept their works going, and still scraped away at their carbonates, and failed not to send copper to Bergen Point, when it was good enough. They had a contrivance for grinding up poor ore, to make it marketable, which shall be described in due time.

I left the ridiculous "whim," churning, desolate, upon its mud-banks, and went comfortably home with a laugh. But, three years passed away, and found me (after a short sojourn at Washington) cross and misanthropic—the belabored and decapitated victim of a venal administration. Sick of governments, and disgusted with polite friendship, I determined to escape those corruptions; and forthwith abjuring civilization, fled (disguised in a beaver-teen coat and cow-hide boots) to Pennsylvania and the "Mine Holes." It was early winter. The place was inaccessible and dreary as ever, but there were changes in it. Let me astonish you by a new description.

An immense, irregular, and jagged excavation! In one part scooped out, basin shaped, to the depth of some sixty feet; in other parts, varied with pits and rough elevations—with channels cut between high embankments, and caverns hewn away and blown out of the rocks.

Here and there veins of bluish soapstone streaking the interspersed banks; sometimes a little green carbonate of copper. To the left—the out-crop of a huge trap dyke, that is visible for about a hundred feet, and then disappears precipitately, in the direction of the Carnatic. Near this, the mouth of the hundred year old shaft; fallen together, and scarcely noticeable, among the more modern packings; its timbers rotted and protruding from the soil. Running zigzag across these extraordinary "diggings," and leading from different points of the surrounding elevation to their remotest recesses, are cart roads innumerable. Along these roads, stout horses, yoked tandem to small carts, and urged by boy drivers of doubtful morality, are dragging such stuff to the surface as the workmen below can find to exhume, and returning continually for more.

These are the "Holes," proper. There lay the "deposit," so long unwithdrawn, and so meagre when it was out—and there the workmen are busy, now, at the "pickings" that are left of it.

To the right is a tall, frame building, of a dingy black, and five stories, groaning with the weight and rumble of heavy machinery. An engine-house of stone, next to it, of smaller dimensions, is puffing from a pipe in the roof, and contains the driving steam-power (sixty horse). Close under the lee of these buildings, and beyond them, as you stand, is the "whim," in full revolution, propped up and made ship shape, and turned by a quadruped, blind, I confess, but otherwise in good case; indicating oats. The shaft is under cover. The buckets, as they come up, are emptied by the bucket tender, and the material is given over to an inspector to be sorted. This material from the shaft, or the stuff from the "Holes," even the small proportion of it which is considered valuable, contains a large per centage of iron, a very little copper, and a plenty of dirt. The dirt is got rid of, by hand, as well as may be, in the sorting, and the residue is taken to the tall building above mentioned, for purification.

Here, on the first floor, it is broken by hammers, to a certain uniformity, and then shovelled in between two enormous iron rollers, which crush it to a nut size. Another set of rollers, underneath, reduce it to powder, and it is then caught up and conveyed by a system of elevators to the fifth story.

As this is the top loft, it begins to go down again, and, falling into a hopper, is distributed to a set of revolving complications, called "magnets." These "magnets," by virtue of their attractiveness, decoy the iron into separate chambers, and dispose of it forthwith by an open window. The copper ore, meanwhile, escaping surreptitiously, by covered troughs, to similar attractive complications on the lower stories, is dispossessed of impurities to the utmost possibility of sifting; and, finally, emptying itself into bags, is tested by the assayer, who decrees it to the dogs, or to market.

Returning to the shaft, you cannot fail to notice the famous iron pump, that is connected by a crank with the engine, and sucks up water from the bottom of the shaft, and drains all the subterranean passages, and the "open cutting," and, for an unknown distance, the whole country round. A little cataract pours out of the mouth of it, and dashing off, makes for a hollow half a mile away, and loses itself in the underbrush—not being used to travel above ground. Yet is it forced to do yeoman service by the way, in watering blind horses, and washing ore, and such like impertinences.

Now, after a superficial glance at the works, we may return to personalities. I was an exile, and a seeker after barbarism. The magnets, and machinery, and digging, and steam, were to me as trivialities, as light embroidery, as by-play; while my apprehensions were absorbed by one momentous question,—“How do people *live*, hereabouts, and is a man likely to be bored by an intrusion of etiquette and court-manners?” This question upon my lips, I turned anxiously to an amiable and intelligent cart-boy for information. The young gentleman uttered an interjection of several syllables, and with a dextrous half-summer-set, contemptuously walked off on his hands.

It was plain that from the *breeding* of the “Holes,” there was nothing to fear; and I was encouraged to investigate further.

I discovered three modes of living.

Out on the open plain, in full sight of the engine-house, there stood a row or colony of mud huts, conical and comical—an opening in the roof for escape of smoke—no windows—a little straw inside, laid on the bare ground, and room enough in each to accommodate two

men horizontally. This was the Esquimaux style, and was, in a degree, popular among such of the miners as were of an economical and retiring nature; only they had not acquired the refinement of preferring fumigation to respiration; and, for that reason, for the most part, they cooked their meals in the open air.

But for genial souls there was prepared a boarding-house, unique and jovial.

Here the cart-boys most did congregate; and relaxing themselves after a day of toil, were accustomed to afford free entertainments in ground and lofty tumblings, and in the perpetration of jokes, of a highly practical and utilitarian tendency, for the express benefit of their sedater and more pensive fellow-laborers, who affected the quiet virtues of conversation and repose.

This novel and attractive feature of the house was brought into strong relief, and, in fact, made the chief point of interest—the boarders being stowed (promiscuously) in double beds, in a single room, under the tiles of the roof. If the originators of the plan had hoped thereby to promote harmony and brotherly affection, the experiment was a failure. Yet, by way of compensation, it was observed, that whatever might be the state of the culinary department, broils and stews were plentiful in the dormitory. In addition to these trifling oddities, it was likewise made and provided, that to secure a free supply of oxygen to the sleepers, the roof should not be impervious to the weather. So the patrons of this luxurious establishment were privileged to wake of a stormy morning, with the snow an inch or two thick upon their coverlids; to say nothing of gratuitous rheumatism, and other the like extras never charged in the bill.

The landlord and proprietor of these felicities was eighty years old. It was reported of him, that, in adolescence, he had been a “sad dog:” which expression—used, *among us*, for a worthless scamp, given to billiards, much liked in secret by the ladies, and the model and type of Young America—among the Mine Holes population is synonymous with *cart-boy*. In his youthful days, then, he had been a ferruginous cart-boy (see explorations of Iron Company, early referred to in this paper). From that apprenticeship he had steadily advanced, until one day, being employed in an iron foundry, he unaccountably lost his balance, and slipped up to the knees in a

vessel filled with fused and seething metal, fresh from the furnace. He was horribly burned; but strength and obstinacy saved his life, and at the time I saw him, he had survived the accident thirty years, and was able to walk a few steps, tottering, and holding by the wall. Above the knees, he was strong, but rather shaky—tyrannical and fierce as a bashaw—and not over-scrupulous, it was said, in religion or honesty—smoked a pipe, or bad segars, incessantly, and owing to the entire loss of his teeth, and a nervous perversity of jaw, was wholly unintelligible in conversation. He had a young and pretty wife (the Turk!), whose duty it was, to stand ready at any instant to rub his withered and cranky old limbs, in case of a twinge, and also to cook, scrub, make beds, mend clothes, and do the washing, for the entire household. In return for which services, she received grudging permission to eat and sleep, as much as consisted with the interests of the establishment, and the aches and humors of her lord. Gratitude and affection, as absurd, and weak, and imaginative, were not of that sphere; but, in some emergencies, it was supposable that the woman might want *clothes*—in which case, she was privileged to do extra work to pay for them! which she *did*—as I know of my own personal knowledge.

A veritable patriarchal despot, was that seared and superannuated cart-boy. All day long, in the corner by the stove, with his hat on—jauntily on—as in pertinacious defiance of his own impotence—a permanent smoke-cloud enveloping him, and his fierce black eyes gleaming through it—there he sat, watching the manœuvres of his “woman,” and growling and snarling querulously in unknown tongues, for all the world (barring the hat) like a grisly bear in a fog.

But, in providing for the stomachs of his guests, the old fellow was by no means illiberal. His charges were moderate. For bed, bedding, and edibles—meals being provided for the miners at any hour of the night (think of that poor woman again!)—I am really ashamed to write it down: *per head—Eight Dollars a Month*. I am not certain but I might conscientiously recommend the “Mine Holes,” as a cheap summer resort.

The fare was in no way despicable, and was always abundant. Salted fat pork, molasses and Indian meal were the chief ingredients, but potatoes were not unfre-

quent; dried beef and cabbages were furnished once a week, and at favorable seasons, fresh meat twice a month, and oftener. Besides which, pies of a thoroughly indigestible nature, and apple-butter, were the adjuncts of every meal. Considering that all these things (except the adjuncts) were brought to the door from foreign parts, by itinerant provision merchants, I was not surprised when the bear informed me, confidentially, and by an interpreter, that no money was to be made at tavern-keeping, in that neighborhood.

I have said there were three modes of living. The third was adopted by old settlers, amateur miners, whose birth-place and homes were in the land—in a village distant two miles, and another village distant three miles, and in Dutch farm-houses about them. But these settlements being, in the winter season, as one might say, *separated* from the mine by roads entirely impracticable, except to one, as it were, “brought up” to them, there were left for me but two alternatives of residence.

I was plunged in a quagmire of doubt. I had sought barbarism, but my idea of it had been of a mild and somewhat modified cast. I had not longed for the absolute feudalism of Moscow, or for the peculiar savageness of Kamtschatka, as here exemplified (description above) on the one hand, by huts of the Arctics, and on the other, by castle of the bear.

While floundering in this perplexity, I blundered into the office of the mining agent or manager. The edifice yclept “office” was a cabin one story high, of boards roughly nailed together, which I had at first mistaken for a smith-shop, containing two apartments, a coal-stove and a fire-place, besides several tables and chairs of pine, built by the carpenter, and in one room a sleeping bunk, likewise made by the carpenter and likewise of pine, with a bag of straw upon it and a buffalo skin spread comfortably over *that* (that is Mr. De Quincey’s “*that*,” but he will never know it) cosily set down opposite a roaring fire, and within scorching distance, the apartment being six feet wide, and the bunk three.

There was a blazing comfort about this superior to anything I was familiar with, short of a blast-furnace; and ascertaining, after an interview with the agent, that the particular bunk in question was his (the agent’s) individual property, and sacred to his own mighty person, and finding him rather an agreeable

savage than otherwise, I proposed that he should furnish me an analogous couch, with similar accoutrements, in the chamber or cell adjoining, athwart the store. He was struck by the feasibility of the proposition, and issued his orders accordingly; and that night saw me wrapped in my buffalo—at my back a cold wind, from the unstopped cracks in the unplastered walls, and before me a large stove, at red heat, distant two paces. I was obliged to turn myself often, for fear of being underdone on one side. The satisfaction of emulating a backwoodsman was enhanced and made intense by the reflection, that Philadelphia and the Girard House were within a three hours' ride. Sooth to say, the only drawback to perfect happiness in the existing arrangement was, that there was nothing to eat on our side the "Holes," and that it thus became necessary to patronize the boarding-house at meal times.

The crossing of those slippery places was no small item, especially after dark, and in a storm. For the first few nights I adventured it with fear and trembling. The ground was haunted, and I was instructed to expect shrieks and all sorts of bloody and intangible spectres. The road pitching with a steep descent into the very heart of the gloomy hollow, and then winding and twisting about, under crags that seemed ready to fall, and along pits that reminded you of the bottomless, leading suddenly down to the edge of water, you knew not how dangerous, and then up again, steep and stumbling, mud all the while, literally more than ankle deep: it required courage and strength, and a good share of philosophy, to carry a man through it of a stormy night, even with a lantern. However, I made light of it, as well as I could, and very soon fell into the ways of the place (figuratively if you please), and was naturalized in due course.

Before that time, I had never seen practical democracy; but in Berks County I found it rampant. There, every man is as good as his rich neighbor, and holds it for an inalienable right to call him Tom or Sam, as the case may be, and never to *mister* him, except on occasions of great ceremony, when the compliment is reciprocal. To a stranger this leveling system is very striking, even in the city of Reading, although I have been told it is only a deceitful appearance.

In point of fact, I was led to remark (as a stranger) that Reading, over and above other machine shops (for they deal

in iron there, and make many locomotives and such like knick-knacks) is remarkable for three things. In that the people converse promiscuously in two languages—to wit, English and Pennsylvania Dutch. In that everybody drinks spirituous drinks with a regularity and a capacity perfectly amazing (I never saw it equalled in any community except among the Congress-men at Washington), and in that, in the outside intercourse of the men there is no aristocracy. I have seen them assemble at luncheon time in the bar-room of the principal hotel: tinkers and bankers, petty shopkeepers, machinists and great iron-masters, engineers and railroad directors, drinking and clinking their glasses together in perfect jovial unanimity, soot and dandyism in contact, uncontaminated.

But the perfection of the system was at the "Holes." We were brethren; children of one ancestor. It was an admirable joke, and jumped with my own humor completely. I became familiar with the whim-boy, and on intimate terms with the hostler. I learned to drive a cart, to "mind the engine," and "tend the magnets," and fill the copper bags, and weigh the ore, and hold the can for blasting—and was soon rather popular, and decidedly unfit to be seen.

I went to their meetings of a Sunday. There was a small Baptist meeting-house not quite a mile from the mine, close beside a spring that answered for the "dipping place," as they called it. Good people came here from a considerable distance, and the very froth and scum of the earth from the immediate neighborhood. The ceremonies were conducted, after their sort, with perfect decorum; except that the "Mine Holes" hands, by way of avoiding the fatigue of a too long sitting, would preposterously go out and come in, a half dozen together, many times through the service. There were no hymn books in visible use, but a certain set of hymns, learned by heart, were chanted Sunday after Sunday.

The preacher was a phenomenon: a good singer, and vain in proportion; with the strangest imaginable disregard of pulpit proprieties. He would set off without any warning, and at the top of his voice, to sing the favorite hymn—"I want to go;" and while carrying on the music in a continuous bawl, would open the Bible; find a text; slap the book shut with a crash; throw himself back in his chair; spring up again;

come down the pulpit steps; march back and forth along the aisles, rubbing and clapping his hands, and taking a minute inventory of the congregation: with every change of position, his lungs growing more vigorous and stentorian. I have even seen him go to the stove and replenish it with fuel: and at that point his voice reached the climactic of vehemence. He yelled—

"I want to go!
I want to go!
I want to go there too!
I want to go where Jacob is!
I want to go there too!"

This display of personal activity was a pleasant excitement for the audience. Their eyes followed the preacher's evolutions with great interest, and every tongue shouted in deafening chorus—

"I w-a-n-t to go—there—too!"

The sermon was of *miner* consideration, and we will not trouble ourselves about that. It will be evident that their religion was chiefly musical; owing, as I said, to the peculiar bent of the clerical mind. But the efficacy of it may be doubted. The next day, as you passed the "Mine Holes," you would hear the cart boys (blasphemous wretches) shouting to their teams with the dreadfulest curses that ever offended delicate ears, and interspersing with their oaths little snatches of the Sunday music, as thus—

"I want to go where Jacob is;"

Or thus—

"If you get there before I do,
Tell them I'm a-coming too."

Or thus—

"Come with us,
Come with us,
Come with us in love," &c., &c.

But, be it known, that they sung these sacred hymns, not in ridicule, but as our loafers rehearse the melodies of Christy; from the mere love of song.

Yet were they a wild people; an unholy throng; and when the novelty of such associations wore away, I began to withdraw from their communion. I became assiduously chemical and mineralogical. I diligently scoured the neighboring hills, and, with a sagacity worthy of presidential imitation, filled my "cabinet" with innocuous quartz and pudding-stone. It was stated, in my hearing, that at the end of a single week, I had probably collected more flint, and

jasper, and conglomerate, than any other existing naturalist.

In assaying, my success was, to say the least, encouraging. The "professor," a little Scotchman of transcendent genius, could never bring the ore to a higher value than twelve *per cent.* My specimens frequently reached a much higher figure; and, on one occasion, if I mistake not, I obtained *twenty-two per cent.* of pure metal (?) from a sample which the "professor" reported to be worth but 10.5. Convinced that I was destined to become a luminary of science, and that I was even at that moment nebulous, I sent to New York for a complete set of apparatus and chemicals, appropriated an unoccupied shed, and established a laboratory. I succeeded in making two jars of hydrogen gas from iron filings. I had the professor, for an audience, and experimented; but I believe it was poor gas—it would not burn. Turning my attention to oxygen, however, I rose with effulgence to the zenith; and pursued a brilliant, phosphorescent, and sulphureous career, for some days; the "professor" and one darkey being witness. At length I had a visitor from New York; and while generating a fresh supply of the gas, by heating chlorate of potassa in a test-tube, my friend held the tube over a spirit lamp, and, contrary to all rule and precedent, the spiteful thing exploded in his eye. That was enough for me. I shut up shop: and foreswore Stöckhardt, and Liebig, and Brande, and Berzelius, *in toto*, and to the end of time.

This mode of life was fast becoming insipid. There was nothing left to do, unless to hire myself out permanently as an "underground helper:" verily, an occupation introduced from Pandemonium, and which I should have been slow to recommend to my bitterest foe. Come and see what it was.

Here is the mouth of the shaft, with two modes of descent into it: one, by the iron bucket (or "kibble") attached to the whim-rope, which is seldom resorted to; the other, by a narrow perpendicular ladder, partitioned off from the main shaft, and reserved exclusively for passengers. This ladder is divided into sections of thirty feet, with platforms between for rest, and for safety in case of a fall. The opening in each platform at the top of a section of ladder, is called a "man-hole."

Moisture from the walls and clay from

many muddy feet, make the ladder slippery and of uncertain footing; so that the novice must possess a firm grip and good nerve, to carry him safely down.

Supposing you courageous and firm, we will invest you with the miner's livery, and whistle you off the surface into the depths and mysteries of this craft. The livery is of a dun color; consisting of overalls that will not show dirt (being already saturated therewith); a skull-cap, and over it the indispensable hat with a round top: weight six pounds, rim narrow and strong; the whole capable of resisting the blow of a small sledge hammer, or the fall of a moderate sized rock, and surmounted in front by a lighted candle, stuck in a lump of clay, which adheres to the hat of its own accord, after being once put there. Accoutered in this queer fashion, and with a guide dressed in the same style, you step into the great dark well and begin to descend.

You at once lose the light of day, which is shut out by a trap-door at the well's mouth; and as you get down lower and lower, the narrow walls seem to be closing upon you; and the trickling of water, and the stepping of the old miner, and the jarring of the iron pump, sound ghostly and strange; and fantastic shadows, cast by your stump of a candle, flicker and vanish upon the walls like horrible phantoms. Now your hands slip upon the slimy rounds of the ladder, and your eyes grow dim! Frightful thoughts of a false step, or a broken round, creep over you, and of being hurled backwards into the awful shaft, and of getting mangled and crushed, and of having your brains dashed out against the rock, and of being gathered up, *dead*, by hard and cruel men, and hoisted to daylight again, in the kibble, tied in with ropes—and then sent home at last, all disfigured and unrecognizable, in a coffin! Thus you come to the first platform.

You are bold once more, with your feet on the firm rafters, and the old miner beside you. Holding your candle to the walls, you watch the little streams of water, and wonder at the massive timbers, and listen, without flinching, to the great pump, held together and fastened in its place with iron bands. Then you go down the next thirty feet, accustomed to the darkness and gaining strength at every step—and in this way, quite bravely to the bottom.

Here is a miniature world, all in the

dark; full of winding ways, and traps for the unwary, and business, and railroads! Low arched passages, that a tall man must stoop to walk in, cut through solid rock and clay and sliding earth, and carefully supported with heavy timbers but a few feet apart! The extent of these, only appreciable by the twinkling and waving and dancing about of the miner's candles, that seem like so many Will-o-the-wisps in the distance, and by the clicking of picks and hammers, that have a muffled and far-off sound!

Suddenly, a rumbling and trembling of the earth, and cries of "clear the way!" and a hand-car comes rolling along, pushed by two shadows, with a sort of glory about their heads, which is only a candle gleaming through the damp. The car is emptied quickly at the shaft, and whirled away again. It was a good deal like an earthquake, or something of that sort.

You follow your guide through the numerous passages, with the candle upon your hat; slipping about on the irregular floors, stumbling over the rails, and sousing into unexpected puddles; now creeping on all fours through a neglected "drift," where the earth has fallen in and obstructed the way, and where you run imminent risk of being covered up by another slide, and never heard of afterwards; and now coming to the orink of a forsaken shaft, so full of water that you are scarcely held back from stepping into it, taking it for another puddle. You have had enough of such travels; and are seized with an oppressed and choking sensation, as if a coroner's jury were sitting on you; and so stand still for a while, to take breath and watch the miners at work.

There is nothing peculiarly cheerful and soothing in this prospect. You grow yet more dizzy and uncomfortable, to see those moles, steadily undermining the hundred feet of earth above them; picking their way into the rocks, a very few inches at a time; propping the uncertain roof with splinters; and in danger, any moment, of a summary and terrible suffocation.

As you listen to their ejaculations and rough jests, and blasphemies, you discover that the danger is never out of their thoughts an instant; that they are watching for it, and joking and swearing about it, and afraid of it, and reckless, in a breath.

Your guide laughs, and says they are

a "hard set;" and goes on, quite volubly, to tell of their pranks—how "the boys" (so he calls them) make merry with death: how they chase each other playfully on the shaft-ladder, *without a light*; skipping the rounds; and often swinging down hand over hand, with their feet in the air. It was on such a savage race as this (he tells you), that only a few months ago, one of them, a lad of seventeen, missed his hold and fell. The platform would have saved him; but falling across the shaft, he plunged headlong down the ladderway, and straight to the bottom—near sixty feet.

His companions crept out of the shaft with pale faces and shaking knees, and dared not go back again after they had lighted their candles. But other men went down and found the lad insensible, although there was life in him yet, with his ribs broken and his skull shockingly splintered. They prepared bandages and tacking, and brought him up to the surface, slowly and painfully.

They called a skillful surgeon to dress his wounds, who said he feared the poor creature would never hold up his shattered and bruised and shapeless head again. So they almost gave him up in despair, only his old father nursed him and kept a brave heart.

But what sound is this that breaks upon the monotonous click of tools and the hum of the miner's story? A distant roar, as if the subterranean waters were breaking up, or the suspended earth loosening from its anchorage! The workmen listen a moment, then drop their tools, and rush pell-mell for the shaft. Now assuredly is the caving in of this wickedness.

You shut your eyes in a paroxysm of fear, that you may not see the rocks falling together; and at once bethink you how unpleasant it is to be buried in this fashion, confounded by your livery with such unutterably vulgar company.

But your guide twitches you by the sleeve, and says they are going to set off a blast, and you had better be out of the way. Still that noise! reverberating along the low roofs of the corri-

dors, and striking a chill to your heart again. You reach the ladder, and clutching the rounds with a desperate grasp, mount up for dear life, a vision haunting you the while of a poor miner-boy, bloody and mangled, lying in the bottom of the shaft. The strange roar now grows deafening, and fills the great pit from top to bottom, like the escape of steam from a hundred boilers.

Toward the end of the toilsome climbing it increases more and more, and as you spring out, at last, into the free open air, and toss up your hat, candle and all, at the sun, with a hearty and joyful shout—there, right before you, is the enormous whistle of the engine, in full blast, bellowing as if it would tear off the roof of the firmament. Presently it stops; and they tell you it was to call away the miners from their eight hours "shift," and replace them by another set for a new eight hours.

Then there is a dull concussion in the earth, and a dense column of smoke comes curling out of the shaft, with a strong smell of exploded gunpowder.

The same veteran digger who has stood your guide from the first, is beside you again, and pointing to a stout impudent rascal who is snapping a long cart-whip and singing *comic psalms*, says, "That's Tommy Mum, sir, the lad that fell in the shaft and broke his head—it's hard killing your true Cornishman, sir."

With inward thanksgiving that you were not born of that nobility, you call for your "tablets," and write (as beyond a doubt, in the like case, Hamlet would have written): "Mem. To sell, 'North Carolina' at any price. N. B.—Never to buy another share of any copper stock while the world stands."

But enough. Tired of a citizenship among the "unwashed," and of minerals and test-tubes, and especially of "whims," hankering, moreover after the flesh-pots of Delmonico, I chartered a coal-team, and surrendering myself to the luxury of six horses, a commodious vehicle, and a gently undulating road, was slowly "hauled" and jolted away from the "Mine Holes" for ever—I and my trunk. "Alas, poor Warwick!"

ISRAEL POTTER; OR, FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER XXI.

SAMSON AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

AT length, as the ship, gliding on past three or four vessels at anchor in the roadstead—one, a man-of-war just furling her sails—came nigh Falmouth town, Israel, from his perch, saw crowds in violent commotion on the shore, while the adjacent roofs were covered with sight-seers. A large man-of-war cutter was just landing its occupants, among whom were a corporal's guard and three officers, besides the naval lieutenant and boat's crew. Some of this company having landed, and formed a sort of lane among the mob, two trim soldiers, armed to the teeth, rose in the stern-sheets; and between them, a martial man of Patagonian stature, their ragged and handcuffed captive, whose defiant head overshadowed theirs, as St. Paul's dome its inferior steeples. Immediately the mob raised a shout, pressing in curiosity towards the colossal stranger; so that, drawing their swords, four of the soldiers had to force a passage for their comrades, who followed on, conducting the giant.

As the letter-of-marque drew still nigher, Israel heard the officer in command of the party ashore shouting, "To the castle! to the castle!" and so, surrounded by shouting throngs, the company moved on, preceded by the three drawn swords, ever and anon flourished at the rioters, towards a large grim pile on a cliff about a mile from the landing. Long as they were in sight, the bulky form of the captive was seen at times awayingly towering over the flashing bayonets and entlasses, like a great whale breaching amid a hostile retinue of sword-fish. Now and then, too, with barbaric scorn, he taunted them, with cramped gestures of his manacled hands.

When at last the vessel had gained her anchorage, opposite a distant detached warehouse, all was still; and the work of breaking out in the hold immediately commencing, and continuing till night-fall, absorbed all further attention for the present.

Next day was Sunday; and about noon Israel, with others, was allowed to

go ashore for a stroll. The town was quiet. Seeing nothing very interesting there, he passed out, alone, into the fields along shore; and presently found himself climbing the cliff; whereon stood the grim pile before spoken of.

"What place is yon?" he asked of a rustic passing.

"Pendennis Castle."

As he stepped upon the short crisp sward under its walls, he started at a violent sound from within, as of the roar of some tormented lion. Soon the sound became articulate, and he heard the following words bayed out with an amazing vigor:—

"Brag no more, old England; consider you are but an island! Order back your broken battalions! home, and repent in ashes! Long enough have your hired tories across the sea forgotten the Lord their God, and bowed down to Howe and Kniphausen—the Hessian!—Hands off, red-skinned jackall! Wearing the king's plate,* as I do, I have treasures of wrath against you British."

Then came a clanking, as of a chain; many vengeful sounds, all confusedly together; with strugglings. Then again the voice:—

"Ye brought me out here, from my dungeon to this green—affronting yon Sabbath sun—to see how a rebel looks. But I show ye how a true gentleman and Christian can conduct in adversity. Back, dogs! Respect a gentleman and a Christian, though he be in rags and smell of bilge-water."

Filled with astonishment at these words, which came from over a massive wall, inclosing what seemed an open parade-space, Israel pressed forward; and soon came to a black archway, leading far within, underneath, to a grassy tract, through a tower. Like two boar's tusks, two sentries stood on guard at either side of the open jaws of the arch. Scrutinizing our adventurer a moment, they signed him permission to enter.

Arrived at the end of the arched-way, where the sun shone, Israel stood transfixed at the scene.

Like some baited bull in the ring,

* Meaning, probably, certain manacles.

crouched the Patagonian-looking captive, hand-cuffed as before; the grass of the green trampled, and gored up all about him, both by his own movements and those of the people around. Except some soldiers and sailors, these seemed mostly town's-people, collected here out of curiosity. The stranger was outlandishly arrayed in the sorry remains of a half-Indian, half-Canadian sort of a dress, consisting of a fawn-skin jacket—the fur outside and hanging in ragged tufts—a half-rotten, bark-like belt of wampum; aged breeches of sagathy; bedarned worsted stockings to the knee; old moccasins riddled with holes, their metal tags yellow with salt-water rust; a faded red woollen bonnet, not unlike a Russian night-cap, or a portentous, ensanguined full-moon; all soiled, and stuck about with bits of half-rotted straw. He seemed just broken from the dead leases in David's outlawed Cave of Adullam. Unshaven, beard and hair matted, and profuse as a corn-field beaten down by hail-storms, his whole marred aspect was that of some wild beast; but of a royal sort, and unsubdued by the cage.

"Aye, stare, stare! Though but last night dragged out of a ship's hold, like a smutty tierce; and this morning out of your littered barracks here, like a murderer; for all that, you may well stare at Ethan Ticonderoga Allen, the unconquered soldier, by —! You Turks never saw a Christian before. Stare on! I am he, who, when your Lord Howe wanted to bribe a patriot to fall down and worship him by an offer of a major-generalship and five thousand acres of choice land in old Vermont—(Hah! three-times-three for glorious old Vermont, and my Green-Mountain-boys! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!) I am he, I say, who answered your Lord Howe, 'You, *you* offer *our* land? You are like the devil in Scripture, offering all the kingdoms in the world, when the d—d soul had not a corner-lot on earth! Stare on!'"

"Look you, rebel, you had best heed how you talk against General Lord Howe," here said a thin, wasp-waisted, epauleted officer of the castle, coming near and flourishing his sword like a schoolmaster's ferule.

"General Lord Howe? Heed how I talk of that toad-hearted king's lick-spittle of a scarlet poltroon; the vilest wriggler in God's worm-hole below? I tell you, that herds of red-haired devils

are impatiently snorting to ladle Lord Howe with all his gang (you included) into the seethingest syrups of tophet's flames!"

At this blast, the wasp-waisted officer was blown backwards as from before the suddenly burst head of a steam-boiler.

Staggering away, with a snapped spine, he muttered something about its being beneath his dignity to bandy further words with a low-lived rebel.

"Come, come, Colonel Allen," here said a mild-looking man in a sort of clerical undress; "respect the day better than to talk thus of what lies beyond. Were you to die this hour, or what is more probable, be hung next week at Tower-wharf, you know not what might become, in eternity, of yourself."

"Reverend Sir," with a mocking bow; "when not better employed braiding my beard, I have a little dabbled in your theologies. And let me tell you, Reverend Sir," lowering and intensifying his voice: "that as to the world of spirits, of which you hint, though I know nothing of the mode or manner of that world, no more than do you, yet I expect when I shall arrive there, to be treated as well as any other gentleman of my merit." That is to say, far better than you British know how to treat an American officer and meek-hearted Christian captured in honorable war, by —! Every one tells me as you yourself just breathed, and as, crossing the sea, every billow dinned into my ear—that I, Ethan Allen, am to be hung like a thief. If I am, the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress shall avenge me; while I, for my part, shall show you, even on the tree, how a Christian gentleman can die. Meantime, sir, if you are the clergyman you look, act out your consolatory function, by getting an unfortunate Christian gentleman about to die, a bowl of punch."

The good-natured stranger, not to have his religious courtesy appealed to in vain, immediately dispatched his servant, who stood by, to procure the beverage.

At this juncture, a faint rustling sound, as of the advance of an army with banners, was heard. Silks, scarfs, and ribbons fluttered in the background. Presently, a bright squadron of fair ladies drew nigh, escorted by certain outriding gallants of Falmouth.

"Ah," sighed a soft voice; "what a strange sash, and furred vest, and what leopard-like teeth, and what flaxen hair, but all mildewed;—is that he?"

"Yea, is it, lovely charmer," said Allen, like an Ottoman, bowing over his broad, bovine forehead, and breathing the words out like a lute; "it is he—Ethan Allen, the soldier; now, since ladies' eyes visit him, made trebly a captive."

"Why, he talks like a beau in a parlor; this wild, mossed American from the woods," sighed another fair lady to her mate; "but can this be he we came to see? I must have a look off his hair."

"It is he, adorable Delilah; and fear not, even though incited by the foe, by clipping my locks, to dwindle my strength. Give me your sword, man," turning to an officer;—"Ah! I'm fettered. Clip it yourself, lady."

"No, no—I am"—

"Afraid, would you say? Afraid of the vowed friend and champion of all ladies all round the world? Nay, nay: come hither."

The lady advanced; and soon, over-coming her timidity, her white hand shone like whipped foam amid the matted waves of flaxen hair.

"Ah, this is like clipping tangled tags of gold-lace," cried she; "but see, it is half straw."

"But the wearer is no man-of-straw, lady; were I free, and you had ten thousand foes—horse, foot, and dragoons—how like a friend I could fight for you! Come, you have robbed me of my hair; let me rob your dainty hand of its price. What, afraid again?"

"No, not that; but"—

"I see, lady; I may do it, by your leave, but not by your word; the wonted way of ladies. There, it is done. Sweeter that kiss, than the bitter heart of a cherry."

When at length this lady left, no small talk was had by her with her companions about someway relieving the hard lot of so knightly an unfortunate. Whereupon a worthy, judicious gentleman, of middle-age, in attendance, suggested a bottle of good wine every day, and clean linen once every week. And these, the gentle Englishwoman—too polite and too good to be fastidious—did indeed actually send to Ethan Allen, so long as he tarried a captive in her land.

The withdrawal of this company was followed by a different scene.

A perspiring man in top-boots, a riding whip in his hand, and having the air of a prosperous farmer, brushed in, like a stray bullock, among the rest, for a peep at the giant; having just entered

through the arch, as the ladies passed out.

"Hearing that the man who took Ticonderoga was here in Pendennis Castle, I've ridden twenty-five miles to see him; and to-morrow my brother will ride forty for the same purpose. So let me have first look. Sir," he continued, addressing the captive; "will you let me ask you a few plain questions, and be free with you?"

"Be free with me? with all my heart. I love freedom of all things. I'm ready to die for freedom; I expect to. So be free as you please. What is it?"

"Then, sir, permit me to ask what is your occupation in life;—in time of peace, I mean."

"You talk like a tax-gatherer;" rejoined Allen, squinting diabolically at him; "what is my occupation in life? Why, in my younger days I studied divinity, but at present I am a conjuror by profession."

Hereupon everybody laughed, equally at the manner as the words, and the nettled farmer retorted:—

"Conjuror, eh? well, you conjured wrong that time you were taken."

"Not so wrong, though, as you British did, that time I took Ticonderoga, my friend."

At this juncture the servant came with the punch, when his master bade him present it to the captive.

"No!—give it me, sir, with your own hands; and pledge me as gentleman to gentleman."

"I cannot pledge a state-prisoner, Colonel Allen; but I will hand you the punch with my own hands, since you insist upon it."

"Spoken and done like a true gentleman, sir; I am bound to you."

Then receiving the bowl into his gyved hands, the iron ringing against the china, he put it to his lips, and saying, "I hereby give the British nation credit for half a minute's good usage," at one draught emptied it to the bottom.

"The rebel gulps it down like a swilling hog at a trough;" here scoffed a lusty private of the guard, off duty.

"Shame to you!" cried the giver of the bowl.

"Nay, sir; his red coat is a standing blush to him, as it is to the whole scarlet-blushing British army." Then turning derisively upon the private: "you object to my way of taking things, do ye? I fear I shall never please ye. You objected to the way, too, in which I took

Ticonderoga, and the way in which I meant to take Montreal. Selah! But, pray, now that I look at you, are not you the hero I caught dodging round, in his shirt, in the cattle-pen, inside the fort? It was the break of day, you remember."

"Come, Yankee," here swore the incensed private; "cease this, or I'll darn your old fawn-skins for ye, with the flat of this sword;" for a specimen, laying it lashwise, but not heavily, across the captive's back.

Turning like a tiger, the giant, catching the steel between his teeth, wrenched it from the private's grasp, and striking it with his manacles, sent it spinning like a juggler's dagger into the air; saying, "Lay your dirty coward's iron on a tied gentleman again, and these," lifting his handcuffed fists, "shall be the beetle of mortality to you!"

The now furious soldier would have struck him with all his force; but several men of the town interposed, reminding him that it were outrageous to attack a chained captive.

"Ah," said Allen, "I am accustomed to that, and therefore I am beforehand with them; and the extremity of what I say against Britain, is not meant for you, kind friends, but for my insulters, present and to come." Then recognizing among the interposers the giver of the bowl, he turned with a courteous bow, saying, "Thank you again and again, my good sir; you may not be the worse for this; ours is an unstable world; so that one gentleman never knows when it may be his turn to be helped of another."

But the soldier still making a riot, and the commotion growing general, a superior officer stepped up, who terminated the scene by remanding the prisoner to his cell, dismissing the towns-people, with all strangers, Israel among the rest, and closing the castle gates after them.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOMETHING FURTHER OF ETHAN ALLEN; WITH ISRAEL'S FLIGHT TOWARDS THE WILDERNESS.

AMONG the episodes of the Revolutionary War, none is stranger than that of Ethan Allen in England; the event and the man being equally uncommon.

Allen seems to have been a curious combination of a Hercules, a Joe Miller, a Bayard, and a Tom Hyer; had a per-

son like the Belgian giants; mountain music in him like a Swiss; a heart plump as *Oœur de Lion's*. Though born in New England, he exhibited no trace of her character. He was frank; bluff; companionable as a Pagan; convivial; a Roman; hearty as a harvest. His spirit was essentially western; and herein is his peculiar Americanism; for the western spirit is, or will yet be (for no other is, or can be) the true American one.

For the most part, Allen's manner while in England, was scornful and ferocious in the last degree; however qualified by that wild, heroic sort of levity, which in the hour of oppression or peril, seems inseparable from a nature like his; the mode whereby such a temper best evinces its barbaric disdain of adversity; and how cheaply and waggishly it holds the malice, even though triumphant, of its foes! Aside from that inevitable egotism relatively pertaining to pine trees, spires, and giants, there were, perhaps, two special incidental reasons for the Titanic *Vermonters*' singular demeanor abroad. Taken captive while heading a forlorn hope before Montreal, he was treated with inexcusable cruelty and indignity; something as if he had fallen into the hands of the Dyaks. Immediately upon his capture he would have been deliberately suffered to have been butchered by the Indian allies, in cold blood on the spot, had he not, with desperate intrepidity, availed himself of his enormous physical strength, by twitching a British officer to him, and using him for a living target, whirling him round and round against the murderous tomahawks of the savages. Shortly afterwards, led into the town, fenced about by bayonets of the guard, the commander of the enemy, one Colonel McCloud, flourished his cane over the captive's head, with brutal insults promising him a rebel's halter at Tyburn. During his passage to England in the same ship wherein went passenger Colonel Guy Johnson, the implacable tory, he was kept heavily ironed in the hold, and in all ways treated as a common mutineer; or, it may be, rather as a lion of Asia; which, though caged, was still too dreadful to behold without fear and trembling; and consequent cruelty. And no wonder, at least for the fear; for on one occasion, when chained hand and foot, he was insulted on shipboard by an officer; with his teeth he twisted off the nail that went through the mortise of his handcuffs, and so, having his arms at

liberty, challenged his insulter to combat. Often, as at Pendennis Castle, when no other avengement was at hand, he would hurl on his foes such howling tempests of anathema, as fairly to shock them into retreat. Prompted by somewhat similar motives, both on shipboard and in England, he would often make the most vociferous allusions to Ticonderoga, and the part he played in its capture, well knowing, that of all American names, Ticonderoga was, at that period, by far the most famous and galling to Englishmen.

Parlor-men, dancing-masters, the graduates of the Albe Bellgarde may shrug their laced shoulders at the boisterousness of Allen in England. True, he stood upon no punctilios with his jailers; for where modest gentlemanhood is all on one side, it is a losing affair; as if my Lord Chesterfield should take off his hat, and smile, and bow, to a mad bull, in hopes of a reciprocation of politeness. When among wild beasts, if they menace you, be a wild beast. Neither is it unlikely that this was the view taken by Allen. For, besides the exasperating tendency to self-assertion which such treatment as his must have bred on a man like him, his experience must have taught him, that by assuming the part of a jocular, reckless, and even braggart barbarian, he would better sustain himself against bullying turnkeys than by submissive quietude. Nor should it be forgotten, that besides the petty details of personal malice, the enemy violated every international usage of right and decency, in treating a distinguished prisoner of war as if he had been a Botany-Bay convict. If, at the present day, in any similar case between the same States, the repetition of such outrages would be more than unlikely, it is only because it is among nations as among individuals: imputed indigence provokes oppression and scorn; but that same indigence being risen to opulence, receives a politic consideration even from its former insulters.

As the event proved, in the course Allen pursued, he was right. Because, though at first nothing was talked of by his captors, and nothing anticipated by himself, but his ignominious execution, or, at the least, prolonged and squalid incarceration; nevertheless, these threats and prospects evaporated, and by his facetious scorn for scorn, under the extremest sufferings, he finally wrung repentant usage from his foes; and in

the end, being liberated from his irons, and walking the quarter-deck where before he had been thrust into the hold, was carried back to America, and in due time at New York, honorably included in a regular exchange of prisoners.

It was not without strange interest that Israel had been an eye-witness of the scenes on the Castle Green. Neither was this interest abated by the painful necessity of concealing, for the present, from his brave countryman and fellow-mountaineer, the fact of a friend being nigh. When at last the throng was dismissed, walking towards the town with the rest, he heard that there were some forty or more other Americans, privates, confined on the cliff. Upon this, inventing a pretence, he turned back, loitering around the walls for any chance glimpse of the captives. Presently, while looking up at a grated embrasure in the tower, he started at a voice from it familiarly hailing him:—

“Potter, is that you? In God’s name how came you here?”

At these words, a sentry below had his eye on our astonished adventurer. Bringing his piece to bear, he bade him stand. Next moment Israel was under arrest. Being brought into the presence of the forty prisoners, where they lay in litters of mouldy straw, strewn with gnawed bones, as in a kennel, he recognized among them one Singles, now Sergeant Singles, the man who, upon our hero’s return home from his last Cape Horn voyage, he had found wedded to his mountain Jenny. Instantly a rush of emotions filled him. Not as when Damon found Pythias. But far stranger, because very different. For not only had this Shingles been an alien to Israel (so far as actual intercourse went), but impelled to it by instinct, Israel had all but detested him, as a successful, and perhaps insidious rival. Nor was it altogether unlikely that Singles had reciprocated the feeling. But now, as if the Atlantic rolled, not between two continents, but two worlds—this, and the next—these alien souls, oblivious to hate, melted down into one.

At such a juncture, it was hard to maintain a disguise; especially when it involved the seeming rejection of advances like the sergeant’s. Still, converting his real amazement into affected surprise, Israel, in presence of the sentries, declared to Singles that he (Singles) must labor under some unaccountable delusion; for he (Potter) was no Yankee

rebel, thank Heaven, but a true man to his king; in short, an honest Englishman, born in Kent, and now serving his country, and doing what damage he might to her foes, by being first captain of a carronade on board a letter-of-marque, that moment in the harbor.

For a moment, the captive stood astounded; but observing Israel more narrowly, detecting his latent look, and bethinking him of the useless peril he had thoughtlessly caused to a countryman, no doubt unfortunate as himself, Singles took his cue, and pretending sullenly to apologize for his error, put on a disappointed and crest-fallen air. Nevertheless, it was not without much difficulty, and after many supplemental scrutinies and inquisitions from a board of officers before whom he was subsequently brought, that our wanderer was finally permitted to quit the cliff.

This luckless adventure not only nipped in the bud a little scheme he had been revolving, for materially befriending Ethan Allen and his comrades, but resulted in making his further stay at Falmouth perilous in the extreme. And as if this were not enough, next day, while hanging over the side, painting the hull in trepidation of a visit from the castle soldiers, rumor came to the ship that the man-of-war in the haven purposed impressing one-third of the letter of marque's crew; though, indeed, the latter vessel was preparing for a second cruise. Being on board a private armed ship, Israel had little dreamed of its liability to the same governmental hardships with the meanest merchantman. But the system of impressment is no respecter either of pity or person.

His mind was soon determined. Unlike his shipmates, braving immediate and lonely hazard, rather than wait for a collective and ultimate one, he cunningly dropped himself overboard the same night, and after the narrowest risk from the muskets of the man-of-war's sentries (whose gangways he had to pass), succeeded in swimming to shore, where he fell exhausted, but recovering, fled inland; doubly hunted by the thought, that whether as an Englishman, or whether as an American, he would, if caught, be now equally subject to enslavement.

Shortly after the break of day, having gained many miles, he succeeded in ridding himself of his seaman's clothing, having found some mouldy old rags

on the banks of a stagnant pond, nigh a rickety building, which looked like a poorhouse,—clothing not improbably, as he surmised, left there, on the bank, by some pauper suicide. Marvel not that he should, with avidity, seize these rags; what the suicides abandon the living hug.

Once more in beggar's garb, the fugitive sped towards London, prompted by the same instinct which impels the hunted fox to the wilderness; for solitudes befriend the endangered wild beast, but crowds are the security, because the true desert of persecuted man. Among the things of the capital, Israel for more than forty years was yet to disappear, as one entering at dusk into a thick wood. Nor did ever the German forest, nor Tasso's enchanted one, contain in its depths more things of horror than eventually were revealed in the secret clefts, gulfs, caves and dens of London.

But here we anticipate a page.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT

It was a grey, lowering afternoon that, worn-out, half-starved, and haggard, Israel arrived within some ten or fifteen miles of London, and saw scores and scores of forlorn men engaged in a great brick-yard.

For the most part, brick-making is all mud and mire. Where, abroad, the business is carried on largely, as to supply the London Market, hordes of the poorest wretches are employed; their grimy tatters naturally adapting them to an employ where cleanliness is as much out of the question as with a drowned man at the bottom of the lake in the Dismal Swamp.

Desperate with want, Israel resolved to turn brick-maker; nor did he fear to present himself as a stranger; nothing doubting that to such a vocation, his rags would be accounted the best letters-of-introduction.

To be brief, he accosted one of the many surly overseers, or task-masters of the yard, who with no few pompous airs, finally engaged him at six shillings a week; almost equivalent to a dollar and a half. He was appointed to one of the mills for grinding up the ingredients. This mill stood in the open air. It was of a rude, primitive, Eastern aspect; consisting of a sort of hopper, emptying into

a barrel-shaped receptacle. In the barrel was a clumsy machine turned round at its axis by a great bent beam, like a well-sweep, only it was horizontal; to this beam, at its outer end, a spavined old horse was attached. The muddy mixture was shovelled into the hopper by spavined-looking old men; while trudging wearily round and round the spavined old horse ground it all up till it slowly squashed out at the bottom of the barrel, in a doughy compound, all ready for the moulds. Where the dough squeezed out of the barrel, a pit was sunken, so as to bring the moulder here stationed down to a level with the trough, into which the dough fell. Israel was assigned to this pit. Men came to him continually, reaching down rude wooden trays, divided into compartments, each of the size and shape of a brick. With a flat sort of big ladle, Israel slapped the dough into the trays from the trough; then, with a bit of smooth board scraped the top even, and handed it up. Half buried there in the pit, all the time handing those desolate trays, poor Israel seemed some grave-digger, or church-yard man, tucking away dead little innocents in their coffins on one side, and cunningly disintering them again to resurrectionists stationed on the other.

Twenty of these melancholy old mills were in operation. Twenty heart-broken old horses, rigged out deplorably in cast-off old cart harness, incessantly tugged at twenty great shaggy beams; while from twenty half-burst old barrels, twenty wads of mud, with a lava-like course, gouged out into twenty old troughs, to be slapped by twenty tattered men, into the twenty-times-twenty battered old trays.

Ere entering his pit for the first, Israel had been struck by the dismally devil-may-care gestures of the moulders. But hardly had he himself been a moulder three days, when his previous sedateness of concern at his unfortunate lot, began to conform to the reckless sort of half jolly despair expressed by the others. The truth indeed was, that this continual, violent, helter-skelter slapping of the dough into the moulds, begat a corresponding disposition in the moulder; who, by heedlessly slapping

that sad dough, as stuff of little worth, was thereby taught, in his meditations, to slap, with similar heedlessness, his own sadder fortunes, as of still less vital consideration. To these muddy philosophers, men and bricks were equally of clay. What signifies who we be—dukes or ditchers? thought the moulders; all is vanity and clay. So slap, slap, slap; care-free and negligent; with bitter unconcern, these dismal desperadoes flapped down the dough. If this recklessness were vicious of them, be it so; but their vice was like that weed which but grows on barren ground; enrich the soil, and it disappears.

For thirteen weary weeks, lorded over by the taskmasters, Israel toiled in his pit. Though this condemned him to a sort of earthy dungeon, or grave-digger's hole while he worked; yet even when liberated to his meals, naught of a cheery nature greeted him. The yard was encamped, with all its endless rows of tented sheds, and kilns, and mills, upon a wild waste moor, belted round by bogs and fens. The blank horizon, like a rope, coiled round the whole.

Sometimes the air was harsh and bleak; the ridged and mottled sky looked scourged; or cramping fogs set in from sea, for leagues around, ferreting out each rheumatic human bone, and racking it; the sciatic limpers shivered; their aquish rags sponged up the mists. No shelter, though it hailed. The sheds were for the bricks. Unless, indeed, according to the phrase, each man was a "brick," which, in sober scripture, was the case; brick is no bad name for any son of Adam; Eden was but a brick-yard; what is a mortal but a few luckless shovelfuls of clay, moulded in a mould, laid out on a sheet to dry, and ere long quickened into his queer caprices by the sun? Are not men built into communities just like bricks into a wall? Consider the great wall of China: ponder the great populace of Pekin. As man serves bricks, so God him; building him up by billions into the edifices of his purposes. Man attains not to the nobility of a brick, unless taken in the aggregate. Yet is there a difference in brick, whether quick or dead; which, for the last, we now shall see.

To be concluded in our next.)

THE OLD WOMAN WHO DRIED UP AND BLEW AWAY.

"There be many witches at this day in Lapland who sell winds to mariners, and they must needs go whom the devil drives."—*Fuller's Holy and Profane States.*

"Old woman, old woman, whither so high?"

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

MANY years ago, on the old stage-road leading from Boston to Plymouth, just out of Weymouth into Hingham, there lived an old woman who went by the name of Sue Ward.

Where she came from no one knew. Some years before the time of which we write, she had taken up her abode in an old house which had been deserted by its former owner, and there she dwelt—all alone, a perfect mystery to the gossip of the neighborhood. She managed to get a living by doing all sorts of odd jobs for the people of the village; by knitting now and then a pair of stockings; by spinning a few knots of yarn, or going out as nurse for the sick. The villagers also, at first, were quite kind to her. But after a while they began to weary of being benevolent to so mysterious a being. All plotting and questioning to ascertain her former life failed to produce any effect, save a stubborn refusal to gratify curiosity, and slight flashes of anger, which all inquirers agreed boded no good.

Although the time of which we write was after the excitement concerning the Salem witches, yet belief in such beings had not wholly died away, especially among the older portion of the community. Could they not quote the Bible and the godly Mr. Mather in support of their doctrine?

By-and-by strange stories began to be circulated concerning old Sue Ward. It was said, that being vexed by Deacon Rurr, she gave utterance to a muttered curse, and the next morning the deacon's best heifer was found dead, in such a strange position, that nobody but the devil could have brought her there. Then, as Mistress Ward was walking home one cold night, uncle Joshua overtook her in his nice new wagon. She asked him to carry her home, as she was tired. But he replied he could not, as it was rather off his road, and he was in a hurry. "May you be longer reaching home than I am," exclaimed she, and but a moment afterwards his horse fell, broke both shafts to the wagon, and what was worse, his own leg.

These stories, somewhat magnified,

perhaps, in the telling, were soon in the mouth of every one in the village. Soon they spoke of her no longer as Mistress Ward, or old Sue Ward. She possessed the three great requisites for a witch of that time.

I. She was old.

II. She was ugly.

III. She was poor.

With such an evil suspicion hanging about her, it is no wonder that many who had formerly befriended, now avoided her. Even the little children, having heard the mysterious talk of their parents, as they passed through the streets, clasped one another's hands more tightly, and, gazing at her with half-frightened looks, went hurriedly on, though some of the larger boys would sometimes shout after her.

Matters were thus, as one wild windy November night, old Sue sat by her fire in her lonely hut. She had been out to gather the faggots of which the fire was built, and meeting some rude boys on her return, they had taunted her with unseemly words. Not often would such words have affected her so much. But as the screaming wind howled through the branches of the forest, and she heard the moanings of the dying autumn, thinking all the while that she knew not where to look for help through the coming winter, what wonder that she felt like cursing the day in which she was born?

She did curse it most bitterly. Her wicked, withered old heart was lifting itself up in blasphemy, as she sat by her fire that night, and gazed intently into its flames as they lightened up her miserable room.

"Why can't I die?" muttered she to herself. "As if seventy years of sorrow, seventy years of sin, wasn't enough for one mortal! Doesn't the Bible say that three score years and ten are the limits of life? Why should I live longer? I, without friends, with none of the comforts which belong to age, old, poor, miserable, half-starved and cold?" and she drew up closer to the fire, and continued.

"I would drown myself, but the water

is so cold. I have not strength enough to kill myself any other way. Why is there no other way but dying to be rid of the world? If folks could cast off life as they do an old garment! I've heard of old women that dried up and blew away. The Lord knows I'm dry enough. Why, if he will not let me die, will he not blow me away? I should not care if it was to a place warmer than this, where old women don't have to go out after faggots." And she grinned a most wicked grin, showing one worn yellow stump of a tooth.

"Good evening, Mother Ward," said a voice at her elbow.

She turned and saw just at her side a little old man dressed in black. A quick active old fellow he seemed, as, without being asked, he drew the other of the two rush-bottomed chairs—all the seats the room contained—up to the fire.

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked old Sue, as soon as she had a little recovered from her astonishment at this sudden interruption.

"A poor cold traveller who wishes to warm himself at your fire," replied he, just glancing at her with his keen black eye. Oh it was the wickedest eye you ever saw, so full of malice and deviltry, so glittering and snake-like.

"You are welcome to the little warmth a wretched old woman's fire can give. But you have not told me your name, though I ought to know it, as you seem to know mine."

"I go under different names," replied he; "those most familiar with me, call me by a nickname, but my proper title is Beel Z. Bubbs. But why do you call yourself wretched?"

"Have you not lived long enough in the world to know?" replied she almost fiercely. "There are grey hairs on your brow, and the wrinkles on your face will number almost as many as mine. Is it not always wretched to be old? But perhaps you have warm friends who cheer you with their presence, and sustain you by their love?"

She paused a moment, as if waiting for a reply. But the old man sat with his elbows resting on his knees, looking steadfastly into the fire with his cunning eyes. The old woman continued—

"Perhaps you do not know what it is to outlive all the friends of your youth, to wander away among strangers, and to be shunned and despised by them, to be treated and hooted at as a witch, as one who has dealings with the devil, when

I know no more of the devil than you do."

"Not perhaps as much," said he, in an undertone. "She went on, not hearing or not heeding him.

"You may not have felt all the wickedness of your soul rise up against your persecutors, prompting you to curse them as I have cursed them time and again, and curse them now. Oh, the good Christian souls! who pretend to be so pious and holy, who roll up their eyes at the very sight of me! I should not wonder if some of them had more dealings with Satan than myself."

"No doubt of it," rejoined the old man.

Old Sue went on, feeling a strange thrilling pleasure in telling her wicked thoughts to the one at her side, whose eyes gleamed brighter, and looked more evil, the more wicked she grew.

"And I was thinking what a mockery it would be for me to say the Lord's Prayer. 'Our Father'!"

The old man gave an uneasy start as she said these words, yet remained quiet, as she repeated no more; but, smiting her skinny hands together, exclaimed—

"Why should I call him *my* Father? Has he treated me as a child? Has he not left me here in my old age, to rage, and poverty, and abuse, when he might have taken me to his blessed home beyond the skies long before this? Death would long ago have been welcome to me."

"Why do you not kill yourself, then?" asked the old man softly.

"I was thinking of that just as you came in. But it is an ugly, horrible business to take one's own life. If there were only some easier way to rid one's self of the world! Did you ever hear," continued she, speaking in a low, confidential tone, "did ever you hear of any old women that dried up and blew away?"

The cunning-eyed one for a while spoke not a word. He sat there still and quiet, looking fixedly into the fire. But all at once he burst out with a wild stave of a song. The words so wrought upon the imagination of mother Ward, that—she knew not why—she began to stamp her feet in accompaniment, and when he came to the chorus, she joined her shrill treble to his cracked bass, and the strange melody rang out clear and piercingly:

I walked me out the other night,
The wind was blowing high;
I clasped my cloak about me tight,
And wished that I might die.

Chorus.—O for those rare, good times of old,
When women, I've heard say,
If winds were high, or weather cold,
Dried up and blew away.

Quoth I, O, wind! O, bitter wind!
Why blow so chill on me?
I'm old and lonely, nearly blind—
What are my rags to thee?"
O for those rare good times of old, &c.

Yet still the cold, cold wind blew on,
And pierced me through and through,
It said to me, in quiet scorn,
"Away with hags like you!"
O for those rare good times of old, &c.

I curse thee, wind, with all my might,—
I curse thy chilling breath,—
Unless thou blow me off to-night,
I'll curse thee till my death.
O for those rare good times of old, &c.

"Chorus again!" shouted the old man, stamping his foot. And they sang it through again, till the old walls of the room echoed with the wild scream of their voices.

"Those good old times may come again," said the old man, after they had finished the singing. "But there is a certain state of feeling to which every one must arrive, before they can vanish from earth. People in the old times oftener reached it, than at present."

"What is that state? I will attain unto it," said mother Ward.

"I think you will; perhaps, you have. Know then, good mother, that all things here on the earth are vanity. What is lighter than vanity? Doth not the slightest breath stir the leaf of the willow? But vanity is lighter than even the willow's leaf. I said all things were vanity; all things but love are so. It is this which binds men to earth. Were it not for the love which human beings bear to one another—puff—and away they would go, mine for ever. Now, mother Ward, tell me, have you rid yourself altogether of love? I find many who declare they have done thus, and when I wonder they do not blow away, lo! down deep in their heart, covered over it may be with the glitter of mammon, with the dross of selfishness, one little particle of love, which keeps them from being altogether vanity. But I am preaching! Tell me, I say, have you rid yourself altogether of love?"

Old Sue sat still and thought. Her mind went back through the path of weary years, to the days when a happy child she had clung with affection to those who cherished her under their

roof, who called her their darling; she traced her own life as she grew up a wayward beauty; her love poured out in its wealth and tenderness upon one her parents deemed unworthy; her rebellion and forsaking of all for love of him who was to be father and mother to her: her few short months of happiness and a terrible awakening as the earth received to its bosom her love, her only joy, save an infant life which only kept her grief from laying herself by his side in the grave.

Old Sue buried her face in her hands and wept as the memory of these times came so vividly upon her. The evil-eyed looked gloomily.

But memory would not stop here—as his death and as her treasure's birth. It told over her wrongs. The consciousness of finding herself without money, and consequently without friends, in a great city; the long days of travel, with the precious little one in her arms, to the home of her childhood; the winter's night that heard her timorous knock at the door and—

The one at her side looked smilingly. The tears had dried, and foulest hate scowled forth from her face.

And the same wild night heard a father's curse upon his offspring; it saw a woman faint and foot-worn go forth; with its winds and storms it hushed a child's cry for ever, and wrought long months of disease upon the mother. From that bed of sickness, Memory told her how she rose with vows of vengeance, but it did not dare to dwell upon the unnatural crimes which followed, of vain endeavors to escape remorse, of her flight over the sea, of the years she had wished to die.

She rose from her seat—trembling and pale—for she had dared to think upon her sinful past. She had a parent's love and it had cursed instead of blessed her; she won a dearer love, and it died from her; a child's love had blossomed in her heart, but it was rudely killed and its death terribly avenged. She had no other love—all was unfriendliness and hate.

"Are you ready to go?" said the old man calmly. He knew that she was his.

"Let me first warm myself before my journey," replied she. Then she gathered all the faggots into the middle of the room, and kindled them. The room blazed in a moment. As the flames leaped fierce and hot.

"I am ready" said she.

That night good John Benton came riding from Plymouth. As he approached old Sue's hut he saw the fire burst forth from its windows, and strangest of all, two shadowy forms glided far away above the burning flames, flying into the darkness of the night, while a gust of wind mightier than ever he had before felt, almost blew him from his horse.

These things he averred to the crowd who collected around the burning dwell-

ing. And what confirmed the narration was, that no bones could be found among the ruins—neither was old Sue Ward seen any more.

This is a story believed by many persons to the present day, and on account of which, every old house thereabouts has a horse-shoe nailed to its door, and this maxim prevails:

CHERISH LOVE LEST YOU BECOME VANITY.

OTTILIA.

A LOW, sad brow with folded hair,
From whose deep night, one pallid rose
White moonlight through the darkness throws;
A head, whose lordly, only crown
Of pride, Olympian Juno might
Have worn for the great god's delight;
Deep eyes, immixed of night and fire,
In whose large motion you might see
Her royal soul lived royally,
Unstained by any earthly soil,
And only caring to walk straight
The road ordained to her by Fate.
Her jewelled hands across the keys,
Flashed through the twilight of the room,
A double light, of gem and tune;
Still, while she played, you saw that hand
Glide ghostly white, and fearless wave
Dead faces up from Memory's grave.
The firelight flickered on the wall,
Sweet tears came to the heart's relief,
She sat and sang us into grief—
Yet now she played some liquid song
A happy lover would have sung,
If once he could have found a tongue;
And now the sparkling octaves ran
Through the quick dance, whose tangled braid
Now caught the sunlight, now the shade;
And now the boatman's evening song,
As, rowing homeward down the stream,
He sees his maiden's garments gleam
Beside the tree—the trysting-place—
While the sad singer, whippoorwill,
Cries from the willow by the mill.
Yet, howsoever her music ran,
A sigh was in it, and a sense
Of some dread voice that called us hence;
A voice that even now I hear—
Although the hand that touched those keys,
Rests on her heart, that sleeps in peace.

A PEDAGOGUE IN GEORGIA.

THE HUNT.

IN one of the back numbers of "Pea-Green," a feminine hand touched, gently and skilfully, a few items of the experience of a school-mistress in Texas. The famous picture of Shenstone's is not at hand to verify her words by quotation; perhaps, with all his sympathy for the character, the Texan adventuress could teach the poet, if living, some things out of the circle of his observation. Her narration carries internal evidence of truth to the mind of any one who has cast an eye occasionally, out of a southern school-room. The following jottings have been instigated by her description, and so far as they coincide in spirit, their features must be accorded to her as the first gleaner.

Some of the good people of the Middle States, and a portion of New England, now and then, humorously sketch a Yankee teacher, in the words of the quasi proverb, that he comes up from the east with a spelling-book in one hand, and a halter in the other, prepared for either extreme, of "teaching a school, or stealing a horse." This was once so generally true, that the caustic saying of a quiet wit embraced the experience of neighborhoods. Beyond the latitude of those States, the equipment has changed in appearance, though not in reality. Halters are exchanged for patent medicines, or new inventions. Within a range of a score of miles, are five Yankee teachers, now the heads of good schools, formerly the hawkers of pills, lightning-rods, tooth-ache drops, and various syrups. Laying aside their peripatetic Galenships, they assume the stole of a master, and dispute the palm of encyclopædic knowledge with the lawyer and priest of the vicinage. Besides, they teach no schools—nothing less than an *academy*, ye shades of Attic doctors. The reply of Boswell's father, the Scotch "Laird of Auchnileck," to an inquirer was printed: "There's nae hope for Jamie, mon. Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon? A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie; he keptit a schule, and cau'd it an *academy*." Old Auchnileck had an eye for the pretension of his day, and

has stamped well the full-grown humbug of the present—the one humbug which overshadows all others of whatever marvellous presumptions. Schools no longer exist in the towns and villages, rarely in the fields; academies and colleges supplant them. All this in a parenthesis.

Finding that a magisterial port and learned way procured more respect and dollars than peddling elixirs and panaceas, the change is effected in the moulting of a snake. Some found it to their pecuniary advantage, or the stepping-stone to sudden competencies. Others followed, enticed by the glittering narratives of teachers, who married young heiresses, or witching widows, with much land, and many negroes. The romance is still alluring enough to draw yearly its supply of roady-made teachers. Within a few years the proverb above has become acclimated at Southern hearths; so that the reception of Yankee masters is on the wane.

Such was the state of the field when your informant came hither; a change for the better quality of instructors was the quotation of the public feeling, and nothing less than "a graduate" was received. Yet some of the old regime then existed, and still rule the benches. This immigration, in spite of prejudice, was in many things much the best, as far as conscientious faithfulness was concerned. They knew the "spelling-book" and taught it; now the spelling-book is nearly effete. An illustration; a few evenings since, one of New England's originals, half actor, half tailor, who has wandered hither, under the half-spent force communicated to him by his progenitor Ishmael, became excited in a conversation with the installed school-master, and exclaimed—"I reckon I know its spelling right; look in Webster; there you'll find it—in the spellin'-book—I didn't teach school three months in New Orleans for nothin'—and when I quit, I was a dab at spellin'."

Would that more of both instructors and pupils were orthographical "dabs." For reasonable hope might then be entertained that the present woeful tortion of the alphabet would be exchanged for a knowledge of English letters, at least, superior to the "elegant extracts" exhi-

bited in Dutch advertisements, and on the signs of cross-roads groceries. When the present generation of active business men has passed away, their sons may advance with capacities better trained to estimate the curriculum of a choice instruction. Advancement has been made, and further improvement in the attitude of the general understanding cannot be checked. It must come, like the wave climbing to the breast of the cliff, at whose foot the spray of the on-coming waters is now hardly cast.

This half prophecy could not have been uttered years ago, as the writer lamentably felt, at his entrance upon the soil of Georgia. I had been placed in school for years—long enough to acquire, by moderate industry, some of the outlines of the wide fields open to the eye of judgment and imagination; a stubborn rust of habit had overgrown the body, and seemingly tended to the inertness of a reading life. A sudden misfortune as suddenly acted upon, wrested me from the shadows of the Green Mountains, and impelled me southward, where I expected to find rolling Savannahs instinct with majesty and quiet power, but where were found neglected fallow-grounds, overlaid with pine-knots and alive with lizards. An early frost had cut short the hope of the planter, and laid low the luxuriant beauty of Georgian vegetation. The climate seemed but the slow fever of a wasting land. Its mildness was a contrast to the repulsive features of the soil. Imagination had formed a false picture of perpetual blooms and the never-ceasing song of birds—falsely; ay, *how* falsely, he only can tell, who has never witnessed the fierce heats of noonday suns firing the air with tropic rays, whose vertical shafts are red-hot arrows, while a bastard simoom sweeps the land. How, then, can even a blown imagination reproduce the lithe vine, the tangled green of the thicket, the overheaped baskets of flowers wildly thrown by the early year broad-cast over forest and glade?

Vivid fancy and plastic form collected the shattered beauty of the Venus de Medicis; but, when Nature drops withered remains in Autumn's lap, what spirit shall call back the once unchallenged grace of her painting to the anatomy of the skeleton, save the revolution of that stern god, Time, that binds and unbinds, creates and destroys, delighting in the change and interchange

of the circle of things? My eager appetite for novel forms of natural loveliness keeled at the inferiority of the landscape of a Southern autumn, to the checkered livery of the Northern dolphin.

Perhaps, this disgust was increased by the ways of some of the people inhabiting the red hills and sandy bottoms of the arable lands. Quere: Reader, how would the fop Pelham or Beau Brummel have felt, once thrown into the society of Squire Westerns and Commodore Trunnions? Similarly, in manner, if not degree, did I feel, in exchanging the precise and select demeanor of teachers for the naturally fresh, though seemingly uncouth, ways of planters. Like many others, I came well laden with introductory letters, serviceable only for the moment, valuable only in forming speaking acquaintances, as the experience of many will testify. As the hunter for schools passes about among the people, a somewhat intimate knowledge is gained of the habits of the sturdy landlords. My first essay was by no means encouraging. The resources of introductions being exhausted, and with little benefit, I determined to conceal or not exhibit an equally large bundle of testimonials of capacity. Well, that I did. I have since seen some ludicrous receptions given to these wordy and cheap papers of ability, and had cause to thank prudence in this matter.

Throwing these into a corner of my trunk, I mounted a clay-bank colored nag, and rode to the hunt, thinking that fortune would smile upon the first effort—that the attempt would be of a Cæsarean type, "*veni, vidi, vici*." My visions of personal importance and overweening assumption were thoroughly dissipated in the course of two days. My horse proved worse than the rocking horse once used as a penalty for minor felonies.

This mode of conveyance for twenty or thirty miles was novel to me, and the novelty became the greater as observation showed it to be a general custom. Light vehicles are more in vogue now, but not sufficient to destroy the custom. Every one has his horse, like the Arab, however poor he may be, even if he wants the Irishman's more serviceable companion, the cow. Has the reader ever noticed the journey of Peverel on horseback through the west of England, which the masterly hand of the great Scotch novelist has illustrated

with his usual fascinating colors of national customs. If he has been lead by his curiosity in this matter, he will be pleased to note the correspondence between the times of the Commonwealth and our own day in this trivial point. The custom, and the rate of daily travel confined to an easy walk, are the same—thus continuing a journey of days and weeks in the unvarying jog.

My day's ride ended in a hamlet called the "dark corner," with more of truth than poetry. Morning showed what the fatigue of the previous night had hid from view—the hotel—perhaps its repute in the vicinity was equal to that of metropolitan hotels, or those of fashionable watering-places. My attempts to procure a school were limited to a few inquiries—being satisfied with appearances, often worse than the actuality.

Here was another innovation on old ideas—the day being Saturday, divine worship was held in the neighborhood on this and the succeeding day. Accepting the invitation of the landlord, with others, I went to the meeting-house, prompted more by curiosity than devotion. The results of inquiry only quickened curiosity.

My lot was in the midst of "Hard-Shell Baptists." This term "Hard-Shell" has no reference to political divisions, whether of Northern, Western, or Southern origin; but was given to the denomination because, professing the same general creed as other Baptists, they withhold all support to foreign evangelical missions, against which they set their faces like flint. They are generally very plain people, indulging in no ostentation or luxury, mostly with moderate means, and for their proverbial honesty and promptness in paying debts may be called the Quakers of the South. They ape no style, are led away by no fashions, hate all popular innovations upon manners and beliefs, and esteem strong common-sense, unaided by disciplinary instruction, in its disconnected utterances, as superior to all the lumber of books and graces of schools. (Hence my efforts to teach were rationally durable.)

The meeting-house, whither we walked, was built of hewn logs, unceiled and unplastered, with sliding window-shutters of plank, having long benches placed, as in a school-room, for seats: it was situated in a grove, a short way from the hamlet, near a pleasant spring

of water. Hither, in the course of a few hours, came numerous planters with wives on pillion, now a horse, now a mule bearing two or three girls or boys—none coming in light wagons, or provincially "buggies."

Honest, quiet, and cordial greetings seemed perfectly natural to them all as they met in groups, intentionally or by accident, as by second nature, under the broad trees. Stranger as I was, I yet received the cordial grasp and the conversational coin of the day. After the discussion of planting interests and kindred topics was exhausted, a white-haired father stood in the door, and proclaimed—"The hour for service is cum, bretheren." Instantly, the buzz and laugh outside ceased, there was a smoothing of hair, cleansing of throats, brushing of clothes, a unanimous start for the doors, women to the right and men to the left. The staid members of the church took their seats near the pulpit; others in regular bench platoons, according to grade and age of piety and years; while the froliosome fell back in the rear seats, behind whom were the slaves. When once within, and the eyes were cast about, the interior brings to mind the quaint conceit of old George Chapman:—

"If ever I be worth a house again,
I'll build all inward; not a light shall ope
The common out-way; no expense; no art,
No ornament, no door, will I use there;
But raise all plain and rudely, like a vamoire
Against the false society of men,
That still batters
All reason piece-meal, and for earthly greatness
All heavenly comforts rarifies the air,
I'll therefore live in dark; and all my light,
Like ancient temples, let in at my top."

The Elizabethan poet was a "Hard-Shell" in his style of architecture—perhaps a little more of a non-conformist than his modern brothers. However, the present house seemed more suitable to a warm climate than to English dampness.

If the "Hards"—or as they designate themselves, the Primitive Baptists—discard all claim to fashion in other matters, as sincerely as in the conduct of "service," there seems to be no place for future in-break upon the idiosyncrasy of the sect. How the patriarchs regulated antediluvian worship, in their wide pasture-lands, may be a mooted question among Biblical antiquarians; yet conjecture might receive some hints touching the question, among the mod-

ern worshippers in the woods. Form consists in the want of all forms; ceremony is only a traditional rule to follow general impulse. The fashionable choirs of cathedrals, the stiff routine of a village band of singers, or the fire-side songs by family voices, differ from the ragged surges of forest airs, ebbing and flowing with individual caprice, monotone, quaver, slide, slip and burst, in the same degree, manner, spirit, and originality, as Jullien's orchestral triumphs differ from the banjo tunes of a negro, in the back room of a "piney-woods" grocery. Bob Acres would describe them as perfect "masters and mistresses of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante."

Thus far, as being but a poor singer, my judgment was liable to err; in the remainder, this deponent wishes to be understood as conforming to historic accuracy. After the songs, expectation labored through a deep silence of — minutes for the uprising of the preacher. He uprose—a man of hard aspect, a covenanter in blood and deed, not a mark on him of silken orthodoxy, but clad in home-spun, hybrid out, between the full Quaker dress, and the sportsman's roundabout. His locks were trimmed like the Puritans, who used to cut their hair along the rim of a basin turned over their heads; his low projecting forehead hung down on a large flat nose, nearly concealing the eyes beneath a shag of brows; a close shaven chin was dappled with the blue roots of a veteran beard; around the neck a cavernous stock, into which at times the chin sunk like a log swaying in deep waters; his narrow shoulders jerked, his long arms became violently excited, and twirled around and around in the loud parts of his sermon. Excitability no one would expect, who saw him stand peering over the seats, then contracted in a stolid mood, and predestinated hump, not deigning to speak, hardly to move, save the rolling eyes. Suspense was broken by an asthmatic note; he rasped his throat with another phlegmatic retch, raised the book high in the long arms, took a long look around—and laid the Bible down. He placed the handkerchief, which is usually esteemed the peculiar banner of the priesthood, under the lid. The preacher rested his arms on the desk, and breathed audibly. The chin fell within the rim of the open-mouthed stock. Again he stood erect, took out a purse, laid a bit of money on the desk,

and paused; again lifted up the book, read two verses from the Testament, replaced the book, wiped his mouth, and replaced the handkerchief in the consecrated spot, and spoke:

"Breethereen, I came to this text in a sing'lar way—I detarmined that I'd take hold of no text that didn't take hold of me—I read one text, and it didn't take hold of me; I read another, and it didn't, and so on and on, till I cum to the *twelfth*, and as it didn't take hold of me, *so I took hold of it*. Here it is, in the good book. Now, breethereen, do ye read yer Bibles? I want to see how many knows where them verses is found. Now, I'll bet this here dime" (showing the silver coin in the tips of his fingers) "none here kin tell me where them verses is found"—and the venerable preacher clenched the bet against the house, by a blow on the desk that would have felled an ox.

Does the reader need any comment other than his own manufacture? Make no illicit comparisons; comparisons have no place in such emergencies; wonder alone locks the senses in a pulseless, breathless rest. There is no buzz or mark of astonishment exhibited by the audience, other than the ordinary turn of the head. All seemed right; yet they looked as though they hoped some one would name the text rightly. The look showed nothing but a curiosity as to who would be the lucky one that could uphold the claim of "Hard Shells," touching their familiarity with the Bible. It was a challenge from the clergy to the laity. Would, *could* any dear brother or sister meet the preacher on his own ground? Curiosity began to slacken, to waver, became uncertain, finally came doubt, settling down into defeat. The preacher had the day, and in triumphant note would berate them for slothfulness, and send them home stung with his sarcasm. Hope was gone, when a lank, bony frame rose near the desk, buttoned up a blue over-all, that fell to his feet, and shrugged his angular shoulders. After all eyes were centered on him, he turned up his face to the preacher, and said, "Brother, it is a small bet, *but I never let 'em pass*," he referred the passage correctly, and sat down. "The money's yourn."

The preacher had met his match, and carried away no flag of triumph. The sermon which followed, was spoken languidly—energy, life, pointed and pert, were fled—the repulse given by the lay

brother to the clergy, had broken the charm of the preacher's speech—his brain was pressed down with the incubus of chagrin. The war-note was changed for the evening hymn; the bugle gave place to the shepherd's pipe. The sermon closed; the announcement was given out that the "ord'nance of feet-washin' 'ud take place" on the morrow, in connection with the administration of the Lord's Supper. What? Did I hear aright? Feet-washing?—what did it mean? Silence again was the best resort, through fear of exposing myself to laughter, by inquiring into the matter, or confessing to a scoffing spirit if found in error. My perplexity was broken by a short discussion in the course of the day, during which a "Hard" quoted the passages of "Scripter," taken as authority by the sect, for the institution and performance of public "feet-washing," as a religious rite.

Here was an episode in a school-master's life, unforeseen by Henry Brougham, when he sent the pedagogue "abroad," for which, perhaps, the great reformer is unaccountable, as the rite is out of the establishment, and would be looked upon by High or Low Church with the same amazement as the old Roman Flamens portrayed, when told of the barbarous ritual of interior Germany.

On next day, the concourse of people at the "meetin' house" was larger than the day before. A new brother was expected to hold forth, causing some little bustle. His sermon, when begun, was original beyond the possibility of a doubt. His object seemed to be to delineate some of the proprieties of familiar intercourse, and check such of the practices as were unauthorized by "Hard Shell" usage. Several of the popular reforms and associations were bluntly rebuffed, or scouted as "in folly ripe and reason rotten." Maine Liquor Law was not then known as a political measure; yet the same ultimate end was foreshadowed by Temperance Societies and Sons of Temperance; this was enough for the spirit of the speaker, who levelled his heaviest guns against their batteries and felt himself successful in planting some stunning blows. He was a prose Anacreon in his adherence to Bacchus, as a duty in acknowledging the good things of the world, by a moderate use, reproving their abuse, keeping the golden mean and avoiding all extremes. Excess and Tee-totalism were his Soylla and Oharybdis. To show that

he was within the pale of the "Primitives" in this matter, he narrated a case of discipline, in which Brother Dupeasy had been reproved by the church for over-indulgence in peach-brandy; and upon the assertion of Brother Dupeasy that he would never touch another drop so long as he lived, he was again reproved for rejecting the manifest gifts of mercy, and, moreover, the brother was ordered to continue his occasional glass but never to be overcome by the use. "That's the Primitive doctrine, is'n't it breetheren?"—a nodding of heads and bonnets on right and left fortified the worthy laborer in his exposition of tenets.

The General Mission spirit was slightly touched, as being a subject of too much magnitude to be embraced in a single sermon; still there was promised a future hour of reckoning against this Gorgon of Hydras.

As a final shifting of pulpit light, notice was taken of colloquial expressions, by this censor of public morals; in his appeals to the congregation for confirmations of his positions, he frequently turned to his associate in the desk, who sat behind him, and asked if such and such an assertion was not true—and was uniformly answered in the affirmative. His oburgations were mostly hurled towards idle words, cant forms of speech and popular slang: he was distressed in this matter, and labored loudly, dogmatically, and hotly, for thorough reform in these particulars. There was room for complaint, as his reception exhibited:

"Breetheren, it won't do, this talk ain't primitive; we must give up them worldly remarks—must we not brother? must we not sister?" The appeal direct was answered by a favoring nod from said brother and said sister. "Yes sir-ee and no sir-ee is slang terms and is forbidden. I don't like 'em, nor no brother don't like 'em; they despise 'em—they jeest 'bhor 'em, kind o' naturally (and wheeling to his clerical brother in the back of the pulpit, exclaimed)—I'm determined to set my face agin 'em, now and for ever, like them brothers and sisters, ain't you brother?"

"Yes sir-ee, boss!" replied the tripping divine. There was need of "line upon line," &c., to such a waiting people.

Exhortation finished the exercise; then followed an actual general *washing of feet*, by the members of the church; the women occupying one side, behind

a screen; the men openly and boldly presenting themselves for cleansing. They advanced in couples; one took his seat and bared his foot and leg to the knee, while the other laying aside his coat, girding himself with a towel, kneeled at the basin and washed and wiped the ready member; offices were then exchanged, the couple retired, and another brace of the unwashed came up to the water. Four or more couples were busy together—exhorting each other with good counsel, and flattering unctious, familiarly quoting the words of "Brother Peter and Brother Paul." Day's worship being closed, all went homeward, the young pairing off in couples through the woods.

My object in visiting this region was

fruitless in direct benefit, but indirectly of much instruction and a little new insight into human nature. My attention was called the next day to a "notice" stuck up with wafers on the walls of the piazza. Ye great national educators and Smithsonian Rectors, read:

"WANTED,

"A teacher with a family, whose services are worth 500 dollars a year. Come and you will be as a light in a shining land. Our county contains over 1000 adults who do not know their alphabet. Come and we trust a halo of success will crown your efforts. We appeal to the ladies of—— for assistance."

"Our county" was in my route; thither I went, and may possibly detail hereafter its incidents, if these "present presentments" please.

A WATER STUDY.

Ohiare, fresche e dolci acque.—Petrarch.

HANS tucked in the last edge of the blanket, placed a rod slant against the wall, to support a copy of "The Times," which, like a head tent, kept the flies and the sun from my eyes, and then left me for two hours, like one of the swathed effigies on a cathedral monument. I was packed—arms bound to my sides, feet wrapped together, a pile of fabrics rising ten inches from my chest, and a wet sheet clinging to my skin; thus made statuesque, and vision itself shut in by the paper canopy not an ell from my nose, there was clearly but two things for a patient man to do—sleep or think. I did both, and the result of the united and the alternate process, was a dream of water, its wonders and blessings, which rendered me, for the first time, really conscious of the extent and the degree of my obligations, physical, intellectual, and economical, to that unappreciated element. As it oozed in and out of every pore, sounded in the adjacent *douche*, dripped as the incubating philosophers of the sitz-baths rose up near by,—presenting itself thus to the senses as a great healing agent, I mused of its virtues, its history, and its power: follow, gentle reader, for a moment, that water study, become aquatic awhile; lose thyself in water as a gold-

fish in his teeming globe, and submit thy fancy to the sceptre of Aquarius.

Enshrined in water, let us meditate its office, recall our walks by rivers, and our sensations in the midst of the ocean, our vigils on cliff and strand, with a boundless seaward landscape, the mystery of the tides, the fable of Arethusa, the enormous leviathan, and tiny nautilus, the luxury of a glass of iced Croton, and, what Mrs. Kemble calls "ablutionary privileges." Water!—it overflowed the primeval world; its sublimest altar is the goal of pilgrims on this continent; it constitutes three-quarters of the globe; to tunnel and bridge it, is the highest art of engineer and architect; its natural direction ordains the first paths of mankind, and the course of empire; thrown on the strained ropes that at Rome failed to bring the precious obelisk to its base, the quivering mass of Egyptian granite settled at once, amid the breathless expectancy of thousands. How like a conscious thing of beauty it sparkles, winds, foams, whirls, dances, leaps, nestles and rushes in the rapids of Niagara! To wander along them and gaze down from the bridge upon that evolution of water, and stand in the tower, between the two great cataracts, or to track the rocky gorge at Trenton, and watch the amber

sweep of that sequestered torrent, is to partake the revel of the waters, in all their freedom, life, grace, music and motion, as if they proclaimed in the triumphant beauty of a festival, the vastness of their use, and the glory of their nature.

In fancy I abandoned myself to the world of waters; now they rose before me from "old Ocean's grey and melancholy waste," in the form of a lofty waterspout, and now-floated like battlements of crystal, as enormous icebergs; one moment I heard the pattering of a shower, musical on the roof, and the next, breasted the waves on a favorite beach, "laid my hand upon their mane" with delight, and saw the south wind tear diamonds from their "fringe of spray;" the prolonged roll of the Pacific waves, like a mysterious anthem, rose on the gale, and the sweet gurgle of the summer tide lapsing from a pebbly shore, soothed my reverie; I looked up to an emerald wall crowned with a melting border of snow, as the sea was "scooped to its briny springs," and gazed far down into the pellucid depths of a lake, upon its floor of brightly tinted stones, where the speckled tortoise slept, and watched the pearly cones of lilies gracefully sway on its unruffled surface: phosphorescent gleams played, in my vision, along the wake of a noble ship, and the maelstrom whirled, with dizzy velocity, round a spiral centre; I remembered the rushing of the Arno at midnight, in spring, and sailed again beside the fair shores of Como; I stood once more, on an autumnal evening, amid the woods of Terni, where the white cascades leap down an umbrageous precipice; and I beheld the sunset flush deepen and spread over Lake Ontario, until it became a vast and "perfect chrysolite." The music, and the vision of beautiful and limitless waters filled the ear of imagination and the eye of memory. From "fell Charybdis" to Rebecca at the Well, and from the "still vext Beermoothes" to the animalcules in a rain-drop, I considered the varied force and minute still life of water; its marvellous adaptation to life—in its colorless and unodoriferous quality—thus free from all satiating taint—its cooling property—its solvent power—how it paints the rock and tree by oxydation, by what slow gradations it shapes the beach into symmetrical curves and jags the face of the cliff—the varied music and tumult of its fall, as Southey describes it at Lodore;

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the wonders of its law and history, as unfolded by Humboldt—its evanescent charms, as tinted on the sunset sky!

How clear and attractive in the reminiscence of travel! A mountain whose base we have skirted, a meadow or forest we have observed in the panorama of foreign scenery, may have left no distinct image; but the shores beside which we have lingered, the cascade we have turned aside to gaze upon, and the fountain that murmured in the square through which we daily passed, are intimately associated with local experience. Our first sunset at Geneva is never recalled without her blue lake, whereon Rousseau and Byron rocked; Florence reappears, as seen in our walks by the Arno; and Rome dreamed of, with her silent ruins made cheerful by the gleam of Trevi and the yellow Tiber. The one characteristic phenomenon at St. Petersburg is the breaking up of the Neva. The grand line of demarcation in the student, and the metropolitan life of Paris, is the Seine. The banks of the Jordan is the goal of the modern traveller as well as of the ancient pilgrim, and the Gulf Stream the mysterious by-way of the sea; a swim in the Adriatic, and the return to St. Mark's piazza in a gondola, at twilight, stamps Italy in romantic hues on the memory. To cross the English Channel is the most magical of transitions; and in the lovely fields around Lake Thrasymene, Hannibal becomes real to our fancy; we cease to wonder at Egyptian idolatry as we navigate the Nile; Iceland is memorable as the land of geysers, and the colors of the Red Sea tint oriental recollections; to meet the Mediterranean again at Terracina is like a greeting from home; and the Bay of Naples survives the impression of the city itself. Water is a talisman of memory.

Strange contrariety, methought, in this universal element—bearing health on its wings when alive, and breeding fever when stagnant—the most salubrious and welcome of nourishment, yet shunned as poison by our distempered blood; a revel and a horror—hydropathy and hydrophobia, the most sanative product of nature, and, to our diseased nerves, the most repulsive: in the ocean, the galvanic battery of the world, dispensing vitality, and in the fen exhaling the seeds of death; a terrific engine of destruction in the avalanche, and a gentle minister of life in the dew drop; a sign of hope in the rainbow, and of vicissitude in the freshet; the pledge of

humanity in a tear, and of Divine power in a torrent.

Water, of all scenic materials, has the greatest incidental effect: how the Golden Horn lends beauty to the minarets and cypresses of Stamboul; and the crescent-shaped bay of Messina glitters, at midnight, with the flitting torches of the boatman in pursuit of the sword-fish: well did the aborigines of the upper Mississippi name their favorite cascade "the laughing water," for its white gleam and cheerful flash rings through the trees like an hilarity of nature. What scene can be imagined more poetically eloquent of Shakespeare, than the sight of the Avon from one of the antique oriel windows of Warwick Castle—gliding under majestic elms, through a green lawn, with a pair of stately white swans on its bosom? To sit in the ivy-clad grotto, and hear the tinkling rill of Egeria's fount, is to catch the very spirit of mythological grace. What a noble phase in architecture is the bridge; those aerial curves, with mossy escutcheons, that span the Arno; that open, dizzy, and wire-hung structure that joins the cliffs of Niagara River; and that closed one of marble over which the Venetian prisoners passed to a mysterious death—how do they haunt the imagination, firm and massive, graceful and symbolic—with the stream rushing onward, or idly creeping below!

The face of the land is subject to innumerable vicissitudes, but the larger water-courses identify historical localities, and are consecrated by the fame of bards and heroes. By the waters of Babylon the exiles sat down and wept. The Moorish fountains at Granada seem to mourn the exodus of those who once slept to their lulling music: a Tuscan *contadina*, with well-poised urn, tracking a mountain path at sunset, is the most effective figure in an Italian landscape; and the old sculptors appealed to universal associations when they represented the goddess of beauty entering or emerging from the bath. No small part of the contemplative zest which old Walton found in angling, comes from the placid or rippling stream, that to the sensitive ear, "makes music with the enamelled stones." Sydney Smith indicated the irrepressible mobility of water when, apologizing for the prolonged critical dissection of a shallow radical, he said that often the capacity

to do mischief, was in an inverse ratio to intellectual gifts; as "in a country surrounded by dykes, a rat may inundate a province."

There is a philosophy in the charms and the laws of this element, would we but discern it. "What," asks a speculative writer, "are quickness, conception and imagination, but the fluids of the mind? regard them at work and you can bring them under no other analogy. They stir the old hard world, and permeate all things, and like nervous fluids, are present in a moment where their mission is, with the power of arranging and the quickening virtue that they have received in the fountains of thought."* The co-existent mobility, resistance, and pressure of water, its capacity of infinite diffusion, its transparency, and the facility with which it reflects opaque objects, and receives the color of what surrounds or overcanopies it—its diversity of movement, relation to light, to animal and vegetable existence, to scenery, to air, to cold and heat, to mechanics and to human associations, include a world of science. In the waterfall and the billow it seems a conscious being; and, in vast repose, what a latent power broods over it! The beck, the tarn, the *fiumare*, the well, the surf, the rain drop, and the frozen lake, have each their peculiar significance, use and beauty. Mark the birds, and the fish that dwell in water, the moss, lichens, or lilies that cling to its basins. The hippopotamus, the beaver and the muskrat that plunge and wallow in its depths, and the insects that skim its surface, suggest that, even in the sphere of animal economy it includes, is a boundless variety; while the coral reef, the amber and agate, papyrus and rushes nourished in its bosom or found in its path, reveal yet another of its phases in the economy of nature.

The mere names of rivers unfold a history. The romance of Spain whispers in the murmur of the Guadalquivir and the Tagus; the Rhine is legendary, the Tiber consecrated by Roman poets, the Jordan by religious faith, the Ganges by superstition, the Euphrates by Paradise, the Nile by ancient civilization, the Ilyssus by Grecian genius, the Mississippi by the hope of nations, the Sacramento by gold, the Niger by mystery, the Isis by academic fame, the St. Lawrence by islands, the Amazon by natural gran-

* Wilkinson.

deur, the Arno by the revival of Art, and the Potomac by the ashes of Washington. Thus, from the familiar Cam, where boat-racing English students exercise, to the "continuous woods where rolls the Oregon," rivers have their distinctive character and associations in chronicle, song and human love.

If imagination is bewildered in musing of the beauty of water, reason is exhausted in the attempt to realize its use. As a mechanical power it is the primitive means of human communication; the social destiny of the earth is regulated by its distribution. That one fact, says Guyot, makes all the vast diversity between Europe and Africa—the continent accessible by innumerable rivers and an indented coast, and the one reached by an ocean bounded with leagues of desert. The physical circumstances that rendered North America a mighty power among the nations, and originated its unprecedented development, is the extent and connection of its many waters, over which floated the batteaux of the early explorers. Imagine the Mississippi and the great lakes extinct, and how many generations would have come and gone, ere colonization triumphed in the boundless inland valleys: married by so many natural channels to the Atlantic, nature herself lured the bold adventurers into the heart of an untracked wilderness, and emigration followed the course of majestic streams. Even this grand function of guiding civilization is secondary to the latent utility of the crystal element. It not only opens a pathway through the universe, but is itself the greatest of motive powers, and from a passive medium is transformed by science into wings that never droop, and of incalculable celerity. By an inevitable law, when compressed, it gives birth to motion adequate to all the functions ever achieved by human will and muscle; and etherealized it impels over land and sea the burdens and the pilgrims of the world; locked in havens, it holds fleets in security; dammed in sluices, it grinds, pumps, saws, lifts, drives, moulds, and enacts every mechanical office; let into pipes and arches, it distributes refreshment and nutrition to populous cities; drawn into the veins of plants, and held suspended in upper air, it keeps alive vegetation; blended with the soil, it dissolves the sanitive minerals that bring health to the frame; borne on the currents of the winds, it cools the fervid heats of summer, and tempers the keen

blasts of winter; set free from material substances, it evolves the most economical artificial light; infinitely dissolved in the atmosphere, it is a vital quality of every breath we inhale; condensed by the shades of night, it hangs on every blade of grass jeweled dew-drops; and quivering in the solar ray, it spans like a celestial bridge the space between earth and sky with a bow where floats every tint of color. Thus the mill whose dripping wheel prepares the villager's daily bread, the fragmentary arches that span the desolate campagna, the wreaths of pearly vapor that gush from the panting locomotive, the shower that makes each drooping leaf expand, the gaseous cup whose draught rejuvenates the invalid, the flame that makes bright the crowded street, the humid inhalation that revives the life of the sleeping infant, the gem that sparkles at sunrise on tree and herbage, and the rainbow that smiles above the deluge—all proclaim that water is the peerless vassal of man and nature.

How is it consecrated to human love and woe, and divine associations!—sprinkled on the brow as the emblem of baptism, it exudes thence as the sign of toilsome doom; into its cold embrace sinks the despairing suicide, and plunges the adventurous diver for the pearls which grace the neck of beauty. Archimedes found a precious law of nature as he displaced its fluid particles; and beside its healing pool prayerfully waited the cripple for the miracle of Bethesda. At the well of Jacob was Rebecca wooed and won, and by that of Samaria, Christ talked of the kingdom of heaven; from the lava-heights of the volcano, its congealed fleece is borne to cool the beverages of fervid Sicily, and the earthquake's shock is foretold by its sudden retreat into the depths of the ground; how like battlements of crystal it rose on either side of the fugitive host of Israel, and, with elegiac moans, closed over the beloved heart of Shelley! What were Venice without the liquid floor whence spring so magically her crumbling palaces, or Holland, shorn of the glory which crowns her wondrous birth amid the waves? There is significance, as well as beauty, in the fable that makes Venus a child of the sea, and robes the Naiads with unearthly grace. Undine is more than an allegory; and in Mussulman ablutions there is spiritual worth. The fountains of Versailles, in their sparkling play, symbolize the gay and light-some nation whose kings thus adorned

the royal gardens; the canals of the low countries typify the plodding industry of the Dutch, and the lakes and rivers of America are on the same broad scale as her national development.

How naturally do these associations glide into the verse of the poet! Each sings his favorite stream. The "*dolce acqua*" inspired Petrarch at Vaucluse; Byron sang the "blue and arrowy Rhone." Can we behold the Danube and not think of the dying gladiator's "young barbarians there at play;—they and their Dacian mother?" or the Thames, and not breathe a sigh to the memory of Thomson and Hood?—watch the "hissing urn," unmindful of Cowper; or drink from "the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well," nor repeat the household tribute of a native bard? "The white swan spreads her snowy sail," in Percival's lyric to Seneca Lake; "my name was writ in water," is the meek epitaph of Keats; to celebrate a cloud was akin to Shelley's genius, and "The Fountain" is one of Bryant's most felicitous poems; the lakes of Windermere reflect the benign serenity of Wordsworth; and every rustic mill in England enshrines the name of Tennyson; Irving's fame, as well as home, is identified with the Hudson, and the Tweed gurgles over its stony bed the dirge of Scott. Goldsmith's flute seems yet to echo "beside the murmuring Loire," and Campbell's spirit to haunt the Susquehanna; when the Po is swollen by freshets, we quote Tasso's line, "*pare che porta guerra e non tributo al mare*." Falconer, Ohilde Harold, Dibdin, the bard of Hope, and Barry Cornwall, have sung of the sea as the scene of shipwreck, of freedom, of cheery toil, of deadly strife, and of immortal valor, of beauty, of grandeur, of delight and of death, in numbers attuned to its own changeful moods and noble rhythm.

When, indeed, the poets draw near to the waters and celebrate their grace and marvels, it is as if a votary of Nature laid his tender homage before her crystal altar. Hear Byron apostrophe to Velino, and Brainerd proclaiming that Niagara's proud flood is poured from the hand of Deity; how grand the simple phrase of the psalmist:—"The sea is His and He made it," so expressive of the unchanging phenomena and uninvaded sphere of that element which man can but cautiously traverse, but whose aspect and power his inventions leave identical with the dawn of creation. The briny fields are eternally the same. Perhaps

the indirect tributes of the bard most emphatically suggests the beauty of this element. Shakespeare's lover wishes his mistress, when she moves, a "wave of the sea," to be for ever graceful; Othello's passion, "like to the Pontick Sea," has no ebb; "a little water clears us of this deed," huskily whispers Lady Macbeth; Cleopatra's barge "burns on the water;" the moon "sees her silvery visage in the watery glass;" "the hungry sea;" "like a circle in the water;" "as profitless as water in a sieve;" and "like a dew-drop on a lion's mane, be shook to air," are significant metaphors. How the waters ooze, fume, curl, roar, and mantle in his description, as in nature!

No poet, however, in the widest range of his fancy, can imagine variety of effects like those native to water. Spread into a boundless waste, it is the most sublime; concentrated into the most lovely shapes, it is the most beautiful object in nature. The crystal blocks of the ice-quarry, the fairy globe of dew, the white plumes of the fountain, and the prismatic hues of the iris, the transparent emerald of the billow, and the scenic illusion of the mirage, how wonderful as mere phases of form and color, derived from a common element! Sublimated by heat, it expands into fleecy piles or long scintillations radiant with every tint of jasper and ruby, opal and amethyst; congealed by frost, it shoots into crystals more brilliant than diamonds or stalactites. The snow-plain glittering in the sun, the fog wreathing in the breeze, the lake spreading as a boundless mirror, the ocean heaving like the mighty heart of the universe, and the brook winding at random through rocks and woodland—what diverse features of an identical landscape! Now a stainless amplitude, now a spectral medium, the majestic emblem of perpetual unrest, of heavenly repose, and wayward frolic! The evanescent charms of aerial perspective that Claude and Turner strove, with all the self-devotion of genius, to represent; the delicate pictures which momentarily gleam on a bubble, and the eternal foam of torrents attest the same origin. No element appeals to the sense of beauty with such versatile grace; cheerful in the fount, solemn in the ocean, winsome in the brook, soothing in the breezeless lake. To the eye, water is the most Protean minister in the universe, and, combined with vegetation, atmosphere and light, the most prolific source of its gratification.

THE PROGRESS OF OUR POLITICAL VIRTUES.

VERY few men, we venture to say, have carefully noted the steep and steady climax of the long succession of public men in the United States, from 1783 to 1854;—how, although we may have begun at the former date with fair selections, we have continued to make better, until for the last twenty years our leaders and representatives at home and abroad—our whole force of officials, executive and legislative, national, state and municipal, has mustered as a host of high-souled, noble-minded, unspotted men, distinguished by every private and public excellence;—by surpassing talents, suspicionless disinterestedness, translucent purity of motive, invincible modesty and patience—crowned, in short, with starry coronals of virtues whose pure lustre might befit a white-robed choir of angels.

While George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, and James Madison were Presidents, and generally, while they were in public life, an impression decidedly favorable to their reputation as statesmen, thinkers and citizens, extensively prevailed. There were many who thought them honest, wise and trustworthy. In fact it was currently believed that they were the ablest men in the nation.

All that may be so. But those obscure and old-fashioned virtues of theirs, well enough in their small way, and in the slow times of our earlier history, would now, amidst the sparkling sky-rocketing glories of Young America, be tedious and insignificant to extremity. Are those dull and square-toed worthies to be compared to the gigantic men who have lately shod upon the presidential chair the lambent light of their respective coronals as aforesaid—to the splendid intellects and grand achievements, in war, in peace, and in the hearts of their countrymen, of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore and Pierce?

It has been claimed, for instance, that there was glory in the stubborn and steady resolution with which our nation, under the presidency of a Washington or a Madison, fought victoriously or with even success, against a nation more powerful than herself, by land and sea—the most powerful nation in the world. But no such insane risk as accompanied those foolhardy contests has marred the

warlike renown of our commanders of a later day. Why should our blood and treasure be expended, when they might be saved? Why should men be used up, when a judicious outlay of dog would serve? Why should costly glory be sought, when a cheap article is accessible? And so the kind wisdom of our national leaders directed the yelping of our bloodhounds, the points of our bayonets, and the thunder of our guns against the Seminoles; against Mexico; against Greytown.

“And dogs crawled in, where soldiers feared to tread.”

A few hundred half-starved Indians may be stabbed, mangled, or knocked in the head, with much more ease than veteran English regiments of the line. Land may be stolen—conveyed, if you please—from a crew of lazy, pepper-eating Mexicans, much more safely than from the beef-eating British. “Carajo!” is not half so terrible a shout as “Hurra!” It does not require as many Paixhan charges (at eight or twelve dollars each) to bang down a few dozen Central-American shanties, as would need to be expended upon the fortifications of Quebec or Havana. And—most gloriously transcendent wisdom of all—for Greytown there was absolutely nobody to strike back. Neither pop-gun nor protocol replied to the Cyanean thunders, nor to the Hollinsian proclamations. The operation was as safe and as bold as that of the young hero who thrashed a rickety old man of eighty. “How *could* you,” expostulated a mild reprover, “thrash an old man of eighty?” “How *could* I?” answered the Achilles—“I could have thrashed him if he had been a hundred years old!”

Nor do the civil virtues of “the earlier Presidents” escape irremediable eclipse, by the results in action of the broader and deeper philosophy upon which have been based the actions of their successors. Washington, fettered by obsolete notions, and complaisantly obedient to the “shrieks of locality,” declined to appoint or to remove officials, except for matters determining their honesty or capacity. But our recent giants in politicizing have nobly scorned to be holden within such narrow bounds. “What,” they have reasoned, “can be a more important function of government, than to perpetuate the ascendancy

of right principles?" And accordingly, their inquiries and conclusions, in using their extensive and increasing patronage, have uniformly and without distinction of party been characterized by a pertinacious adherence to the profound principles which such intuitions had revealed, and by a martyr-like disregard of the storms of misconstruction and obloquy which their enemies have aroused against them. *They* have not bowed to the shallow prejudices of local preference. *They* have not regarded unreliable assurances, even of a unanimous neighborhood, of the honesty, ability, industry, respectability, of any candidate. No. *That* might do for the neighborhood; but the Executive commanded a broader perspective. The government, being Whig, Democratic, or as the case might be, was, at any given time, installed in office by the efficacy of certain great political principles, well advocated. And now, of course, the good of the country—which is synonymous with the perpetuation of those great principles, whatever they may be—being immeasurably more important than the satisfaction of a village, the one appropriate all-comprehending question always is, "What has he done, is he doing, will he do, for the party?" As honest and sincere men, the appointing power is bound to make that inquiry and no other. For, what could be clearer than that now, having the country right side up, every nerve must be strained to keep it so? The "greatest good of the greatest number" is at stake. Only stingy, unpatriotic wretches would regard their own prosperity and comfort, or that of their neighborhood, an instant, when opposed, as it must so evidently be in every such case, to the prosperity of our whole noble Republic. The duty of the appointing power, we say, is clear. And most nobly and consistently has it—lately—been performed.

But enough of this. Perhaps even ironic sport is misplaced in discussing shameful truth. Let us speak soberly.

It is a difference too startling to be overlooked between the early life of this Republic and its later life, that formerly its ablest men held its highest offices; while now they do not, and confessedly cannot. It is a significant and representative difference. We have suggested an illustrative comparison as to the National Executive. Let us complete our case by referring briefly to a few

additional ones, most or all of which we have heretofore at least mentioned.

Consider the State Executives. Compare the first half-dozen Governors of Connecticut, New York or Pennsylvania, chosen by the people, with the last half-dozen so chosen. Institute a similar comparison in any other of the "Old Thirteen." In former times, the ablest men, strongest statesmen, purest citizens, filled the gubernatorial chairs. Now, second-rate attorneys, colonels from "the army of Mexico," trading politicians, are foisted into their places. The same is true of the National and State Legislatures. An absurdly large proportion of their members are either insignificant or notorious. There are, of course, many exceptions; we are not all vile; but blackguards and bullies stand even upon the floor of the United States Senate. Representatives carry pistols and bowie-knives, swear and threaten and revile, haunt the house in inarticulate or uproarious drunkenness, and jump, sword in hand, at any fellow-member with whose remarks they are dissatisfied. The ill-natured descriptions of Aytoun, spitefully intended as the very broadest and most irritating caricature, have to-day a keener edge, simply by virtue of having barely reached up to the sober (or drunken) truth. They are mere historic narrations of actual occurrences within the year. Apply now his verses to some of our legislators:

"'Young man,' quoth Clay, 'avoid the way of Slick,
of Tennessee—
Of gougers fierce, the eyes that pierce, the fiercest
gouger he.
He chews and spits, as there he sits, and whittles
at the chairs;
And in his hand, for deadly strife, a bowie-knife
he bears.'"

Nobody could mend the description, unless, perhaps, to substitute a pistol for the "toothpick." Again, when the member from Tennessee considers himself personally insulted (we hasten to remind the present members from that noble State that we don't mean them, but have simply transferred Professor Aytoun's own unfortunate specification—though, perhaps, they will not consider the cap a fit):

"The colonel smiled with frenzy wild, his very beard
waxed blue,
His shirt it could not hold him, so wrathily red he
grew

land, enjoyed air, light, and warmth, and abounded with life of every kind. But the sea came and buried them in eternal darkness. For the ocean, also, the infinite, is not the same to-day that it was yesterday—it changes form and shape like everything else on earth. The very heart of the globe is restless. Fused, molten stones are dragged from their hidden resting-places in the depths of the earth, passed through fiery ovens, and at last, in fierce fury, thrown out of volcanoes, where, as lava streams they soon become solid, fertile, and fruitbearing, or form new mountains on lands, new islands in the ocean.

Even now, stones still migrate, thanks to their old friend, ice glaciers of vast, gigantic size moving foot by foot. They may, therefore, be fairly included among the travelling portions of our globe. Their motion is slow but sure: the glacier of Grindelwald moves only about twenty-five feet a year, but a signalpost fastened to a large granite block embedded in the Unteraar glacier progressed at the rate of nearly a thousand feet annually. Thus, stones travel on the back of icy waves from the mountain top to the foot of the Alps, where they form grotesque groups and lofty ramparts, or lie scattered about on the plain, like the giant rocks of Stonehenge.

They have, however, one mode of travel unlike all other kinds of locomotion, and so mysterious that human science has not yet fathomed its nature. Large masses of rock, namely, of truly gigantic dimensions, when by accident they fall into the deep crevices of these glaciers, return with quiet but irresistible energy to the surface, moving slowly, steadily upward. Thus, not unfrequently vast pyramids or stately pillars of ice, broken loose from the mother glacier, are seen standing in isolated grandeur, and crowned with huge masses of stone. After a while the strange forms change and melt, the rock sinks deeper and deeper, until at last it is lost to sight, deeply buried in snow and ice. Yet, after a time, it reappears above, and the Swiss say, the glacier purifies itself. For, strange as it seems, the glacier does not suffer either block or grain of sand within its clear, transparent masses, and though covered for miles with millions of crumbling stones, with heaps of foliage and debris of every kind—at the foot of the mountain it is so clear and pure, that even the microscope fails to discern the presence of foreign bodies.

What is equally amazing is, that whilst every weighty object, leaves, insects, dead bodies, stones or gravels sink alike into the cold bed, the organic parts decay quickly in the frozen, rigid mass, but the inorganic parts are thrown up again. Years ago, a horse fell into one of these glaciers; it sank, marking its outline distinctly, until it was seen no more. A year afterwards the clean, white skeleton projected from the top through the clear ice. In the middle of the sixteenth century a succession of long winters, during which immense masses of snow fell, increased the glaciers so much, that they travelled faster and lower than usually, and in their course overwhelmed a little chapel at the foot of the Grindelwald. All was covered, mountains high, with snow and ice, and so remained for years, buried in ghastly silence. But lo! all of a sudden there appeared a black ungainly mass, high up on the glittering field—it was the chapel bell! Pious hands saved it, carried it to a neighboring town, and there the long-buried bell now rings merrily Sabbath after Sabbath.

If stones travel thus by the aid of majestic glaciers slowly downwards, they have to perform their journeys from below upward in much less time. That fierce element which many believe to be still raging under the thin crust which we inhabit, breaks out every now and then through the great safety-valves that nature has provided. Already, Strabo and Pausanias tell us how, nearly three hundred years before Christ, the mountain Methone arose on the Troezenian peninsula. Ovid, also, describes, in beautiful verses, how a high hill, rigid and treeless, was suddenly seen where once a fair plain had been spread out. He traces it to vapors shut up in dark caverns below, and seeking, in vain, an outlet through some cleft. The soil began, at last, to heave, he says, and to swell under the pressure of the pent-up heat, until it finally yielded, and rose to a lofty height. Every age has seen huge rocks and large mountains appear thus unexpectedly on the surface of the globe. In the last century, the volcano of Jorullo rose, in Mexico, 1580 feet above the surrounding plain. The sea, also, has its volcanic mountains, which are, of a sudden, thrown up from the bottom. The famous island of Santorin, in 1810 still considerably below the surface, was, in 1830 only a few feet from it. It appeared as an enormous peak.

steep on all sides, but, on the top, presenting the crater of a sub-marine volcano. The igneous nature of the land below is strongly shown by sulphuric vapors, which rise so actively, that ships now anchor there, in order to clean their copper thoroughly and quickly. Stromboli, also, was, in like manner, sent up from the deep, to take its place among the islands of the Mediterranean; and, although Italy is now comparatively quiet, still its volcanoes pour forth inexhaustible showers of burning matter; and temporary islands start up now and then from the surrounding sea.

Tremendous in their birth, and gigantic in their effect, these sudden outbreaks can yet not compare, in their permanent importance, with the quiet and almost imperceptible migration of small particles of sand and gravel. Large granite blocks and masses of sandstone, high on lofty mountain tops, are exposed to the varying influence of heat and cold, rain and snow, and crumble, gradually, into coarse-grained sand. Wind and weather, clouds and springs, carry this down, where the restless waves of rivers and streams seize it and hurry it on, through vale and valley, on their long journey, until, at last, they reach the coast, and throw their burden into the great ocean. Thus, age after age, the loftiest parts of heaven-aspiring mountains are broken to pieces, and swallowed by the ever-hungry sea. There, by their own gravity, and by the pressure of the impending waters, they are pressed together, firmly and solidly, until they form new rocks, which human eyes do not see, and which, for thousands of years, may not be called upon to take their place upon the dry land. So that, if the ocean swallows mountains, they, in return, have their revenge, and fill up the sea, slowly and unseen, but with unerring certainty. Such is the might of small things upon earth!

Slow as this process is, its effects are astounding. For, the same abrasion and dilution has been going on for centuries, and gigantic rivers have ever since poured their contents into the ocean. Overcoming all obstacles, rushing, rolling gaily down from their mountain homes, falling over huge precipices, running past rocky ridges, they hurry on without rest and ceasing. Where do they rush to, so eagerly? Towards certain death, in the great ocean. For, no sooner have they reached the distant shore, than their course is arrested—here

they drop all the solid parts with which they were loaded, and thus form themselves a barrier against their further progress.

These deposits form shoals and bars; they grow, as year after year brings new additions from the far-off mountains, until hills rise below the surface: the river has to divide, in order to pass them on both sides, and, at last, the increasing sands appear above the water in the shape of a delta. Thus, new land is formed by these almost invisible particles, and how much is thus dropped may be seen from the river Rhone, which is a thick, muddy stream, where it enters the Lake of Geneva, but leaves it a clear, beautiful river. The same process has actually choked up the mouths of the Rhine and the Danube; and the Nile, whose sand-laden waters have literally formed all Lower Egypt, with its countless inhabitants and large populous cities, now needs a canal, made by human hands, to find a way and an outlet to the Mediterranean! Our own great river, the Mississippi, becomes, at its mouth, so slow and sluggish, that it can no longer bear up its burden; the immense masses of huge vegetable corpses, the giant trees from the far-off regions, where its sources lie. They sink to the ground, sand and mud fill the interstices up, and they form, here as at the mouths of all large rivers, a peninsula of new, firm land. The Ganges, operating on a still larger scale, pours its gigantic masses far out into the sea: sweet water being lighter than salt-water, they float for some time above the dark green waves of the ocean; but, soon they meet the tide and outside breakers; here they drop their immense loads of sand, mud and fertile soil, and, in spite of an unusually high tide, form an island more than two hundred miles long.

The power of locomotion is, however, by no means limited to the agency of water and fire alone. Much more remarkable is it, that, even without volcanic action—without visible efforts or spasmodic convulsions of our mother earth—whole tracts of land, thousands of square miles large, should move up and down, and, thus, materially alter the appearance of our globe. It has been said, that there are few places on earth which are ever long at rest; and that, as England, alone, has had its two hundred and fifty-five earthquakes, so some convulsion of the kind is constantly occurring, imperceptible to our

senses, but distinctly felt and shown by the delicate instruments which modern science has invented for the purpose. This, however, would not explain the changes alluded to; they are on far too vast a scale to be ascribed to such local disturbances. Almost in every portion of our globe, movement may be observed; the land is either rising or sinking—certainly in slow, but constant motion. Geology teaches us, that this is not a whim of our mother Earth, but that, for long generations, the same change, the same mysterious motion has been going on. It is difficult, only, to observe it, because of its exceeding slowness, as we would in vain hope to mark the progress of the hour-hand in our watches, and yet, finally, see that it has moved. If man could ever, with one vast glance, take in the whole earth—if he could look back into past ages, and, with prophetic eye, gaze into the future, he would see the land of our vast continents heave and sink like the storm-tossed sea—now rising in mountains, and then sinking and crumbling, in a short time afterwards to be washed back into the calm, impassive ocean. Some of these inexplicable changes have been observed for ages. The whole coast of Asia Minor, from Tyre to Alexandria, has been sinking since the days of Ancient Rome. Northern Russia, on the contrary, has risen as constantly out of the frozen sea, in which it has been buried since the days when it was the home of those gigantic mammoths that are now found there, encased and preserved in eternal ice, to feed with their flesh the hungry natives, and to furnish the world with the produce of strange, inexhaustible ivory mines. Not far from Naples, near Puzzuoli, there are parts of an ancient temple of the Egyptian god Serapis still standing,—three beautiful columns, especially, speak of its former splendor. At a considerable height, they present the curious sight of being worm-eaten; and recent, careful researches leave no doubt, that the waters of the Mediterranean once covered them so high as to bring their upper parts within reach of the sea-worms. Since then, the land has risen high; but, stranger still, they are, by a mysterious force, once more to be submerged. Already, the floor of the temple is again covered with water; and a century hence, new generations of molluscs may dwell in the same abandoned homes of their fathers, which are now beyond the reach of the

highest waves. An old Capuchin monk, who lives near by, is fond of telling visitors, how he, himself, in his youth, had gathered grapes in the vineyards of his convent, over which now fisherboats pass in deep water. Venice, also, the venerable city of the doges, sinks—year after year—more into the arms of their betrothed bride, as if to bide her shame and her disgrace in the bosom of the Adriatic. Already, in 1722, when the pavement of the beautiful place of St. Marco was taken up, the workmen found, at a considerable depth below, an ancient pavement, which was then far below water-mark. Now, the Adriatic has again encroached upon the twice-raised square; at high-water, magazines and churches are flooded, and if proper measures are not taken in time, serious injury must inevitably follow. Not far from there, at Zara, superb antique mosaics may be seen, in clear weather, under the water: and, on the southern side of the island of Bragnitza, at calm sea, your boat glides over long rows of magnificent stone sarcophagi, far below the clear, transparent surface.

France also bears many an evidence of such changes in place. The unfortunate St. Louis embarked at the spacious port of Aigues Mortes for his ill-fated crusade; the place—a harbor no more—is now at a mile's distance from shore. Only in the last century, in 1752, an English ship stranded near La Rochelle, on an oyster-bank, and was abandoned. Now the wreck lies in the midst of a cultivated field, thirteen feet above sea, and around it the industrious inhabitants have gained over two thousand acres of fertile land in less than twenty-five years. England presents similar instances; thus, the bay at Hithe, in Kent, was formerly considered an excellent harbor; it is now, in spite of great pains and much labor bestowed on it, firm land and very good pasture for cattle.

These gradual and almost imperceptible changes of land have probably been most carefully observed in Sweden, where already, in the times of Oelsius, the people believed that the water was slowly withdrawing from the land. The great geologist Buch has since proved that, north of the province of Scania, Sweden is rising at the rate of from three to five feet a century, whilst south of this line, it is sinking in proportion. Some villages in southern Scania are now three hundred feet nearer to the Baltic than they were in the days of

Lianseus, who measured the distance a hundred years ago. Historical evidence abounds as to this mysterious movement of a whole continent; the coasts of Norway and England bear, moreover, ample proof on their surface. Nearly six hundred feet above the actual level, long, clear lines of the former level may be seen, distinctly marked by horizontal layers of shells, not of extinct species, but such as are still found in the adjoining waters. As we go further South, the land seems to sink: all along the coast of Germany and Holland legends and traditions are found, speaking of lost cities and inundated provinces. The Germans have their songs of the great city of Iduna, in the Northern Sea, the bells of whose churches may still be heard, in dream-like knelling, on a quiet, calm Sabbath-day; and in Holland they tell of the steeples and towers that can be seen in clear weather, far down in the Zuyder Sea. Stern reality shows that these are not idle inventions; it is well-known that great cities, large islands, and whole provinces have actually been engulfed, and in both countries man is even now incessantly at work to protect the sinking shore against the encroaching waves. In Greenland, the level changes so much, and the ocean intrudes so fast, that the Moravian settlers had more than once to move the poles to which they moored their boats, nearer inland. On the low, rocky islands around, and on the mainland itself, numberless ancient buildings have been submerged, and for ages the inhabitants have ventured no longer to build near the sea-coast.

For the sea also has its strange motions like the firm land—gentle, progressive oscillations which return at stated periods, or act with sudden force. In the South Sea, we are told, the bottom of the sea rises and sinks in regular alternation; the same occurs near the coast of Chili, teaching us by land and water, the inconstancy of the present order of things, and the changes to which, at great intervals, the outlines of our continents are probably subject. Truly He alone, who is our God, He changes not.

Thus, all is life and motion in the earth, on the earth and around it. What a source of incessant movement is even the sun alone! From the bottom of the ocean it raises high into the air the rivers that are to water the two worlds. The sun orders the winds to distribute

them over continents and islands, and these invisible children of the air carry them under a thousand capricious forms from land to land. They spread them across the sky in golden veils and purple hangings; they raise them into huge dark domes, threatening deluge and destruction. They pour them in tempestuous torrents upon high mountains; they let them drop gently upon the thirsty plains. Now they shape them in beautiful crystals of snow, and now shower down pearls of peerless beauty in clear, transparent dewdrops. However whimsical their service seems to be, each part of our globe receives, nevertheless, year by year, only its proper and good proportion. Each river fills its bed; each naiad her shell. And the winds themselves, what busy travellers are not they in their own great realm of the air! They blow where they list and we hear the sound thereof, but we cannot tell whence they come and whither they go. A merry life they lead, these sailors of the air. Now they chase golden clouds high up in the blue ether, and now they descend to rock in merry sport gigantic oaks and Northern fir-trees. As pleasant pastime they give life to wandering shadows, wake the slumbering echo and gather rich perfumes from the flowery meadow. To-day they bend down vast oceans of gracefully waving corn-fields; to-morrow they peep under the branches of trees to look for golden fruit, or they strip them of their leaves to show to man, through their bare arms, the blue heavens above. On sultry days they cool themselves in the floods of the ocean, and carry refreshing dew back to the parched land. Passing on their manifold errands, they trace their characters in a thousand ways on the liquid plains of the sea. Some scarcely wrinkle the placid surface, others furrow it deeply with azure waves, or toss it up in raging billows and cover their crests with white foam.

Such are evidences of motion in Inorganic Nature. If organic bodies travel faster and more visibly, they leave, on the other hand, fewer great marks behind them. Rocks, when they wander, remain themselves as milestones, by which we may count the distance from which they came. Men keep in sagas and myths a certain hold on the past, or erect, with their own hands, monuments of great events. But plants and animals consist, at best, only of perishing individuals, and have no power given them to speak

to future ages. What we know, therefore, of their wanderings is little, but even that little gives us such an insight into the inner life and motion of Nature, that it is well worth recording.

Plants have ever travelled most and furthest of all children of this earth. Much has been said and much has been written about poor flowers, these true and genuine children of their mother earth, coming directly out of her bosom, and ever busy to draw from the air of heaven food for their great parent. Often have they been pitied because they are chained to the soil, whilst their own shadow, as in mockery, dances around them and marks the passing hours of sunshine. Trees have been called the true symbols of that longing for heaven which is innate in man's soul. Bound for life to one small spot on earth, they are represented as stretching out widely their broad branches, far beyond the reach of humble roots, trying to embrace the balmy air, to drink in the golden light of the sun, and to arrest the very clouds in their aerial flight.

But in reality plants travel far and fast. It is true, they perform their journeys mostly in the seed; but there is, perhaps, no earthly kind of locomotion which they do not employ for their purpose. Wind and water, the beasts of the field and the winged creatures of heaven; above all, Man himself—all have been pressed into their service, to carry them from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. Countless powers of Nature are incessantly at work to scatter the blessings of the vegetable world over the nations of the world. Almost one-fourth of all plants upon earth bear seeds that are provided with wings, parachutes, or other contrivances, by means of which they may be carried on the wings of the wind to distant regions. Every brook and every river, even a short-lived rain, carry a thousand plants to remote countries. The great ocean itself, on its mighty currents, bears fruits and nuts from island to island, and every coral reef in the South Sea is almost instantly covered with a rich, luxuriant vegetation.

New plants appear thus constantly, where they were formerly not found, whilst of the disappearance of vegetables there are but few isolated instances known. Thus, Egyptian monuments have in their quaint and well-preserved paintings, three kinds of sea-rose; only two of these are now met with in Egypt

or the adjoining countries; the third is not found there or anywhere over the wide world.

The most efficient agent employed by plants for their journeys is man himself. History and science both teach us that the heated air, which, coming from the poles and rushing to the equator, there falls in with the great life-artery of the globe, and in a constant, almost organic current follows the apparent course of the sun from east to west, gives us the direction in which all life and motion proceeds upon earth. This great movement, no doubt as old as the globe itself, and yet the last known to man, is still going on; and whilst history furnishes us with a vast number of well authenticated facts, the present day verifies and substantiates them more and more clearly. All good things, it has been truly said, come from the Orient.

Plants also seem to have their common home in the East, from whence they have travelled and scattered in all directions, far and wide. We mean not to speak here of the first epoch in the history of the earth, when islands rose out of a vast chaotic ocean, covered with plants which thence spread over the globe, wandering from the equator to the poles, and from high mountains to humble valleys. We speak not of the days when palm-trees and ferns were buried under the eternal snows of northern seas. Of those grand movements we have as yet too little positive knowledge. But we can follow, in comparatively modern times, the migrations of some plants, step by step, and we always see them travel from the rising towards the setting sun. Coffee and tea, Sugar and cotton, bananas, and spice, all were first known in the far East, and have, from thence, slowly followed the apparent light to the West. Alexander the Great brought from his expeditions the broad bean and the cucumber to Greece, and flax and hemp are of Indian birth.

Most important, however, for the life of man, and therefore his most faithful companions in his own great journeys, are the grasses. It is these which mainly feed him and domestic animals. Tropical regions certainly produce the breadfruit, cocoanut and date, which support man spontaneously all the year round; but they are bound to and confined within small districts and cannot be transplanted. Providence, therefore, has endowed some grasses—and these the most essential to man—with greater flexibility of

structure, so that he may carry them with him wherever he wanders. He is, after all, not the master of creation; he cannot at will alter the natural distribution of vegetables, to suit his pleasure or to satisfy his wants. Hence he has been compelled to choose, all over the world, among the 4000 varieties of grasses which adorn our generous earth, some twenty kinds only, which will in one summer, in a few months, produce rich food, independent of the dry heat of the tropics and the rigid cold of the North. It is they which mark the periods in man's history; with them came everywhere civilization in the change from a wandering, pastoral life to the higher grade of permanent agriculture. Thus, the great phases of man's history are written also on the green pages of the vegetable world.

At a very early period already these cerealia must have come from the Eden of God into the fields of man. Their subsequent path may be distinctly traced from nation to nation, but the unfathomable antiquity of their first culture is clearly seen in the fact that, in spite of the most careful researches, the genuine natural home of the more important varieties has never been discovered. Their original source is wrapped in the same mystery which hides the first history of those domestic animals, that have accompanied man all over the globe since his earliest migrations. They are, in truth, homeless. After tracing them up through a few centuries, we reach traditions and myths only, which invariably point to the gods themselves as the first givers of these rich blessings. In India Brahma descended from heaven for that purpose, in Egypt Isis; Greece owed the gift to her Demeter, Rome to Ceres. The ancient Peruvians even had similar legends about the origin of maize, which the bold Spaniards, who invaded their ancient kingdom, found cultivated on sacred ground around the Incas' Temple of the Sun, at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea. The ripened grain was solemnly sacrificed to their god or distributed among the people who ascribed to it miraculous powers. But, setting these fables aside, both tradition and history point invariably to the East as the land from which these grasses first came. Myths even lose them on the high table-lands of Asia, where, it has been conjectured, a late and last rise of the land in distant ages, and a sudden elevation of mountains may have scat-

tered them so, that they can no longer be found even in their original fatherland. Now they are met with only cultivated or run wild, and even ancient Sanscrit has no proper word for them, but calls wheat already food of barbarians, thus indicating its Northwestern origin.

Not all nations, however, can lay equal claim to the distribution of these noble gifts of nature. It is the Caucasian races alone who have caused the migrations of the most important plants from their original home, wherever that may be, to the four quarters of the globe. Europeans have, by degrees, transplanted to their own land all the characteristic plants of other races. They have fetched the finer fruits, the almond, apricot and peach, from Persia and Asia Minor; they have brought the orange from China, transplanted rice and cotton to the shores of the Mediterranean and carried maize and potatoes from America to Europe. But the influence of these races in changing the natural distribution of plants is even more evident in the colonies which they have established abroad. These they have endowed not only with their own vegetables, but also with those which would not flourish in Europe, but might thrive in more favored regions. Thus we find all European corn-plants in every part of America; the vine has been carried to Madeira and the Canaries, to the southern parts of Africa and America; rice and cotton are raised in vast quantities in the United States and in Brazil; nutmeg and clove have found their way to Mauritius, Bourbon and the West India Islands, and tea is now cultivated in Brazil, India and Java. Other races have done but little; the Arabs helped to diffuse cotton, which the ancients already knew in India, and later in Egypt; coffee, sugar and the date-palm; the Chinese have imported cotton from Hindostan, and the Japanese tea from China.

The earliest grains known in Europe were undoubtedly wheat and barley, although even the oldest authors are at variance as to their first home. Charred grains of both are found in Pompeii, and pictures on the walls of the silent city show quails picking grains out of a spike of barley. The Bible, Homer, and Herodotus, already mention them as widely diffused, and Diodorus Siculus even speaks of the belief entertained by many, that wheat grew wild in the Leontine fields and several other places

in Sicily. So certain is it that antiquity itself was at a loss where to fix the original abode of these grasses; all references, however, point to India, and yet Humboldt tells us, that the varieties there found in our day bear unmistakable evidence that they were once cultivated, and have but recently become outcasts. The Spaniards carried wheat to North America; a negro slave of the great Cortes was the first who cultivated it in New Spain, beginning with three grains which he had accidentally found among the rice brought out as provisions for the army. At Quito, they show to this day, in a Franciscan convent, the earthen vessel which had contained the first wheat sown there by a monk, a native of Flanders, in front of his convent, after cutting down the original forest. The great Humboldt says justly, in connection with this fact: Would that the names had been preserved, not of those who made the earth desolate by bloody conquests, but of those who intrusted to it first these, its fruits, so early associated with the civilization of mankind. Barley, which Homer mentions as the food of his heroes' horses, has at least this merit, that it is the most widely spread of all the nutritious grasses. It is known from the utmost boundary of culture in Lapland down to the elevated plains near the equator.

At a much later period, rye was brought to Europe; at the time of Galeus it found its way through Thracia into Greece, and Pliny speaks of it as having been brought from Tauria by Massilian merchants; in his day it was occasionally met with in the neighborhood of Turin. Serbian Wendes brought it in the seventh century to Germany, where Charlemagne at once distinguished its great importance, and wisely encouraged its culture, so that it soon spread over the continent, and now sustains at least one-third of its inhabitants. This grass also was apparently found growing wild in the Caucasus, but more careful observations have since shown that the presumed originals were a different species: their stems were so brittle that they could not be threshed. More recently still, oats were brought to Europe from the East, and whilst in Greece they were only used as green fodder, Pliny already represents the Germans as living upon oat groats, a dainty which they have by no means abandoned since.

Rice seems at a very early period of European history to have acquired no

small importance among the more widely diffused grasses. Hence we can more easily follow its gradual migrations from its home in India, to which, even the Sanscrit name *Vri* points, and where the Danish missionary, Klein, believes that he found it growing wild, to various parts of the world. In the East, we know, it was from the times of antiquity the principal article of food; at the time of Alexander the Great it was cultivated as far as the lower Euphrates, and from thence it was carried to Egypt. The Romans do not seem to have known it. The Arabs, however, brought it after their great conquests in Africa, Sicily, and Spain to Southern Europe. North America knows it only since the beginning of the last century, but produces now a large proportion of all the rice consumed in the Old World.

The New World claims maize alone as its own indigenous product among the nutritious grasses. But even this is not allowed without some opposition. Theophrastus speaks of a certain, peculiar wheat with grains of the size of an olive kernel, which came from India; and many believe that this cannot have been anything else but maize. They try to strengthen their position by the fact, that not one of the many carefully searching travellers in America, has ever yet found maize growing otherwise than cultivated or evidently run wild. Its names in European languages certainly refer it to the East. Germany and Italy call it "Turkish wheat," and the Greeks also point with their "Arabic wheat," to an Oriental home.

It is almost cruel not to allow this continent the merit of being, at least, the original home of the potato, as is generally believed. It was said to grow wild in Peru, Ohili, and Mexico, but learned botanists and careful observers have since ascertained that the tuber there found is not the common parent, but only a different species of the numerous genus to which the potato belongs. Another curious evidence is, that in Mexico itself, only quite recently attempts have been made along the coast to raise potatoes, mainly for the purpose of giving to Europeans in the so-called home of that most useful plant, the favorite vegetable of their own mother country. But alas! they have stoutly refused to grow any longer in the presumed land of their fathers, and every effort has so far signally failed.

As every great good has its necessary

evil, and as every army of brave soldiers is almost inevitably followed by crowds of stragglers and robbers, so man also has been compelled to take along with these eminently useful grasses their inseparable companions, a whole rabble of weeds, thorns, and thistles. Most of these, as now found in our fields, cane, without doubt, with the cerealia. In still larger numbers, however, and without the agency of man, certain other plants attach themselves to the lord of creation, and follow him wherever he goes, and builds himself huts. These seem not to be bound to their kinsfolk, the grains and grasses, but to man's own immediate home; they settle with never-failing punctuality around his house, near to his stable, or luxuriate on his dunghill. Travellers can thus trace, as the celebrated Augustin St. Hilaire did in Brazil, by the mere presence of weeds, even in the midst of a desert, the place of abandoned and utterly destroyed settlements. Stranger still is it, that the different races of men have different kinds of weeds following in their wake, so that a careful observer can in travelling see at once, by merely noticing the prevailing weeds, whether Europeans or Asiatics, Germans or slaves, Negroes or Indians have dwelt at certain places. It was not without good reason, then, that some of our Indian tribes called the common plain-tain in their language "the white man's footsteps;" a simple but distinct vetch marks in like manner even now, long after the entire abandonment of the land, the former dwelling-places of Norwegian colonists in Greenland. Historians, also, may thus learn yet many a lesson, even from weeds, as to the direction and length of the great migrations of the human race. One of the most remarkable instances of the kind is perhaps the almost universal dispersion of the so-called Jamestown weed. It came at first from India, whence gipsies carried it over the wide world, making constant use of its medicinal virtues and vices. They always kept it on hand, and even raised it around their encampments, and thus it followed their trace from the far east to the far west.

One peculiar effect of this migration in masses is, that certain plants, first introduced by man, have subsequently become so generally diffused, independent of his agency, as to displace in some instances the whole original flora of a country. The rich pampas of South

America have thus been overrun with the artichoke and peach-tree of another continent; immense tracts are now covered with these intruders from abroad, and rendered useless as pastures. Even islands have not escaped this fate. In St. Helena, original plants have almost entirely disappeared, and made room for those which have been brought there from Europe and Asia. In eastern China the population is so dense, and the culture of the soil so high, that, with the exception of a few water-plants in skillfully-flooded rice-fields, all the plants which originally grew wild there, have been driven out. The whole land is now exclusively covered with grains raised by the hand of man, and the botanist finds, in the lowlands at least, not a single plant which is not artificially cultivated.

Some plants thus literally conquer a country and banish the native inhabitants; others disappear, not before enemies of their own race, but emigrate because of climatic changes. Palestine, which was once a land flowing with milk and honey, where the grape and the date abounded, is now utterly sterile. The spoiler is fallen upon her summer-fruit and her vintage; joy and gladness are taken from the plentiful field, and her plants are gone over the sea. Our common clover has distinctly marked its travelling-stations; requiring much moisture, it left Greece when her plains were scorched and withered; Italy could not hold it, after repeated devastations, when it made its way into Southern Germany; from thence it is even now gradually wandering towards the moister regions of the North. No Pythagoras need forbid his disciples now the use of the bean, for Egypt is no longer able to produce it. The wine of Mareotis also, that inspired the guests of Cleopatra, and whose praises Horace has sung in such graceful verses, grows no more. The conscience-stricken murderer would find no shelter, in our day, in the pine-forests of Poseidon, where to lie in wait for the guests that wandered joyfully to the great festivals of Greece; the pines have long since left the plain, with its hot, dry climate, and moved up to the cooler mountains.

It need hardly be added, that all the finer fruits also, have come to us from the East. The precious grape, the cooling cherry, the pomegranate and the peach, in fine all the luscious gifts of Autumn, we owe to the Orient. Italy is not originally

He foams and frets, his knife he whets upon the
chair below;
He sharpens it on either side, and whittles at his
toe."

Exactly; and how practical and efficient,
as well as accurately described, his mode
of calling the gentleman to order, viz.:

"His knife he raised; with fury crazed, he sprang
across the hall.
He cut a caper in the air—he stood before them
all.
He never stopped to look or think if he the deed
should do,
But spinning sent the President, and on young
Dollar flew."

Such men sit in the seats of the Continental Congress—of the Confederate Congress—of the compeers of Washington.

Neither is the majesty of our nation better represented abroad. In former times there were sent to Europe for the transaction of our public business such men as Franklin, Adams, Jay and Laurens. We will not name their modern antitheses. We apprehend that few men glory in our official representatives abroad. Too many of us know how and why their honors were conferred. It is enough barely to say, by way of reminder, that notorious sots and notorious profligates have more than once within ten years been stationed at European courts, to uphold the bright honor of a nation professing a political creed which logically implies and demands, from high and low, honesty, purity and morality.

Such are the men. How are they chosen? Modes of selection in New England differ slightly from those employed in the remaining States, and from each other; but only slightly. In New England, it is not etiquette openly to push one's own nomination or election. But it will not be necessary to present distinct instances of these methods of operating. We will suppose, merely as one case, that Mr. Jenkins desires to become United States Senator. First, he arranges to have himself appointed Chairman of the State Central Committee. Being a man of wealth and leisure, the party leaders are glad of it, and Jenkins finds no difficulty in obtaining that place. That done, he works like a beaver in the usual party harness; arranging with this and that village whipper-in, to secure here and there half-a-dozen of doubtful votes; writing letters; preparing sharp or non-committal articles, to suit the demand, for the

columns of "the organ;" operating, probably, in particular, to secure the sending of the "right sort of men" to the convention for nominating State Representatives and Senators from his own county or district. This is not very difficult. People in general are so apathetic about these preliminaries that anybody who is a little earnest can "fix matters" to suit himself. Having secured, in a convention thus doctored, a nomination to the State Assembly, he now redoubles his diligence to gain the election. He toils industriously with influential men all about; arranging a multiplicity of local details; means of securing doubtful partisans; of bringing up the entire "regular party vote;" of obtaining the help of any clique or section of outsiders, independents or bolters, who can be worked upon by the promise of future offices or assistance; by indiscriminate promises of clerkships or other appointments to all the electioneering lawyerlings who want them; by the unlimited (except by the amount required) use of flattery, sophistication, misrepresentation, and all other conceivable modes of underhanded manœuvring. The election into the State Legislature accomplished, next comes the struggle in the "caucus" for the nomination of the United States Senatorship. This is very much the same work over again. One man is to be convinced that no other candidate can succeed. Another is to be convinced that he himself is a most excellent fellow and a talented man. Another must be convinced that Mr. Jenkins answers that description. Another is to be dismayed by a view of the dissolution of the party, or of the Union, which impends, unless averted by Mr. Jenkins' apotheosis into the Senate. A "third party" corporal's guard is perhaps extant. Their support is to be secured by the promise of an equivalent support from Mr. Jenkins' friends for some candidate of their own, and by the promise of firm and conscientious opposition from the same friends, in any other event.

If all this is done thoroughly, and not overdone, Jenkins gets his senatorship, and is entered for the Presidential race; for as a shrewd northern Congressman remarked, "every man in the Senate is a candidate for the Presidency." And why should he not get it? He has spent more time, more money, more effort, in working for it than his competitors have spent. "The gods sell everything for

labor," senatorships included. When Jenkins wanted a vote or an influence, he went and asked for it; and if that wouldn't do, offered good consideration for it. When he wanted a man in a convention, he got him nominated, and paid his expenses. And he has his reward.

In other sections of the country, as we remarked, the approved mode of operation differs slightly. Instead of covering their aspirations with the decent veil of reluctance or indifference, some candidates not only want to be elected, but too often bombard the ears of the individual and collective public with endless and importunate reiterations of the announcement. Over their personal signatures they too often advertise themselves in the papers, as on hire for the public good, as coarsely as if they were donkeys to let; warranting, as one would warrant his donkey sound in wind and limb, that their best efforts shall be devoted to the performance of their duties. They "stump" their districts; cry themselves up, and their adversaries down; drink, swear, and tell dirty stories all about the country, and if they succeed, do it by being (only a coarse phrase will serve as the exponent of the precise idea) "just the d—dest best fellows in the State."

This degradation of candidates, a consequence of laziness and lust of office has, very naturally, reacted upon voters. The constituent body in this country, whatever its latent excellences may be, does not now possess decided and active intelligence enough to select good men to rule it. Voters expect candidates to come begging to them. They ask—it has often been asked in so many words—"If a man wants an office, why don't he ask for it? If he does not want it enough to ask for it, he shall not have it." What a disgraceful *ignoratio elenchi*! As if a man ought to be grateful for being put into office, except as the elevation is a spontaneous testimony to his private worth and ability; and as if official station gained by bold begging could be other than a demonstration of worthlessness and disability! And as if the favor were not reciprocal, if an honest and noble man will consent to burden himself with the vexing intricacies and thankless labors of official life! What such man will gad about and ask, either of individuals or of crowds, their "most sweet voices?" It would be unendurable. Coriolanus was right. And

bitter sneers like those of his asking, would perforce poison the beseechings of the men most worthy to rule these United States, even if they could bow themselves as stiffly as he did.

"Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watched for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more; your
voices;
Indeed, I would be consul!"

Would not all our noblest men—of whom, indeed, in these last years, at least, in the National Government, a most meagre delegation has held high office—would they not all speak so?

Are not cases within the personal knowledge of all who have possessed even a slight acquaintance with contemporary politics, where men of great abilities and stern integrity have been left at home, while shallow and limber-backed managers have wriggled themselves into places which must needs honor their holders, since the holders certainly could not honor them? We remember at this moment the cases of a senatorship, and of a nomination for governor; we might specifically allege many more, if proof were needed, or if specification were expedient. Men ought to condescend, not to aspire, to office. It should seek them: not be sought by them.

But among maxims in a manual for reformed voters, there would be little exaggeration in inserting these; 1. The present holding of office is *prima facie* evidence of unworthiness; and 2. Ascertained desire for office is a demonstration of unfitness.

The intellectual, moral and social average of the character of our legislators is such as might be expected from men so chosen. The political machinery of the United States—not its Constitution and laws, but the apparatus by which it is attempted to keep them in their proper relations to the changing condition of our commonwealth—is thoroughly demoralized. This condition of public affairs began in 1790-91, with the beginning of cabinet intrigues against Washington's administration; has accelerated its progress in a geometrical ratio; has precipitated itself with frightful rapidity for twenty years last past; and has, we hope and believe, now reached its dirty anticlimax.

It is unnecessary for us to cite facts

in support of this assertion. Defalcations and absquatulations innumerable will recur to every man's mind. Enormous and baseless swindles have sucked at the treasury. The capital is a nest of wickedness. The vices of great cities are there unnaturally rife, and preternaturally malignant; raging in vortices of intense excitement such as must necessarily boil up where the vast and conflicting interests of so mighty and active an empire as ours are struggling for adjustment. Streets, almost, of brothels adorn our seat of government. It is not matter of surprise or animadversion for a Congressman to be found haunting them. The names of members are known who have assisted with money and influence in promoting such establishments. Bribery is rampant. Many men in Congress are for sale. We have ourselves heard legislators state the amount of gold which they have seen in the hands of members, and which such members have avowed to be their wages for such and such a vote. We know that another leading member of incorruptible honesty was offered what would, in the event of the success of a measure which he was asked to help, have netted him fifty thousand dollars, by a mere purchase and sale. Legislative discussion is maintained at the point of the knife and the muzzle of the pistol. Drunken orators uphold their cause with oaths, indecency, maundering, or inebriate laughter. Drunken representatives obstruct the business of the country at a rate of expense of about two hundred dollars an hour, and the whole honor of Congress (what there is of it) every minute.

Perhaps we may seem to be drawing too dark a picture. Perhaps we may be accused of unpatriotic exposure of the shame of our fatherland.

If a silent remedy were possible, we would gladly await its application. But such a cure is not to be expected. And now, when the set and rigid lineaments of the old parties are disappearing in their own corruption; when all things, happily, tend towards an honest reconstruction of our political organizations, we call attention to the evil, with the hope and expectation that the reform is at hand.

Having thus discussed the morals of our present political action, it is appropriate to investigate the causes of their decline. These—at least the immediate causes—we judge not difficult to discover. They are all included in one, and that is,

the degradation of average intelligence in the voting body. This degradation, again, we trace to three sources, as follows:

1. The ingress of ignorant foreigners.
2. The increasing proportion of ignorant native voters; which two influences add incompetent voters to the lists.

3. The neglect, by the more capable portion of the voting population, of their preliminary duties as mediate, though actual governors, which paralyzes the proper strength of our intelligent voters.

Of these three sources the first two are statistically investigable; the last capable only of estimation.

First.—*Ingress of ignorant foreigners.*

A short *excursus* at this point will save misunderstanding. Ignorant, we intend not merely in respect of literary cultivation (for many of the continental newcomers have enjoyed very thorough school or college discipline), but ignorant for the purposes of Republican government. It is a truth almost entirely ignored of late, that a Republican frame of government can exist only by virtue of intelligence and morality among the governed. This has been proclaimed and reiterated to nausea, but it is not felt. Americans by birth and descent, growing up among a law-abiding community, in law-abiding habits, do not understand the dislike and disregard of our immigrants for law. It is felt, here, that the law is a body of regulations most deliberately elaborated from the best wisdom of the nation—that it is substantially the expression of the common and moral sense of the community—and that as such it is to be obeyed. And when a law transcends either this common sense or this moral sense, or contravenes them, it is repealed, silently ignored, or steadily disobeyed, and perishes. The law is upheld by the consent of the people to obey it; and their consent is based upon the truth that it is right and good, and that, therefore, for the sake of right and of consistency too, since they have actually or acquiescently made it, they must obey it.

Our immigrant population, however, whether intellectually and scholastically educated or not, have nothing of this. Their relations to established laws have not been those of the intelligent operator to the machine which he has made, but those of the surly blindfold beast under burdens extraneously superimposed. Their relations to constituted government have been such as to array all

their manly feelings and sympathies against it instead of for it. Their government is something established before their day, by some arbitrarily and irresponsibly powerful individual or class, for the interest of that individual or class. It is not their voice, speaking their will, but another voice, ignoring or crushing their will. It has restrained, silenced, exacted, oppressed. And so they never acquire any reverence for it, but only a fearful and hateful obedience, which makes them ready to overturn and destroy, while they learn nothing of the self-restraint and governing power which should fit them to build up. When, therefore, they have erected any fabric of law to replace an old one destroyed, this education in irreverence makes them ready to kick it down for the merest theoretical shadow of experiment, even for just a change. Such defects, together with that other great one, the want of a religious element, in social and political character, have caused the instability and unreliableness of modern European republics; and fully explain and justify the doubtful feeling with which men looked upon them, and wished, rather than hoped or expected, that they would endure. How surely would the European democracies of 1848 have lasted until now, and been more deeply and firmly consolidated day by day, if they had been constructed by the representatives, and upheld by the strong wills, clear heads, and honest, true and steady hearts, of a Maine or a Massachusetts population!

Thus, too many Europeans feel in Europe, and thus they feel here. Without clear perceptions of the proper extent of the province of law—of the right relation between the mental and moral progress of the human race and the stringency or scope of legislative enactments—indeed, very often with an idea that no law, other than that of individual supremacy, *i. e.* of brute might and right, is either right or expedient, they rebound from the close despotism at home into almost a delirium of unrestrained freedom here. In the wide liberty of this Republic, they do not impinge every moment upon the contracted enactments of a power working only by pressure

and constraint. They come into an exhilarating atmosphere which gladdens them into an unreflecting extremity of license; as children running out of a gloomy and silent school, riot and frolic with shouting and outrageous mirth, in the bright warm sun outside.

Therefore, when they feel their new importance, and demagogues and honest men seek their votes, the demagogues succeed best, for they flatter most and promise most; saying what is agreeable, without reference to what is true; encouraging license, for the sake of selfish gain, rather than enforcing necessary and wholesome legal restraint.

But to return to our figures; which, it will be remembered, are to exhibit the first of the three causes of the degradation of average intelligence in the voting body, namely, the ingress of ignorant foreigners.

In 1832, the total Presidential vote (without South Carolina) was about 1,250,000. There are, perhaps, no data for determining with demonstrative certainty what proportion of these were foreigners; but 15,000 is a very liberal estimate.* In 1840, the Presidential vote was 2,400,000; while the number of foreign-born voters, calculated by the same method as before, was now nearly quadrupled, having risen to 54,000; one forty-sixth of the whole, instead of one eighty-third. Again, the Presidential vote of 1852 was about 3,150,000; and the foreign-born vote in this, about 188,000; one seventeenth of the whole, instead of one eighty-third—having multiplied itself by twelve nearly, while the total vote had not tripled; a portentous increase!

And this influx of ignorance is annually increasing. The immigration of the last five years will average nearly 300,000 a-year; nearly a thousand a-day; almost a hundred and fifty voters a-day.

Second: *increase in number of ignorant native voters.*

The whole number of persons over twenty years old, unable to read or write, was, in 1840, 550,000; and, in 1850, 1,050,000; giving an increase, during that period, of 500,000. Halve this, to allow for females and persons

* Made as follows. Number of foreign-born in the United States (by census of 1850) equals whole number of immigrants (by Chickering's Tables) during the twenty years last preceding. Assuming the ratio of immigration and survivorship to have been the same, the number of foreign-born in the country in 1832 (by same authorities) was about 228,000. Subtract herefrom 145,000 who immigrated during the five years next before 1832, and who are supposed not to have voted, and there remain 83,000. Taking the proportion of voters to be that of our present population, *i. e.* 1 in 7, the number of foreign-born voters in the United States in 1832 stands at about 12,000. To allow for error favoring our computation, we set it at 15,000.

between twenty and twenty-one, and the increase of voters unable to read and write, from 1840 to 1850, is 250,000. Now, the increase of the foreign-born vote during that period (computed as in the note above), was 110,000; of whom it was before granted that half might be counted as educated, in some sense. Subtract, therefore, the uneducated half, 55,000, from 250,000, and the remainder, 195,000, is the increase of native-born ignoramuses, from 1840 to 1850. The native illiterati, in that decennium, added one-third to the whole thick-skulled host; while the entire army of voters increased no more. This is substantially a retrogression; since it is upon the more thorough training of the native youth that we must depend to counteract the ceaseless and increasing invasion of adult ignorance; and, in fact, the stolid phalanx has tripled its foolish muster-roll, while the total population has only increased by one-third.

We might add single facts corroborative of this doleful story. But one or two allusions must suffice. Our own experience can vouch that in sundry parts of Connecticut it is not difficult to discover, in a single neighborhood, half a dozen or a dozen Connecticut born adults (shameful to tell) who cannot read nor write; whereas, it is not half a century since one of her wisest sons declared it impossible to find one such human—or inhuman—being in the State. And the official lamentations of the Virginian and Georgian executives, over the triumphant progress of ignorance in their respective commonwealths, have been trumpeted all over the country.

Third: *the neglect by intelligent voters, of their preliminary duties.*

Perhaps this one evil, well remedied, would remove all occasion for the existing and widely spread dissatisfaction at the condition of the present party machinery. For, whether the caucus and convention system is, or is not, the most wisely contrived mode of organization which is possible, it is certainly true that fair and honest men would find no difficulty in using it in a fair and honest manner. If partisans have engineered dishonestly, it is because the owners of the engine have abandoned it to their dirty devices. We can never expect to be rid of rascals, short of the millennium. Until that time, the wicked we shall have always with us. But our appointed means of neutralizing their bad influences is not to sit quietly and

be disgusted, nor to destroy them forthwith; but to go honestly and strenuously to work and do our own duty. That done, the machinations of the vile will perish, because there will be no place for them. This is especially true of the management of machineries worked by majorities of votes.

Now, in respect to the preliminary electoral duties of which we are speaking:—Is the actual wish of the majority of honest and reflecting men expressed at any election? Notoriously, confessedly, not. In very many cases, the vote is merely the selection of a little devil rather than a great one. Angels, or even men, are not so much as considered. And the reason is, that the two devils, wise in their own generation, packed the conventions and got the nominations; and, of course, the party must “go it blind.” If wise and honest men had controlled the nominations, the party might, perhaps, safely “go it blind,” though that is hardly a recommendable course, even after perfect leaders, if such were extant. Here is the trouble. Many good men who feel it an imperative duty, and practice accordingly, to *vote*, never think that they are responsible for the choice of nominees. They console themselves, on election day, with the old saw about choosing the least of two evils—devils, as the late theologically born modification hath it—and uphold a bad or incompetent man, because others uphold a worse. They never dream that they ought themselves to have chosen a good man, to begin with.

Attend a nominating convention. Who are there? The ministers? The men who are chosen for trustees for widows, administrators, and guardians for orphans? Those who are selected as impartial arbitrators between litigants? Steady and honorable merchants? Men known as leaders in enterprises of benevolence? Men remarkable for nobility and purity of moral character, or for high and beautiful intellectual abilities or attainments? Very seldom. Such men do not go to such places. They are busy. Besides, although voting may be a duty, and performed as such, they take no concern for the nominations. The presumption is, that the wire pullers have it all cut and dried in advance. Well, they have. “*Possunt quia posse videntur.*” They can do it, because people in general suppose they can. But, who *do* constitute the meet-

ing? Candidates; men "a good deal in political life;" policemen—always ready to work for those who will keep them in their places; runners from the office of the party "organ;" little pettifogging lawyers just commencing practice, and seeking connections with the high, and influence with the low, by doing small political work for the first among the last. The meeting is called to order by a pre-determined chairman *pro tem*. He and a pre-determined committee nominate a fore-ordained set of officers, and they in turn propose predestinated nominees. The names have been chosen according to the private views of a half dozen, who consider not at all the needs of the commonwealth, or the state of the nation; but the needs of this or that man; what he has done for the party; what he ought to have; what will make subsequent appointments come out "right." They discourse on this wise: "Brown saved the election in the First District last year. He worked like a horse, and spent money like a king. *Therefore*, let Brown be nominated." Or, "Brown will bolt if he don't get this nomination; we had better give it to him." Or, "Brown will appoint me to this, and you to that; so let us put Brown through."

Non-sequitur? Selfish? Cowardly? No matter. He will help us, or he wants it; or he must, and will have it: we'd better give it to him.

In little dirty back-rooms, in dingy law-offices, in private parlor councils, in cunning consultations of duos and triplets of eager men on street corners, our governors are chosen. Two or three manage the committee, the committee manage the convention, and the party prints; the convention and the prints manage the party at large; the party, a stupid unit under their orders, manages the nation; and the nation submits, as, indeed, by its constitutional logic, it must, and ought. But it is a cheated nation. It is ruled not by the choice of

its best and wisest citizens, but by the shrewd fellows who have the secret of the management—a secret plain enough—the apathy of the intelligent.

Apathy is not amenable to statics, statistics or estimation. Per centage of uninterestedness cannot be determined. Of the three elementary causes of political degradation which we have discussed, this alone must be examined, not in itself, as a quantity or number, but in its results as an influence. As such, however, it is supremely important. Its thorough cure would set at naught all the small machinations of demagogues, started by selfishness and predicated upon folly, and the heavy pressure of the masses of ignorance and inexperience, accustomed to be moved thereby. Only let honest and true-hearted men consider it their duty to elect good nominees first, and then to vote for them, and the thing is done. That simple process would have forestalled the Know Nothings, Reform Whigs, Practical Democrats, Republicans and all the shifting shapes which are to-day rising from the seething ferment of the now progressing disruption and re-organization of political parties.

But, perhaps it is better as it is. Perhaps, under the conditions necessary to humanity, all progress must be by ebb and flow, action and re-action. Perhaps the long descent of immorality and meanness down which our governmental forces have slidden was necessary, before a higher re-ascent into honesty and truth. Perhaps we may now hopefully expect, that in the years immediately coming, wisdom will hold the high places which cunning has so long defiled—that truth will speak where sophistry has chattered—that honor and justice will order and direct the vast engineering and intricate complications of our governments, so long manœvered under the bad direction of incapacity, selfishness, tyranny and revenge.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CURSIVE AND DISCURSIVE.

It was not without some astonishment that we beheld our friend, Mr. Bildad Hardhed, enter the private office late at night, in a fashionable dress. Hardhed, the reflective, the sensible, the grave and retiring; who had usually in his rural and literary home—for Hardhed is not inept in letters—appeared in in-door dressing-gown and slippers, or out-door coatlessness and shiny cap—now all adorned in the splendors which should seem appropriate wholly to Lytle Legge, the best dressed man in the city, and his friend Fastorse! How could he possibly have become subject to the laws of the fashion-kings? Beneath his hat-brim, the grey catekin, insignium of high *ton*, waved hairily; his overcoat was accurately *de rigueur*; he wore pantaloons with a comely boa constrictor waving up the outside of each leg; unimpeachable kid-gloves; and the hair of a progressive man—which is his uttermost of hair. He was not in amiable mood, but paced to and fro in somewhat uncivil impatience.

"How is your equanimity disturbed?" we inquired. "Has Cumberland touched a lower figure still, or is there a defalcation in the Spuyten Duyvil turnpike?"

He smiled grimly—"The turnpike is straight enough, and Cumberland holds its own. But Wall street operations are not what I was thinking of. Let the bears and the rogues finish their manifest destiny."

"What, then, is it?" we asked. "The hat is good. It is of the latest fashion, and of the very latest style—a good hat. Also, the coat is new and proper, as per the decrees of our fashion-kings across the sea. Proud Bildad, dost thou rebel against them?"

"O, Editor! I do not laugh, nor rage, at so small a thing as a garment; nor do I reluct only at so minute a power as the power of the fashion-kings across the sea. But I laugh for myself, and I rage for others, my countrymen; because we fall under the rule of an *agoria*—unknown to the Greeks and ancients; and into a magic drunkenness; and, I fear it is only the dreadful ointment which opens the eyes of the sorrowful, which shall enlighten my nation."

"There is no such word in Greek, as

agoria," said we—"If you mean it for Greek. And explain your stuff about ointment. You talk apparent nonsense."

"It's in English, then. Phantasmagoria is the *agoria* which is subduing us. And the dreadful ointment is disapp-ointment."

"Did you enter this office, Bildad, to fire pop-gun puns at us, and to circumvent us with sophisms and rhetorical gymnastics?"

And our wrath, also, began to arise. But Hardhed is a man of first principles. However insignificant his remark may be, it is probable that his interlocutor may always be interested in unravelling the trains of preparatory thought, if he can catch the clew.

"I have been," said the wrathful man, "to the Opera. I disguised myself in this costume to gain admission to the penetralia of the parquette with my beloved cousins, the Van Schaves, who wouldn't accept my escort in other trim. But you say these are good clothes. I deny it. As for the hat, there may not be so very much to say. I presume the next style will be to carry the hat-hair in bands over the rim and hold it to the crown with combs; or to curl it and let it twist and dangle. But the coat! What a thought, to shape a garment so that in it every man looks narrow in the shoulders, hollow in the chest, alab-sided and puppy-kneed!"

"Well, well; dress is a thing of tastes. If you come into New York society, you should be content without rebellion to conform thereto, doing your duty in that profession in life to which you are called, even if it should be so crucifying a duty as that of wearing good clothes! As if a few curves and angles were of any account! A noble man he must be, whom one garment can distort into a hunchback, or a threadpaper! You are unreasonable. But musician, what of the Opera? From what especial gems of song in the Semiramide, or the Norma, caught you most pleasure? Praise the graceful Rossinian melodies."

Mr. Hardhed tore from him his new overcoat, hurled it upon his hat in a far corner, and strided once and again up and down the office. "Editor," said he with great vehemence, "Editor, the opera is a humbug; a patent and direful absurdity."

"What a pity that Donizetti, and Bellini, and Rossini, and a few others of the *macettri*,

could not have learned as much from you before bestowing so much pains upon humbug and nonsense!"

"Fiddle-te-dee, Editor. I speak seriously; too vehemently, perhaps, but only because I have before restrained myself. This outburst, indeed, is the overboiling of angers long nursed in secret, which come out the fiercer. But let me make a statement. I'll make out my case, or submit to be named a Turk—that is, a Russian—henceforth."

We did not refuse so reasonable a request. Yet what utter folly was Hardhed's! And we seemed to see the great building in Fourteenth street, with the lamps, the black sea of waiting hacks and coaches, and the outlying *tirailleurs* and *franc-tireurs* corps of small boys, with their running fire of "opera book? opera book? two shillin'!" Then the vast interior arose around us. We sat in the second tier. White opera-cloaks waved all around, like angel's wings over the parapets of heaven. Rigolettes wriggled, starers stared, upstairs and down; whisper, laugh, compliment and flirtation, rustle of silk and masculine bootfall, simmered and mellowed together under the great flood of yellow gas-light, into a dream of gorgeous courts and kings. And the snapping treble cry, ever and anon popped up in our ears, through the fuss and the feathers, "opera book? opera book? two shillin'!" And handsome Mario and handsome Giulia Grisi, deep-toned Susini and resonant Badiali, moved and spoke and sang, and the orchestral and choral harmonies danced or swam around and melted in with their melody—what ineffable coarseness was Bildad's!

"Now," said he, cooling suddenly, as is his useful practice when commencing to state an argument, "music is music. Singing is words *and* music; therefore, where there are no words there can be no singing. Now, to all but one of every hundred of the opera hearers, since they do not understand the words, there are none. Therefore, generally speaking, there is no singing at the opera.

"Next, the music is not reasonable in character. Not being singing, it must be regarded as instrumental performance; so you have the orchestra, for ever over-filled with stringed instruments, and completed with a few human larynges to carry the melody. This they do, using Italian vowels to furnish a tone. But they blend imper-

fectly with their fellow-instruments; and in no loud passage can they possibly lead, unless by a fiendish screech."

"Hardhed, we grieve to pronounce you altogether a Vandal; unsusceptible to the melliflence of sweet Italian vocables, or to the passion of lovely Italian singing. Besides; are there not the lithe graces of the ballet, now intermingled with the music, and the dramatic power of Grisi and Badiali? How, then, do you, a rustic, unskilled in the hearing of high music, condemn—on grounds not only incorrect as to criticism, but partial in scope—the Italian opera?"

"The ballet—the dramatic element!" said our friend. "You have well mentioned them, O Editor. And of them I will speak. The ballet, my friend, relies for its effects upon the public display of the naked limbs of women. Dare you utter one word in justification of it? What? If, for instance, you will state that you would willingly see your own wife, or your own sister, capering before the crowded benches of the opera-house, her limbs covered with—articles, let me say—fitting tight as her skin, and a skirt full of lace ag-leaves, reaching half-way to the knee—standing on one toe, a little over the heads of the lower tier of gazers, and pointing the other toe towards them, and up at the ventilator in the roof; if you would say that you would willingly or indifferently see your wife or your daughter in that position, I will count the ballet as an argument in favor of Italian opera. You prefer to be silent and let the interlocutory judgment go by default, I see. You do well. Now for the dramatic element. I do not here touch the general question of the morals of the stage. But I simply charge the operatic drama with utter absurdity, inherent and enormous clumsiness in conception and in execution. The drama, like painting or sculpture, if it has any merit, has it by the true imitation of nature; in the performance of which, a certain idealization and refining elevation is allowed, to the end that a less imperfect beauty may be attained; yet this, even, is only to be exhibited by the collocation of imitations of parts actually existing, to make a whole existing only in idea. And what have we in opera? People who sing their conversations and their passions, in the first place, which never happens in nature. I saw *Semiramide* this evening, which is a tale of

things nearly three thousand years old. I just hint at the Gothic and Grecian architecture, and the Roman and mediæval dresses; not to sneer, but to remark that there can be no *illusion*—no rapture into belief that we see the very Semiramis and the very Arsaces of the time.

"But who supposes that those individuals *did* sing, as is presented in Fourteenth street? Nobody. Yet, if the dramatic part of the opera can have *any* merit, it must be merely on the ground of its giving a true representation of the things and people of the old time. Therefore, a great and pervading and helpless and destructive absurdity is here. When Semiramis and the rest are scared at the extinction of the sacred fire, is it natural that they should sing about it? Should they not scream and run away? When Assur and Arsaces, the rivals, scold; when the ghost of Ninus threatens; when Assur and Semiramis dispute; when Assur and Arsaces ramble about in the mausoleum, seeking to stab each other; when Arsaces, that is, Ninias, finds that he has stabbed his mother, although "no blame could attach to any one," should he sing? Should they sing? Would you naturally expect them to sing?"

"Why, Hardhed," we made answer, "the opera does *not* profess to represent things truly. It is a presentation of music, and music only. If you could follow the modulations, and interpret the melodies and harmonies, you would discover a deep and beautiful coincidence between the music and the thoughts it expresses. It is *music* that is given; naught else."

"Then why do they have acting and scenery?"

We, the Editor, were compelled to say that we didn't know.

"Poor Editor! I won't unkindly press you to the confession dreaded by reasoners. One thing more; as to the execution of this acting. I am disgusted with the mode in which the actor-singers do not mind their own business. Instead of singing to each other, in the course of the action, they chant anger, love, remorse and all, at the *audience*; who, if there be any pretence of truth in the scenes, should not be supposed by those on the stage even to be there. Oh, what a mass of absurdity!"

We were impatient. "Mr. Hardhed," we rejoined, "if you don't like the Opera, keep away from it. Don't explode any more of your wrath in our face. We like

the Opera. There, we can see men, women, fashionable people, dancers, white opera-cloaks, bare arms, diamonds, and Miss Coutts in a private box. We can hear singing, orchestra, recitative, people's remarks, and the incessant and inspiriting shouts of the prompter. Therefore, we choose to go. And as for you, if you don't choose to go, and to profit by it, stay grumbling at home."

"Very good," said our friend. "I see that we go to the Opera-house for different purposes. For you, and for Lytle Legge, and his cousin Fastorse; and for my cousins, the Misses Van Schave, the Italian Opera is the right place. And in it, the music bears the same relation to the rest of the show, that lettuce does to vinegar, and sugar, and oil, in salad. It is only the vehicle to convey the flavors—something to chew, while the rest is tasted. But enough of music."

The conversation, as to music at least, here ceased. We had defined our respective positions; yet had not Hardhed puzzled us a little? Not to the extreme of a blush, or speechlessness. But somehow he seemed to have cast into our mind a thought that continually demanded consideration. It was this: Is the Opera American and sensible?

People who *will* pester themselves with persistent inquiries about the abstract values of things, and their absolute propriety and reasonableness, will probably fall into a condition like that of poor Hardhed; who takes no pleasure in anything which does not endure his impertinent habit of "ultimate analysis." Let us all, therefore, friends, avoid "ultimate analysis."

It is—or ought to be—well understood, by all persons joining in conversations in our private office, that such conversations are liable to be confiscated and summarily applied for the use and behoof of our readers. It will, therefore, be seen that we are justifiable in relating what we can remember of a recent dialogue between Mr. Hardhed and a military friend—General Delabueblazes.

We had been consulting them about a subject in connection with which, as it happens, there is an article from a distinguished source in this present number of the Monthly—the propriety, namely, of permitting the advocacy of warlike measures, offensive or defensive, in this periodical. Hardhed was entirely opposed to it.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he exclaimed, rather coarsely. "Men are two wide between the ears, already. At least, they are so, if the phrenological dictum is true, which makes that dimension a measure of fighting capabilities. And by the way, the principle might be tested by observing whether the ears of the members of the Peace Society will button behind them. You should consider carefully before allowing the Magazine to operate in furtherance of the heathen and barbarous war-spirit which is to-day increasing in the land."

"Sir," said General Delablueblazes, elevating his chin out of his stock, putting his hand under it so as to grasp his whiskers at the ears and throat, and brushing them forward so as to drive a mouthful of air out of his mouth with a "pf." "Sir, the military spirit of this country is aroused; and in good time. I am glad and proud of it. At the last review of the Ninetieth Brigade, there wasn't a company that was not full and uniformed. We shall be able to vindicate our undoubted rights upon this continent, sir; and to repel the concert of wicked attacks which the European tyrants will make upon us as soon as they are once settled again at home."

"I know it," said Hardhed. "Rainstorms used to dismay our 'household troops.' But even the elemental war, which used to make our heroes

—'Kliver up their shappoes with bandanners,
And send the insides skootin' to the bar-rooms with
their banners,'

can no longer quench the fierce military fire. In the sudden splashes of a rainy day, our country's brave defenders paddle indomitably about, with a gigantic umbrella, like the pavesse of the Middle Ages, to avert the missiles from above. Drills and reviews come off like peremptory auctions—positive sale rain, or shine.

"It is just as you say, General. The Secretary of War recommends an increase of the army. And the Secretary of the Navy recommends an increase of the navy. These hints and urgencies are of course; they are not very significant. The rise of the war-spirit is not the efflux of an honest patriotism, driven by fell necessity to take arms in hand. It comes from ambition, selfishness, vanity. You, General, are very well aware that if you could conduct one successful campaign in actual service, you would be the best candidate your party

could select for President. Don't blush; that shows that you had thought of it before. And any of the generals in such a campaign, have at least a chance at some remoter presidency. And this, General, materially modifies the opinions of leading politicians about war, because the poor fellows can't help it.

"Even children are infected with the fighting fury. There is more than one school whose pupils are early instructed in the details of the battle-array; and in uniform, sword or musket in hand, they are actually educated for war. I wonder how many men in this country will say that they desire their sons to be trained with soldierly proclivities? War is a barbarism. And now, in these United States, where civilization is the highest in the world, solely because it is most Christian and peaceful, children are trained backslidingly towards the savagery of a thousand years ago; towards the devilish old belief that only a soldier is a man!"

"Mr. Hardhed," answered General Delablueblazes, with some asperity, "I can assure you that there is no patriotism in such rant as that. That sort of talk will do well enough in Peace Congresses, and such broad-brimmed places. But in a world of nations, national life and liberty must be maintained by each people, for itself. We of the United States, are this day substantially defenceless against any powerful foreign foe. If we are to maintain our place as a nation, we must be prepared to defend, and to attack too; for often an attack is the best defence. We are now rich and at ease; and now, therefore, we should foresee the perils of the future and make ready for them. The wise man foreseeth the evil. In peace, prepare for war."

"Yes," cried Hardhed, impetuously. "Prepare for it. And then you will be sure to have it. Sweep and garnish your teneament, and there is little risk but that the seven devils will be at hand to occupy. What a wicked motto is that for a Christian nation! I don't pretend to be a religious man—but those who preach from that text of yours should declare the worship of Moloch; and set up his brazen image on Mount Vernon. In peace, prepare for war! That blood-red and murder-stained maxim is advanced with as much confidence as if it were the Golden Rule! I wish that wicked antitheses were in the nature of things impossible! How few are the peo-

ple who will peep behind the epigram to see if truth upholds it! Your maxim, and your reasoning, and this article here, which Mr. Editor has shown us, quietly take it for granted that the devil and his imps, and their black intermeddling here on earth, are all established institutions, and to be preserved. It is assumed as of course that the oppressions of the European kings are to thrust us into a just defensive war; or that some land-stealing enterprise of our own will drive us to resist a deserved punishment; or, at any rate, that wars, and bloodshed, and piracy, and devastation are in store for us."

"Sir," said his interlocutor, "do you deny that the policy of this government is unacceptable to the despotisms of Europe? Don't you know that the Courts of France, Austria, and Russia, if not all the others, would be glad to coerce us, if they cannot otherwise induce us, into other conduct than our present conduct, in many particulars? Are we to wait, and make ourselves more and more helpless, until they come and shoot and rob up and down the land, to any extent necessary to force us into compliance? I don't see how that sort of murder and bloodshed is any better than what would happen in repelling them. And furthermore, these things are the necessary incidents to necessary measures. The good of the country, if it does necessitate individual sorrow, is yet paramount thereto. It is better that some should die, than that all should be enslaved. And I warn you, sir, and all persons like you, who cry, Peace! peace! when there is no peace, and who would lull us here into a fool's paradise of tranquillity, that there is danger. The overshadowing power of the United States has cast a gloom over the kings. And they will hasten to cut down our fair tree of liberty by the roots, whenever they think the stem is unguarded, and whenever their little affairs at home are settled up. Your arguments are unpatriotic and absurd, and should make you the scoff and abhorrence of true Americans!"

"And is it indeed so?" questioned Hard-bred. "Are the men now living who are to murder their fellows by the wholesale? Shall the children now playing merrily about their mother's knee, in peaceful inland valleys, or on bright sea-side slopes, thrust the harsh-edged bayonet within the sides of groaning men, now likewise children in other pleasant homes across the sea?

Shall the fair young wife, who now laughs to her crowing baby, in the coming years see the child brought home a mutilated man, moaning and writhing in speechlessness, with his face torn off his head by a round shot, or dead, his body rent into bloody tatters by a shell? Which of our youths shall go on such an errand and return in such guise? Point out the women who shall turn over the dead corpses after the battle, as the English women have been doing in the East, and seek their husbands and brothers, headless, mangled, split and burst asunder by the diabolical contrivances of the war!

"What devilishly cunning and savage sophistry is that deceitful generalizing talk about war, which looks at it as a thing away from individuals—upborne somehow by the power of the nation, but not concerning any one man, or woman, or child! It is all a cursed lie and villainy. I wish to God that those who contemplate war so complacently, and urge preparation for it so strongly, might for a day feel the sensations of one shut up with the bloody corpse of an only friend! The next day—not later—I would trust their opinions about war.

"Defence? It is by our peaceful happiness here—not by our fortifications and military schools—our army and navy—that we are sapping the strength of the European despotisms. The greater the happiness attainable here, the greater the desire to enter into our copartnership. Do you suppose that, even now, the European soldiery would fight very strenuously against a nation which offers them a farm and a home for the taking?

"But let us organize into a military nation. Let us glitter and bristle with cold steel, and the tawdry, babyish trinketry of a military rig; let us entrench our coasts with stone walls, and guard them with wooden ones. I promise you that human beings will not own and control all that machinery for nothing. Every fool who can raise a devil, does it. But the backward conjuration is harder to learn; and the miserable wizard is usually, as he deserves, destroyed by the spirit which he called up. Just as soon as we are all ready for war, we shall have it. And having once evoked the fiend, I promise you he will not down at your bidding, nor at that of any man or men. The next war entered

into by this country shall be a charge upon the conscience of General Delablueblazes, and of all those who shall have hounded our foolish majorities into it."

"Sir," said the chieftain, "I shan't endure any such insinuations as that. You are no gentleman."

"Perhaps not; but is a soldier a man?"

General Delablueblazes jumped up in a rage. We hastened to interfere; and by exhorting Hardhed to stick tight to his peace principles, and the General to remember his reputation, we pacified them a little, and Hardhed resumed:

"Don't understand me as intending anything derogatory to you, General. I don't mean it all. But seriously, now, consider the soldier. Imprimis, he carries a bushel of cotton in the breast of his coat, to make him a full, manly chest. Therein, General, he labors under a mistake; that is emulating the beauties proper to the other sex. Further, he is tricked out with all sorts of pretty things; he has a gay red sash; or a great empty bag hung at his sword-belt by two long strings, or dangling typically from the cranium; or some red or blue or white feathers; a decoration for a naked Indian. He wears a hat bestuck with spread eagles and chains and scraps of fur and shiny leather, as if it were fashioned after the picture in the kaleidoscope. He has a streak on his trousers' leg; some gilt copper on his jacket; bright buttons, and plenty of them. What a nice and appropriate outfit for a spoilt child; but what a childish bedizenment for a man! Childish; and therefore, according to the clothes-philosophy, the soldier is a child, not a man. Herein, also, is he a small child; that the indulgence of his passions is the most noticeable part of his life. Fighting, which is a business whose whole essence is passion, is all that gives him an existence. No fight, no soldier. Also, he is a devil; for he lives to do evil to others, his enemies, so-called. Also, he is a weevil (*i. e.* wee evil—small plague; the derivation here being by the rule of contraries, since the soldier is no small plague); because he lives upon that which others earn and preserve for him. I might make a much longer string of similitudes, but the game is not worth the candle. I presume I have sufficiently proved that soldiers have no business to be called men."

"Mr. Hardsnout, or whatever your name

is," exclaimed the General in ungovernable anger, "you poor miserable —. But I won't demean myself by bandying words with you. You have insulted me and my profession. You shall hear from me by a friend."

"Always happy to hear from you, General Delablueblazes, in any way," answered Bildad, whose disquisitions upon war seemed to have peppered him up to a degree of ugliness. Then suddenly changing his tone, he exclaimed with a sneer.

"Hear from you by a friend? Transact your own business, sir; Dr. Franklin is authority, that if so done, it will be well done. Talk to me like a man, if you want to be one; and I will answer you accordingly. But don't undertake to put anybody except a bedlamite or a soldier, through a course of formalities fantastic enough for the sons of monkeys—I mean the formalities of a duel."

Here we interferred again. "General Delablueblazes, please sit. We shall be most happy of your opinion on some points discussed in Jomini; and we want particularly to ask you about some speculations of ours on Montalembert's plans; for the City Council are about to make an engagement with Coleman & Stetson, to fortify the Astor House as a citadel in case of invasion; and they need advice on the subject of the portholes already existing under the eaves. We contend that they ought to be mounted with Lancaster guns, sixty-eight pounders; they think that a portable soup-kitchen and an inverting kettle are about the thing. And as for you, Hardhed, go off. You're not fit to converse with a man of action like the General. Come back again, when there is nobody here whose feelings will be wounded by your vitriolic talk."

But we could not keep either of them. Hardhed went off sneering, and Delablueblazes swearing; and we fear we have lost two entertaining friends.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

Dec. 19th, 1854.

I have not, till now, availed myself of your permission to address the readers of *Putnam's Magazine*, on the present position of the Smithsonian Library,—because I have seen no use in anticipating the discussion of the subject by the proper public tribunals, which are the Board of Regents, the

"Smithsonian Institution" itself, and Congress, from whose legislation these two boards were born. Now that Congress is in session, the inquiry as to the Library will of course begin. This is a proper time, then, to attempt to inform the public regarding the remarkable questions as to its administration.

The author of an able paper in your August number, on the "legitimate mission of the Smithsonian Institution," offered an argument, arranged with care and study, to show that Congress, when it created the two boards I have named, and intrusted each with the powers under which it acts, did not keep within the bounds indicated by Smithsonian's will, as "in honor and good faith" it should have done. There is no need whatever of following this argument at present. Its author could not have expected, that before it came into print, a single officer of the institution should have attempted to set aside the provisions of the very act by which he was created. Nor does the argument stray so far from the purpose of its author, as to attempt to show that the act at once gives power to carry out what he supposes Smithsonian's purposes, and at the same time refuses to give it. That essay is a straightforward plea for the reorganization of the Institution by Congress, on the ground that the act under which it is founded, does not "in honor and good faith" keep "within Smithsonian's purposes."

Whatever may be the weight of this argument, and I confess that to my mind it has none, it is evidently no justification of any course which officers of the Institution may choose to take, in disobedience to the act which creates them. To them this law is law, or they would not be officers. If they consider it dishonorable, and an act of bad faith, their duty is to resign.

The specifications of that act, as your correspondent of August has already informed your readers, provide principally for the establishment of a great public library at Washington, as the means of increasing and diffusing knowledge. The wisdom of this course had been demonstrated in the previous debates, so that this appropriation commanded a very strong vote, in a Congress to which had been presented all the plans of the friends of ventilators, cooking stoves, tract distribution, and the publication of books which could find no other publisher. To a body like Congress, a plan which shows something for money spent, has strong recommendations. It is to the credit of Congress that it is so, when that something is as valuable an addition to the country's resources as a Great National Library.

The wisdom of this idea of Congress has been thoroughly vouched for by the Board of Regents of the Institution, in the disposition they have made of their own publications. With the view of "increasing and diffusing knowledge," they have distributed these costly books to the principal Public Libraries of the world; having made a selection, which, as they inform us, is of itself a valuable labor rendered in the cause of science, and instituted a system of exchange by which the largest Foreign Libraries, and all in this country larger than 10,000

volumes, receive these "Contributions to Science."^{*} This is the way to diffuse knowledge if you have any to diffuse. Five hundred copies thus distributed meet the widest possible constituency. For a Public Library is, as Congress regarded it, the best single engine for increasing and diffusing knowledge.[†]

Convinced, for such reasons, and for the others which the argument of years had brought forward, that a Public Library would best answer their purpose,—which was "to increase and diffuse knowledge,"—Congress ordered that twenty-five thousand dollars a year should be expended for that purpose. "The said Regents shall make, from the interest of the said fund, an appropriation not exceeding an average of twenty-five thousand dollars annually, for the gradual formation of a library composed of valuable works pertaining to all departments of human knowledge." This is the language of the Statute creating the Board of Regents.

There never was an appropriation more specific, nor words more difficult to wrest from their meaning. It is often thought prudent in bills of appropriation to insert the words "not exceeding," because the full amount may not be precisely reached, and accounting officers must have warrant to pay less amounts as they are needed. But the word "average" here, is enough to show that the intention of Congress was, that the sum of \$25,000 should be spent every year,—one year to make up for another in the long run,—for a library pertaining to all departments of human knowledge.

The question, however, this winter to be brought before the Government, the Institution, and the Board of Regents, is this:—For what reasons have the Regents so conducted the Institution that the average annual expenditure for a library has been, in eight years, only \$1,855, instead of \$25,000?

In fact, at the beginning of their operations, the Regents resolved to build from their income, and from that only. Congress had arranged that the accumulation of back interest should be devoted to the building, but the Regents chose to save this sum for principal, and for years, therefore, have had to draw on their income for building—a course for which I have never seen the reasons. It has resulted in a very slow progress of that remarkable pile known as the Smithsonian Institute, believed to be in the Norman-Lombard-Owen-Renwick-Gothic and Vandal, style of architecture,—quite imposing, very expensive, and singularly inconvenient.[‡] While this went on, there was an excuse for spending as little as possible upon the Library. When this was at last near completion, those persons who had been waiting for the fulfilment of the Act, had reason to expect that twenty-five thousand dollars a year should at last be expended for a Public Library.

By this time, however, the Institution had organized a staff of officers for all sorts of duties, involving a considerable expense. It had also set on foot a system of publication, proposing to publish different sets of works,—as your readers have been informed,—for which the Act creating it gave no

* They have also devised, as a circular from their distribution bureau informs us, the best shape to be given to their documents for the purpose of conveniently *packing them away in boxes*. We trust, sincerely, that this is not the only use which awaits them.—*F. I.*

† As you are yourself the publisher of the works of the Institution, you undoubtedly know how very small is the *scale* to readers, even of their "popular" contributions. If it is not improper, a statement of sales for a year or more, would be quite a valuable element in the discussion of the system, which for some years has been adopted. It will show that workmen, on subjects of science, do not buy books largely, but rely on Public Libraries for the supply of them. They need still larger resources of the same kind.—*F. I.*

‡ It is but just to notice that Prof. Henry has always been opposed to the plan of this building.—*Ed. P. M.*

power at all. There would have been more reason for its introducing water into the city of Galena. For, in fact, it was proposed in Congress, that it should have this power of printing books, and permission was refused, by a majority of two to one.

Its expenses for publication, however, have been less considerable than the expenses of its general management. It has, in eight years, organized a staff, consisting of a secretary, clerk to the secretary, bookkeeper to the clerk, janitor, laborer and watchman; assistant to the secretary, assistant to the assistant, and assistant to the assistant-and-his-assistant, whose annual charge is \$11,455. For lighting, heating, and other "incidentals," such additional expenses are incurred as raised the annual charge last year to \$17,740, for merely keeping the machine in motion. For printing contributions, paying observers, and all that, independent expenditures are necessary.

Now, the annual income is only \$40,000. And with this enormous staff-expenditure—\$17,740 being paid for the management of the other \$22,260—the Regents found they had not, even with their building, happily done, the \$25,000 required by Congress for the Public Library it tried to create in the Statute of August 10, 1846. They referred the matter to a special committee, whose majority report is the first essential paper in the discussion now before the public.

It must be recollected that Congress ordered a Library appropriation of \$25,000, when it was supposed that the whole income would be but \$30,000, or thereabouts. Your reader, new to the subject, would certainly say:—"If they have only \$22,000 left with which to meet their \$25,000 payment, they must retrench \$3,000 on their staff expenses." This is precisely what any other Board of Trustees would do. Congress having prescribed an annual Library payment not exceeding an average of \$25,000, and having prescribed nothing else,—simply giving permission for lectures, a laboratory, and a museum, and refusing permission for printing, it would seem, of course, that at any sacrifice in these miscellaneous expenses, the Library payment of \$25,000 should be kept up from the fund.

The Regents, however, referred the question of future expenses to a committee. A majority of this committee—reporting the facts which we have stated as to the general expenses—proposes to meet the deficit in the expense, by virtually abolishing the General Library. They propose to have merely a library of "valuable" books—to be principally recruited by exchanges. For the next year, they propose that no new books shall be bought, but those needed by the officers of the Institution.

This proposal, not yet acted upon, has excited the surprise of all those who had been interested in the Institution.

By its daring it has surprised even those men of physical science, who are glad to have their books printed for them, when they can find no publishers but the Institute.

By its overthrow of the original plan, it has surprised those who hoped that the Nation was to have at last a National Library, and have distrusted the printing business of the Institution.

Mr. Meacham, a minority of the committee, has presented a minority report, stating the reasons for adhering in good faith to the Library plan as laid down in the Act from which the Regents take their authority.

Pending any action on these reports, Professor

Henry, the Secretary, whose wish is to have the appropriation for the Library set aside, has complicated the question by coolly removing the Librarian, Professor Jewett.

Matters are in this position, when Congress meets, the Regents meet—and the "Smithsonian Institution" itself can be called together.

It is very evident that they have a much narrower question before them than has been discussed in public. They have not to inquire what Smithsonian would have liked—poor, proud, insignificant dabster that he was in the chemistry of tears, and the mathematics of *rouge et noir*; but what Congress has directed.

Any Regents who find the Act of Congress a dishonor and breach of faith, will wash their hands of it, and resign.

Those who believe Congress had power to make such an institution as your correspondent describes, "a great national library at Washington, worthy an educated and enlightened nation," will simply vote to reduce all other expenses of the Institution, that an average of \$25,000 may be appropriated to that purpose.

And Congress will doubtless watch their procedure. It will not leave to this board the nullification of the Act which created it. Should Lieut. Page, who is now surveying the La Plata, conclude some day, that the survey of that river is unconstitutional, and proceed to spend the government funds intrusted to him in a model farm on its shores—some one would soon call him to account. If the Board of Regents, intrusted with the establishment of a National Library, conclude that Congress there did not rightly interpret its trust—and that the money will be better spent in printing a Dictionary of the Choctaw language—I do not doubt that some power will be found to call them to account as well.

Respectfully yours,
F. L.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—*Out-Doors at Idlewild.* By N. P. WILLIS—as any man could see, even if he "had a thunderbolt in his eye."

One sentence, in the preface, has a biographical interest. Mr. Willis says that in living, "*to live, as variedly, as amply, and as worthily, as is possible to his human faculties, while upon this planet, has been his aim; and not to be remembered after he shall have left it.*"

Might it not seem intuitively true, that he who lives most variedly, amply and worthily, will, of necessity, be best and most remembered after he is dead?

Out-Doors at Idlewild, indicates in the writer quick and keen aesthetics—i. e., beauty-seeing: at times, much kindness for fellows and reverence for good; an individualized and apparently carefully cultivated habit in language. In briefer terms, the book is written as its indications

say, by one who lives for the perception, enjoyment and expression of *Beauty*. Beauty in nature; in its ever-new spontaneous freshness; beauty in thought, in the freshness of new and quaint or graceful combinations and comparisons of things and their relations; beauty in expression; in the freshness of quaint or graceful new words, or combinations and analysis of old words.

The life, so far as this book may be its exponent, has been mainly an *Æsthetic Life*—a life of beauty-study; no more; better than a "Skimpolian" life, in that it has been purposeful, laborious, kind and sincere, and has made much happiness; but, as a fulfilment of the scheme outlined in the preface, a failure, because it fills out only a department of the original draught.

The language of the book is worth some attention. It is in the Willistic style, properly so-called. The preface, and perhaps the portions addressed to invalids, is an exception to this rule, being ordinary English. We do not draw this distinction with any sneer. We do not mean as much as is implied in the adjectives Carlylese and Bushnellitish. These have had a seasoning of sneer. We say Willistic, only because it is a convenient word for the thought we wish to convey; a word covering whatever enterprises of invention Mr. Willis may have undertaken in the Realms of Verbs and Substantives. Such enterprises, by competent men, and within reasonable limits, are to enlarge our store of English words. Mr. Willis has the might which, in this matter, makes right; but he does not always use it well. He certainly slides, sometimes, too far into quaintness, if not over it into the bordering territory of awkwardness.

Some of the following specimens may do for the nonce; but in general it is an effort to be expressive at a cheap and easy rate; viz., *Pig-apostle* (a *sender-away* of intrusive pigs); *Superfinery* (an ingenious parallel to *finery*); *Whirlsated* (sated with confusion); *Pollyology* (chamberwork); *Brickifying* (assimilating to brick-work or the condition of bricks). *Cesar-or-nobody-dom*; *bigger-ness*; *haughty-culture* (a not very perfect pun, repeated several times, and with different significations, e.g., *high culture*, culture by a head or *high gardener*, and culture by people of high feelings); *un-amphibiousable* (impassable to amphibia); *other-people-ness* (ex-

istence distinct from others); *nobody-bath* (immersion in a crowd, so as to lose individuality of feeling); *being-left-behind*—the meaning is not changed by the hyphens; *un-get-about-able* (unpleasant for travelling).

We shall not specify the beautiful thoughts in the book. It is too full of them.

—*You have Heard of Them*. This ultra Willistic title names a collection of occasionally ungrammatical, and rather diluted sketches of celebrities with whom the writer has come into contact or collision.

Especially were we stumbled, in the reading, by the recurring substitution of a passive verb, with a preposition and the objective case of the actor, instead of the usual active verb with the actor in the nominative—thus: "That was repeatedly heard *by me*," instead of "I repeatedly heard that." The fault is so frequent as to become characteristic and awkward.

Quite a number of these sketches must have been written to make out the volume, being woven out of very unsatisfactorily thin fabric. Others are sharply and well lined; and such furnish very pleasant items of that gossip personal information which everybody hankers after, about everybody, and particularly about anybody in particular. Especially good are the notices of Giulia Grial, Wallace, Vidocq, and Vivier.

The book, however, is noticeable for another reason, namely, as a startling hint at the number of people who expend immeasurable power in sound, fun, emotion, and amusement; who enjoy a jolly afternoon, a good dinner, a horse-laugh, a queer story, an opera, but whose lives are truly "rounded by a sleep"—because they never look behind either of the dark veils that shut off our sight at birth and death.

—Everybody who has published in magazines, republishes in a book. Some merely transfer the matter bodily; some work it over; some string the old beads on a new thread. This last Mr. SIMMS has done, and produced *Southward Ho!* Magazine readers of moderate diligence will recognize most or all of the tales and poems, some of which are very well done; but none of which, as here republished, need we examine. The thread of the story is merely a not very remarkable voyage from New York to Charleston.

—*Parley's Household Library* is stated in the title-page to be "a perpetual fund of instruction." To some extent we can endorse this claim; being able to witness that the same matter—and unless we are mistaken, in the same pages—which amused us in our childhood, is here again, apparently as good as new. Whether additional interest has accrued to the "fund," we cannot fairly judge.

—Books like W. C. RICHARDS' *Harry's Vacation; or Philosophy at Home*, are—or rather, may be—very pleasant and very useful. They are entertaining to many children, simply as story-books. But in order to any appreciable usefulness, they should be made the basis of actual experiments like those they describe. The pleasure would be cheap, and the profit various and lasting.

—*In Doors and Out; or Views from the Chimney-Corner*. By OLIVER OPTIC. Mr. W. T. Adams, who seems by the dedication to be the *Deus ex machina*, has done himself credit. We have seen no immoderate puffs—in fact, no puffs—of it; but it contains twenty or thirty very sprightly and pointed stories, each sharply hitting some social absurdity or social vice. The conversations are remarkably *conversational*; just such questions, answers, and remarks as real people make. This gives a pleasant freshness to the narratives and dialogues, although not calculated to render the book a model of a classical English style.

—An excellent moral is deducible from Mrs. TUTTILL'S *Beautiful Bertha*. And it contains natural scenes, and delineations of character. Yet the young people are a little too old, and the good and bad ones a little too good and too bad.

—There is something confusing about such a title as, "*Ellen Montgomery's Book-Shelf. By the authors of 'The Wide, Wide World.' &c. Mr. Rutherford's Children. Second Volume.*" One cannot tell exactly what the name of the book is; nor what the name of the set is; nor whether there is a set. Apparently there exists, or is in course of production, a series named as in the first part of the above title; within which, a sub-series, called "*Mr. Rutherford's Children*," has reached its second volume. The book itself is judiciously arranged, so that it may competently stand alone if required; so that it does not help us. Not to hypercriticise about a name,

however, whose worst fault would be to puzzle the buyer, let us hasten to assure the authoresses that they have the very rare talent of writing *true* children's conversations. Chryssa and Sybil are two delightful little chatterers; and their queer and suggestive ideas are exactly those of live children. Chrysocoma is a very pretty fancy for a name, too—the Golden-haired.

There remains, however, in order to the true appreciation of the volume, the discussion of questions which at present we shall not dare attempt.

With the preliminary confession that we have not enough, nor practically enough, studied the subject to make our investigations very important, we will suggest that in this direction, among the points to be examined, are these:

1. Whether "children's books" should be written *for* children; with a perfunctory dilution, or simplification, or pre-chewing, or whatever you please, in order to lower the tone and quality of the thoughts and words of the adult mind to a child-like capacity; or, whether the natural effusions of men and women of child-like and simple souls should not suffice. And, suppose the special "children's books" decided for, it remains to ask,

2. Should they be historiettes of child-like experiences, carefully chosen for verisimilitude; or fairy tales; or romances; or mere narrations a little idealized?

We somewhat incline towards a "yea" to all but the last of these four descriptions; it being understood that only good ones are recommended; and in the first class of the three, and high up in it, stands this story of *Mr. Rutherford's Children*. Observe how naturally Chryssa and Sybil talk—like real live little girls:

"Have you got everything out of your stocking?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Chryssa, shaking it out.

"Here's something in the toe of mine," said Sybil, "some queer little thing—I wonder what it can be?"

Chryssa knew what it was, well enough; and she sat there and laughed to herself in the dark—but she said never a word.

Sybil shook out the little package, and then took off one paper after another till she came to the little red emery-bag, with its green leaves and yellow seeds and strawberry shape.

"Why you funny child!" she said, "you must have given me this."

This is not specially notable, except for extreme naturalness—which is sufficiently remarkable.

—Of very similar excellence, in kind and degree, but for rather older readers, is *The Boat Club*, by OLIVER OPTIC, the author of a collection of sketches noticed in our last number. *The Boat Club* is a well told narrative of the experiences of certain young gentlemen who composed the club; and contains sundry directive details of boatmanship, calculated to furnish solid delight to the masculine minds of youth from twelve to fifteen or thereabouts. Oliver will do a very good work in furnishing books of precisely this character for juvenile readers.

—*Martin Merriale*, by PAUL CREYTON, was first published as a serial, with not very encouraging success. People will read a serial story, if it appears in a periodical, so that there is a show of necessity for the seriality. But otherwise not. There are too many books published whole; people read too fast; nobody likes a meal taken at the rate of a mouthful an hour. Serial novels are alien to the genius of American readers.

Martin Merriale is written with much sprightliness and truth. The adventures with our friends, the editors and publishers of Boston, read as if from the life—Mr. Creyton must have sold MSS. and higgled about "editorial" at a dollar a column, in his own person—we hope he is beyond the necessity now.

The fault of the book is its unfortunate style. The impression that it is modeled after Dickens is unavoidable. Not that it is so intended; but Mr. Creyton must have read Dickens much, admired him much, thought his own genius like Dickens', and so he has followed instead of marching abreast with him.

Martin Merriale somehow reminds us of Martin Chuzzlewit; his uncle of old Martin; Mrs. Wormlett of Todgers; Wormlett and Simeon of Heep; Alice and Caleb of Little Nell and her Grandfather; Chaffer and Bedwort of Mr. Tigg and Chevy Slyme; the style of conversation and descriptions, the epithets, the rhetoric and syntax, all savor of Boz.

The poem, page 166, seem in the same way to have arisen from much admiration and study of Poe.

For instance, Mr. Creyton's lines:—

"While his icy way he wended
Through the desolated land,
Round her pallid temples dallied
With his deadly mailed hand,"

are similar in rhythm, epithet and feeling, to these from Poe's "Haunted Palace:—"

"And every golden air that dallied
In that sweet day
Around the ramparts plumed and pallid
A winged odor went away."

Mr. Creyton will make a very good book, by confining himself strictly to Creytonianism.

—We are half-inclined to rank *The Life of Horace Greeley*, by J. PARTON, among bookmakers' books rather than among authors' books, for two reasons; *First*, because it is published before the *biographee* is dead—which sort of haste necessitates an immature book, and looks as if the writing had been a business speculation; and *Secondly*, because it is encumbered with much collateral matter not important to the main thread of the narrative, according to the manner of book-makers.

Yet these faults are not very conspicuous. They pertain more to the form than to the substance of the book; and we have perused it with very great pleasure. Mr. Parton is apparently not a very learned man; and his style is not a very learned style; but it is unambitious, clear and sprightly, and, if we except a little unsuccessful endeavor after wit and humor, very nearly the right style for a biographer.

Horace Greeley is a "representative man," no doubt; and a very remarkable one; nor do we very strenuously object to Mr. Parton's hero-worship of him, for Mr. Parton's purposes. A biographer should be an enthusiast for his subject. Yet we shall hardly concede what Mr. Parton claims, that Mr. Greeley is the greatest man in the United States. He is not the greatest thinker, nor the greatest writer, nor the greatest speaker, nor the greatest statesman, nor the greatest philanthropist, nor the greatest man of business, nor the greatest merchant. He is the most influential editor. And as such, and as a man of uncommon power of mind and appropriate attainment in his calling; of tremendous perseverance, of integrity and force, his life is well worth reading.

—*The Know Nothing* is hardly any-

thing. We need not expend any criticism upon a book whose heroes—intended for polished and perfect gentlemen—talk such unfortunate syntax and rhetoric as this:—

"It is nothing; merely the recurrence of a little attack *similar to which* I am often subject, *and* will soon pass away."—"A strong eye will beard a lion."—"I attend you, *certain*"—"the brothers will please draw around the desk in a circular form, and so *spread themselves out* that every one can see and be seen."

First to take a circular form; then to spread themselves out. We think we have seen one of the Ravels do something of that kind; and the result was that he presented the discoid appearance of a very large pumpkin, smashed very flat. Few persons, having undergone *that* ceremony, would know anything thenceforward.

—Having read FANNY FERN'S *Ruth Hall*; and considering what we suppose to be the fact, and to have been already discovered by most of its readers, that it is, in substance, a furious bombardment of her own family, we think, that very seldom has so angry a book been published. It is full and overflowing with an unfemininely bitter wrath and spite.

We are not called upon to discuss the verisimilitude of the characters in the book. Yet it cannot all be true. We do not believe, for instance, that any parents of the grade and culture of the Ellets and the Halls were ever the deliberate teasing devils whom Fanny Fern has drawn. The school examination is the most outrageous caricature; the scenes with publishers savor very strongly of romance. If the book has any purpose in its anger, its heedlessness and overstraining will defeat them.

As a work of art, the book is extremely imperfect. This we say, on the charitable hypothesis that it is simply a novel, and nothing more nor less. It is better than the newspaper paragraphs, which have been the staple of Fanny's former books. Those were sketchy, scrappy, and unsubstantial to the very last degree of flimsiness, although certainly they contained many terse and striking sentences. But careful thought and faithful elimination must go to the making of a valuable book; and of those, in *Ruth Hall*, there is none. If Fanny Fern should write ten times as much, and then selecting the tenth part of it, should construct it into a work of the size of

Ruth Hall, she would do justice to herself and the public; which she has not yet done.

—We lag far behind the *bore* or great Gangetic tidal wave of laudation which has lifted *The Newsboy* before the public. This circumstance gives us the advantage of consulting very many other specimens of opinion; which have been so uniformly favorable, that we must needs feel a diffidence in differing.

But it is uncommon, in this world, unprecedented, indeed, until the days of Bob, the Newsboy, to find ragged street boys having a correct metaphysical intuition and a habit of ethical reasoning? who never do *anything* wrong, being upborne above all wickedness by their inbred goodness; who adopt and bring up destitute small girls, keeping house with them in deserted railroad cars, and do fifty other missionary deeds. Since, however, the author of the *Newsboy* has discovered one ragged angel of this description, let us hope that Ragged Schools and Newsboys' Lodging Rooms will be superseded by the voluntary enterprise of their students and occupants.

Bob had hypertrophy of the heart—at least, that viscus is never mentioned, we believe, except as his "great" heart.

Seriously; besides the endless repetition of this single epithet, and the wonderful and almost heretical, at least, latitudinarian goodness of the hero. The *Newsboy*, as a work of art, is almost beneath criticism. As a history of fact, it is, of course absurd: as a romance, it is slatternly in plot, entirely unsatisfactory in catastrophe, flatulently sentimental, tawdry and forced in diction, ragged and careless in delineating character, without any moral or point of any kind, one of the very emptiest and leanest of the horde of lean and empty books which have been so impertinently shoved before the public for a year or two. A taking title; a susceptibility of unbounded advertising; such, and the last not distinctive, are its most striking merits.

—We have received three volumes of poems; first adventures, all. The task of appreciating such efforts is difficult, from the impossibility of judging what latent talent they may or may not indicate. The poetic faculty often acts like the Afreet coming out of the brazen vessel. It spreads out in vast indistinct thin clouds, with-

out specific gravity or coherence; and afterwards, if at all, it concentrates and defines itself, and takes a shape of significance and power. These three volumes are productions of this smoky period. There could be no possible reason for publishing them, were it not that a poet who publishes, *must* publish a first volume, and, usually, his first volume must be—not very good. The sooner, therefore, it may be argued, this first volume is out, the sooner will something valuable succeed it. We cannot, in conscience, praise these works, except faintly. Yet our suggestion of defects is made, because it is the proper commentary, and more in reference to future improvement, than present shortcomings.

MR. PAUL H. HAYNE'S *Poems*, MR. WILLIAM WINTER'S *Poems*, and *Pebbles from the Lake Shore*, by CHARLES L. PORTER, are the books under consideration. They are all indistinct in thought; the efflux of mere emotions, or of conceptions not studied long enough to have any clearness. Mr. Hayne's are perhaps most deficient here. The names in the table of contents, even, afford an instance. "A Fragment—Lines—Sunset—Lines—Stanzas—Lines—The Realm of Rest—Lines—Lines—Imagination and Memory—On ——" The poems are not written for a clear *purpose*; or with a distinct central thought.

Mr. Hayne's verses are also worst constructed. He often takes leave to accent the last syllable of a past passive participle to make out his metre; as, "parchéd." Once, at least, the weak vocable "the," has to shoulder the arsis of a foot. Care and study will remedy these faults.

Mr. Porter's and Mr. Winter's verses are more correct in structure, and a little more rigorous in thought and diction. In these, however, we notice a fault which Mr. Hayne has avoided, and which is very common in college poems, namely, too many varieties of metre and rhythm in one production. This may be meant to show the writer's command over the mechanism of poetry; but it looks as if the mechanism of poetry commanded him; as if he could not subdue the language under steady rules, but was forced, like a weak-handed driver, to let his Pegasus trot, walk, or canter at his own will.

All three of our authors indulge in very much imagery and illustration, which seldom has any considerable newness or beauty either in itself, or in poetic relation to

the matter in hand. For instance, the first stanza of Mr. Hayne's book:—

"Broad in the tempered rays of the red sun,
The Egyptian desert glittered leagues away.
Great clouds of floating dust, confused and dun,
Hung heavy on the haggard brow of day,
And veiled the fiery light of that fierce clime,
As centuries veil the land's mysterious prime."

Again; as a specimen of the sorrowful atmosphere which shrouds the verses, take these from Mr. Winter—who is perhaps the saddest of the three—and let it be remembered that the poet whose life is thus poisoned at the fountain-head is only eighteen—

"These but distress when thus they're thought on!
The past can only live again
In sighs, in bitter tears, in pain—
Better forget and be forgotten."

Careful thought, intense study of English, of versification, of nature and of poetry, will enable these gentlemen to do well in the path which they have entered. But without those qualifications, they have no *right* to publish any more verses.

—REV. E. H. CHAPIN'S volume of discourses, entitled *Humanity in the City*, is marked by the proper care and fluent style of the well-known eloquent author. They continue a series already published; and deal in a somewhat cautious spirit with the abuses and miseries peculiar to city life, and the indications thence arising for Christian conduct in respect to them.

—WHEWELL and BREWSTER, on the question of stellar inhabitation, are intrepidly followed—afar off—by an anonym, who puts forth his views in a volume with the somewhat awkward title, *The Universe no Desert—the Earth no Monopoly*. The argument is in favor of a plurality of inhabited worlds; but we doubt whether previous reasonings are much reinforced by it. The argument from the unity of design which is discovered in the constitution of this world and the kingdoms of it, is altogether too prolix, and partly irrelevant. Indeed, the book is crowded with bold assumptions, careless statement, disorderly arrangement, and inconsequent reasoning, all fortified by the dicta of Andrew Jackson Davis, and culminating after a rather truncated fashion, with a very brief *ex cathedra* description of the inhabitants of certain planets and fixed stars, by that uncomfortable materialist, Emanuel Swedenborg.

The half hidden sneering tone of many passages, and the peculiar style of the staring argumentative and linguistic de-

fects, as well as the tone and tendency of the whole work, remind us forcibly of A. J. Davis' *Harmonia and Revelations*. If it were not that he is quoted several times, we should incline to ascribe its authorship to him. Take a few miscellaneous extracts. Vol. I. The italics are ours:—

"It is clear that animal instincts are *mathematically* adapted to the countries they inhabit."—P. 61. "Ducks, geese, . . . and petrels are of the web-footed tribe, and *principalize* the birds"—P. 55. P. 90, argument is based on Josephus' assertion, as endorsed by Berosus, that the grandsons of Adam studied astronomy, and recorded observations on it. P. 101, we find the muddy statement that "the march" (of scientific discovery) "has been systematic, according to one plan, as it has in the development of every physical phenomenon from the germination and growth of a seed or egg, to the formation of the globe. One mind seems to have superintended the whole train, in all its evolutions. *All the various rays directly and unerringly converge towards the grand focus of Unity.*" These sentences are the climax of a chapter intended to prove an analogy of serial development in the two diverse departments of the Creation of the World on one hand, and human scientific discovery on the other.

Chap. VII. almost begins with the following—"The sphere, spheroid, *ellipse*, cone, cylinder, are aggregations of circles. Hence, to the planets, stars and *comets*, a circular motion seems to have been most natural."

Non sequitur; for if a sphere moves naturally, as Mr. Hannibal Chollop would say, "in a circ'lar direction," it follows that a three-cornered thing would naturally move in a three cornered direction; also, that Baron Munchausen *did* shoot off half a bushel of snipe's legs, by firing at them round a haystack; both of which are absurd.

Page 48. A series of fractions is stated indicating the arcs of circumference of the stems of certain plants, which separate the insertion of their successive leaf-stems, the plants being named in the following order:—grass, grass (second species), rose-bush and blackberry bush, willow, white pine, common pine cone.

Then, page 85-6, another series of fractions, obtained by using the "orbital period" of Neptune (assumed at sixty

thousand days) as common denominator, and taking for numerators the corresponding periods of the following planets, in this order:—Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Planetoids (averaged) Mars, Venus, Mercury. And the following triumphant conclusion is deduced:—

"They" (the two series) "are identical, not only in substance and value, but in the *process of formation*. If all this does not tend to prove a comparative uniformity of great things with small, and to indicate one connected network of plan and system, what does?"

We don't see it. We are inclined to believe that no human mind but Barnum's can comprehend the herculean grasp which dragged such a mermaid conclusion from such fish-and-monkey premises.

Page 107. "Nutrition needs digestion, digestion needs circulation, circulation needs respiration, respiration needs air. *air needs water.*"

Vol. II., p. 104, it is argued, first, that a convex lens has to be removed (to a certain extent) from an object, in order to adjust the focus upon such object; second, that the atmosphere has the properties of a convex lens; and third, *therefore* (in the margin), "remove the sun" (why not the lens?) "further off, and a corresponding" (*increased* is meant) "intensity of heat will follow. Our atmosphere is dense enough for a little further removal to cause a conflagration of . . . the earth itself. Solar fire" (i. e. the sun's rays when removed) "would burn a hole through its equator."

An equator with a hole burnt through it! Hence, if we wish to be warm, we should go away from the fire.

We refrain from gamboling further in the rich fields which our nameless author opens for animadversion. The book is so loose a bundle of rags that it is too much like child's play to tatter it further.

—MR. SEBA SMITH, accompanying himself with his famous straw auxiliary, or rather *doppelganger*, Jack Downing, has collected into one volume a number of short sketches, under the name of *'Way Down East*. Most or all of them we have seen in periodicals heretofore; several of them are funny and spirited; especially "Polly Gray and the Doctors," "Jerry Guttridge" and "Seth Woodsum's wife." The remainder are respectable; some of them, however, having the peculiarity of

tapering off in a disappointing manner, without any perceptible catastrophe. The book, to those who have not read it before, will on the whole prove entertaining.

—*The History and Poetry of Finger Rings*, by CHARLES EDWARDS, Esq., is an odd and heterogeneous collection of curious scraps of information, from legend, song and history, tracing the history and significances of the ornament discussed, from the patriarchal times downward. Various collateral matters of interest are likewise pleasantly considered. That very rare and graceful little poem, reported to be Shakespeare's, to his mistress, Anne Hathaway, is given—of which, however, the disjoint morsel, "Anne Hathaway, she hath a way," is floating up and down the sea of literature. And there are interesting and justifiable digressions upon amulets and charms, even to the "mad stones" lately stated to exist in Virginia, which extract animal poisons from wounds. A very slight formality of style is here and there perceptible; but it is a quality not inappropriate to the quaint researches of an antiquarian or virtuoso.

—*Brushwood Picked up on the Continent*, by ORVILLE HORWITZ, is a journal of occurrences in an ordinary European tour. It contains not much that is new, something that is sprightly, and a sort of justification or apology for licensed gambling and prostitution wholly inexpedient, latitudinarian and immoral, to say the least.

—Too many technical words are usually thought necessary in medical books, for the profit of the generality of persons. Dr. JACOB BIGELOW's work, *Nature in Disease*, is perhaps as free from those encumbrances as could be expected. It is a collection of discourses on various medical topics, some more and some less adapted to the purpose of the general reader; but all distinguished by the clear arrangement and lucid statement, which seem almost *ex-officio*, the privilege of skilful physicians. The most interesting of all, is the paper on the Burial of the Dead; which contains several curious accounts of the opening of ancient tombs.

—Mr. CHARLES GAYARRE's *History of Louisiana* under the Spanish domination, is a well written sequel to his former volume on a preceding period. It contains a considerable mass of matter extracted from original documents; which renders it rather heavy. The volume would be much

more valuable and readable, if it furnished fuller accounts of the domestic life of the people—their manners and customs at their homes and places of business. The history of the dispute between the Jesuits and Capuchins is an instance—almost the only one—of the material to which we refer; and it is the pleasantest part of the volume;—not for its scandal, but for its information of significant details.

—GRACE GREENWOOD's *Merrie England* is a collection of old English legends, in a graceful and spirited style, and so told as to be entertaining to the little people, to whose pleasure and profit Grace seems to have devoted herself.

—*Day-Dreams by a Butterfly*, is a work which we prefer to let speak for itself. We may just introduce it, however, as a dactylic metaphysical poem, of about one hundred and thirty pages.

The great question of existence is thus investigated:

"Or live we in thee
And move? Life's great sea,
A wave of thy being, roll on?
Do the stars sweep through
The unbounded blue,
The scintills of thought from its throne?"]

The eternity of matter is affirmed in rhyme, as follows:—

"As we firmly hold
To the dogma bold,
That matter, if such has aye been,
So, that it will be
To eternity,
By th' optics of reason is seen."

Sundry other deep questions are treated in the same style. We apprehend that these two extracts will, however, enable our readers to judge whether the poem will assist their investigations in mental and moral philosophy. Such studies are pills for which a good gilding of rhyme and rhythm may be a pleasant vehicle to somebody.

REPRINTS.—LADY SCOTT's novel, *The Pride of Life*, is ingeniously so contrived, that it is hard to say whether the authoress wrote in sympathy with the sorrows she describes, or in irony at the tony souls that *could* feel such sorrow. We hope that very few Americans will understand the book. We read it as a boat drives knocking against a short heavy head sea—thumped and thumped by shocks of surprise at the inadequacy of all the motives which all the way were stirring up mortal

grief and anger, breaking up families and killing men and women.

Observe:—Mordaunt Eveleyn, a young man of "noble blood," but not *very* wealthy—being allowed only four thousand dollars a year—marries a young woman of surpassing beauty, and lovely character, great artistic talent and intellectual culture, superior indeed, in every way, to himself. And thereupon, the fool of a mother, whose life is devoted to sell her daughters to lords and her son to a lady, in the name of wife and husband; and the foolish father whose weak will has been bent into the same channel; and the flip-pant, stylish sisters, who are sold or to be sold, are hurried away into passions, whirlwinds, paralyses of quenchless grief and mortification. In order to cover their shame, they plot; they lie; they take joyful refuge under the *pretence* that the young lady is a nobleman's bastard! "unacknowledged daughter" is the delicate, fashionable equivalent. She herself is brutally sequestered from intercourse with her father, mother and brother; tortured and compressed into the proper

——— "repose
That marks the caste of Vere de Vere,"

and introduced to the titled relatives of her husband, as a sneering-stock to spit their fashionable venomous envy on; they had made other arrangements for the young man.

Are there such people—animals—in England, and so many of them, that this is to be considered a portraiture of actual manners there? We had hardly supposed it.

We repeat that it seems to us, that the story must seem as unnatural and uninteresting to us this side of the Atlantic, as if all the agony and anger and sickness and death, had been deduced from Mordaunt Eveleyn's marriage with a lady outside of the pale of fashionable society, on account of having red hair, and always preferring gunpowder tea to young hyson.

—The central idea of *Heartsease* (by the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*) is the same with that of *The Pride of Life*; namely: the experience of a wife, married for her loveliness, into a sphere "above" her own. Perhaps novels of this species are a sign and outgrowth of the gradual equalization which seems to be slowly supervening upon the stratified texture of

English society. But the book is of a much higher order, morally and artistically, than Lady Scott's. The characters are exceedingly well drawn and distinguished. Violet is a true and lovely woman, operating upon her unstable husband, and her outrageously proud sister-in-law, Theodora, by forces beautiful and womanly, unconscious and still, but powerful and sure. Her own trials and changes, and those of her relatives, are very skillfully developed. The book, although not of the intense kind, bears evidence of very keen observation, and very true and careful thought; and as a work of art, must rank very high.

There is one noticeable defect, in the management of the moral. This, which was apparently intended to permeate the whole texture of the narrative, is stuck in in unassimilated, uncomfortable lumps. We come upon them as upon an unexpected jolt; with a start and an "oh!"

—PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co. publish a neat volume containing the poems of COLLINS, GRAY, and GOLDSMITH, under the editorship of EPES SARGENT, Esq. The handsome paper and open type render this a very pleasant library volume.

—LITTLE, BROWN & Co.'s Aldine series of the English Poets, edited by Professor Child, is continued with WORDSWORTH'S *Poetical Works*, in seven volumes. This set of books is of a very convenient size for reading, and the typographical execution is admirable.

NEW EDITION.—We have received a second edition of Rev. C. KINGSLEY'S powerful and suggestive novel, *Hypatia*.

TRANSLATIONS.—Can the Saxon mind properly value the Gaulish? We doubt it. We are willing to grant that French authors possess excellences which we cannot see—that it is our blindness which has something to do with the failure—and that it is only because ours is the Anglo-Saxon mind, that we prefer the productions of Anglo-Saxon writers. Whatever may be the reason, such at any rate is the fact. We remember, clearly enough the unsatisfactory result of our studies in Berquin's writings for children. And Madame Guizot's *Popular Tales* impress us similarly now. Not that they are not well and gracefully told; not that they lack adventure, or probability. But they are not agreeable, in our judgment. For this we see two causes, other than the inborn prejudices above

mentioned. One is, that a book translated for children, should be perfectly transmuted; should be rendered into the very purest, simplest, and most idiomatic English; into children's English; far away from the slightest savor of French construction or expression. Herein, though Mrs. BURKE, the translator, has done well, she has not perfectly succeeded. A second reason, which will perhaps better account for a man's dislike than for a child's, is this: that the morality of French children's books is nothing at all but sentimentality. The little folks are exhorted to preserve their honor; to respect their parents; to respect themselves; to be just to all; and charitable to the poor. But that is all. The strongest motives, for instance, which are used in Mrs. Sherwood's "Henry Milner;" the religious motives; are almost totally ignored.

For such reasons, we imagine that translations from the French will hardly be a very valuable or desirable addition to English juvenile literature.

—GUSTAV NIERITZ is reputed the best of the German writers of children's books. And Mrs. CONANT has translated his *Plum-Woman* into English. It is a respectable book of its kind, as to plot and execution, but with no impress of very great talent. Its adventures spring, moreover, from the crimes of adults, and those of a character to which introduction, even in fictions, had better be postponed to as mature an age as possible.

The Rat-catcher, written and translated by the same parties, is a somewhat elaborated and completed version of the well-known German legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The legend has not gained very much in the extension. Some of the imaginations are a little crude and harsh. But such things should not be looked at with men's eyes; and the story will undoubtedly be an attractive one to the small people, in the pleasant English dress which Mrs. Conant has put upon it.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.—*English*.—We see notices of the publication of the following, among many books:—*Sabbath Morning Readings* (on Leviticus), and *Sabbath Evening Readings* (on Luke), by DR. COMING; with prefaces of an angry character. *The Collected Works of DUGALD STEWART*, edited (with additions and notes)

by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON; which must needs be very much more valuable than Professor Stewart's works alone. DOUGLAS JERROLD's *Works*, in 8 vols. *Polynesian Mythology, and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race*, by SIR GEORGE GREY. A volume of the poet GRAY's correspondence, edited by Rev. J. MITFORD. *Scandinavian Adventures*, a book of sportsman's experiences, by that capable narrator thereof, L. LLOYD. *Life and Correspondence of Lord Metcalfe*, by WILLIAM KAYE. Dozens of books of discussion of travel and description, connected with the seat of war in the south of Russia. Two curious volumes called, *A Roll of the Household Expenses of Richard de Swinfield, Bishop of Hereford, during 1289 and 1290*; and *Documents relating to the Priory of Penwortham, &c.*; containing many details of prices and domestic matters at their dates. A translation by Mr. Cotrel, of Chevalier BUNSEN's book on *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. A book called *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History*, being about a hundred sonnets upon that period, of an unexceptionable character as to ethics, but rather solid than entertaining. The authoress is Miss ANN HAWKSHAW. A careful and studied work by J. T. WHEELER, on *The Geography of Herodotus*. Good advice to the quarreling sections of the United States, from Dr. MARSHALL HALL, in his *Twofold Slavery in the United States*. Rev. F. D. MAURICE's *Doctrine of Sacrifice, Deduced from the Scriptures*. A complete edition of Lord BROUGHAM's *Works*, under his own superintendence. Professor WILSON's complete works, edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. *A Third Gallery of Portraits*, by GILFILLAN. A translation, by RAWDON BROWN, of GIUSTINIANI's *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.*; Mr. RUSKIN's treatise *On the Nature of a Gothic Architecture*.

FRENCH.—M. DU COURET under the name of HADJI-ABD-EL-HAMED-BEY, has written a *voyage au Pays des Niam-Niams*, who (the Niam-Niams) are a people in Central Africa, with tails. M. DU COURET did not reach their country, but found one of them at Mecca, and examined his tail, and likewise presents a great mass of testimony, which seems to establish the reasonableness, or at least the possibility of Lord Monboddo's long-ridiculed theory. M. CHARLES

WEISS edits *Sermons choisis de Jacques Saurin*. The powerful sermons of that staunch Protestant will yet repay a perusal. We also notice announcements of the publication of *Heures en Prison*, by Madame LAFARGE, the poisoner. The first volume of GEORGE SANDS' *Histoire de ma Vie*. A poem composed by COULDRETTE, in the fourteenth century, called *Mellusine*, relating to that celebrated fairy of Poitou; and now edited by F. Michel, from MSS. in the *Bibliothèque Imperiale*. The sixteenth and last volume of M. DE SAULCY's expensive work, *Voyage autour de la Mer Morte et dans les terres Bibliques*.

THE FINE ARTS.

LANDSEER's *Twins*. Hitherto almost our only public galleries of Art have been the windows of the print-sellers' shops, and they have never wanted visitors. Those of us who have passed the establishments of Colman, Williams & Stevens, and Goupil—daily, for the last ten years, have had the opportunity of seeing in their windows the best works of the best artists—old and new—reproduced in copies and engravings, and to our citizens, these collections have been of no mean service. He who has neglected them, would have neglected the Louvre and the Vatican, had nature made him a Frenchman or an Italian; and he who has learned nothing from them, or only looked to sneer, has no true love for the beautiful in Art, but only follows with his censure or approval the dictates of fashion and convention. Of late, our advantages for the study of Art have been increased by the addition of a new feature to these establishments—the private exhibitions of the works of native and foreign artists—which have attracted so much attention among us during the last few months.

Williams & Stevens opened the season with one of Herring's pictures—a characteristic work of this well-known English painter of animals—which excited a great deal of attention. But a far finer picture—and one worth infinitely more as a teacher to Americans—is the "*Twins*," by Landseer, which has just been removed to Boston. It is a fine specimen of the master—a free, playful, unaffected picture, gladdening the heart with its truth, its simplicity

and its sentiment. The dogs seem to have carried off the larger share of popular praise—to judge by the tone of conversation in society and the notices of the press—but we were most interested in the two lambs. It is easy to make noble dogs interesting, but to make lambs poetical and provocative of tender imaginations and delicate sentiment, is a task that hitherto has been the "philosopher's stone" to poets—the synonym of impossibility. The execution of this picture is a fine lesson to our animal painters, who have hitherto worshipped too constantly with their faces towards Düsseldorf—Düsseldorf, at once the friend and the enemy of our national Art and artists—the foreign Delilah, whose scissors clip off all the hair of our young artistic Samsons whenever she can woo them to her side.

—ARY SCHEFFER's *Temptation of Christ*.

Messrs. Goupil & Co. have also their little private Picture Gallery, where they are at present exhibiting a fine work by Ary Scheffer, one of the few truly great artists whom France can boast. We say *few*, but those few are truly splendid names—as great men in Art as ever lived—as individual, as earnest, as original. This picture of Scheffer's embodies the passage of the Scripture narrative which represents Satan as saying—"All these will I give unto thee if only thou wilt fall down and worship me." The two stand upon a point of rock which may well be, by the silence and depth of blue which invest it, the topmost peak of an exceeding high mountain. The composition is reduced to its simplest elements. The detail of the picture is the merest suggestion. The rock upon which Christ and Satan stand is no rock—the drapery which clothes Christ is no material—all the objects are typical, and only introduced because the story could not be told without them. The aim of the artist was evidently to express his idea of the constant position of Christianity with reference to the materialism of the world. Christ points to Heaven as the abode of Him whose love is his only desire. Satan points to the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, as the highest reward he has to offer for faithful service; Christ is attired in ample vesture to express the severity of that worship which makes the spiritual beauty of the soul pre-eminent, to the neglect of the beauty of the body. Satan is naked—his form exhibiting the

strength and energy of the Greek Faun—a resemblance more closely followed out in the attitude and character of the head, which is evidently modelled in the antique.

Whatever may be our opinion of the truth of this idea of Scheffer, we cannot deny that he has shown himself thoroughly earnest in its expression, and that he has interpreted his thought with admirable directness and simplicity. It is not by any means a popular picture. It is not to be lightly looked at, and passed by without a further thought. As a *painting*, it is almost worthless and deserves the scantiest praise—but as a deep moral utterance—the sincere expression of a great soul—we have had no such picture offered to us in this city for examination within our recollection.

—Lockwood's *Last Judgment* is still being exhibited at the Racket Club Building. It is not a great painting, by any means, and we are not a little surprised at the universal expression—in the newspapers—of approbation of Mr. Lockwood's boldness in choosing such a subject for his first large picture. It seems to us, on the contrary, that such a subject ought to be attempted only by an artist of great learning and matured powers. It is not creditable to any man to undertake a work disproportioned to his powers. We are not accustomed to see beginners in any profession attempting the highest works in that profession. The child must consent to creep before he can hope to walk. Bow-legged infants only testify to the impossibility of reconciling ambition with performance at that early stage of life. Mr. Lockwood's picture is all that could have been looked for. It is not original either in conception or arrangement. It is weak in color, and the artist's claims to profound anatomical knowledge sound curiously in the presence of the picture. The notices of the work by the press, with but few exceptions, have deprecated harsh judgment in consideration of the difficulties of the subject and the great size of the picture. But the greater its size and the vaster the subject—the greater the necessity of truthful criticism. Mr. Lockwood, in attacking such a theme, has thrown down the gauntlet, and he must not complain if it is taken up. We honestly wish we could praise the picture, but it neither does justice to its subject nor credit to American Art.

It is being exquisitely engraved by Mr.

Enzing Müller—who is correcting all its faults of drawing and all the blunders in anatomy. No true idea of the execution of the picture can ever be obtained from the engraving—and, indeed, it is not pleasant to think that so fine an engraver as Mr. Müller should be devoting his time to the perpetuating so poor a work. But we believe that the enterprise is a distinguished pecuniary success.

And here we may say that the fee universally demanded among us for the privilege of seeing works of Art—twenty-five cents—is entirely too great. The charge should not exceed five, or at the most ten cents, and until our people can see pictures and statues at that rate, we shall find that such exhibitions are only attended by a few persons. Art can never come to be loved by our people until they are made familiar with its productions, and familiar they can never be, until these productions are rendered more accessible by a smaller admission fee. Every boy and girl in our city ought to see often every picture and statue that comes among us. But to bring about this happy result, demands the reduction in the tax to the extent we have indicated.

Since the removal of Landseer's picture, Messrs. Williams & Stevens have been exhibiting a picture of great merit by an American artist, resident in our city—Mr. George H. Hall. The picture is called *The April Shower*. The shower has overtaken three young ladies who are endeavoring to escape the threatened wetting by taking refuge under one umbrella. In the expression of character in each of the girls, Hall has been remarkably successful, and the execution of the picture is careful and admirable. It is not a deep work, has very little moral, and its story is simple; it is a picture to be looked at, enjoyed and taken pleasure in—a beautiful effect of color, and a clear, decided piece of character drawing. Messrs. Williams & Stevens have made a judicious choice in the selection of this picture for exhibition. It is not by one of our best known men, but it is evidently not by one of our least able and conscientious. Mr. Hall must eventually become widely known as an earnest, faithful student—a sincere lover of his work—and one of our few men who paint with conscience, and hold the master's brush.

—MR. ROGER'S, a young American who has been six or seven years in Rome, has just

returned, bringing with him several works of merit—a statue of *Ruth*, one or two busts of private persons, a statue called *The Skater*, and another, *Love in a Pet*. Mr. Rogers's marbles are on exhibition at his studio in the late rooms of the Academy of Design.

—MISS HOSMER has recently sent home two busts in marble—*Medusa* and *Daphne*, which have attracted much attention in Boston. They are the property of Mrs. Samuel Appleton.

—MR. H. K. BROWN is at work upon his *Equestrian Statue of Washington*, to be executed in bronze, and erected in some one of our public squares. We regret that we have no room at present to say all of Mr. Brown's work that we wish to say, but shall hope to do so next month.

—MR. LEUTZE's picture, *Washington at Marmouth*, is still exhibited in our city, but is to be removed before long. Every one ought to see it, for although far from being a great work, or even one of Leutze's best, it is vigorous and natural, and in its detail and minor groups an admirable picture.

—*The Crayon*, is the title of a new weekly journal in the quarto form, "devoted to the Graphic Arts and the Literature related to them." Edited by W. J. STILLMAN and J. DURAND. The first number appears just as we go to press, and we can only chronicle its advent and cordially wish it the success which so laudable an enterprise deserves. It is in good hands, and will have the best and most judicious co-operation.

—*The Albion* weekly journal presents its subscribers annually with a large engraving. The new one is a very excellent view of *Niagara*, from the north side of Goat Island, painted by WANDESFORD, and admirably engraved in line by R. HINSHELWOOD. It is one of the best representations of the Horse Shoe Falls: and as a line engraving deserves especial notice.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

RUTH HALL. By Fanny Fern. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo., pp. 400.

HARRY'S VACATION; or, Philosophy at Home. By William C. Richards. New York: Evans & Dickerson. 12mo., pp. 393.

PARLEY'S HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY. New York: E. & H. Fletcher. 8vo., pp. 416.

POSITIVE MEDICAL AGENTS; a treatise on alkaloid,

resinoid, and concentrated preparations of medicinal plants. By authority of the American Chemical Institute. New York: B. Keith & Co. 8vo. pp. 299.

ELEMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND. By Dugald Stewart. Revised and abridged, for the use of colleges and schools. By Francis Bowen. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo., pp. 490.

THE UNIVERSE NO DESERT—THE EARTH NO MONOPOLY; preceded by a scientific exposition of the unity of plan in creation. Two volumes in one. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo., pp. 289.

AN OFFERING OF SYMPATHY TO THE AFFLICTED; especially to bereaved parents. By Francis Parkman, D.D. New edition, with additions. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo., pp. 259.

POEMS. By William Winter. Boston: George W. Briggs & Co. 12mo., pp. 163.

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO ORNAMENTAL LEATHER-WORK. With twenty-three cuts. Reprinted from the London edition. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo., pp. 74.

MARY AND ELEN; or the best Thanksgiving. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo., pp. 153.

THE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY. By J. Parton. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo., pp. 443.

HYPATHIA; or New Foes with an Old Face. By Chas. Kingsley, jun. Second edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo., pp. 437. [First edition was noticed in the Monthly.]

BRUSHWOOD, PICKED UP ON THE CONTINENT; or, Last Summer's Trip to the Old World. By Orville Horwitz. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 12mo., pp. 308.

PEBBLES FROM THE LAKE SHORE; or Miscellaneous Poems. By Charles Leland Porter, A. M. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 12mo., pp. 239.

THE BOAT OLDS; or the Bunkers of Rippleton. A Tale for Boys. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Brown, Basin & Co. 12mo., pp. 253.

HUMANITY IN THE CITY. By the Rev. E. H. Chapin. New York: De Witt & Davenport. 12mo., pp. 252.

THE WONDERFUL MIRROR. By the author of "A Visit to the Country," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE LIGHT OF THE TEMPLE. By W. R. Strickland, D. D. Cincinnati: J. Ernst. 12mo., pp. 238.

THOUGHTS TO HELP AND TO CHECK. Second Series. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo., pp. 229.

THE COMPLETE POSTICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COLLIER, THOMAS GRAY, AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With biographical sketches and notes. Edited by Epes Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo., pp. 166.

THE POSTICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. In seven volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 16mo., pp. about 400 each vol.

MERRIS ENGLAND. Travels, descriptions, tales, and historical sketches. By Grace Greenwood. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo., pp. 261.

POEMS, BY ALICE CARY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo., pp. 399.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84

FORMS

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

"So, I'm not
 the *Spectator*.
 The *Spectator* is
 the *Spectator*.
 In fact, we
 it, I'm
 it, I'm

[illegible]



PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

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THE MORMONS.

SHALL UTAH BE ADMITTED INTO THE UNION?

IT seems to be generally expected that, at no very distant period, the Mormons will apply to Congress, to be admitted as an integral part into our Union—as a State of this Federacy of ours. We form the only Confederation that has ever existed with a coherent territory, a *country*, and that makes at the same time the admission of new members a part of its fundamental policy. The Hanseatic League was a league of scattered communities, whose union, if we may say so, was only on the seas, and in the foreign factories. We are, moreover, the only instance of a confederacy which leaves self-government to its components, and which, nevertheless, has a general government that goes far beyond a common league.* The relation which a State thus bears to the whole, is peculiar and complicated—a relation which must not be lightly treated. It produces problems that cannot be solved by a political formula of a few words, offered by the demagogue or the pettifogging politician, as panaceas are advertised, fit to cure all ills from scrofula and consumption, to melancholy and a fretful temper.

The Mormons will knock at our gate, as it is frequently and not inaptly called in the newspapers. Will they find written over it: Positively no Admittance, or will they meet with their peculiar advocates, and, after some wrangling in

Congress, which invariably grows more partisan-like the longer it lasts, become one of our sister States?

That knocking at the door of the Union, might suggest a scene somewhat of this sort:

SCENE: The Gate of the Capitol, at Washington—Inside and Outside of the Gate.

The Mormons at the Gate.—Bang, bang, bang!

Speaker of the House, from within.—Who is there? Who makes this noise?

Mormons.—We are Latter-Day Saints, sir—Mormons, if you please.

Speaker, as before.—And what of that? Why such a noise?

Mormons.—We wish to be admitted; indeed, we want to be; we insist upon it; indeed, the Lord demands it.

Speaker, always through the key-hole.—And what sort of people are you? What is your religion, since you speak of the Lord?

Several voices from within.—No religion, no religion here! We have nothing to do with religion here.

Leader of the Mormon Delegation.—Sir, you have no right whatever to care a straw for religion. Religion is all on our side. All we do and say, is religion, but you have nothing to do with it. Obey the Lord, and let us in. But as it

* If the reader should insist upon it that the Achsean League furnishes another instance of a federacy, with autonomy of the member States, and a general government so distinct, that Polybius says there was nothing wanting to make the Peloponnesus a *polis* (a State-city), but an encircling wall, we have no wish to enter into a discussion here, and are willing, for the sake of argument, to restrict our remark in the text to modern confederations. The position thus limited is unassailable, and requires no discussion.

is our mission always and everywhere to preach Joe Smith and Truth, we are willing to satisfy you. We do not only believe, like you, in a God who is good, but, more than that, we believe in a God that becomes better and better—not only in a perfect God, but one that becomes perfecter and perfecter, as he grows older—not only in a God that is a spirit, but one that has besides, limbs and local habitation. Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Believe ye outsiders inside, and open the door. We are a wondrous people. We do not only believe all things, but a great deal more. We do not only believe all things, but we know all things, and, we know, not only that we shall be redeemed, but that we ourselves shall become gods, with power and glory, at least so far as the pantaloony is concerned. The womankind—darling creatures—will follow us.

A voice through the key-hole, from within.—Can you not be a little in a hurry, and become gods before the next Presidential election? You might help us, and it would make you very popular, gentlemen. You know, you say the whole world will be at an end pretty soon, anyhow. Now, why won't you be quick about it?

Speaker.—Order! And how about your republicanism? You know, that old parchment says that none but republicans shall be admitted as members of the confederacy.

Mormons.—We beg your pardon, sir; no such thing. The Constitution—which was inspired: everything is inspired—says that the United States shall guarantee to each State a republican government; but if a State has no republican government, they can't guarantee it. That is clear. Besides, sir, we are a republic, and we are not. The Lord rules his saints through Brigham, and Brigham has been appointed by the Lord, so we are not; and you need not trouble yourself about that guaranteeing business. And we are a republic, because every year, Brigham, appointed by the Lord, asks the Mormons whether that appointment suits them. Have you ever heard the like of such republicanism? Did we not tell you that all of us are going to be gods? Equality for ever! We are a "theo-democracy," sir. Only

think! Brigham is inspired every day and every hour, what to say and what to write, and what to do, and our newspaper contains the revelations as clearly as those shoulder-blades gave the inspirations of Mahomet. Numa, and all that sort of men, were inspired but once, and then their inspiration was at a dead halt. That was monarchical; but we have inspiration as long as a railway; running on at full speed, sometimes backing a little, to be sure; but what of that? Do you want more?

Voices from within.—Let them in! Let them in!

Speaker.—Order! I don't exactly want more. Indeed, Messrs. Saints, it seems a little too much already. And pray, how is it with some elements of civilization, such as property and marriage? Some people tell rather ugly stories about you.

Mormon.—Have at you again, sir. You call marriage an element of civilization, do you? Why, sir, we swim in this element. You call the family the basis of all political society? We make families as plenty as chicken-coops. Didn't Mr. Ferris tell you that the saints build family houses like barracks—box to box—a new wife, a new coop? We do not only acknowledge the family and marriage as you do, who stop with such a heathen as Theseus, that was deified by his godless people for having established wedlock between one man and one woman; but we are a progressive and expansive people. Bless the Anabaptists! We make the family as wide as a lawyer's conscience. It is a lovely state, for it is full of love. Yes, sir, we do not only give wives to all men and gods,* but as many as they choose, and why should we not? Shall the liars, the Mahometans, have all the good things to themselves? Your Mr. Noyes, of Oneida county, says: Though a man love apples, may he not relish a peach too? We take peaches, apples, and all. And then, as to property, why, sir, we are—indeed—we—why, you know, sir, we are a holy mixture of socialism, and hierarchy, and individualism, and theocracy, and democracy, and all manner of things. Mixed governments, you know, are the best; we have, in fact, the government of the angels, we know

* The blasphemers actually assign a number of wives to the present Lord. We say the present Lord, for according to them, the Father had a father, and so on. There is no end to their revolting assertions and fables. Already have they "sealed" half-sisters and brothers, and mothers with their daughters to the same man. Ten times rather would we vote for the admission of a piratical State into our Union, than allow such a crew to call itself a sister State.

we have; and "we know that we know it."

Speaker.—Very well, gentlemen, be pleased to be seated—outside there—somewhere. We shall take the matter into consideration. In the meantime, you need not thump again so furiously against our door. We shall let you know when we shall have come to a conclusion.

Speaker retires; the Saints curse.

And we *will* take the matter into consideration, as gravely and as briefly as we can.

Suppose then, the people of Utah district, that is the Mormons, having increased to that number which of late has usually been considered sufficient to form a State, come before Congress, with a Constitution of their own peculiar polity, and ask to be admitted into the Union, ought they to be admitted? We say, with a Constitution of their own peculiar polity, embodying the chief features of their present politico-religious organization, as we know it and as the Mormons proclaim it, and consider it necessary and divine. If they give up their organization, and everything that binds them together as a Mormon society, and do it thoroughly and sincerely, no discussion whether they ought to be admitted is necessary in this place.

We naturally turn, first of all, to our Constitution, to see what it permits or enjoins, regarding the admission of new States.

The first paragraph of section 8, article iv., runs thus:

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into the Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any other State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress."

This passage is absolutely all and everything positive that the great instrument contains regarding the subject of admission—a subject on which our confederacy so materially differs from the federal States that have existed or are still in existence.

The passage consists of two parts: the one, containing the first eleven words, gives to Congress the right of admitting States; the other limiting this right in some essential points. We have to do with the first part only.

A simpler, plainer sentence never was written. It confers a right, and in doing so it uses the subjunctive. Congress *may* admit new States. It imposes no duty, except, as a matter of course, those implied duties, which every right and privilege imposes upon us, namely, to use and exercise it fairly, judiciously, and as upright men, impartially and candidly weighing the interests and claims of all parties concerned. It imposes the duty upon Congress. Congress is an assemblage of legislators in a high sphere, and the very right that is granted imposes the solemn duty of handling it in a statesmanlike manner, considering the welfare of ourselves, of the applicants, and of our country at large, having an honest eye to the spirit in which the same right may have been exercised on former occasions, and to the claims which may have fairly sprung up accordingly, seeking at the same time to obtain ampler information from the Constitution itself, and from the state of things which existed when the Constitution was adopted, or, which amounts nearly to the same thing, endeavoring to find the meaning of its provisions from the sense which the framers must be supposed to have attached to the words they used.

We repeat once more, the Constitution says that Congress *may* admit States. The framers were not unacquainted with the word *shall*. They have used it many times in the past which they drew up for the country. They were not unskilled in prescribing limitations. The Constitution has throughout a strongly limitary character, and, in one respect, it may be said to possess a peculiarly limitary character, inasmuch as it prescribes that Congress shall have no powers except those which are expressly granted in the instrument itself. In the case which occupies us, however, the Constitution is simply of a permissive character. It says: For fear that you may think we grant no power of admitting new States, if we do not mention it, we here declare that you may do so. And here it stops. It does not add: If such or such number of people, apply under certain and fixed circumstances, you must do it. The Constitution prevents the United States from being a closed confederacy; it infuses the principle of expansiveness; it prevents the United States, in this respect, from being considered like the other federal republics that existed at

the time of their birth, and in which the existing number of States or provinces was fundamental and final. Our Constitution is an abstemious document.

If Congress must decide whether a State is to be admitted or not, it must be decided by votes; and what considerations ought to guide each member of that body in deciding with manly directness of purpose and principle, waiving invidious secondary motives, what vote he ought to cast on so grave a question? The Constitution appeals to him for his vote, but he is not allowed arbitrarily, whimsically or selfishly, to decide the case "in his conscience;" as little as the jurymen is, though his conscience also is appealed to. Man has never the right to act arbitrarily, whimsically or selfishly, and certainly not when he acts for his country.

We are well aware that there are persons, who entertain strange notions regarding the right of their voting whichever way they please, so soon as a vote by ballot is required. The ballot, they say, appeals by its very character to their conscience, and by conscience they mean, in fact, perfect arbitrariness. We have heard of a case which, if it were as it was reported, would serve as an illustration of what we mean. We suppose that it was erroneously given to us, and we prefer, therefore, to use it for our purpose as a mere supposition. Suppose, then, there is a college, chartered and rechartered several times, and in each of its charters it is distinctly stated that no religious test whatsoever shall be applied in the appointment of professors or the admission of students. A chair of one of the natural sciences is to be filled. Among the candidates for this chair is an individual, readily allowed on all hands to be of unblemished character and pre-eminently qualified by his acquirements and reputation, as well as by his skill in teaching, to fill it with honor, yet the majority of trustees vote against him, according to their conscience, as they say, because he happens to be a Unitarian. In this supposed case we say the trustees did not vote conscientiously, because, although appealed to for their ballot, into which no person had any right to inquire, the express command of the charter demanded that they should use no religious test, and they were not, in good faith and strict duty, permitted to do that by secret ballot, which they could not openly avow, or justify.

It is equally plain that, on the other hand, a man has no right to determine his vote by any motive he chooses, provided it be not in so many words prohibited. Woe to the man who has no better support or excuse for his actions than the mere absence of direct prohibition—in politics, in morals, in religion. Such a man is exemplified by the bibbing parson in *Peregrine Pickle*, who prefers drinking strong whisky to wine, because the Bible nowhere prohibits the drinking of punch; or, if a historical instance be preferred, by the Danish baron von Viereck, with whom a friend expostulated on the outrage that he had allowed his daughter actually to marry the king, the undivorced queen still living; whereupon the baron answered that he could find no passage in the Bible that prohibits a Danish king from having two lawful wives.

A member of Congress, required to vote on the admission of a new State into the Union, ought to ask himself these three questions:

Have the United States, by uniform action, and the course of their history, entered into an implied compact, required by good faith fairly to be carried out, that in due time a certain number of settlers, with a certain territory, be admitted?

Does the Constitution directly, or interpreted—as all sound interpretation must be—by common sense and good faith, demand or prohibit anything regarding admissions into the Union?

Are there any considerations which demand of me to withhold my vote for admission, on the ground that by the admission, a foreign and disturbing element would be infused into that great and large State-system for which I, upon oath, am here to legislate?

The question of admission is one that relates to the Constitution, to good faith, to statesmanship and—like all acts of man—to sound morality in general.

The first of these questions can be easily answered. Ever since the passing of the famous ordinance of Congress, of the 13th of July, 1787—a law passed by the very founders of this government, and which, in its fifth clause, stipulates that whenever any of the said States (States contemplated to arise out of the territory to which this ordinance applies), shall contain 60,000 free inhabitants, such a State shall (and may before) be admitted on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever,

and shall be at liberty to form a permanent Constitution and State government, provided it shall be republican, &c.—ever since, we say, it has been held that if sixty thousand free inhabitants settled on a convenient territory, ask for admission, it ought not in fairness to be withheld. In many cases the population of the new State did not amount to that number. The Americans have set out in their history, and they set out to this day, in their policy, from the truth that this continent, vast, fertile, and beautiful, was made to be inhabited by men, who, with all the arts of civilization, would make it the support of as many free beings as can here find the reward of their lawful exertions. They adopted as a fundamental idea, that the first comers had no right to slam the door behind them; but that those who should come later had a fair claim to aid in settling this extensive land. They acted on the idea that the establishment of the government did not arrest the state of things, but that the Americans themselves would become an emigrating and settling race within the territory, and lastly, they set out with the noble idea that the States, forming the great pact, did not thereby constitute themselves into a closed society, to which the settlers of a new territory should be "subjects." Our State system was declared at once an "open" one. It is a feature in our Constitution, as great and wise, as the provision that says: Let all the rivers be free, and all they carry shall pass. We have uniformly acted upon these principles, and can never, in fairness, refuse a State admission, simply because we are asked for our vote, and do not choose to vote Aye. No one of us has arbitrary authority, for the very reason that all of us are free.

We pass to the second and third questions. And first, what does the Constitution enjoin or prohibit, that bears upon the question of admission, directly or indirectly? It enjoins, directly, that the States of the Union must have republican governments. It prohibits, indirectly, a voter on the question of admission, to be guided by religious preferences. As to the first, we have the 4th section of Article IV., which says:

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government, and shall protect each of them against Invasion, and on Application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot

be convened), against domestic Violence."

Concerning the second, we find, as the first words of the Additional Articles:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

We find, moreover, the following words, closing Article VI. of the Constitution:

"No religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States."

These are the only passages in which the words religion and religious occur in the whole Constitution and Amendments.

It will be admitted that the fourth section of Article IV., contains a rule applicable to him who votes on admission, although it speaks of States "in this Union," only. The question is, whether the applying State shall be "in this Union" or not. It would be sheer loss of time, were we to dwell on this subject. What we have to dwell upon, however, is that the provision uses the word *shall*, not *may*; that it *guarantees* a certain government to every State, and that this government must be *republican*.

The command expressed by the word *shall*, shows that the sequel is of paramount importance; and that which is held by the Constitution so important, is that a republican government be guaranteed to all States. Does this mean that the United States shall be ready to side with the republican party, should there ever be civil broils between republicans and monarchists in any State, if called upon to do so, but that the United States have no business with the form of State governments, monarchical, sacerdotal, or ochlocratic, if the State chooses to have a king, or live under a government of priests, or crouch beneath a succession of mobs, *en permanence*? Or does it plainly mean that republics alone can be tolerated in, and, therefore, received into the Union?

We have already referred to the fact that all sound interpretation must be founded on common sense and good faith. The latter implies that we must take words as they were meant, not according to what skill or violence may possibly make them appear to mean; and, accordingly, we all know perfectly well, both that the framers of our Constitution meant to be republicans, and that they were sensible men. It would,

however, betray less than even ordinary common sense, had the framers entertained the idea that a confederacy of permanency, vigor, and vitality, could be established, with principalities and republics, theocracies, and communisms. They, as all great institutors, had in view to create a living organism, not to stitch together a quilt, the more liked the more the rags contrast. The provision says that the United States shall protect republicanism in each State, because all are republics, and because it is essential that they are, and remain so. The mere tyro in our history knows this perfectly well. The Constitution omits mentioning that all components of the Union shall be republics, for the same reason that it does not say a word of the publicity of Congress. That which is not only admitted by all, but which forms the original mould of our thoughts, is never mentioned except by the analyzing philosopher.

The member of Congress then, who must vote on the admission of a State, must ask himself, if it becomes necessary, Has this applying State a republican form of government? And thus we ask, do the Mormons form a republic? This leads to another question: What is a republic? Dictionaries, which hardly ever give definitions, but merely strive to indicate the sense of the word, are of no use to us in this case, and in an inquiry, which, if successful, would furnish authority for the lexicographer, but cannot take the lexical explanations as a standard. Above all, we are bound to take the word Republic in the sense in which it was usually taken at the time of the framing of our Constitution, and in which we know, or have good reason to believe, the framers to have taken it.

A State is not a republic, simply because its chief is non-hereditary. The Dalai-Lama is, if not elective, certainly selective and non-hereditary; but Thibet has never been considered a republic. Nor does the elective character of the chief magistrate stamp the State with republicanism. No man has ever called the States of the Church a republic, because the Pope proceeds by election from the conclave. Nor is a State a monarchy because the chief magistrate is hereditary, as the stadtholders of Holland were for a time. Napoleon went even so far as to have his first five-franc pieces inscribed, on the obverse, with the words: Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and on the reverse, with those

of: French Republic. We suppose they will be called in future, Transition Five.

However difficult it may be to give a perfect definition of the term Republic, simply because it has been used in many different meanings, we know thus much for certain, that our institutors understood by republic, a government of a popular cast, in which the legislature forms an organism through which public opinion shall pass into public will, that is, law; and in which the chief magistrate is limited, both in power, and in duration of office, which is filled, directly or indirectly, by the choice of the people. They meant, by Republic, a polity founded upon the broad principle that the first source and starting point of power is in the people. Never, even as colonists, have their political convictions been tinctured with the fabled *Jus Divinum*; for they were English by descent.

It is true, there existed a variety of republics when our institutors resolved on independence. There were especially before their eyes the Netherlands Republic, which had so decided an influence upon the framing and naming of our federacy; and the republic of Venice, which was in former times often admired by political observers, for the wisdom and great power wielded by so narrow a State. Our Constitution, however, shows with perfect plainness, that no Venetian government, no aristocracy was meant to be included within the term Republic, as used in that instrument, for it contains the injunction that "no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States," and, for fear that this might not be considered to banish nobility from the land, the Constitution provides that "no State shall grant any title of nobility."

Whoever will study the Constitution, the debates, the times when the Constitution was framed, the political culture of the framers, the history of the colonies, and of the term Republic itself, will find that by Republic our fundamental pact means a popular and institutional polity with a representative government, in which its great powers or functions are clearly divided and distinctly limited, and in which no power, office, or distinction is hereditary, or derived from any principle or region beyond or without the popular State itself.

According to this standard, the Mormon polity is no republic. The Mormons themselves call it a theocratic

government, and a theocracy is not a republic, whatever words the Mormons may choose to jumble together, when, occasionally, they call their government a theo-democracy, which conveys about as distinct an idea as the imperial five-franc pieces we mentioned. The Mormon government is still less a republic than many other hierarchies have been, because the chief of that revolting system claims, and is considered by his subjects, to be daily and hourly inspired, by direct infusion of the Divine Spirit. We have been told that the present Emperor of Russia, when some person extolled his immense power in his presence, condescended to point to the heavens, saying: "There is one greater still." The Czar, we should think, considers himself pretty near to the heavenly quarters, but then he allows, and insists upon, that he is Czar; and what is his belief in himself, compared to Brigham, who publishes divine decrees in the "Day and Seasons," as Radway's Ready Relief is published in our papers. The most absolute chalf has never claimed any similar authority; no such authority even in Mohammed was acknowledged by any of his followers. Yet this man, with this running inspiration, is the head of a thoroughly organized government, over which he rules by this pretended inspiration. Where is the American that would dare to call such a state of things a republic? What are their two orders of priests, the highest of which, it has been hinted, will be made hereditary, and to preserve the blood of which *pure*, it is proclaimed that soon it will be made lawful to marry sisters and brothers of the same father, though of different mothers? What are these orders but a nobility? Let us not hear the objection that all this is "religious," with which, therefore, we have nothing to do. We shall presently show that we have a good deal to do with their "religion," but in this place we do not speak of their so-called religion. What we maintain is, that the form of government of the Mormons is a pretended theocratic government, and that, therefore, it can no more be admitted into the Union than the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg and his people, or the Pope, with his dominion could. The King of the Sandwich Islands would, no doubt, be very willing to be received as a member of the Union, could he remain on the throne—a sort of Attalus to us—and there would not be half the objection against his reception that exists against the admission of the Mormons.

Nor could it be of any avail were the Mormons to establish a *pro forma* political government, and were to insist upon it, that the organization of the Latter Day Saints is an affair of the church, with which our government has no business. The law does not allow subterfuges, nor do we mean to allow our great political relations to rest on falsehood. It would resemble too much the dozen of soda bottles, pretending lawful traffic, in a little entry, which leads to a brothel in the rear.

This consideration would be sufficient to prevent any citizen, loyally adhering to the Constitution, from sanctioning the admission of the Mormons into our circle of States; but there are other, and equally weighty reasons.

It has been shown on what two occasions the subject of religion is mentioned in our Constitution. It enjoins upon the United States never to make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and ordains that no religious test be ever required as a qualification for any public office. At the same time, it prescribes certain oaths to be taken, for which, however, solemn affirmation may be substituted—a substitute which had been adopted in England, with reference to Quakers, prior to the framing of our pact.

We shall not inquire whether the prohibition of "establishing" a church, which means acknowledging and supporting it as part and parcel of the State, and the command of allowing "free exercise of religion," as well as the prohibition of any religious tests, whether these are sufficient to bind us in all cases of admitting a State, wholly to dismiss the question of religion—whether, in no case whatever, we ought to ask ourselves, Can people, with such or such a religious system, possibly form a wholesome part of our system; can the consideration of the commonest decorum be disregarded in admitting an ingredient with a revolting religion into the great organism?

Some vexing cases may be readily imagined. We must not forget that the Union, from being a neighboring State to Europe, has become a contiguous country to Asia, and our new and incipient relations to Asia might produce a large influx of Asiatic paganism, coupled with a distinct race, which, without any great stretch of our imagination, might be supposed to reach the point of application for admission, and it might, then, become necessary to ask the ques-

tion: What did our forefathers exactly mean when they used the word religion in the Constitution? Where are the limits of the word, or are there none? Have we to understand it according to the *usus loquendi*, the meaning it had at the time, among these men who used it, and the sphere of action and thought in which they used it? The *usus loquendi* is one of the elements of all safe interpretation. Or ought we to take the term religion in its widest sense, in which the philosophical writer uses it, for the aggregate of all relations which subsist, or which men imagine to subsist, between them and all that surrounds them on the one hand, and a superior, or many superior beings of influencing power on the other hand?

We waive this whole consideration. We grant that the member of Congress may dismiss the question of religion when a State calls upon him for admission, that is, we grant that he need not occupy himself with religion *as* religion. He need not trouble himself in the case we contemplate, with the exact relation in which the Mormon, in his own conscience believes himself to stand to his bodily, perfectible, married Buddah god. So far as this goes, he may leave the Mormons, to use a favorite expression of their own, "severely alone." But the question does not end here.

Religion, as we have considered it so far, is a purely mental or psychological matter. It is like the moral theory of ethical philosophers, who differ as to the moral sense. It is a very different matter when we come to morality and moral acts themselves, when we have to remember that all States and every compound of States are jural societies, and that the very idea of rights and justice is founded on the antecedent idea that man is an ethical being. Neither trees nor animals have rights, whatever obligations may be imposed upon us toward them as being the creatures of our own Creator. In looking, in this case, for the moral character of man, we do not go "behind the record;" on the contrary, we take political man in his constituent parts as we must take him, and as we must take all else if we wish to handle the given material wisely, rightly and righteously.

The first consideration that presents itself here is, that although we may have sound reasons for dismissing the subject of religion in certain spheres of reflec-

tion, this does by no means imply that, because a man chooses to call an act of his religious, therefore he can do it with impunity, or that it prevents us from taking cognizance of it. We enjoy religious liberty, and mean to perpetuate it for our children; but this liberty has never been understood to mean a license of doing anything, provided it be called religious. Religious liberty means that no one shall be troubled about his faith—his inner man; but acts remain for ever subject to the law.

When the English took possession of the East Indies, they permitted, as a political government, the millions of Hindoo gods to be worshipped. They continue to rule the country on that principle, but they have put an end, without inconsistency, to the suttees, although the Brahmin asserts, and no doubt in the fullest good faith, that he firmly believes his religion recommends the self-immolation of the widow on the funeral pile of her husband, as a work most acceptable in the sight of Brahma. When the East India government had acquired sufficient strength, it caught the Thugs, and told them that they must be hanged for their regularly taught and systematically executed murder. It was of no use for the Thugs to assert, what they too, no doubt, faithfully believed to be true, that their gore-delighted goddess Kali commanded it, and rejoiced when they throttled their fellow-creatures—that it was their religious avocation. Infanticide was largely practiced toward female infants in Guzerat. That, too, was a "religious" procedure. Every custom becomes "religious" with early nations and with uneducated people. But the English did not hesitate on *that* account to put a stop to the murder.*

Frederic the Great distinguished between pretended religion and lawfulness, in his own impressive and sarcastic manner. A soldier had been sentenced to be shot for having robbed a costly ring from the finger of a Virgin Mary, in a Catholic church. The king, however, read with surprise in the minutes of the trial, that the soldier, himself a Catholic, had stoutly maintained the Virgin had made him a present of the ring. Frederic inquired of a high prelate of Silesia, where the crime had been committed, whether this was possible. After many fruitless attempts at avoiding a direct answer, the prelate was obliged to con-

* Account of the Abolition of Female Infanticide in Guzerat, by Rev. John Cormack. London, 1815.

fees that similar miracles had taken place, and might, therefore, recur. The king at once wrote under the sentence, that the soldier should have the benefit of doubt, but that in future, every soldier or civilian should be prohibited, under penalty of death, to accept any presents from the Virgin, or any saint, male or female.

There is not a crime or vice, however mean or frightful, in the long catalogue of sin and shame, that has not at some time or other formed an avowed element of religious systems. Cheating, theft, murder, and refined cruelty have been parts of religions. Prostitution and drunkenness have had their proclaimed share in worship. Children have been fattened like calves to be eaten, spicily dressed by elaborate cookery, in honor of the gods. Hosts of men have been slaughtered by priests and temple servants, religiously to honor the corpse of a king, and to magnify the glory of a departed despot. Hundreds of women have been thrown over precipices, because the gods demanded thus to honor the presence of an ambassador. This has been; this is still, and this will be again. Grieve as we may, it is but too true, not only that "everything happens,"* but also that everything happens over again. And is all this crime politely to be suffered because the perpetrator cloaks his misdeeds with the ragged mantle of his fiendish religion? Fantastic squeamishness is no element of statesmanship. There is nothing more calamitous in rulers than political conceits. If the worship of Astarte, with all its naked harlotry, were revived, should we countenance it? Do not charge us with unnecessarily travelling beyond the pales of actuality. There is, unfortunately, directness enough in all

we say, for the nearest purpose which we have in view. Suppose the blessed time of burning heretics should return, and one of your communities should make it lawful, would you take such a community as a sister-state to your bosom? Let us speak out like men, and have the truth in a bulk at once. The cunning king's malicious *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*, must be reversed into the republican Who cannot face the truth cannot rule.

To speak of all the immoralities and obscenities sanctioned by the Mormon Law, would be impossible here. It would be a loathsome task, and besides, it would be necessary to quote their chapter and verse for each statement of ours, because without it, happily, many readers would not believe us. This, however, would obviously lead us beyond reasonable limits. We shall then restrict ourselves to their acknowledged polygamy. They avow it; they boast of it; they challenge the world on this ground; they do not only sanction it by their law, but they proclaim it as an essential part of their whole polity and religious system; they carry it to their celestial spheres; they revel in it, and not only has it already borne the poisonous fruits which it always produces, but that peculiar element of vulgarity and knavery which has passed from the characteristic foulness and cheating jugglery of the founder into all Mormonism, has also shown itself, even at this early period, in the "divine institution," as the Mormons actually call their polygamy, to such an extent that Eastern polygamy appears like a state of refinement compared to this brutality.†

Yet, Mormon polygamy is a "religious institution." Be it so. Let us not touch their religion. It defiles. Polyga-

* It was Talleyrand who said: *Tout arrive.*

† We could almost ask the Mormons: Why not improve upon stale Asiatic polygamy? Nothing so snug as a choice *souper carré*, and why not have *mariages carrés*? The sinful register of human outrages and wicked insanities, makes mention of this abhorrent thing as having been among the sad realities. We were obliged to dwell on it in another place, but did it for decency's sake, in Latin. Polygamy must make wives pretty rare for some poor fellows in Utah. Why, then, do not the Mormons publish a revelation *d'occasion*, as they have done so often, which should permit polyandry? That, too, exists in some parts of the world, and, since the followers of Smith have, on several occasions used the mere absence of a prohibition in the Bible, as a positive permission, they may use the argument that polyandry is, we believe, prohibited in direct terms nowhere in that book. It would be so Mormonian, in logic as well as in morals!

All this is disgusting in the last degree; but what of that? Mormonism, from its very beginning, has been encrusted with vulgarity, jugglery, license and muddy materialism. That our propositions are loathsome, cannot be urged as a fair objection to them—at least not by the Mormons.

Mormonism is one of those subjects in history, which, like the Reign of Terror, the vice and crime of Louis the Fifteenth and his court, or the periods of stinking infamy in imperial Rome, make the beholder bend down with averted face and exclaim—"I, too, belong to this race!" The mischief which large crimes leave upon the whole race, is as great in its downward direction, as the instances of noble individuals and nations are in their elevating effects. Those make us stagger and almost despair; they throw mankind back. These reassure and encourage, they strengthen our faith. Those embitter; these are calming and ennobling. It is a fearful thing for the best as for the worst, for single men and for communities, to become familiarized with grossness and wickedness, and yet, there stands the unchanging, primary condition of all reform and progress: Know the truth; act, and neither wince nor dabble.

my may be their religion, and so far we have as little to do with it as the law would have to do with a man, who like Madan,* should write a book in defence of a plurality of wives. But the polygamy of the Mormons is no book speculation; it is an act, a fact, and the legislator *has* to do and deal with acts and facts.

Monogamy is sanctioned by our religion, indeed, as everything pure and holy is, but monogamy goes beyond our religion. It is "a law written in the heart" of our race. The Greeks, the Romans—whose history is rich with noble mothers, wives, and matrons—and the Germans, were monogamists before St. Paul denounced the gods of Greece, at Athens, or Boniface applied the axe to the oak trees in the sacred groves of Germany. Monogamy does not only go with the western Caucasian race, the Europeans and their descendants, beyond Christianity, it goes beyond Common Law. It is one of the primordial elements out of which all law proceeds, or which the law steps in to recognize and to protect. Wedlock, that is, the being locked of one man in wedding to one woman, stands in this respect on a level with property.† Property antecedes law, as values, and with them a currency, or circulating medium long precede money. Wedlock, or monogamic marriage, is one of the "categories" of our social thoughts and conceptions, and, therefore, of our social existence. It is one of the elementary distinctions—historical and actual—between European and Asiatic humanity. It is one of the frames of our thoughts, and moulds of our feelings; it is a psychological condition of our jural consciousness, of our liberty, of our literature, of our aspirations, of our religious convictions, and of our domestic being and family relation, the foundation of all that is called polity. It is one of the pre-existing conditions of our existence as civilized white men, as much so as our being moral entities is a pre-existing condition of the idea of law, or of the possibility of a revelation. Strike it out, and you destroy our very being; and when we say *our*, we mean our race—a race which has its great and broad

destiny, a solemn aim in the great career of civilization, with which no one of us has any right to trifle.

There have been a few exceptions to the pervading monogamic spirit of our western Caucasian race. The Papal See is reported to have permitted bigamy in one or two cases, when a man had married a second wife, erroneously believing that the first was dead. The aberration of Luther regarding the Landgrave of Hesse is well known. Though he erred, he still erred from a desire to save a fellow being, under peculiar circumstances, from the sin of adultery. The most remarkable fact, however, in this connection seems to us, that Napoleon, according to his own dictation, had seriously occupied himself with the introduction of lawful bigamy in the West Indies. In the first volume of the "*Mémoires pour Servir à l'Histoire de la France*," by Count Montholon, we find a passage which seems to us of an interest, sufficient to warrant us in extracting it at length:

"The question of liberty of the blacks, is a very complicated and very difficult. In Africa and in Asia it has been solved, but it has been done by polygamy. The whites and the blacks form parts of the same family. The chief of the family [how naturally Napoleon here falls at once into the Asiatic view, in speaking of the chief, not of the father of the family!] having white, black and colored wives, the white and mulatto children are brothers, are brought up in the same cradle, have the same name, and sit at the same table. Would it then be impossible to authorize polygamy in our islands, restricting the number of wives to two, a white and a black one? The First Consul had some exchange of ideas on this subject with some theologians, in order to prepare this great measure. The patriarchs had several wives. In the first centuries of Christianity, the church tolerated a species of concubinage, the effect of which allowed several women (or wives, the original is *femmes*) to one man. The Pope, the council, have the authority and the means to authorize a similar institution, since its object would be civilization, the harmony of society, and not to spread the

* Rev. Martin Madan, author of *Theluptora, a Defence of the Plurality of Wives*. He lived about 1767. Horace Walpole (page 185, vol. v. of his *Letters*) calls him "the rogue Madan."

† The attention of the philosopher cannot help being arrested by the fact, that at all times property and marriage have stood or fallen together. Wherever fanatics, Protestants, Catholics, and even Mahometans, have attacked the one, they have attacked the other. In Europe, Asia, and America, in ancient times, and in modern, from the Spartan communist to the German Anabaptist, from the Anabaptist to the French communist, and American Onelda mon. The reader will find this subject touched upon by Lieber, in his *Essays on Labor and Property*.

lust of the flesh; the effect of these marriages would be limited to the colonies: proper measures would be taken, so that they should not carry disorder into the present state of our society."

A volume might be written on this wild passage, which, nevertheless, is thoroughly Napoleonic, yet, on the other hand, self-contradictory throughout. A pity, that it will not serve the Mormons; for, although favoring bigamy, it founds this "institution" on amalgamation, and the Mormons consider the poor blacks a cursed race, proving the curse by their sable skin.

In spite of these exceptions it is, nevertheless, true that monogamy, together with the endeavor to establish political liberty, the abolition of castes, and a spirit of criticism and freedom in inquiry, opposed to mere tradition, as well as creative freedom in the arts and letters, constitute the main distinctions between Asiatic and European mankind. We know that this does not apply to Russia, but Russia is a mere hybrid between Asia and Europe, a historical intruder, whose destiny is the same with that of Turkey—of being broken up.

We return to our subject. We maintain that in this light, the Mormon polygamy is a subject of the weightiest importance to be considered by him, whose duty it is to decide whether he shall give his assistance to instil so foreign an element into our system, or lend his aid in keeping it at a distance; for, decide he must, since his Constitution demands a Yes or No of him, and does not say, So soon as asked to admit a State you shall vote Yes. If that had been the intention of the framers, they would have made the whole question a matter of judicial record, as our law makes naturalization, but admitting a State into an organism of States is a subject somewhat graver than merely naturalizing an individual.

Yet, it has been asked: Have we not already sanctioned their polity, by allowing them to carry it out in our territory? We do not believe that the Emperor of Russia is answerable for every villainy committed by the Bashkeers. There is one act, indeed, which has appeared like an acknowledgment on our part—we mean the appointment of Brigham Young as governor of Utah, by President Fillmore. This is a single act of a single branch of our government. Every one can err, and this was an error; but errors ought to be retracted. At any rate,

the member of Congress who will be obliged to vote on the admission, must decide the matter in his own conscience, according to the Constitution, good faith, and duty. The decision is his own affair, upon his own responsibility. He must vote as trustee for his country. The wisest farmer may not always be able to prevent degrading irregularity in his outhouses, but he would sink below all hope of rising again to a fair level in the opinion of his neighbors, were he to introduce the corrupt one into the dwelling house as his wedded wife.

Our task has been to answer the question whether the Mormons ought to be admitted into the Union. We have answered some of the main points as well as we are able to do it, and here we take leave of the subject, at least for the present.

We are aware that the perusal of this paper will call up in the mind of many a reflecting reader, a point, which, so far as we know, has never been discussed, and well it is that it has not. If we lay so much stress upon the necessity of keeping the Mormons out of our Union, as we have done, because they would be a sloughing member of the body, what is to be done, if a State, fairly admitted, and forming an integrant part of our system, should *become* as foul and festering as they now are? Mr. Calhoun, it seems to us, must have found it easy to answer this question; for if, upon the mere ground of a federal contract, a State has the right to secede from the Union, because the contract, according to the conviction of the State has been violated, it logically follows that the Union has a corresponding right of expelling a State, when, according to the conviction of the Union, the contract has been violated. It is upon this ground that the views of Mr. Calhoun have ever appeared to us dangerous to the very States whose especial champion he was considered.

We, whose views on our State-system lie between the two poles marked by Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Webster, do not find it so easy to answer the question. Let us suppose that a State were to turn a sort of former Algiers; or suppose a State were to adopt French communism in the present Proudhon style—no God, no government, no property, no wives, not even polygamy, but with cynicism, in the literal sense of the word—a doggery proclaimed universal; suppose a State should become so filled with Chinese, that the whites were absorbed; or sup-

pose a State should become *bona fide* Africanized; or let us imagine that a territory has formed itself with the consent of Congress into a State, thus being, of course, sovereign, and then applies for admission into the Union. Congress votes No, and the State declines removing the difficulties that may have been in the way. What becomes of the State? An independent empire in the midst of us?*

We might suppose a number of cases of this kind, which do not belong to the politics, but rather to the hyper-politics of a country, and can as little be brought within the sphere of rule and regular action, as the subject of revolution. Blackstone, when he touches upon the question, what is to be done when the crown breaks the British contract? says that the law does not contemplate the case, and that history furnishes the example of James II. being sent off for having done so. So we would say, there is no rule without exception, and there is no institution, which in the combination of certain circumstances, can help dealing

with subjects that must be decided, but for which its own distinct law and character does not furnish the regular means. The knot must be loosened; untie it, if feasible; if not, use Alexander's way. Modern English judges never answer speculative cases; they have invariably replied, When the case comes up, I shall decide it after hearing the law and the facts. Suppositions, as we have made them, would have been in their proper place when the Constitution was formed, if even then, for it has proved a great blessing to our country, that the framers were far-seeing and practical men, who neither threw away the past, merely that they might contrive something new, nor lost themselves in speculative subtleties, or a desire to play at political omniscience, regulating beforehand, all possible combinations. It is an error into which, strange enough, those are now continually falling that arrogate themselves the name of "men of progress."

Once more—the question we proposed to ourselves was: Ought the Mormons to be admitted? And we answer NO.

THE COSSACKS.†

THERE is a great deal of speculation, though but very little known about the origin of this strange race of people, who have contributed so much by their arms to the aggrandizement of the Russian Empire. Historians and geographers generally treat of them under two distinct heads—the Cossacks of the Don, and the Cossacks of the Dnieper. All the various tribes of Cossacks of which we read, are probably offshoots from the one or the other of these two principal stocks.

We will speak first of the Cossacks of the Dnieper. So long ago as the 15th century, they had their home on the banks of this river, which flowed through their country from North to South. On their north lived the Poles and the Russians. On their south, the Empire of

the Turks extended along the entire Northern coast of the Black Sea. Their country was very appropriately called the *Ukraine*, that is, the Frontier Country. Its natural situation made it the bulwark of Christendom, against Mohammedanism, in this part of the world, and its inhabitants always had to bear the brunt of the battle, in the long and bloody wars between the Turks and their northern neighbors. Even in times of peace, they were never free from the dangers of sudden invasion. They were obliged to keep themselves continually on the lookout for the enemy. Thus, from the beginning, they became a nation of soldiers. In the times when the Poles were prosperous and powerful, the Cossacks of the Dnieper acknowledged

* The whole subject of transition from dependence to sovereignty is involved in theoretical difficulty. In strict philosophy, there is no real source of sovereignty but revolution. Napoleon, when he made his brother kings, always used the term of *acknowledging* them as kings, or sovereigns. It was felt by him that the making or constituting a sovereign, implied a contradiction in terms; but if he *acknowledged* Joseph as sovereign king of Naples, when had Joseph become such? Not, certainly, by declaring himself a sovereign. He was *made* a sovereign by the Emperor's proclamation, yet the conqueror merely *acknowledged* him. Happily, reality goes on in spite of theoretical difficulties of theories.

† Brockhaus' *Gegenwart*, band II. —Hawthausen; *Studien über Russland*.

their supremacy, and fought under their banners. Sigismund I., who came to the throne in 1507, was the first Polish king who availed himself of the services of the Cossacks for the defence of his dominions against the Tartars: though we are told that Osimir, the same who united Poland and Lithuania, recognized them as his vassals, and gave them equal privileges with the Polish nobility. In the reign of Stephen Batory, who ascended the throne in 1575, the Cossacks of the Dnieper began to play a very important part in the history of Poland. This king spared no pains for their improvement and amelioration. He trained them to habits of military discipline; he confirmed to them the possession of their territory, and the enjoyment of their own hereditary institutions. The government of the Cossacks was a democracy. The principle of equality was recognized, and no Cossack was disqualified by distinctions of rank from attaining the highest offices. Their chief was called the *Hetman* or *Attaman*. He was chosen annually, and during his term of office, his authority was unlimited. The Cossacks were not at all exclusive or clannish in their customs. Nobody was excluded from their community; hence their numbers were swollen with fugitives from justice and victims of oppression from the countries around them. Thus they became a mixed race, though the Slavie element was always predominant. For this reason, some have said that the Cossacks were not, properly speaking, a nation, but only a military organization, for the purposes of defence or plunder, like the Rangers of Texas; or a peculiar class of people, like the Squatters of our Western country. Many of the Cossacks were sailors, rather than horsemen, and the so-called Zafarog Cossacks, who lived on the lower Dnieper, were notorious for their piratical excursions on the Black Sea.

So long as the Poles kept their promises, and respected the liberties of the Cossacks, so long the Cossacks remained faithful subjects of the Poles. But it stands recorded upon the pages of history, that the loyalty of the Cossacks was most shamefully abused by the Poles, who were afterwards summoned to witness the consequences of their injustice, in the dismemberment of their country. The Jesuits crept into Poland. Here, as everywhere else, they laid their plots, and wove their intrigues. They insinuated themselves into the favor of the

king; they gained access to the councils of the nation, and from that time the whole atmosphere of Poland became tainted with bigotry. The Cossacks had never acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. They belonged to the Greek Church, which was also the National Church of the Russians. They are damnable heretics, cried the Jesuits. They must forthwith be converted, answered the Poles; and so, the fires of persecution were lighted against this innocent people.

The nobility of Poland too, have just as much to answer for, in their treatment of the Cossacks, as the clergy. The haughty aristocrats could not bear to see the Cossacks enjoying equal privileges with themselves. They wished to make serfs of them. The will of the king was of no effect. The monarchy had become elective, and the king was no better than a foot-ball, to be kicked about by the contending factions. The nobles vied with the priests in oppressing the Cossacks; for intolerance in religion always goes hand in hand with tyranny in politics. Treaties were disregarded, and old established laws trodden under foot. There lived among the Cossacks at this time, a man by the jaw-breaking name of *Chruelneski*. He became their Hetman. His property had been violated, and family outraged by a Polish Governor. Private revenge, therefore, added fuel to his patriotism; he made an alliance with the Tartars of the Crimea. An army was raised, large enough to conquer the Poles, who, in 1649, by the treaty of Zborou, were forced to recognize all the rights and privileges of the Cossacks. But the Cossacks had become too far alienated from the Poles, ever to be their friends again. No treaty of peace could close up the breach between them. The Poles and Russians were enemies, and the Cossacks had become formidable enough to hold the balance of power between them. They had generally fought on the side of the Poles, but the wrongs they had suffered, led them to forget their enmity towards the Russians. Their religion was the same as that of the Russians, and they were as nearly allied to them by blood as to the Poles. They accordingly put themselves under the protection of Russia, and in 1654 the treaty of peace was concluded which made them the subjects of the Ozar. This event gave a shock to Poland, from which she never recovered.

But the Cossacks of the Dnieper fared no better with the Russians for their masters, than if they had submitted to the oppressions of the Poles. It made little difference that the Czar had sworn to respect their Constitution, and to refrain from interfering in their internal affairs. The Democracy of the Ukraine, and the Absolutism of Russia could not exist together, any more than fire and water. Sooner or later the one was to absorb the other. The process was probably hastened by the turbulent and disorderly spirit of the Cossacks. They were a nation of warriors, and like warlike nations generally, they were heroes on the field of battle, and notorious robbers everywhere else. When Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden were at war with each other, the Cossacks had Mazeppa for their Hetman, the same whom Byron has immortalized; he turned traitor to the Russians, and united his forces to those of Charles. The victory gained by Peter at the Battle of Pultowa, in 1709, gave him full opportunity to exercise his revenge against the rebels. The Cossacks were deprived of their most valuable privileges; they were no longer permitted to choose their own Hetman; and the ambassadors whom they sent to the Czar, to complain of their grievances, were put in chains. Twelve thousand Cossacks ended their days in hard labor, as convicts, upon the Ladoga Canal. Ten thousand more were marched into Persia. In 1784, Catherine II. put a finishing stroke to the work, which her predecessor had begun. The boundaries of the Empire had been extended far beyond the Ukraine. The Cossacks were no longer the protectors of the frontier, and hence there was no need of continuing an organization so inconsistent with the despotism of Russia. They had conspired together to throw off the yoke of Russia, and establish an independent government. Thus a plausible pretext was furnished for their complete annihilation. Some of their number were transported to the banks of the river Kuban, where their descendants still form part of the line of the Caucasus, under the name of Cossacks of the Black Sea. With this exception, the existence of the Cossacks of the Dnieper is only a matter of history, and all traces of their institutions in the Ukraine are well-nigh obliterated.

The Cossacks of the Don, on the contrary, still continue to occupy their an-

cient home, in one of the most fertile districts of the Russian Empire. Their territory is a little larger than the State of Indiana, and contains a population of 700,000, of which 150,000 are serfs. Besides these, there are about 300,000 so-called Cossacks, distributed in military colonies along the line of the Caucasus, and through Siberia, who trace their relationship with the Cossacks of the Don, through the early settlers, that were sent out from them, in former times, to those regions, to guard the frontiers. Thus it appears, that the Cossacks of the Russian Empire number, at present, about a million of souls.

As early as 1570, the Cossacks of the Don became tributary to Russia. In those times they were a wild race of freebooters, famous for their courage and skill in war, and their turbulent and predatory spirit. We meet them in history, fighting the battles of the Russians against the Tartars, or taking an active part in the internal convulsions of the empire; engaged, sometimes, in exploring and conquering distant regions previously unknown; at other times, in plundering the caravans that bear the commerce of the Orient from Azof and Astrachan, to Moscow. To the roving and restless spirit of the Cossacks, Russia owes her dominion over Siberia. In the reign of John the Terrible, a Cossack chief by the name of Yermak, in the employment of the Stroganoffs, a family of wealthy merchants, undertook, with a handful of followers, 840 in number, an expedition across the Ural Mountains, which, like the expedition of Cortez to Mexico, resulted in the conquest of an empire, immense in extent, and abounding in inexhaustible mines of gold. The descendants of these adventurers and of those who followed them, now compose the aristocracy of Siberia. Some of them live in the towns: others are stationed in garrisons along the frontiers of China.

From the Cossacks of Siberia, we pass by the Cossacks of the Ural and Orenburg, who number together about 100,000, to those who compose the military line of the Caucasus. Their population amounts to about 150,000, of whom no less than 20,000 are constantly under arms. They occupy the chain of fortified villages or military posts, which extends along the northern frontier of Circassia from the Black Sea to the Caspian. The descendants of the Cossacks who were first sent to this re-

gion, have had their ranks thinned so often by the fortunes of war, and then again, so often reinforced by fresh levies from various parts of the Empire, and volunteers from the Tartars and other tribes around them, that the original stock of the Cossacks is scarcely discernible in this mixture of races. But if these military colonists are not Cossacks by descent, they are more so in their habits and manner of life than any other subjects of the Ozar. Here, as nowhere else, the frontier settler is constantly exposed to the same dangers from the Circassians, as the Cossacks of former times from the Tartars. The same circumstances and necessities beget the same habits of life and the same character. Here, the Cossacks are engaged in a perpetual warfare with their southern neighbors, like those of former times, and hence we find them possessed of the same bold and adventurous spirit, the same hardihood and bravery.

But it is far otherwise with those Cossacks, who still dwell in the land of their ancestors, on the banks of the Don. The boundaries of the Empire have been pushed far beyond their borders, so that their country is no longer the theatre of war—no longer the frontier, any more than the Ukraine. Their soil is remarkable for its fertility. Hence they have become an agricultural and pastoral people, much more inured to the arts of peace than of war. As was said above, their population amounts to about 700,000. They speak the same language as the Russians, and belong to the same great Slavic race. The Cossacks of the Don never undertook to throw off the yoke of Russia, and make themselves entirely independent, like the Cossacks of the Dnieper, and hence they have been spared the fate which befell the latter. But their government and institutions underwent serious modifications in the reign of Peter the Great and Catherine II. In the present century, too, and especially within the last twenty or thirty years, the process of assimilation to the despotic system of Russia has been going on, so that the Cossacks, although more favored, perhaps, than the other subjects of the Ozar, still retain very few of their ancient liberties. They no longer choose their own Hetman. The title of Hetman of all the Cossacks is now vested in the hereditary prince of the Empire. Most of their military and civil functionaries are appointed by the Ozar.

Once the principle of equality prevailed, but now an aristocracy has been instituted, and serfdom established. Formerly, all lands were held in common. But, in 1841, this kind of tenure was abolished, and every free male person was made the exclusive owner of about 80 acres of land, and to every serf was given half that amount. The Cossacks of the Don have no direct taxes to pay, and they are free from the operation of the government monopolies, which weigh so heavily upon the other provinces. In consideration for these exemptions, every Don Cossack between the age of 16 and 42, must hold himself in readiness for military duty at any moment, armed, equipped, and mounted, exclusively at his own expense. By the operation of this system of conscription, the Cossacks of the Don furnish an army of 50,000 to 60,000 cavalry, for the service of the Ozar. These troops form, perhaps, the best body of light cavalry in Europe. No dependence can be put upon them in a pitched battle. They would never stand before the mouth of a cannon, or a charge of bayonets. But they are proverbial for their skill in horsemanship, and their sharpness in reconnoitering an enemy. Hence the celebrated Russian General, Suwaroff, called them the *eye* of the army. Large detachments of Cossacks always attend the movements of the regular army, when in active service; and all who have read the account of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, know well how efficient they are in harassing the enemy, and impeding his progress.

The Cossack troops are not allowed to be idle in times of peace. They are employed to carry into execution the extensive system of internal police and espionage of the Empire. They form the escort of government officials, and persons of distinction on their journeys, and the guard of exiles on their way to Siberia. They are intrusted with the conveyance of important messages from one part of the Empire to another, where dispatch is the most that is required. They are the spies, the *gens d'armes*, and hangmen of the Empire. They are employed on the frontiers to prevent the smuggling of contraband goods, and waylay those travellers who presume to enter Russia without a passport. In Asia, along the southern boundary, which stretches more than 4,000 miles through inhospitable wastes from the Black Sea to the Pacific Ocean,

and in Europe, along the bank of the Danube and the borders of Germany to the Baltic Sea, the Cossack pursues his old vocation of guarding the frontiers. Wherever Russia extends her sway, there he posts himself as sentinel, to watch the avenues of approach to this immense Empire—to guard them alike against the incursions of the savage hordes of Asia, and the introduction of the revolutionary propaganda of Europe—the barbarism of the East, and the civilization of the West. The attribute of ubiquity which he apparently possesses, renders him a fit symbol of the power of the Czar. To the traveller in

Russia, especially, he seems everywhere present, and hence the word *Cossack*, in the language of Western Europe, has come to be a synonym, or perhaps, a term of opprobrium for everything Russian.

In conclusion, it may be stated that the entire military force of the Cossacks amounts to about 125,000. After making allowance for the troops necessary to maintain defensive operations in Asia, and perform the ordinary police service in the interior, it is estimated that from 50,000 to 60,000 Cossacks, armed and mounted, might be brought into the field against Western Europe.

BESSIE.

BESSIE wears a gown of red,
 A homespun gown and apron blue;
 She has no hat upon her head,
 And her wee brown feet are without a shoe.
 Bessie has hair like the sunset's gold,
 And her eyes were born from the deep blue sea;
 In their depths is a story told;
 I love Bessie, and she loves me.

Bessie's hands are hard with toil,
 And her cheeks are dark with the wind and rain;
 But her lips are rich with the rosy spoil,
 That if once I taste, I must taste again!
 Bessie has ne'er a silken gown,
 Nor a crimson hat, nor a necklace fine;
 But she wears of cowslips a golden crown,
 That I'd rather than any queen's were mine.

Bessie dwells in a lowly cot;
 A lonely cabin with trembling walls;
 'Tis old and poor, but she thinks it not,
 And loves it better than lordly halls.
 She counts the stars as she goes to sleep,
 And loves to listen the pattering song,
 That, over her head, the rain-drops keep,
 In the April weather, all night long.

Bessie's step is light like the fawn's,
 And her voice like the chiming of silver bells;
 I hear it oft in the summer morn,
 But I dare not whisper what it tells!
 Lingering and dying round my heart,
 Ever and ever its echoes be:
 Who shall divide us, or what shall part?
 I love Bessie and she loves me.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

THESE Islands, lying on the borders of the northern tropic, possess a climate which approaches the golden mean of temperature as nearly as can be desired, or hoped for; remote from the mainland of California, and swept by the refreshing trade wind of the Pacific, they are singularly free from all those elements of disease that are usually the fatal inheritance of warm latitudes. Here the merchant can dwell at his port, and the planter can reside upon his estate, throughout the year, with the glow of health upon their cheeks, and without the fear of any noxious fever, either of the yellow, bilious, or other pleasant variety; and a vigorous old age can be attained and enjoyed by those who would not survive the middle period of life amidst the rigors of the north.

Even the most enthusiastic, imaginative, and patriotic people in the United States, will scarcely class *their* climate, as among the "institutions" for which they claim the admiration of the world; *here*, the atmosphere is a "veritable institution;" and breathing for ever this balmy and summer air, renders the mere sense of existence a rare pleasure in itself. Beyond all expression, yea, perhaps beyond the comprehension of all *northern* minds, is the fascination of the easy out-of-door life common at the Islands; a charm that wins upon one from day to day, and weds him to the spot, as to a bride.

We read with positive horror, of human beings *frozen* to death, and killed by the *heat*, within the same twelve-month of 1853, in or near the cities of Boston and New York, and the bare thought of a return to such an inhospitable clime is vividly suggestive to us, dwellers by the sun, of Dr. Kane's drear extremes, from bathing in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, to his icy search for the lost Sir John Franklin.

The chief want of these Islands, at this moment, is settlers of a good class, from the United States; and if there are any parties within those hyperborean regions who are casting about for a dwelling-place where they shall not know such enemies as "winter and rough weather," let them take into consideration the particular merits of the Hawaiian group, in that respect; and if they can decide in favor of this charming cluster, let them, firstly, do all they can to advance its an-

nexation to the Union; secondly, embark themselves for Honolulu, and finally, induce as many others as they can to follow their example.

Here, they will not find either hurricanes, tornadoes, or typhoons; here, chilblains, and the whole tribe of frosty diseases, are unknown; here, no one catches his death of cold; here, the most delicate lungs have fair play; here, the children avoid the house the year round, and young buds grow apace; here, in fact, without further tedious enumeration, is an Eden for little folks, and the very Paradise of climate for the more mature.

Having got up so high, it is rather difficult to come down again; but the next thing that may be said, is, that here is the heaven for *horses*, also—that is, for all those who do not belong to such unmerciful owners, as the natives of these Isles. Veterinary professors would starve in Hawaii, for horses are never sick; running at free quarters upon the plains, and feeding upon the grasses that nature designed them to eat, they are free from those ills that befall their more pampered brethren who are housed in close stables, fed upon heating grains, and undergo the extremes of heat and cold.

Hence it follows that keeping horses is attended with but little trouble or expense, and that luxury is accordingly indulged in most extensively, by high and low. In most other countries, the cost of horses begins immediately after their purchase; here, it may be said to end, when they are once bought and paid for; thenceforward, a rope for a tether, and a lasso, are sufficient grooming-stock; shoeing is unnecessary, and you may keep a dozen chargers as readily as one, if you have but a paddock to turn them into. Equestrianism, under these advantages, is naturally the rational recreation of the whites, but to the indigenous males and females of Hawaii, it is the most rapturous enjoyment of their existence—to the latter gender, perhaps, a little more so. These brown-skinned ladies have their own taste in dress, and are devoted to it, in the due proportion common to their fairer sisters; but their ruling passion is certainly for riding on horseback, and they indulge themselves in this pastime with a constancy and a relish that is all their own.

In the country, women working in the house, or in the field, for twelve and a-half cents per day, frequently come to their labor on horseback; the men less often, though it is not an uncommon practice with them; parties of both sexes are constantly travelling about, and on Sundays, the going to and from church is, to them, pretty much like "going to the Derby," racing cavalades throng the roads; and it might be supposed that the moving principle animating all, was the fear, "that the devil would really get the hindmost."

But on Saturday afternoons, at Honolulu, during the whaling season, the turn out of the women is immense; regiments of these amazons, with their attendant squires, in the proportion of perhaps, one "*kanaka*," to six "*wahinees*," regularly take the field, and new comers upon such gala occasions are apt to imagine that they have stumbled upon a grand muster and inspection day for all the damsels of the kingdom.

The riding costume of these tawny Dianas is *unique*, and perhaps indescribable; in general terms, it may be said, that the skirt is of orange, green, or scarlet print, or silk, several fathoms in length, as it is cut from the piece, though one or more breadths are sewed together, to increase its width. This is middled, taken around the waist, and in some mysterious manner envelopes the limbs so as to permit the wearer to ride—as men ride—and conceals the feet; the ends hang below the stirrup nearly to the ground, and flutter like bright streamers in the wind. Low silk or velvet hats, gay with feathers and flowers, and scarfs and ponchos of gaudy hues, complete this novel attire, which presents an original and picturesque combination of garments, exceedingly pleasing to the foreign eye.

It is a marvellous metamorphosis, exceeding that of Billy Button in the ring, and most curious to observe, when these damsels dismount and unrobe, as they do in public; in the twinkling of an eye they disengage themselves from the mystic folds of their flowing skirts, and one is astounded to perceive them step forth in *long gowns*, reaching to the heel, and intact from any slit or separation whatever.

Goats, calves of six months and upwards, oxen full grown, and donkeys of all sizes, are also converted into riding quadrupeds by ingenious youths, or by adults unfortunately out of horse-flesh;

and it may be said without much exaggeration, that one-half of the time of these indolent people, not spent in sleeping, is passed in locomotion of some kind or other, on any beast with four legs, that can be mounted, and *persuaded* to go ahead.

It must now be evident, from this little digression, that besides the mildness of the climate, another grand requisite for persons in delicate health can be enjoyed here to perfection.

"Take daily exercise on horseback," is the panacea of physicians, prescribed for all persons with unsound lungs, and a sovereign remedy it certainly is for those who can avail themselves of it throughout the year. There is no other mode by which so much invigorating excitement can be gained, without injuriously accelerating the breathing or producing too much fatigue; and in the case of the writer hereof, a consumptive exile from a northern clime, he can truly say that he feels as if endowed with a new lease of life while he inhales this delicious air, rides abroad 865 times, more or less, per annum, and every day refreshes his system by a glowing bath, beneath *such* a waterfall, as would have charmed the inmost soul of the great Priessnitz himself.

Perhaps it will be well to become a little more practical. The healthiest, the most comfortable and the most economical route to the Islands, for those who can bear a voyage of four months, is by Cape Horn, taking care to choose a good ship, well found in proper stores for so long a passage; and the best time to sail from the United States is during the fall or winter months, which will carry the vessel around the Cape in the spring or summer of that latitude.

By the isthmus is of course a much speedier transit, but perhaps more trying to the constitution. When the railway shall be completed, and the present delay in that unhealthy quarter no longer incurred, the danger of contracting fever there may not be so imminent as to deter persons in any stage of health from choosing that route.

From San Francisco to Honolulu, the passage is usually from ten to twenty days long, and frequent opportunities offer in first class clipper ships, touching at the Islands on their way to China, Manilla or Calcutta.

The first difficulty that meets the stranger on landing at Honolulu, is that of procuring good lodgings, as the accommo-

dations in that respect are not yet up to the ordinary wants of the place. House rent is high; the market is dear; servants are scarce and their wages extravagant. Coolie boys have been sent for (from China), to supply this latter item; the natives of the Islands of both sexes, never intended by nature to make good, faithful, industrious servants, can no longer be depended on at all, in that capacity, nor indeed in any other, of which more anon.

Much delay, trouble and vexation, attends the purchasing or leasing of land. Most of the soil in the group is in native hands, principally held by the few chiefs who still survive; they are averse to selling at all, and to negotiate a lease with them, is like attempting to make water to run up hill.

Originally, all the earth in the kingdom belonged to the monarch and his chiefs, and for that matter, all the rivers and the sea, also. A common man did not own even the skin he stood in, for that, and his life with it, was at the mercy of his lord; this latter *institution*, however, was long ago rendered more secure, by being placed under the protection of the law; but it has been within a very few years that "the people" have been, in a measure, emancipated from their prior condition of abject serfdom. Each head of a family is now entitled to hold, in fee simple, the house-lot upon which is his domicile, and so much "*kalo*" land, as he has kept in cultivation for a certain term of years. This need of justice so long and so unaccountably delayed, has rendered the natives comparatively independent of their chiefs, and of the world besides. It is no marvel, that finding themselves their own masters, after a life of worse than negro slavery, they should feel inclined to take things easy; and this they do to perfection.

The remainder of the land, except a small portion pertaining to the government, as public domain, and a still less proportion in alien hands, is held by the king and nobles, as aforesaid, who yet retain many of the old "*kāpu*" or feudal rights, attached to the ownership of the soil. "The people are petitioning parliament, at its present session," for the *privilege of fishing free* in the rivers and in the sea; of cutting wood in the mountains; of taking certain

birds, &c., &c.; but the upper house of nobles will kill all such foolish bills as may pass the Commons."

Holding on so tenaciously to these old perquisites of their rank, and profoundly and stupidly impressed with the belief that to retain the lordship of these immense tracts of land, is the only means by which they can preserve their importance in the eyes of the people and of the State, these illustrious nobles are as unwilling to part with an acre of ground, as they are adverse to make any attempt to cultivate it themselves. Improvident and often in want of money, they will borrow at any rate of interest to meet the occasion, and turn a deaf ear to applications for their lands, which have been waste and untilled since the creation.

How this state of things is to be remedied remains with the future; at present it operates as a bar to the agricultural advancement of the Islands, and is one of those obstacles which must be removed in some way, whenever the group shall be annexed to the United States.

Still, it is not now *impossible* to obtain land, and persons with sufficient means and a fair stock of patience, need not despair of suiting themselves.

As to other modes of business it is not easy to say what openings offer; but this much may be ventured, that when the "Territory of Hawaii," shall become a portion of the Union, there will be ways and means in abundance for immigrants by the thousand.

Just at this moment* we are surprised by a statement in a New York paper, "that in 1849 Mr. Upshur agreed, on the part of the United States, *never* to seek for greater advantages *here* than such as might be obtained by British subjects," &c., &c.

If this announcement should prove true, that "Tyler knot" should be cut without delay; a more unequal or disadvantageous arrangement for American interests could not have been concocted; and such untoward instances of diplomacy may well justify recent opinions in favor of having all State matters *publicly* discussed.

Virginia minds, even at that day, might have comprehended the paramount importance of these Islands, geographically, to the United States, and should have been aware, that the com-

* It is necessary to explain that this article, from a correspondent at Honolulu, was written in June last, but has been delayed on the way.—Editor P. M.

merce and the capital of the group, as well as its Christianity, were in American hands. These well-known facts make it difficult to believe that an American Secretary of State could have consented to place his own country *only* on an *equal* footing, with nations whose immediate interests here were trifling, and whose political interests were also insignificant and remote, in comparison with those of the United States. Mr. Everett understood matters of this kind somewhat differently, when he argued the Cuban case, in his recent letter to Lord John Russell, and that he understood them rightly, is evident from the response which that able and patriotic letter meets with in most American hearts.

If such a pledge was really made by Mr. Upshur, let it be abrogated at once; if necessary, reasons of State can be found to justify its superseding, in the subsequent history of California, and there is surely no need to be over scrupulous in applying them to such nations as England and France, who are not in the habit of suffering other pledges or treaties however solemn or national, to be obstacles in their way, when they have a purpose to gain.

It is impossible to convey, in words, an adequate idea of the earnest and yearning desire for annexation, that absorbs the good citizens of the United States who are domiciled at the Islands. Here, they are of the intellectual class, and yet are, of course, secondary and subordinate to the aboriginal; and they are kept down, kept back, and "can't go ahead," accordingly, under the irksome and rather unusual order of things.

Withdraw the white element from the government, and it would not stand a single day; there is not business capacity or knowledge in the native mind, sufficient to transact the affairs of one solitary ship, much less to administer the judicial and other relations of the community. It must be evident, therefore, that the whites here are placed under peculiar temptation, as they wield more than a moiety of the authority of the group, to seize the whole.

Without claiming for the American residents a better nature than the common one of their countrymen, it must be set down to their credit that they have not forced matters, but have borne faithfully with the native rule; that they have been willing to await events, and that they prefer the Islands should be

acquired after the mode usual with their own government, by fair treaty, and purchase at a sum sufficient to satisfy these people for all they give up..

Had British subjects, British capital, British interests, lay and clerical, been dominant at the Islands, instead of American, the primitive sway here would have been extinguished long ago. Neither that unscrupulous government, nor its subjects, would have been content to play second fiddle to Kamehameha III., up to this late period, but on the contrary, we should have had him set aside, according to the humane, pacific, just and liberal policy, which has ever characterized their "*annexations*" of territory, perhaps after the very latest recorded fashion, in India, where they are by no means novices at that business. *Not* that little matter of the Burman Empire, however, the subject of an unsavory comparison, in Mr. Everett's letter before mentioned—but the more recent affair of Nagpore, whereat and wherein the British functionaries peremptorily prevented the sovereign from naming his successor whilst he lived, and at his death, marched in an army and usurped the government of the country.

THE QUESTION OF ANNEXATION.

THE marvellous rise of California has had its due influence upon the Islands of Hawaii, its nearest neighbor by sea, and events here have been precipitated to a climax which might not have been reached, under the old order of things, for a century to come.

There is *now* a market close at hand, for everything the Islands can produce, and communication with the Atlantic coast is regular, rapid, and comfortable. This facility of intercourse has greatly aided emigration, and the American population is constantly increasing by a much more convenient transit than formerly around Cape Horn.

The commerce of the group keeps pace with this addition to its inhabitants; and with the demand for its productions, agriculture has made a fair commencement, and the higher mechanical branches are being gradually introduced.

While all these attributes of a civilized community are thus establishing a foothold in Hawaii, the native race, now

reduced to 70,000 souls, is verging towards extinction.

The government, as at present constituted, subsists by a very precarious tenure, and contains within itself the elements of weakness and of its dissolution. It is of that *hybrid* nature, which can neither perpetuate itself, nor enjoy a healthy existence. Utterly incapable, of themselves, to administer rule over a business people, the king has associated Europeans and Americans with his chiefs in the ministry, and the Legislature of the kingdom is composed of similar incongruous materials. *Solidarity* is rather wanting in *this* arrangement, which presents an intricate *mass* of conflicting interests, without a parallel elsewhere in the world.

Twice already has this feeble government gone down under the coercion of French and British vessels of war, and recently, the ministry has been shattered by discontent among a portion of the alien residents of Honolulu. This uncertain condition of things makes the investment of capital insecure, and retards the development of the resources of the Islands. Annexation to the United States is the only remedy for this evil.

Three years since, when harassed by the arbitrary and unjust demands of France, an offer of the cession of the Islands was made to the United States, as the most acceptable means of relief from exactions so odious, and so humiliating to the sovereignty of the group. Not counting upon a refusal, American flags were sent to each Island, *to be run up*, at the last emergency, and that decisive act, was to be upheld by the Commissioner of the United States, and by the guns of the sloop of war *Vandalia*. The pretensions of France were withdrawn, to remove so exciting a cause for annexation, and have not since been renewed. But the offer of the Islands, the unprompted, and under the circumstances, natural act of the king and chiefs, was declined at Washington, and that opportunity for acquiring them, unfortunately and unwisely lost.

Writing from here, it is impossible not to stigmatize this non-action of the late administration as a great error in a national point of view; for taking it for granted that this group is inevitably destined to be added to the United States, what good or sufficient reason can be offered for rejecting it, when absolutely thrown upon the country, without even the necessity of asking for it?

The *National Intelligencer* remarked, "that we should have a war with France, and that a military force would be requisite here to keep the people in order." A war with France for such a cause was a matter of moonshine, and the other contingency equally so; for the docile natives of these Islands are submissive and orderly under a very mild police.

So seldom do occasions occur for obtaining desired territory, unsolicited, and upon such honorable conditions, that we may well designate the neglect in this instance, as a *crime* not to be readily forgiven.

Meanwhile, filibustering has reappeared in the Pacific, and the good people here have as wholesome a dread of such invaders, as beset the inhabitants of the *main*, when freebooting Drake and Anson ravaged their coasts. Dire rumors of such visitors hold the government uneasy, and put it to the expense and trouble of attempting to drill native soldiers for the protection of the Islands.

The sailors of the whaling-fleet, over 10,000 strong, are a somewhat ungovernable element to deal with, once or twice a year, and are the occasion of considerable perplexity to the authorities during the season of their stay in port.

Finally, the foreign community at Honolulu and elsewhere, has grown so large, that it has also become restive under the native yoke, which, incompetent as it is, is getting rather irksome to bear. And as all the business of the Islands is transacted by the white population, and all the capital in the group introduced by them, it is neither strange in the world's history, nor unnatural in the course of events, that those of the Caucasian race, brought hither by the demands of commerce, and the advantages of the location, should feel adverse to the continuance of a primitive rule over them, which however indigenous to the place, does not comprehend their wants, cannot understand or appreciate the various interests of a civilized and busy people, and is incapable of protecting either them or itself.

Awake to this feeling among the foreign residents, and conscious of their own inability to check it, or to maintain their present *quasi*-independent position much longer; aware of the gradual extinction of their people, hopeless of perpetuating them, and not ignorant of the melting away of kindred races heretofore, in the same fatal contact with the whites, the king and chiefs are again con-

sidering the propriety of making terms with the Government of the United States, while they are still in possession, and able to complete the transfer.

Having once undergone the mortification of a refusal, the inclination of these people to prefer opening such negotiations with the United States, is strikingly manifest in their taking the matter up for the second time. But so it is; rather than hold on to the shadow of sovereignty, and thus invite filibusters to his shores, or provoke a revolution at home, the king naturally inclines to turn again to that Government which has never committed an aggression against his own, and whose good people have hitherto contributed so profusely to the welfare of his native race.

In this condition of things, it would be highly becoming in the Government of the United States to relieve the king from the necessity of making the first proposal; for having once repelled his advances, it is throwing an unfair burden upon him, to await his action as matters stand now. That which he has to part with, cannot be yielded up without some lingering reluctance; he may hesitate long before taking again the final step; adverse influences are actively at work to prevent his taking it at all, but nevertheless, such is the prevailing feeling at this time, that if the Government of the United States will but *move* in the business, the annexation of Hawaii can be accomplished.

Of the advantages, or of the necessity of the possession of these islands by the United States, it is scarcely necessary to speak. It is to be presumed that the present policy, which is opening the ports of Japan, laying out a railroad across the Continent, and wisely contemplating the future value of American traffic with the East, will not be so forgetful as to overlook the important position of this group, which is precisely in the track of that coming trade, and which commands the outlets of Oregon and California.

Certain journalists remark, "that the United States do *not* require these islands; that all the wants of their commerce in the Pacific will be gained under the present neutral rule; that it would be too expensive to hold and to protect such a distant possession," &c. &c. &c.

If these "homekeeping youth" were transported hither, they would view this question through different spectacles. Every newcomer from the United States

becomes an *annexationist*, on finding himself so surrounded by American influences, that he feels as if he were already within an inchoate portion of his great Republic.

It is apparent enough to observers here, that the present neutral rule *cannot* be maintained much longer, and that if it be not speedily transferred by quiet negotiation to the United States, it will end in a *catastrophe* or pass into the keeping of England or of France. Now, the evil of foreign powers having outlying strongholds on the Atlantic and Gulf borders, has been made so manifest that the wisdom of preventing its *growth* here cannot be questioned. England, holding the Bermudas, has a summer depot for her forces, naval and military, within striking distance of all the eastern coast of the United States, and the first move of the latter, in the event of a war with Britain, should be to dislodge her from that position and from Canada. Jamaica in her hands, and Cuba in those of Spain, are familiar instances of the *inconvenience* of such neighbors, at all times, to say the least.

In this connection, it is pertinent to say that the most energetic and persevering opposition to the measure of annexation has been made, and is still urged, by the representatives of England and France. The king is assured that he shall have the *protection of their* vessels of war—although it might be supposed, that the samples he has already had of *their* kind offices would suffice him for the term of his natural life—the people are absurdly told they will be made slaves of, and the bare contemplation of the matter is designated, in a formal protest, as a most "extraordinary proceeding, contrary to existing treaties, exceeding the powers of the king, and not to be countenanced by the governments of those two nations."

An edifying state of things, truly. England annexes New Zealand by a fraud upon its chiefs and people, who resent the usurpation by a brave, but fruitless appeal to arms. France seizes upon Tahiti and the Marquesas, and subdues the resisting natives in the field. Neither nation, saying as much as, "by your leave," to the United States, whose important whaling interests, at either place, have suffered accordingly. But when it is thought that the United States may be willing to acquire Hawaii by treaty and purchase; Hawaii, in whose ports there arrived last year—

| | |
|--|--------|
| American vessels, | 687 |
| British, | 83 |
| French, | 24 |
| And whose importations of American goods, for | |
| 1853, amounted to, in round numbers, \$1,000,000 | |
| British, do. | 20,000 |
| French, do. | 30 |

—Hawaii, where other American interests are as paramount as this single one of her shipping, *there* the selfish, the illiberal, the dog-in-the-manger ire of Bull is aroused, and he blindly utters what common-sense and a decent regard for the comity of a friendly nation must alike condemn. Very convenient, indeed, for British purposes, is such an obliviousness to the beam in British eyes; such an acute perception of the mote in the keen optics of Jonathan; but the latter has recently shown an impatient spirit at these jealous attempts to hamper his expansion, and at the hypercritical presumption of reading him moral lectures on the laws of nations, on the part of British functionaries, so that, should this “*extraordinary*” consular protest by anticipation,* have met with the approval of the British government, it is most likely the government of the United States will signify *its* intentions, after the manner of Mr. Everett’s letter to Lord John Russell.

As to the cost of maintaining these islands, they would, in a very few years, not only support themselves, but yield a surplus into the treasury, and at the outset would furnish quite a respectable revenue from the customs. This is not the case with every new territory that is added to the Union.

But there is another view to take of this subject. Europe is at present on the eve of a war, in which the United States may be involved at any moment. Should this contingency occur, matters would have to be managed on a more enterprising scale, to command success, than was the case in 1812. Since that, Americans have boasted largely of their military spirit, of the increase of their commerce, and of the extent of their maritime resources; and the temper of this generation will scarcely brook a blockade of their shore, as complete as that during the last war with England,

or be content with attempts to repel invasion.

Why then, is it not the wisest, as well as the most economical plan, to secure, populate, and fortify in time of peace, such outposts as can be readily obtained, from whence, otherwise, invading armies and blockading squadrons will sally upon the coasts, rather than await the necessity for taking them, at the eleventh hour, by an expenditure of life as well as of dollars? Or, must the government of the United States, because, forsooth, it is a Republic, for ever neglect such sensible and legitimate means of defence, and supinely permit other powers to encircle it with a chain of fortified posts on the north, south, east and west?

But should the United States fortunately avoid hostilities, they must by their navy preserve the neutrality of the seas, and they must protect their carrying trade. To do this, in this ocean, they must possess the key of the North Pacific, the Hawaiian Islands. And here, it may be interesting to remark, that independent of merchant ships, during the months of October, November, and December last, 284 American whaling ships anchored in the single port of Honolulu, valued, with their oil, at \$15,000,000. This unprotected harbor is at the mercy of any hostile vessel of war, from the want of a fort and garrison, which this government cannot supply.

There are, however, other interests, past and present, as well as those of the future, which incline towards annexation to the United States. The residence here of the American mission for a generation; the commerce and business of the Islands in all time past, as well as now, almost entirely in American hands; the capital invested in the group mainly American; the majority of the white population Americans; the laws, courts, schools and churches generally framed by Americans, after American models, have each and all in their way contributed to form the public sentiment as American also. So that there is no want of homogeneity in this community, which will as readily assimilate with the customs and with the

* The London Quarterly Review for January, 1854, calls Mr. Severance’s reply to this protest “a strange homily in favor of annexation by the American Consul,” without an allusion to the protest which produced the reply. This protest was as weak as it was uncalled for, and proposed to “bind the king and the United States by a treaty to which neither of them were parties.” Mr. Commissioner Severance, in his able and temperate answer effectually, demolished this “extraordinary” proposition, as well as the other untenable points of the British and French consular document.

The writer in the Quarterly, with true British prejudice and pertinacity, adheres to the exploded orthography of Captain Cook, and prints “*Woahoo*” instead of *Oahu*, in utter disregard of the proper Hawaiian nomenclature, of which he had examples enough before him when he wrote.

institutions of the United States, as that of any territory already within the Union.

In relation to one important question of the day, it may be remarked, that the laboring class at these Islands will, for the future, be drawn from China. The third cargo of coolies is now on its way here, to supply the present demand for labor, and they can be procured so readily, in such numbers, and at so cheap a rate, that no one will think of looking elsewhere for "*help*." Extremes meet, and strangely enough, events have at last brought together the oldest and the newest people under the sun.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned,

that there is one sort of people in the United States, who are particularly interested in this matter of annexation. Everybody born with a constitution too delicate for a northern clime, all those predisposed to pulmonary disease, and such as are already in its early stages, should hail with delight the acquisition of a healthy tropical region to which they can remove with their household gods, and enjoy existence with comparative immunity from that dreadful scourge of the North,—consumption. If for no other reason, the paternal care of the government of the United States should provide such a home, for the relief of this interesting portion of its citizens.

WHITE LILY.

IMPERIAL flower! from out thy silver chalice,
Blending their sweetness with thy soft perfume,
Come thronging memories of a columned palace
Decked for a festal train one night in June.

Thou, above all, didst mock the lofty ceiling
With thy rich breath and white regality,
Thy curling lip and dazzling depth revealing
A sweet disdain that aught should rival thee.

But there did rival thee most lovely faces,
And graceful forms as queenly as thine own,
And lustrous eyes whose manifold mute graces
Entranced the worshippers they shone upon.

And there was one whose neck did rise as whitely
From its thin screen, as thine among its leaves;
Her silken ringlets kissed its arching lightly,
As thy pale brow the wooing wind receives.

Flowers of all hues around were breathing, blushing,
All gracious odors filled the floating air,
But nought could rival the tumultuous flushing
That lit her cheek imperiled beneath her hair.

Because that high-born and pure-hearted maiden
Thenceforth would grace her maiden home no more,
So drooped the silken fringes, heavy laden,
Of her blue eyes that shone like gems before.

The was my father's first and fairest daughter,
Whose gentle hand bestowed as true a heart;
With what sweet pride his kindling glances sought her
Thus with her lover standing there apart!

The priest said, "Ye are one," and with a blessing
Warm on his heart and lips, the father pressed
Through the close throng, but might not stay caressing
The dear form folded to his throbbing breast.

For up came then each little timid sister
Doing shy homage to her bridal grace,
And as they stood on tip of toe and kissed her,
They thought she had a wondrous lovely face.

Whether it was the veil's voluptuous tralling,
Or the soft pearls bewildering their young eyes,
Or that the tint upon her cheek was paling
Like the last flush upon the western skies,

I know not—but they turned away as mutely,
From her white form, as it had been a shrine,
And as her voice fell fairy-like and flutely,
Full many thought her beauty half divine.

I see it all as through a lengthened vista,
The cloud-like drapery, the gem-like eyes,
The bridal group around my peerless sister,
Graceful uprising as white lilies rise.

But years have passed since that auspicious wedding,
Since those triumphant robes were laid aside,
And Time, from his swift pinions, has been shedding
His blight—and blessing—on the fair young bride.

They tell me she hath lost the starry beaming
That, in her girlhood, kindled in her eyes,
But that she looketh like a spirit dreaming,
A-weary from her heaven-wrought ecstasies.

They say she is a calm and chastened creature
As ever bent the knee in prayer at even,
A Christ-like patience touching every feature
Into a soft similitude of heaven.

Then by these signs I fear she may be taken
From Earth before I see her face again,
That we shall never meet till both awaken
Where souls are purified from sin and pain.

Ha, from whose lips first fell the bridal blessing,
Has gone before her to their native skies,
In the Redeemer's love sweet rest possessing,
Sunned in the calm effulgence of his eyes.

Who next shall go? I often muse and ponder,
And wish so earnestly it might be I;
But then I know I live and labor under
Too much, for heaven, of earth's infirmity.

Let me at present be content with knowing
 The blessed hour *will* come when I shall die,
 And meanwhile prove my love to God, by showing
 How, for His sake, I can live patiently.

And if I might but gather to his glory
 Some wayward wanderer brought within my sphere,
 If I could rehearse my Saviour's story
 That both should at his throne, redeemed appear,

Oh! would, it not be bliss enough in dying
 To know that thus I had not lived in vain?
 Should I not hear a voice in heaven replying,
 As wide I wafted my enraptured strain?

And our full robes, O Lily! should be whiter
 Than gleams the silver of thy burnished cup,
 Our radiant brows with God's impress be brighter,
 And with a loftier grace be lifted up.

Till then, White Lily! be to me an earnest
 Of those resplendent robes to array us given,
 And even, as thou fadest and returnest,
 Remind me of my holy home in heaven.

A BAG OF WIND.

"I pray you give her air!"—*Porticoes.*

DID you, in your travels, gentle reader, affect the subterranean? Have you, on a warm, clear spring day at Rome, threaded the catacombs? or left the sunshine of Egypt to creep into a tomb that antedates the Pharaohs? If not, you have doubtless seen a mouse die in an exhausted receiver, or known the stifling air of an American steamboat cabin, and, in the latter case, experienced the delight of emerging from that suffocating crypt into the ærial sphere which is man's natural element. Then have you breathed from the heart a blessing on air, and inhaled it awhile with conscious gratitude. Let the memory of that transient appreciation incline thee to air thy thoughts with me on this theme, and acknowledge that "a bag of wind" is, after all, not so despicable a thing as the world imagines.

This circumambient element is the instant need of vitality; but science has failed to penetrate its most subtle relations. The first consideration to the philosophic mind in its choice of an abode, is the quality of the atmosphere; no beauty of scenery or idea of conve-

nience should weigh a moment against the least detrimental influence of the air. I remember the phrase of an asthmatic traveller in his letter home after reaching Buenos Ayres:—"I breathe for the first time!" Consider the luxury of such an experience! In no one physical agency is the secret of individual health so involved. Of all affinities between man and the universe, this is the most essential. What we inhale acts on the blood and thence on the brain and nervous system. Once realized, this single fact makes paramount our estimate of air in hygiene; and yet it is, of all other resources of the vital economy, that in regard to which there is the most frequent compromise. Americans complain of illness in winter, and have the greatest appreciation of summer and of travel as the means of recuperation; it is not any mysterious benefit derived from the season or locomotion, but the sanative effect of exposure to the air, that is thus fraught with healing. The bloom on English cheeks, the compass of Italian voices, the animal spirits of southern peasantry, are chiefly derivable from out-of-door life.

Abundant supply of oxygen to the lungs is the grand desideratum of civilized life; ventilation has become a mission of philanthropy.

Recall the different sensations from air charged with vapor and with frost, with saline and inland exhalations, with the odorous balm of a summer noontide and the dewy breath of evening; what refreshment like the breeze that springs up after dead heats? and how instantly unnerved is the frame swathed in the hot mist of a southern calm! "Air put in motion" is the brief definition of the wind in lexicographies; but what a contrast in quality according to its direction; from the east it brings collapse, from the west expansion; when north, it exhilarates, and in the opposite quarter, melts; greets us with the tender salutation of a lover, or assails us like the angry encounter of an enemy: at one time fearful and at another a delight. Nature is mute or full of voices as the wind listeth; how gracefully it curls the waves and bends the forest, dallies with the flower, and, in slow gyrations, wafts the crimson leaf of autumn from its bare summer eyrie to the earth. There is no poetry of motion so beautiful as the swaying of a field of ripe grain in the breeze, no music more solemn than the sound of the wind among the pines, no touch so captivating as the play of the zephyrs over a child's golden hair: it breaks water into diamonds, makes the amber clouds sweep into fleecy piles, and lifts the downy seed into space.

Whoever would realize the varied and gentle blessings of the "evening wind" in summer, should ponder Bryant's melodious tribute; and to catch the very sensation of a calm at sea, it is enough to read Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." To a sensitive frame, the luxury of our climate, whose alternations exceed all others in quickness, is the shifting of the wind from east to southwest; it is like going from the society of prudes and pedants into that of a warm-hearted maiden or cordial friend. Yet these changes in the air are most convenient themes to open a colloquy or furnish an excuse. I remember a famous singer of rare vocal powers, but no habits of study, who, when ignorant of his part, used to *a-hem* gravely, and decline vocalizing, with the phrase, "*c' equalchecosa nel atmosfera.*" Sounds produced by wind are the most suggestive in nature; the flap of a sail, the wail of the night-breeze over a ruin, the rustle of a maize field, the clatter of

dry reeds in autumn, and the shrill piping of wintry gusts—"touch the electric chain" of memory and imagination to pensive or hopeful musings. Aerial perspective is cited by Berkeley in his argument for the non-existence of matter, as a proof of how much the mind has to do with vision. The faces of men betoken their acquaintance with the winds; in the brow and cheek of hardy mariners, we almost see the rough handling of northwesterners; dwellers by the sea have a wholesome ruddiness; the southern breeze stamps its olive on the fairest, and clear pearly skins abound in humid atmospheres. I knew an old gentleman who made a hobby of the air; he stuck vanes all over his barn-roofs, windmills on his gate-posts, and wind-sails above his scuttles, cut a window wherever there was room for it, and every night banished his household to the kitchen, flung open all the casements, stripped to the buff, and ran through every room in the house, to enjoy his air-bath. He was, indeed, what honest Will calls "a dedicated beggar to the air," and, not from pride, but for hygiene, would suffer no one to come "between the wind and his nobility." The most remarkable interior air for evenness of temperature and agreeable warmth, is that of St. Peter's Church at Rome; and the most perverse taste in air was that of an old Boston merchant, who used to go regularly to the end of Long Wharf, unbutton his vest and open his mouth, to get what he called "a belly full of east wind."

The invisibility of air is one of its greatest charms; its effects alone reveal it to the senses; hence their sublimity and grace; the gale that shrieks among the rigging of a storm-tossed vessel, and the zephyr that steals low notes of melody from an Eolian harp, the breeze that stirs leaves, and the tornado that hurls down temples, move alike on wings no eye can behold. This is the mystery which superstition translated into voices, and which sounds, with lyrical sweetness, in the poet's ear. At times the coy touch of the air seems to woo us; and, when encountered after long deprivation, it is like the breath of maternal nature. After a night-ride in Switzerland, cooped up in a *Diligence*, what a sudden animation thrills the frame as the exhausted lungs drink in their first draught of mountain air! when becalmed at sea, how the languid nerves respond to the low whisper of the new-

born wind! when dense clouds lower on an August noon, and the electric flash breaks through to herald the shower, a universal stir of freshness comes with the rising blast. The sirocco, the monsoon, and the hurricane, are so many phenomena of the air, wherein stagnation, consistency and tumult analogous to those of human moods and passions, assert dominion in an element the most powerful and the most capricious in nature.

There is more of individual character and destiny to be ascribed to air than the superficial observer imagines. Between the olinates of Naples and New England is an atmospheric diversity which explains, in no small degree, the antagonistic spheres of Puritan and lazaroni. The man who, environed by tropical heats, would expend his powers in vague dreams, braced by the gales of the northern Atlantic, abounds in practical efficiency of intellect. We are reconciled to things in the West Indies and South America which we could never endure in Wales. It is a question, therefore, in the last analysis, of immense personal interest, what air we breathe; those unconscious inhalations, and that invisible pressure are momentarily giving to the organization its temper; the senses are quickened or subdued, the brain excited or depressed, the heart expanded or stilled, according as the element which feeds our life is pure or corrupt, dead or alive, invigorating or oppressive. "The air agrees with me"—simple words, but fraught with meaning; the *physique* is then at home; and the first grand requirement of health satisfied.

The metaphorical use of a word that defines a natural object or element, is a kind of instinctive recognition of its use. Thus, by the term *air*, applied to a person or place, we indicate their generic expression or natural language. In art and characterization, the ultimate and entire effect is thus designated, the most delicate impression revealed. The air of Michael Angelo's Brutus is stern, that of Raphael's Madonnas meek, and in society we speak of a fashionable, a modest and a conceited *air*; after we have exhausted the details whereby the graceful vivacity of a woman is described, we call her *debonair*; and, with one phrase, express our sense of a loveable beauty, by declaring she has an angelic *air*; such expressions suggest a philosophic truth; life, manners, and character have their atmosphere—they radiate a certain influence, attractive or the reverse, sympa-

thetic or self-absorbed, and in this lies the true secret of the impressions we receive from them. Swendenborg has based upon it his doctrine of spheres; the phenomena of animal magnetism is its physical demonstration. There is evolved from every human being a spiritual effluence which, to keen discernment, is foreshadowed by manner, movement, and the unconscious aspect of face and figure,—in short, by the combined expression of all these—which constitutes what we call their *air*; it is the most reliable token of disposition, always seized by the portrait painter of genius, as the true type of individuality: whether martial, sinister, convivial, abstract, or sentimental. The very posture of Sterne's head is humorous, and of Dr. Johnson's dogmatical; there is fantasy in the mere shape of Shelley's face, and satire in the outline of Voltaire's; sentiment moulds the lips of Petrarch, and will makes grim and severe the profile of Dante. In all marked characters, whether dramatic or portrayed, this immediate and subtle expression, this evanescent yet characteristic result of features, form, and attitude—this air, is what catches the eye, attracts the mind, and lingers in the memory. It is the vital trait, the real key to personality—and, like the atmosphere we breathe, the habitual element and tone which forms the normal life of man. Its suggestions rarely mislead, yet being felt rather than seen, only sensitive organizations adequately interpret them. There are social as well as natural atmospheres by which we are cheered or palled; and geniality is the needful quality in both. How silence broods over the earnest man when surrounded by the frivolous or the conventional! and how vanity chirps and flutters among fops and coquettes! Great emotion and high thoughts fade in the artificial breath of what is called society as certainly as health declines in close rooms and amid noxious exhalations.

Forty-five miles is this aerial sea known to extend in height, and fifteen pounds to the square inch is its ascertained weight. The idea, not long since, occurred to a French gardener, that the development of the more delicate blossoms is essentially modified by such atmospheric pressure; accordingly, he tried the experiment of attaching pots of violets to little balloons, and securing them, by long cords to the earth, sending them to bloom far up amid the fields of ether; the violets thus expanding

in the upper air, proved of incredible size.

There is no exhilarating draught like the air highly oxygenated; the spirits, like flame, glow, intensify, and expand in its embrace. When freighted with deadly gas, the air settles in caves; witness the tribe of attenuated dogs who undergo, for the amusement of visitors, the ordeal of the *Grotto del Cano*, near Naples; and the fatal gas lakes of Java. But, when impregnated with nitre, as in the mammoth cave, of Kentucky, the air of a subterranean chamber is most refreshing and sanative. Who has not felt the oppressive influence of exuberant vegetation? Like myriads of little beings, the leaves inhale the carbonic acid of the atmosphere; and, by a benign provision of nature, the air is constantly washed of its innumerable foreign deposits by showers; and purified by lightning and frost. The poets have expatiated in its vast domain, and glorified its wondrous ministry. The adjectives of Shakespeare applied to it would form a scientific nomenclature of its qualities and functions. He speaks of its "sightless couriers," its "most excellent canopy;" he calls it invulnerable, charming, pendulous, wanton, bleak, vast and wandering, intrenchant, mutinous, solemn, empty—and a "chartered libertine;" "it is an eager and a nipping air," says the ghost-expectant watcher on the ramparts of Elsinore; "the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses"—murmur Macbeth's unsuspecting visitors; of the poet, it is said, he gives to airy nothing "a local habitation and a name;" and we are invoked not "to trust the air with secrets;" "I am fire and air," declares the dying *Oleopatra*; "trifles light as air," says *Iago*, "are, to the jealous, confirmations strong;" violets "take the winds of March with beauty," in the "Winter's Tale;" "blow me about in winds," exclaims remorseful *Othello*. Deserted age appeals to them in fury, and tender love will not let them visit *her* cheek "too roughly;" and, with equal poetry and truth, float—*Ariel*, and the airy dagger—through the bard of Nature's immortal realm. It is the element of infinite possibilities, where the future triumphs of science are destined to be achieved. Intrepid aeronauts have already tracked the fields of amplest ether; to "hang an atom in the vaulted sky," is no longer a miracle; and Peter Wilkins "Flying

Women" may yet prove no flight of fancy. At this moment, the grand desideratum which science and mechanical skill most aim to realize, is a machine for navigating the air.

What marvels of sound and scent air holds in solution; of all the elements it is the most spiritual; its currents seem guided by conscious will, its freight selected and upborne from instinctive affinities. With what a dying fall or rush of triumph it bears the strains of music; they greet us on its restless wings with cheer and benediction; who that has heard bugle notes echo from the shores of Lake George, listened in the interludes of sleep, to the distant serenade in Italy, or felt the plaintive tones of a cadenza thrill the verdant gloom and solitude of a garden, and not blessed the mission of the air? Ask the homeward traveller when he first catches the odor of the magnolia whose blossoms gleam amid the foliage of his plantation, the invalid whose lungs inhale the balsamic exhalations of the pines, the desert caravan when spicy odors announce the goal of its pilgrimage, the northern poet who knows spring's tardy advent by the perfume of orchard bloom, how grateful to their consciousness is the mysterious vehicle that so blandly heralds to senses and soul, refreshment and luxury! It is odorous air that most keenly excites association; violets breathe of the sweet south, the delicate aroma of the broom charms the lonely wayfarer in Sicily, sandal-wood hints of oriental delight; in Rome the orange flower, in England the woodbine, and in France *mignonne* fills the household air with incense.

Wind sweetens the buds, is a sedative to the nerves, fills the sails, turns the mill, and over the landscape creates an endless variety, driving cloud-shadows across the fields, and on each species of tree producing a diverse motion; swaying the pendent branches of the willow, lifting to the light the silver lining of the poplar leaves, and bending, in graceful curves, the lithe masses of dense foliage; these evanescent effects of wind are the despair and the delight of the artist; Constable most successfully depicted them; he made a patient study of the wind as it is related to sky and earth; Stanfield has done the same in regard to its action on water; and some musical composers have transferred to their works the plaintive and lively sounds it awakens; imitating, with marvellous

beauty, the tones so fleeting yet emphatic, it stirs in rocky labyrinths, dense woods, and through the vast domain of space.

Like the voice of song, winds come and go, leaving no trace except the sense of refreshment or of inspiration; stealing into the nooks of poverty with a breath of comfort, laying a hand of viewless benediction on the wasted temples and the hectic cheek, filling the sails of the becalmed ship in mid-ocean and wafting from the chalice of the wild flowers a delicate odor; they always seem a fresh creation, their touch is diffusive, their career illimitable; on their unseen tides float the fructifying pollen and deadly vapor; far into their etherial depths the eye gazes until a consciousness of infinity sublimates the mood; air, we are told by science, is the cradle and the coffin

of life, oxygenated or miasmatic, electrified or humid, it holds in its subtle folds a world of destructive and fertilizing principles; mechanically, its agency is immeasurable—rousing the ocean into fury and giving to the conflagration a boundless sweep; through its lucent realm curls the smoke-wreaths of home, waves the banners of nations, falls the meteor, and the flashing lightning; and the quivering snow-flake, the rain, the butterfly, and the eagle are its denizens. Vast, colorless, free, penetrating, restless, related to every form and function of animated nature, air is the spirit of the universe, whose course is marked upon the gnarled tree, the barren and the teeming earth, the hushed and angry sea, the green and leafless forest, the cloud-rack and the open sky.

GREAT CITIES.

THE peculiar fact, by which the history of the generation or epocha beginning about 1810-1815, must always be distinguished from that of all preceding periods in "the course of human events,"—is one which has not yet been recorded—has not yet been noticed by the statesmen, and historians, and philosophers of the time.

There *is* such a peculiar fact—and great phenomenon—nevertheless. It is a startling and momentous fact. It is the product of greater causes—and has been, and will be, the source of more important events than have constituted the development of any "profane" portion of the world's history for 4,000 years. This phenomenon, so silent in its production, so unnoticed in its operation, unplanned by the purpose of any and every human being, caused and controlled only by "the Almighty Author of all Being"—is, in impressive existence, and daily, hourly, constant movement among and around us. Compared with it, the wars, revolutions, discoveries and inventions, which make up the general account of the world's progress or retrogression, are insignificant.

There is a yet unwritten history of the world—one which overleaps and antedates the foundation of Rome, and the beginning of the first Olympiad; the

fall of Babylon and Nineveh; the slow decay, and oft-repeated ruin of Memphis and Thebes. It is one in which are regarded as mere parentheses, such occurrences as the expedition of the Argonauts—the siege of Troy—the Athenian reign of Genius, Art, Poetry and Philosophy—the Alexandrian Empire—the twelve hundred years of ancient Roman history—the Gothic conquest of Europe—the swift rise and long decline (perhaps re-nascence) of Islam—the Frankish Empire of the great Carl—the modern Roman Pontifical Dominion (greater and wider than Cæsar's)—the Crusades—the Reformation of Western Christendom, from its beginning with John Wiclif, to its ending with John Calvin—the discovery and partial colonization of America—the Republican revolutions, and consequent wars of Western Christendom, from 1775 to 1815—the new European revolutionary era, from 1830 to 1854; including the rise and fall of both branches of the restored Bourbon dynasty in France, and the restoration of that of Napoleon, as well as the battle of Waterloo, the bombardment of Odessa, the non-bombardment of Cronstadt, and *all* the Presidential elections in "these United States."

The great phenomenon of the Age is the growth of great cities. And the pe-

culiar fact which gives to American and English readers a special interest in the contemplation of this phenomenon, is, that this growth is wholly confined to the cities of Western Christendom, and, with hardly one exception, to those in which evangelical religion, and the English language are prevalent and dominant. Excluding Paris, which owes its growth (under a perfect system of local government, and a truly Imperial patronage) to its connections, commercial and otherwise, with the English-speaking and Protestant world—there is no city in Christendom which is growing great, or advancing in wealth, power, influence, or eminence, in which these two notable conditions are not entirely fulfilled—to wit: the supremacy of the English language, and of the faith and staple worship of John and Peter Waldo, and John Wiclif, and John Calvin, and John Milton, and John Bunyan, and John Robinson (of Pilgrim and Puritan fame), and, —among these and many other Johns—His Grace, John Bird Sumner, Most Reverend Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Primate of all England.

There is no need of an apology here for this reference to such distinctions. For history and statistics, like physiology, KNOW NO PROPRIETIES, no delicacy—pay no compliments, in the shape of silent lies, to false expediency—to the prejudices, or superstition, or ignorance, or false delicacy of those who are aggrieved by the expression of truth which they can *not* doubt, and dare not gainsay. Civil history and statistics claim the liberty allowed to natural history and anatomy, and may speak the whole truth of God's PROVIDENCE as those and other sciences labor to speak the truth concerning all the particulars of "God's CREATION."

The object of this article is simply to show facts—prominent facts—obtruding themselves upon the notice of a reflective observer of current events, while collecting statistics from quinquennial census returns, and from various Annual Reports of the Federal and State Governments in this country, and from similar European documents. These facts may please some and displease others; but that consideration should no more control the utterance than it could prevent the existence of them.

The history of the world since the deluge, begins with the building of great cities, containing a large portion (perhaps majority) of the population of the

most civilized and powerful of the earliest nations. And it was in those great cities that the antediluvian civilization (the original intelligence and art of the first man) was preserved and expanded, while it was lost by all tribes that migrated far westward from those primal centres. And it is to be noted, that when some of those western races regained that high civilization for which they alone retained a full capacity, it was only by derivation from its ancient seats on the Plains of Shinar and in the Valley of the Nile. Not only was the civilization of the Greek and the Roman thus derivative; but never yet was there a people on earth, since the foundation of those first cities, that claimed to have been *self-civilized*. The worse than heathenish nonsense of modern infidels (miscalling themselves *philosophers*) attempting to reason about barbarism, or savage ignorance, or animal stupidity, as "the *natural* state of man," is as contrary to history and philosophy as it is to divine revelation.

All history, sacred and profane, veracious and fabulous, discursive and annalistic, bears uniform testimony that no nation or tribe ever passed from any condition which history or philosophy calls "uncivilized," "savage," or "barbarous," to a CIVILIZED character, except by the introduction of "the arts of civilized life" from an extraneous or non-indigenous source.

Where the pride of a nation, in its greatness and glory, has forbidden the acknowledgment of such derivation from any extraneous human source, the civilizers have received, in patriotic mythology, the attribution of a divine origin or a celestial adoption.

Though the instances are frequent and undisputed in which civilization has passed into uncivilization, or barbarism, or something worse, by vice, or conquest, aided by the vices of the conquered, no case of the opposite conversion, by any internal agency, can be cited, either from history, or tradition, or fable. And the traditions or fables of Peru and Mexico coincide with those of Rome and Greece in their uncollusive testimony to these two great facts.

The uncivilized man never has been—never can be civilized—except by extraneous agencies. Many uncivilized races, like those of Polynesia, Australasia or Oceanica, and Africa, are in such a degree of degeneracy, uncivilization, or barbarism, that no amount of Christian-

ization can restore their abortive race to the original condition of civilized (or natural) man.

The history of the great cities of the world is the history of the civilized world. The world's progress in civilization, in art, in knowledge of "things human and divine," has been mainly caused and promoted by and through the agency of great cities. That they *should* do so, is a natural and necessary consequence of that concentration of intelligence and power which is both the cause and the effect of the existence of such completely organized human communities. That they *have* done so, is the unanimous testimony of all ancient history, sacred and profane. And modern history, if it seem not, at first view, to affirm it so directly, does not contradict it. No: it rather confirms it.

CIVILIZATION (etymologically) means, "making a person a citizen;" that is—the inhabitant of a city—or, in default of such actual inhabitation or residence, "making one to resemble the inhabitant of a city—making one very much like the inhabitant of a city." It means—
1. The process of such making. (And that is the primary signification, the ground-meaning, the *grund-bedeutung*.)
2. The condition or quality of a person during and after such making.

URBANITY means (in the same way) "the quality, condition, or manners of the inhabitant of a city." That is: such was the origin of these two words, and of their present significations. But these etymologies are far from implying that the bustling, staring, heedless, rude, offensive manners of most self-important inhabitants of *some* modern commercial cities are the perfected result of the highest possible civilization, or are the acme of genuine urbanity. Unwelcome as the announcement of the fact may be, it is nevertheless true, that the absorption of all the mental power of a community in mere trade and traffic, in buying at one price and selling at another, in huckstering and drumming, and skinning and shining, and shaving, in salary-seeking and fee-collecting, and money-getting, in speculation and demagoguery and roguery, tends not to the swiftest and greatest development of the sort of human being called by the Romans *ORIS* and *URBANUS*—by the Greeks, *HO POLITES*—"the citizen," in the highest and most restricted sense of that extensively-applied term.

As little is it to be inferred that the

primary significations of "rustic" (rural), and "clown" (*colonus*, cultivator of the soil), and "villain" (man employed at a villa), and "pagan" (inhabitant of a village), were expressive of any existing idea that good manners, grace, good morals, honesty and true religion are to be found *only* among the permanent residents of modern cities, or that the inhabitants of rural districts acquire such traits only by casual association with city-dwellers. On the contrary, there are some cities so incapable of furnishing to the country a model of propriety, that the further the observer goes from them the more gentle, courteous, kind and true, appear those whom he meets on the way.

Yet, the prevalent error of modern times concerning this matter has been, an uncontradicted condemnation or aspersion of all great cities "in the lump," as great evils, and as necessarily and inherently evil. The remark that "great cities are great sores on the body politic" (commonly attributed to Jefferson, and just absurd enough to have been made by some smattering sciolist like him), is but one current expression of this vulgar and shallow opinion.

If the notion were confined to that class of people, it could not claim the honor of a contradiction, or even a notice from any demagogue-hater. But it has risen to a higher sphere—has been engraved and re-cut on the harder than granite tablets of song "which posterity will not let die."

Cowper, the chief of the melancholy-didactic class of English poets, who were occupied during three-fourths of the last century with an effort (partially successful) to infect or inoculate the English-reading world with their own dyspeptic hypochondriacs—the chief and the *last* (thank mercy) has written, under some acute attack of his constitutional malady, that

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Like many of the ingenious epigrammatic conceits with which the writings of the melancholy-didactic English poets of the last century abound,—this sentiment lacks the high (the highest) poetic merit of a *full expression of the truth*. And the brightest of a brighter succeeding age, Byron, has also failed to perceive the fallacy of the canting line, though he quotes it and comments on it, in the bantering and half-waggish mood in which his wild genius so often revelled.

Describing the horrors of the storming of Ismail by Suwarof, in a Turco-Russian war, of kindred atrocity with that now raging, he says:—

"The town was taken. Oh, Eternity!

'God made the country, and man made the town.'

So Cowper says—and I begin to be

Of his opinion, when I see cast down

Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh—

And, pondering on the present and the past,

To deem the woods shall be our home at last."

Don Juan, Canto 8, Stanza 60.

There is an imperfect natural theology in this sentiment not to be expected from Calvinistic Cowper, though it might be overlooked in his harsh, ungrateful critic, skeptical Byron.

"Man makes the town"—as the agencies of vegetation, under the influences of sky, air and soil, make the forest—the minute coralline animals of the intertropic seas make the rocky reefs which upheaving volcanic fires make islands, and of the outpoured lava make mountains upon them. And, as the works of all God's creatures, the grandest and humblest alike, are God's works—so the fair city, not less than the small geometric hexaedral cell of the honey-bee, or the mathematically perfect cone-capped cylinder of the African termite (*Termes destructor*)—is ordered and framed by the great Architect and Creator, "unto whom are known all his works from the foundation of the world." And thus it is that—as "God makes the country," so he "makes the town."

For though man may work what he vainly deems his own sovereign creative will, with a purpose as inconsiderately selfish as the smallest insect's constructive instinct—yet, the power that made him, makes or mars his vaunted creations as absolutely as it does those of every other being. The ancient and stately forest withers and falls, as tree after tree feels the blight of the larvæ piercing its heart—or is levelled in a moment by the whirlwind or the fire. So falls the ancient and stately city, in slow decay, induced sometimes by luxury and consequent vice, or sometimes by the silent poison of malaria and pestilence—or vanishes from the earth in a day, by conflagration, war, earthquake or flood. In the phenomena of their destruction, as in the phenomena of their creation, cities evince their subjection to that supreme control of all human and

natural events, no less than do the forests and the mountains.

More than twenty centuries ago, on the shore of Southern Italy, two beautiful cities stood, near the base of a mountain, whose ruins and smoke are yet "the chiefest charm" of the Parthenopean Bay. From immemorial time that mountain-peak had stood as firm, as silent, and as fireless, as any peak of the Alleghanies, the Kaatskills, the Adirondacks, stands now. But, suddenly (almost eighteen hundred years ago), the whole huge summit-cone of that mountain was blown into the cloud of ashes, which, in its few hours of subsidence, buried *Pompeii* in everlasting silence, while the melted rocky foundations of Vesuvius rolled down in a fiery flood upon *Herculaneum*, entombing it in stone forever.

The mountain's peak, and the cities at the mountain's base, attested by their like and common destruction, their one Creator and their one Destroyer.

A few years before that, fell another city, greater, more beautiful and glorious—fell in a ruin as complete and awful—though by war and conflagration, instead of by earthquake and volcano. Was Jerusalem's upbuilding, in any sense, less the work of God than was its downfall, when the purpose and the appointed period of its existence were accomplished? Was not Herculaneum's ruin—was not its erection—ordained by the same power? Were not the architecture of Pompeii and the explosion of Vesuvius equally the work of him who thus vindicates the claim that

"He can create, and He destroy."

Discarding, therefore, these peculiar and fallacious views as to the evil of the existence of great cities, this article lays down certain novel propositions or theorems in political history—or, rather, states great facts more true than novel, "in the words following—to wit:—"

A great and noble city is the greatest and noblest of God's physical creations on earth. Vice, crime, poverty, impurity, improvidence, and their attendant miseries may deform and defile some parts of it. In it, the covetousness and exactions of the prosperous, and the oppressions of the powerful, may violate the harmony of that mutual dependence and sympathy by which, alone, the social order is secured and adorned. But, all that is harmonious, all that is noble, all

that is good and truly great in such a city, is God's work.

The most perfect organization of which human society (outside of the family) is capable, is a well-ordered city.

The notion or conception of a State or Commonwealth, as distinct from a city with its suburbs and dependencies, is quite modern. Neither the language of Greece nor the language of Rome was capable of the expression of such an abstraction. The word *πολις* (*polis*) in the one, and "*civitas*" in the other, signify city and State alike and always—undistinguishably, except by the sense of the context. Plato and Cicero, each of whom wrote a most memorable treatise on this subject, were profoundly and equally ignorant of this distinction, so familiar in these times. The Latin word *res-publica* (which, by the way, never did mean "republic") signified the government of the city or State—literally, the public business or public affairs—the common-weal or commonwealth—not the region included within the government of the State or city.

A State—other than a city—is wholly a secondary and derivative idea. A tribe, a horde, a nation, or clan, may have existed for thousands of years, like the Goths, the Arabs, the Celts, the Esquimaux, or the Algonquins—held in some sort of unity by the feeling of *kindred* ties—by a common language as well as by the knowledge of a common ancestry. But a *State*, a fixed and established government of a civilized people, of old, implied a city as the beginning, essence, and centre of the community.

So was it from the time when "Babel (or Babylon) was the beginning of his kingdom, who began to be a mighty one upon the earth."

So was it in the primeval antiquity of Egypt. The simple discovery that nearly all the internal changes in the government of that ancient land of marvels, were mere alternations of supremacy between the two cities known to the Greeks under the titles of Memphis and Thebai (or Diospolis)—more properly named Noph and No by the Hebrews—mere changes of sovereignty between the City of the Pyramids and the City of the Hundred Gates, and the Colossal Temples—this very recent discovery has cleared all the mystery and confusion long prevailing between the Greek history of that country, and the account given by Moses of events occurring at

periods parallel with some portions of that history.

And, in all antiquity, there is but one instance in which a State, a commonwealth, a national government, was formed or grew up from any beginning, other than a city, as a ground-root, centre, and parental source. And that solitary instance is the HEBREW COMMONWEALTH, originated in one country, and transported, with and by a homogeneous people, entire into another country in which they were planted. And, even in that exceptive case (*exceptio probat regulam*) at length, when, in the fullness of time, a place was to be chosen where the nationality and the devotion of that people might be concentrated and perpetuated (and perpetuated it is, even to this day)—and where that religion which was the great and sole object of that nation's existence, could be amplified, consummated, and displayed in its perfection—then was chosen, as the place of that people's heart, not that central, rural, and age-hallowed spot, within the bounds of the most mighty tribe (descended from the greatest and most beloved of the sons of Jacob), but another, somewhat remote. Not on Shechem's green ridge (Shechem means a "ridge," but the tautology may be forgiven), by the graves of Joseph and Joshua—though Shechem was the same as Moreh, where Abraham first pitched his tent in the promised land, and where the tribes were first gathered, in Canaan, around their hero-judge, their victorious leader—nor yet, hard by, in tranquil SHILOH (for Shiloh means *tranquillity*), where the ark of God first rested from its long and devious traverse of the deserts—and where Israel had, for centuries, been wont to meet its rulers and prophets in judgment, and festal worship, and commemoration—NOT THERE, though Shechem looked down on near Shiloh, and on Bethel of young Jacob's heavenly vision, the place of which he said (in the ecstatic rapture of his wakening, when he lifted his head from its stony pillow)—"Surely THIS is none other but the house of God, and THIS is the gate of heaven." No. Jacob was mistaken if he supposed that to be the place where his posterity were to crucify the Son of God. Only in a city could that be done.

For it was in a city—one but just conquered from the foul, idolatrous Canaanite—a great city, the greatest of the whole land, that God chose to "make

the place of his name glorious," that there should be his only temple and his peculiar presence, there his only altar, till the LAST sacrifice was there made, and his last altar on earth was there by him cast down for ever.

And yet more than this—as if to show the dignity, perpetuity, and power of the idea of a great city—when the temple and the city which it hallowed ceased to be on earth, that which was to fill the temple's place, the true, universal church, was presented by the last of the sacred writers, to all the world, Jews and Gentiles alike, in the image of a great city; and prophetic inspiration sighed forth its last expiring breath in describing that New Jerusalem, the splendors of its architecture, of its ever-open, jewelled gates, and the river that watered it—evidently because there was no other material image so capable of impressing the mind of mankind, throughout the world and throughout all ages, with the grandeur and glory and beauty of the spiritual reality.

A large portion of the writings of the later prophets, from Jonah and Isaiah to Zechariah, consists of predictions of the ruin of great cities, and the construction of a new and better one.

While discoursing of great cities, and the phenomena and causes and effects of their growth or decay, it is but reasonable to fix some standard of comparison, some measure of city-greatness. People uniformly mention London and Paris as great cities, and very properly. For London is now the greatest city that has existed in the whole world since the final ruin of Egyptian Thebes. And Paris is the greatest city on the *continent* of Europe, except, perhaps, Constantinople. And yet New York, reckoning as its inhabitants only those whose habitations can be discerned from its towers in a cloudy day, is greater than Paris or Constantinople, and will evidently be hereafter (in the twentieth century, if not sooner) greater than London. London, on an island which diminishes in productiveness as you go northward and westward from the capital, and whose soil is now cultivated to the highest degree of its capabilities, may be truly said, in Yankee phrase, to have a limited "back country." New York has no such limited area to check its expansion. The stale quotation from an almost forgotten bard may be tolerated here.

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

So too, in talking of the great cities of ancient time, people mention Rome and Thebes as great cities of old, and yet seem not to know that the city of Rome never contained (as inhabitants) so many people as sleep on the island of Manhattan, in the autumnal and winter months. As little do they seem to think (what the Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans knew) that THEBÆ (or Diospolis, or No-Ammon, or No) contained a population of 7,000,000.

[Instead of cumbering these pages with detailed evidences of the truth of this, the notes containing the demonstrative facts, are withheld, until they shall be demanded to defend these statements against contradiction or expressed incredulity.]

New York is now more populous than Rome ever was, even if this city be restricted to Manhattan Island. But the population of such a city should be reckoned as that of London is reckoned—without reference to municipal divisions or corporation limits—should be reckoned as that of Philadelphia has always been—uniformly claiming the population of a large surrounding group of independent municipalities as belonging to the city itself. The very recent consolidation of these various municipalities into one corporation, brings, therefore, no augmentation to the population of Philadelphia in the ordinary *census* meaning of that term.

THE METROPOLITAN CITY OF NEW YORK, by every rule of custom and fairness, must include in the sum of its true, permanent population, all who regularly pass the greater part of their waking hours in the city, and all within a circle or circular sector of four or five miles radius around the City Hall, or Union Square, whose residence there is caused by that proximity, and is dependent upon the city's business, directly or indirectly.

The limits of the *City* of London inclose at this time not more than fifty-six thousand (56,000) actual inhabitants. The census of 1841 reported 56,009; that of 1851 gave 55,908 only; and the population, for thirty years or more, has been slowly and slightly decreasing, by the removal of dwellings to make room for commercial buildings. So is it with the entire circle of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, including the borough of Southwark, which is governed by the city, though not *in* the city. The population of the *city*, including all depend-

ent suburbs, where the Lord Mayor has magisterial power, is stated at 127,859. Yet the population of London (the whole metropolis) is recorded by the same census as amounting to 2,362,286—and might have been properly calculated as large as 2,399,004.

This vast metropolis has no common government except the Queen (that is, Her Majesty's Cabinet Council) and Parliament. The acting Chief Magistrate of the Metropolis, is Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department—at present, Viscount Palmerston. At least, his powers and functions bring him nearest to that position.

A characteristic which New York has in common with London, and, indeed, in a greater degree, is the continual intermingling of its inhabitants, by passing to and fro in all parts of the city and suburbs. Nearly the whole adult population is in almost daily communication with the most distant sections of the metropolis. Williamsburg thus keeps up a constant connection with Jersey City, by a line of vehicles across the island of New York, specially provided for that purpose. The easternmost and southernmost parts of Brooklyn have equal facilities for reaching the northernmost parts of the city of New York; and all these means of conveyance are constantly employed in maintaining an active circulation of the atoms of the great mass among one another. There are other large cities, in which the people in different sections and suburbs remain all their lives as distinct and insulated from each other, as if they were inhabitants of different towns fifty miles apart. But, the peculiarity of the chief city of America is, that all New York knows all New York. The population of all the shores of the inner harbor has, therefore, acquired a consolidated unity, and maintains an intimate community of feeling and interest, not only in business, but in social relations, that cannot be discovered in any other city. A mere legislative act framing a common municipal government for its present divisions could hardly increase the general sense of this spontaneous unity.

There is a legal union of all parts of the metropolis, under one tolerably definite term and title, fixed by the Federal laws. And that is, the Port of New York. The inhabitants of the Port of New York—that is, of its shores for a mile or two from the water—are, there-

fore, in that point of view, members of one community, numbering more than a million of people—far enough beyond all competition with any city in America, and with any in the world, but London, after the year 1860.

It should be observed that London now includes, with the chartered city and its subject borough, the City of Westminster, and a great number of parishes, or towns, formerly containing country villages, which have been gradually connected with the great metropolis and absorbed in it, as it has grown around and far beyond the little nucleus of the ancient city. These annexed suburbs constitute a great group of parliamentary boroughs, each represented by two members of parliament.

Of these, the Tower-Hamlets (a name now grown absurd, though not obsolete), Finsbury and adjacent parishes, St. Pancras, Mary-le-bowne (as they *will* spell it, instead of Marie-la-bonne, the name of the original parish church, though they pronounce it "Marrow-bone"), and others, are each more populous than the chartered city itself.

The great city of New York is too great—too confessedly and indisputably great—to be injured by such misrepresentations as have been induced by the publication of statistics which limit its reported population to the bare, rocky shores of Manhattan Island. Limit it thus, if you please; and yet, it is, and ever will be, the most populous "city and county" of all America. But the scholars, and students, and *statists* (that's the last form of the word) of Europe are looking to census reports for facts, concerning the growth of American cities; and they do so without feeling a particle of interest in the value of real estate in any American city, or in the quoted price of the stocks of railroads leading to them. It will astonish many people in New York to hear (or read) that there are any *such* persons in this world, who feel *any* interest in the growth of the city. But it is an incontestable fact; and owners of real estate, and railroad stock here, can only mourn over an incomprehensible feeling, which, in their practical view of things, can amount to nothing else than an absolute hallucination.

But, strange as it may seem, there is a scientific world—a little world—that wants to know the *facts* of this matter, without even the slightest regard to any pecuniary interests that are likely to be benefited by such a revelation. It is

possible that there may be in New York not less than five, and perhaps, as many as a hundred men, capable of viewing the same facts in the same "dry light."

And when New York shall have developed within itself a larger (and proportionally larger) community of men of that "unpractical" order, its vast material bulk will acquire a now much-needed dignity and moral elevation, which will give to its greatness a brighter and more lasting renown.

The three great progressive cities of the world at this time are London, Paris, and New York. The great city of Constantine may at no distant day revive, and resume the power and dignity to which its unequalled location entitles it. For the first Constantine and the first Napoleon but expressed the unanimous judgment of all deliberate observers when they pronounced it to be the place for the Capital of the World. Even now it increases in population by internal augmentation, while St. Petersburg, Vienna, Stockholm, and other cities, are constantly diminishing the number of their native inhabitants, and cannot hold their own without a continuance of the supply of people from the adjacent rural districts: an uncertain and variable resource.

Berlin lost one hundred thousand of its inhabitants during the alarms and turmoils of the two years beginning in March, 1846. In 1845, New York was exceeded in population by Berlin, Vienna, and Naples. In 1850, it (the *chartered* city) surpassed them and every European city, except the British, French, and Ottoman capitals. As for the cities of Asia, there is no good reason for believing that one of them contains a population of 1,000,000. Of those in India, the largest, Benares, is not estimated by any one to include more than 600,000 inhabitants. The cities of China and Japan, such as Canton, Peking, Soo-Tsheu, Yedo, Miako, etc., whose population has sometimes been conjecturally stated at various and uncertain amounts, from half a million to three millions, probably do not now contain in any instance more than 600,000 or 800,000. Composed as they are of houses only one story, or one and a-half, and with an immense space which must be uncovered by buildings on account of the total absence of sewerage, either of them would require an area four or five times as large as any city of the West for any given number of inhabitants. Not one

of them is known or believed to equal London, Paris, or New York in area. The cities of China, moreover, within a few years past must have been very greatly reduced in population by the havoc of merciless civil wars. And those of Japan have undoubtedly suffered equal losses, though slow and gradual, from causes operating since the researches of Kaempffer and his associates, and probably for more than a century—perhaps for centuries. Every perfectly isolated nation, every people or race whose insular situation cuts it off from frequent communication, and from all admixture of blood, invariably and inevitably degenerates, generally in the physical and moral force of the individual, and always in the number of the aggregate. The Guanches and the Picts, as well as the Tahitians and Hawaiians, are sufficient instances of this.

London incloses its 2,400,000 in a space of 76,000 acres. Philadelphia (consolidated) in 1854 claimed a population of half a million within its new chartered limits, containing 70,000 acres. New York, in 1850 (June 7th), had a population of 515,500 within an area of 13,920 acres, or rather in less than half that space; for most of the city stands on the southern third of an island seventeen miles long; and the official survey includes not only these uninhabited, square miles of rock and forest, but also five other islands in the harbor of New York. The three municipalities now united in the new corporation of Brooklyn contained in 1850 more than 130,000 on a territory a little larger than the whole space within the jurisdiction of the city of New York. The population of all Brooklyn now can hardly be less than 220,000. That of New York alone is probably under-estimated at 780,000. So that within an area of about 30,000 acres, we have a population of 1,000,000. In addition to Brooklyn, other suburbs, such as Tompkinsville and other villages on Staten Island—Morrisania and the almost continuous settlement from Harlem River to Fordham—Jersey City and Hoboken—contain almost exclusively a New York city population of at least 70,000, which should be included in an estimate of the actual and real people of the whole city of New York.

It is reasonable and safe, therefore, to repeat, that at this time, the four great cities of the world—the greatest—are unquestionably London, Paris, New York, Constantinople. The first named

is secure of its supremacy for a great portion of the remainder of the nineteenth century. But for the calamities which have befallen both the cities and the interior of the United States since the first of July 1854, the State Census to be taken in June next would have shown the city of New York (in the just sense of the term) to be equal, if not superior to Paris in population, and second only to London in that particular.

In commerce, in shipping, and maritime wealth, and conveniences for its increase, it is already by far the greatest city of the whole world. In 1854, its tonnage was double that of London—was more than that of London and Liverpool added together. Never was there, either in ancient or modern time, a city equal to New York in this essential element of power on sea and land. Of all ancient cities, probably Sicilian Syracuse was the nearest to it in this respect. But neither that, nor Tyre and Carthage united, could have displayed a tithe of the marine force of mediæval Venice, when Venice alone conquered and ruled Constantinople, and a large portion of the empire of the East. And what was Venice, compared with modern London? There are in India one hundred and fifty millions of people now subject to the crown of Great Britain, who would never have known that dominion but for the original enterprise of an association of London merchants, incorporated more than a hundred and sixty years ago, when London had not one-half as many inhabitants as New York has to-day.

Of the whole federal revenue during the last fiscal year (ending June 30, 1854), almost \$42,000,000 were paid by the custom-house in the city of New York. Boston paid about \$9,000,000, and the other custom-houses of New England and New York paid nearly another million of dollars to the federal treasury.

The whole receipts of the Federal Treasury from the customs during that year were \$64,224,190 27. Subtract from that the item of \$41,755,419 17, contributed by the port of New York alone—and from the remainder take also Boston's contribution—and then \$14,000,000 is a liberal estimate of all the money paid into the treasury from custom-houses, except those in these two cities.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1853, the total amount of revenue col-

lected by the Post-Office Department of the United States was \$5,084,464 57—of which \$2,108,764 48 came from the post-offices of New York and New England—\$1,175,516 06 from the State of New York alone—and from the City Post-office in Nassau street \$434,691 95—besides, \$2,621 43 from three other post-offices on Manhattan Island. The post-offices of Brooklyn and suburbs, paid nearly \$21,000 additional—those of Jersey City and Hoboken, more than \$3,000—and those of other strictly suburban appendages of New York, about \$1,800 more. So that within the proper and true circuit of the whole metropolis \$461,672 03 of postages were collected. The returns for the last fiscal year are not yet published; but the books of the City Post-office show an increase of \$185,844 09 over the receipts of the previous year—the sum actually paid to the department clear of all expenses being \$620,505 04—that is, about one-tenth of all the postages in the United States, of which the total for the year was \$6,255,586 22. A proportional increase in the receipts of the other post-offices in the city and metropolitan district would make a total of more than \$660,000 for the year.

It is an interesting fact in this connection, that while the post-offices in the State of New York paid the department more than \$1,500,000 (net) during that year, the total expenses of the transportation of mails in the State were but \$455,019 76, if the report of the preceding year may be assumed as not exceeded. No State south or southwest of Delaware, except Louisiana, pays an amount of postage equal to the expense of its mail-transportation. Several of them cost the department more than double or triple the revenue they pay to it. No western State, except Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, furnishes a post-office revenue equal to the cost of transportation. Every northern and eastern State, from Maine to Delaware inclusive, yields the general post-office a large net income.

And how much of all the commerce, foreign and internal, implied in these statistics, does New York owe to the Union as such, or to the favor or good-will of any State or individual on the continent?

NOT ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH!

It is not in the power of the government and people of the United States to augment the greatness, or accelerate the

growth of New York. And though all the rest of the Union were combined to injure the city, they could do little to diminish its commerce, wealth, and power, or retard its progress. How little can be accomplished in that way, may be easily estimated from the result of the utmost persevering efforts of some States to turn from New York the commerce which spontaneously flows into it from the interior of the continent, and from foreign lands.

Great cities have a vitality stronger than that of great nations. The governments within whose jurisdiction they are included from time to time may change; but, unmoved by the rise and fall of empires, great cities often survive a long succession of sovereignties exercising dominion over them. As it was with Babylon, Rome, Byzantium, Vienna and Paris, so it may be with London and New York.

THE GENIUS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

TO reveal genius is the highest office of literature. Othello and Hamlet, richest fruits of poetry, are chiefly valuable as measures of the gigantic intellect of Shakespeare. All elevated and religious souls look through the work to the Creator, as truly in art as in nature. Literature too, like all art, has human character for its theme. It labors assiduously to express and record the achievements, the aspirations, and what lies behind both, the soul, of man. Biography, history, poetry and fiction are contributions to the science of human nature, and each, according to its form, represents human life.

Biography is essentially eulogistic. It represents the decencies of life. It defers to the judgment of private friendship and of public popularity. It straightens all eccentricities by a line of ideal excellence and completeness. Even thus only a few lines, full of activity, of marked result in history, are capable of this treatment. For all the rest, biography would be but a libel—the more so, in that it was true, since it takes note only of what a man actually achieves. We unhistoric persons are not quite willing to be judged by such a criterion. Our actual life we feel to have been but a shabby performance, the least accurate index of our character. Herculean labors lay in our path, which our sanguine youth was eager to undertake, but which destiny laid upon other shoulders. Heroisms lie stored in our heart against emergencies that never occurred, foes that never assaulted, and biography disdains us, because the occasion never offered for our style of greatness.

History, delineating the aggregate life of the race, is obliged by its own rules to overlook all the finer manifestations of character. In history, men are chiefly seen as parts of the mechanism of state, acting officially and in their political capacity. We see the orderly movement of armies, but do not know whether the individual heart be instinct with the virtuous courage of humanity, or with the ferocity of wild beasts. We see men playing with the implements of government, we note their ambition, the amount of their intellectual force, their adroitness at intrigue, their powers of effort and endurance; we know little of the attraction of their affections, the compunctions of their conscience, the revulsion of their mortal fears. History, therefore, is not true to human life, not in that it reports falsely, but reports that which is of so little worth. A man may find less in the historical records of ten generations to solve the great problems that baffle his own thoughts, than in a single sentence spoken from the heart of an inspired prophet or poet.

We need not wonder that minds endowed with highest genius have sought better methods of representing human life, than the literal histories of individuals and communities. Poetry rejects the impediments of fact. It describes man true to his own idea, fulfilling the condition of his own wants, achieving his purposes. Since, in the actual condition of things, the arrangements of society, the jostling of other characters, or their own cowardice and folly, check and distort the normal growth of men, poetry opens to them the range of the

ideal, and supplies such circumstances and relations as shall minister to their completeness. Whether good or bad, noble or mean, to the poet's eye men are true to their own kind. Life to him is intense and exaggerated only in reference to fact, not in reference to purpose and aspiration. For the ideal characters which poetry requires, the actual personages of history can furnish but traits and outlines, but genius can complete and animate them or import directly from the realms of imagination angels and men of larger mould than have lived on earth.

The only essential difference between the poem and the novel is, that the latter foregoes the advantage of verse, and drops into a ruder style, less fit for the manifestation of passion, but more flexible and copious, and better adapted to depict all the phases of feeling and action with which the novelist has to deal. The novelist is essentially a poet. As in the opera, the accompaniment of music, interpreting to the ear a class of feelings too subtle for language, hurries along the enchanted listener in circles of sound, so that he cannot stop to scan the slight framework of words by which the subject is expressed to his intellect; so the "*fine frenzy*" of the poet, communicated to his readers through the measured movement of language, raises them to the medium of his own passion. Assured of his readers' sympathy, the poet has only to pass from one salient point to another of his theme, heaping extravagance upon extravagance, and bidding defiance to all the limitations of science and probability. The novelist has no such fictitious advantages. With no tools but his mother-tongue, with no stage scenery or poetic spell, he must produce his effect by the sheer force of his imagination and skill. If we might liken the poet to the Indian conjurer, who stands upon his half-lighted stage, with the machinery of mock thunder and electric lightning at his command, to heighten by their terror the effect of his magical dress and weird aspect; the novelist might suggest the accomplished modern magician, who presents himself in an ordinary dress, and without any of the *clap-trap* of jugglery, even with the confessed purpose of deception, and by his adroitness and dexterity deludes and perplexes the keenest vigilance of our senses.

We cannot quite enter into the sorrow of those somewhat hackneyed persons

who are wont to deplore, that the age of poetry is past. Writers of modern epics, though they have had the advantage of all the minute rules of art laid down in the canons of criticism, have failed to earn the fame of Dante or Milton. Wordsworth, conscious enough of his own powers, had floating in his brain for fifty years, the project of a great work, of which the *Excursion* was to have been but one of the middle chapters. Coleridge, with a more versatile intellect and more ardent impulses, got no further on in the great work expected of him by the circle of admirers, whom he fascinated with the genius of his conversation, than the incomprehensible fragment of *Christabel*. Hazlitt estimates that Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* alone was as voluminous as all the novels of Sir Walter Scott. Think of the old prose poet drawing home from the fields of the ideal, such a plenteous and copious harvest, when our best modern bards must return from the over-cropped and exhausted soil, bringing only spindling lyrics in single sheaves under their arms.

Poetry, if not the ruder, is the earlier art. The ancients did not write until their passion forced them, and then their words broke forth in the natural eloquence of song. But we have learned to domesticate language, and to make it capable of various uses. Prose is better adapted than poetry to our complex modern life. It is more flexible to our modes of thought, a fitter medium for our sophisticated habits, a finer analyser of civilized characters. The poetical genius of this time, who takes his inspiration from his own age, will be led to express himself rather in polished prose, than in any of the forms of versification known in the poetical craft. Those who affect the antique, who find their themes or their heroes in other ages, will still adhere to the old forms. In fact, our successful poems are antique in spirit, and more or less happy imitations of a lost art. The man, who shall build in living literature a monument of this teeming nineteenth century, will find the novel a far fitter form of structure than the poem. We have no modern Iliad. The landing of the Pilgrims, the French revolution, and the settlement of California, absolutely refuse to lend themselves to the skillful hands of genius for any epic purposes. All the mechanic arts have found, in later times, better methods, and attained more complete

results; but Shakespeare's trade of writing comedies and tragedies for the stage, has for these two centuries fallen steadily into decay. Genius is no journeyman, working with borrowed tools, and upon old models. She invents her own methods and expresses herself in forms as original as the truths they represent. The nineteenth century can show no Shakespeare, no Milton even; but it is an age rich in varied culture, earnest in thought and purpose, and at bottom, as enthusiastic and hopeful, and as pervious to the kind influences of heaven, as any other. We might, at least, expect that its great minds should be the peers of any that have ever lived.

Among the writers of English of the present time, Charles Dickens seems, to our apprehension, to be endowed with the richest gifts of genius, and to hold the best pledges of fame. To call him a novelist is no derogatory designation, since men of the highest order of intellect, such as Cervantes, Goethe, Richter and Walter Scott, have given highest dignity to that class of writers.

Mr. Dickens has not been merely a successful artist in a prescribed school of art. He has originated his own methods. The publication of his *Pickwick Papers* forms an era in English literature. He has followed up and worked, in all its depth and breadth, the rich vein of humor he first struck upon. All our literature has been as much enriched by his fresh forms of thought, his artistic and minute delineations of character, his delicate and exuberant humor, as our trade has been by the newly-discovered wealth of California and Australia. Many writers, who have no peculiar appreciation of his excellence, acknowledge, in every paragraph they write, the great debt we owe him. The sprightly narrative, the frank and captivating personality, and the delicate touches of satire, which relieve our political essays and sermons of the staid and formal dullness of an earlier style, is directly traceable to the *Dickens* dispensation. In fine, to explore to their origin the prevalent forms of popular thought, and, indeed, many of the opinions which they develop, the philosophic student of present literature need not punish himself with any drier studies than the character pictures of "*Boz*."

Books are the monuments of the ages that produce them. The whole body of English and American statute law, with the statistics of trade and industry, and

the cabinets of its collected industrial art, and we may add the best register of passing historical events, would not give so truthful a record of the nineteenth century, as Mr. Dickens has given in his sketches of London life. All those represent man in his civic and social capacity; these, however, in all the finer actions that indicate the peculiar tone of his character. It is not enough to say that Mr. Dickens has written a series of delightful stories, over which half the world have laughed and wept. This had been done before. He has told over again the story of human life, substantially the same in all ages; he has laid bare the springs of human character and given utterance to the manifold deep sorrows that accumulate in human experience. What has Shakespeare done more than this?

In Shakespeare we have a higher strain of passion, a more heroic and antique cast of character, a subtler and more metaphysical vein of thought. Dickens views life from a lower plane; he is nearer the men he describes; he presents them otherwise than to the intellect and the imagination, in the very clothes they wear, the whimsical habits they have incurred, and the *slang* speech they utter. He is not only nearer in his observation, but in his affection. He loves and hates more openly and more justly. We never mistake where his own feelings take sides. Spite of their intrinsic rascality, Macbeth and Richard are the heroes of their stories, and as heroes, get a share of our sympathy. The calm candor of the great poet, "nothing extenuating, setting down naught in malice," places them often in situations where they almost command our respect. But to Quilp, to Carker, and to Pecksniff, we are never allowed for one moment to abate our aversion. The novelist never toys with his victims, nor patches their unmixed depravity with any incongruous goodness, to perplex our moral perceptions.

The *Pickwick* novels are more dramatic than the dramas of Shakespeare. The finest and most memorable passages of the poet are his own declamations, metaphysical speculations, and moral reflections. He takes the *rôle* out of the lips of his hero, and in the intensity of his own feelings, declaims, denounces, and soliloquizes. Dickens' fancied personages never overstep the limits of their nature; and no incongruous sentiment gets smuggled into their speech. Per-

haps the French, in their pleasant abandonment to the illusions of fancy, excel us in story-telling; but no *English* writer, we think, can make his story tell itself so charmingly as Dickens.

It is due mainly, perhaps, to the difference between the drama and the novel, that Dickens' descriptions are so minute, so full of striking details, while those of Shakespeare, with all their beauty, are so general and vague. Shakespeare never hesitated to place the scene of a tragedy in Denmark, where he had never been. Indeed, all his local knowledge contributed little to furnish forth the scenery of his plays. He only needed prominent points and conspicuous heights of observation, known to general history, while he could easily complete his pictures with figures suggested by the memory of common life. But not a novel of Dickens could have been written out of London.

Among the prominent features of the Pickwick novels, we notice, first, their entirely modern stamp. The characters are those of our own times—the ripe fruits of a complex civilization. Each is eminently the creature of society, whose individuality has been distorted and stimulated by manifold relations with other men. They are, for the most part, impersonations of modes of thought; representatives of some school of opinion; or stand as the result and outgrowth of institutions, forms, and customs, with which we are all familiar. Our intense interest in the perusal is due, in part, to the fact that the conversations and adventures of Mr. Micawber, the unhappy dilemmas of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, the plots of Mr. Tulkinghorn, are all mixed up with the very questions which the civilized world is just now discussing in its schools and pulpits, by its firesides, and upon its platforms. All the problems of government, of education, of poverty, of crime, are here presented to us in striking and novel pictures.

For any but the highest genius, the experiment of placing the scene of his story under the glare and criticism of his own times would be eminently hazardous. The success of Mr. Dickens in it must be accepted as a severe test of his powers. The past has been generally the theme of the poet. Only its prominent events, and those, too, tinged by time with the reverence of romance, are preserved in the world's knowledge. It is comparatively easy, particularly in the

youth of a nation's literature, to recall its poetic traditions, to fill up their interstices with the dreams of fancy, and level their inconsistencies to the plane of the logical understanding, and thus make of them a consistent and beautiful story of human life. No survivors of the ages of the Henrys were present to find fault with Shakespeare for his delineations of the character and court of those monarchs. We accept as true his pictures of the old manners, as we do Walter Scott's *con amore* delineations of the ages of romance. Besides, in building the monuments of the past, men are but co-laborers with others, whose half-finished works strew the whole pathway, back to the times of which they write. Mr. Dickens has had nothing to assist his imagination, but a keen observation of his own times. In the prosaic life of the present, furnishing to the ordinary eye nothing above common-place, his finer insight has discovered all the subtler developments of character. These he has been obliged to present to a public having his own theatre of observation, and ready to resent the arrogance that there was anything there which had escaped their sagacity.

Our author is never meagre or dry. If he has occasion to describe natural scenery, buildings, crowds, storms, a thousand playful conceits and quaint associations, the peculiar offspring of his own genius, redeem the whole from triviality and dullness. He impersonates nature both in her placid and awful moods, and so groups her changing aspects, as to make them represent phases as of human character. To complete the picture of this character, he skillfully notes only such aspects as are harmonious and consistent. To his poet's eye there is nothing in the world mechanical. The trees, the pattering rain, the thronged and deserted streets, the stately halls of wealth, and the dreary garrets of poverty, have each their proper genius, who has gathered into his memory all their legends, and stands sentry over all their mysteries. His scene paintings are like those pictures in which the lines used to represent the contour of objects, at the same time, upon being closely scanned, resolve themselves into the outlines of human faces, forms of uncouth and hybrid beasts, winged monsters and wreaths of naked infants twined in a bacchanalian dance. One suspects that he has seen just such things before, dreaming or

waking, and is sure that no one but a madman or poet could so describe them.

But this is something more than the mere *diablerie* of a comic fancy. His descriptions, like painting or music, help the expression of his subject. The surroundings are all relevant and in sympathy with the persons, a portion of whose nature they borrow, while they help to express a class of feelings beyond the reach of words. How powerfully is managed the scene of the night railroad train, and the death of Carker. It is unhappily the almost every-day occurrence of a man overtaken and killed by the rushing steam-engine. But Dickens' tale is of an angry demon, real fire glaring in his eyes, pitchy smoke snorting from his nostrils, pursuing in the darkness of night a guilty and terrified man, repelled yet fascinated by his doom. The very language becomes horribly musical, and the words pant, throb and shriek as if bursting from ashy and quivering lips. Little Paul Dombey's visit to the watering-place, where he heard, and we are made to hear, the melancholy waves whispering in his infantile ear of early death, is another exhibition of this power of making nature sympathize with human sorrows. How we shudder with apprehension of some impending calamity, as we read with entranced attention the description of the storm at Yarmouth, fatal to the brilliant Steerforth, and the heroic souled Ham Peggotty. The tramp of feet upon the *Ghost's Walk*, is not a memento only of old sorrows in a noble house. We are all the time, and but too justly, suspicious that the ghost would not walk there, but to portend a greater calamity yet to come; and yet it is nothing but the slowly dropping rain upon the damp pavement. Nobody has ever seen a ghost there, and the author in no way vouches for the superstition; he only manages a description of the commonest phenomenon so as to produce from its very vagueness more than the effect of a veritable ghost upon our imaginations. How beautiful, complete, and at the same time satirical, is the description of a London fog that ushers in the first day of *Bleak House*—fog on the river, fog on the streets, men and cattle wading in fog; fog in cellars and garrets; but fog especially and always, if not literally, figuratively, in the chancery court—the wig of the Lord Chancellor looming dimly through it, the learned counsel laboring, struggling and floundering in

it, the whole proceeding buried, hidden and obfuscated under it. It is as if our author had said: "Here is my Hercules and Pompeii, buried not under Vesuvius lava, but under Chancery fog! Stand and look on, while I exhume the houses and homes of living men, whose sorrows shall make you weep, whose eccentricities shall make you laugh, and the frank utterance of whose great and pure souls shall fill yours with love."

But the richness of Mr. Dickens' genius is chiefly manifested in his prolific conceptions of types of character. No writer, ancient or modern, has marshalled such a host of *dramatis personæ*. We are almost confused and wearied with their number and variety; and our interest in the vicissitudes of so many different persons becomes almost painful. In each new story, that astonishes the delighted public, a fresh array of distinct and well-defined characters confront us. For the most part, these are all new types of individuality, and where we recognize here and there the *second* appearance of some familiar person, he comes under such new relations, and with such different combinations, as to have all the effect of complete novelty. Among all these groups there are no stock characters, no *men in buckram*. However trivial the occasion that calls them into requisition, however slight their connection with the leading incidents of the narrative, the writer's exuberant fancy fails not to furnish them forth with all the attributes necessary to give them the completeness of real human beings. If a servant is only wanted to snuff a candle, or a boy to hold a horse, we are stopped to note their uncouth attitudes, and to listen to their characteristic dialect. Mr. Dickens is not an artist that paints only the figures in the foreground of his picture, and represents the masses behind by mere shaded forms. He is rather the daguerreotypist, that gives a complete copy of the entire scene, the microscope being able to reveal what is too minute for the eye to discern. In completeness and distinctness in characterization he even excels Scott, who has peopled the world of fiction with forms conjured forth by his wizard's wand. In each drama of Shakespeare there are but three or four personages, that claim our interest by their marked individuality. The rest are retinue, necessary to the elaboration of the drama, but whose sayings and actions might be interchanged without

disturbing the harmony of the play. Of the *Eastcheap* revellers, only Falstaff is a character, all the rest, even Prince Hal himself, are mere foils to set him off.

Probably no writer has ever availed himself of so many circumstances to heighten the illusion of reality in his descriptions. Besides speech the most dramatic, slang the most apposite, the very dialect and by-words of the locality and the guild, to which we are introduced, we have grimaces, eccentricities of movement, whimsicalities of habit, repeated and persisted in, until the precise form and character is manifested to our apprehension. Newman Noggs' way of cracking his knuckles, Mr. Snagsby's apologetic cough, the odd indulgence which Quilp's boy had of standing on his head, all seem to present those personages as no amount of dialogue or general description could do. In fact, Mr. Dickens' creations are too intensely individual to be true to ordinary life. This is the reason why, upon some prosaic and exact minds, they have the unpleasant effect of caricature. In actual life, men's ordinary speech is disguised and diplomatic; they do not reveal themselves at the first interview; they speak from the surface and not from the centre; formality and politeness and reserve stand sentry over their real natures. Under excitement, under the spell of some great mind, they may rarely give forth whatever they have and are. Perhaps it is the charm of the novel, that under the excitement it enkindles, and the spell of genius that pervades it, true acting and true speaking become natural.

All the novels of Dickens are written in a vein of satire. At all times he masters his subject, he is outside of it. He is never excited in its passion, involved in its theory, or committed to its philosophy. Most authors are themselves heroes of their own works. Walter Scott has a passion for the romance and chivalry, the stirring adventures of border warfare, of which he has given the world such a splendid and enduring picture. In the very first chapters of *Waverley*, he discovers to us where his own prepossessions and tastes lead. We are not only impressed and overpowered by the fascination of his narrative, but we are aware that he is so himself. Byron and Bulwer write seriously, and betray their philosophic theories and their ambitious aspirations. Dickens,

however, is always the dispassionate critic and accurate reporter. He seems to be modestly relating things that he has seen, and is too well-mannered to intrude his egotisms upon us. No character that he calls into existence stands in such relation to him, that he cannot describe all his weaknesses and mingle delicate satire with all his praises.

He is less cynical than Thackeray, whose sarcasms lampoon his characters below our respect and interest. Dickens takes the outside position, merely to have a more just observation, and we soon become aware that a gentle charity presides over all his judgments. He takes no delight in presenting the repulsive and depraved traits of human nature, while he warms and glows in telling the story of a good deed. Through his transparent frankness we catch glimpses of his own heart, and find that he is full of candor and kindness. Perhaps his vein is more nearly like that of Cervantes, than any other author. Like him he is delicately satirical; like him he vouches in no way for the opinions and conduct of his heroes; like him he starts with the purpose of moving our mirth, and ends with the effect of exciting our sympathy and affection. We very soon find that we can trust entirely his good nature. If we encounter persons who provoke our contempt or anger, it is no whit due to the sarcastic malice of the man who communicated their actions. Our repugnance is at the actions and the characters themselves, while we are assured that they have been presented, not only with justice, but with generous disposition, in the most prominent point of view, of whatever was good in them.

Dickens has humor in distinction from wit—indeed, he is the very type of humor. Wit is an effort of the intellect to arrange ideas, conceptions and pictures of the imagination in such combinations as shall provoke surprise and excite mirth. The materials of wit may be the gravest, most serious, most momentous subjects, and these are all the fitter for its use, because the surprise of an incongruous relation becomes the more sudden and intense. Humor is more instinctive; it belongs to the character; it is a quality of the imagination and intellect, giving to their creations and thoughts the original forms of the grotesque and extravagant. Humor crystallizes the vapory particles, the elements of thought that cloud the mind's sky;

while wit solidifies the rounded forms of thought in the gathered drops. The one descends like the soft and continuous falling of snow; the other like the crash of the driven hail. There are persons who can enrich the most common-place narrations with suggestions of unexpected and quaint relation—these are wits. There are others who cannot tell the most ordinary incident of every-day life, without loading it with comic exaggerations, and making each incident and character express and personate the grotesque creations with which their own fancies are teeming—these are humorists. Of these is Charles Dickens. He is not only of them, but it might be said that the English language has produced no other great humorist. Humor, indeed, forms the pith and worth of his works. It pervades all his writings, from his first crude efforts of creative art, to the elaborate, artistic and marvellous *Bleak House*. For this pabulum we are not kept long waiting, we are not long baited, nor our appetite provoked by any preliminary dullness. He strikes his vein at the very first paragraph, and perfectly assures us of his power to entertain us to the last.

We have already spoken of his consummate art in description, as an auxiliary to the dramatic delineation of character. Still more wonderful are these descriptions, as indicating the character and quantity of his humor. We doubt if there is anything in the English language more comical, than the report of the trial of Mr. Pickwick for "breach of promise," in the posthumous papers of the club, named in honor of that gentleman. Every one will recollect with special pleasure the incident of the unwary chemist, caught among the spectators and empanelled upon the jury, who, after vainly attempting to get let off by the irascible judge, on the plea of private business, at last sullenly submits himself to his fate, calmly asserting, that the result will be the murder of somebody, inasmuch as he had left a boy in the shop, "the prevailing impression of whose mind was, that Epsom salts meant oxalic acid, and syrup of senna, laudanum;" and the appearance of Mr. Weller, senior, in the gallery, interrupting the general decorum of judicial proceedings, by a suggestion to the court, as to the spelling of the family name, followed by a fruitless attempt of a posse of ushers to capture and commit him for the contempt. But the whole

chapter, including the marshalling of Mrs. Cluppins to the witness-box, the speech of Sergeant Buzfuz, the badgering of Mr. Winkle, and the nervous anxiety of Mr. Pickwick himself, contains genuine and enduring fun enough to dilute through a whole romance or comedy of five acts. The sketch of the "Dotheboys Hall" school in Yorkshire, which is the gem of *Nicholas Nickleby*, abounds in humor of another cast. Indignation and contempt all the time struggle with mirth. We might be amused, if the vividness of the delineation did not excite a deeper grade of feelings. Captain Cuttle, however, gives us unmixed pleasure. His habit of quoting, and missing the proper authority; his private readings of the church service, bolting at the hard words, and returning to the attempt with the self-exhortation of—"Now, my lad!"—the hook, which supplied the place of a hand, lost in his majesty's service; the hard glazed hat, into which he compressed his weather-beaten head; the big silver watch, which he fished out of his pocket and donated to Walter, with the direction that if he "put her for'ard half an hour in the forenoon, and about half an hour in the arternoon, it was a watch that would do him credit," qualify him for a place among the standard characters of comedy. In Wilkins Micawber, with his constantly recurring pecuniary embarrassments, the frantic devotion of his spouse, the magnificence of his entertainments, his eloquence and his expectations, we have another creation of poetic fancy, over which the world will not soon cease to laugh. Bagnet and the "old girl," are presented with consummate art—she, a perfect heroine, type of the strong-minded woman, not only governing her husband by right of nature, but actually keeping him from imbecility and starvation, and yet, with quaint generosity, humoring his hallucinations, that he is the most imperious and absolute of husbands: he, a perfect nonentity, save in her affection, and the real admiration which he feels for his wife, tries to repress, upon the plea, that "*discipline must be maintained.*"

The admirers of Mr. Dickens, with but few dissenting votes, would, perhaps, be found still cherishing, as the best expression of his genius, that work of his, which forms the basis of his literary fame. As a work of art, the *Pickwick Papers* may be open to the

gravest criticism. It might be objected, that they have no purpose, no moral, no connected plot; that the characters are without dignity; inferior not in rank and estimation only, but in actual worth; that the incidents that move our mirth are coarse and commonplace. To this it is sufficient to reply, that the *Pickwick Papers* are pure comedy—they are “Henry IV.,” with all but the part of Falstaff and his comrades left out, by particular request. The author must be considered as having completely fulfilled his purpose of pleasing his readers. Of course, any scene so tragic as to generate pity, anything that moved our earnest sympathy, any character of such a grade, that we could not laugh at, because we loved or revered him, would have been an incongruity. Hence we find the whole story graded on a plane below our ordinary self-estimation, and every personage introduced, so fitted with foibles and defects, as to put us at our ease in making fun of them, because we do not thereby wound our own self-complacency, which is always painful. To write a book unique and consistent, a faithful transcript of the thick-coming fancies that suggested it, without intruding into it any declamation, any confessions of personal feeling, any underhand designs upon the popular faith, or any other common form of literary egotism, is no trivial achievement. All the elements of the author’s peculiar form appear in this book. Its publication was the beginning of the writer’s fame. It betrayed his masterly insight of character, not as manifested in words and conventional manners alone, but in all its interior quality, as denoted in form of speech, cast of countenance, and eccentricity of habit. The humor of the *Pickwick Papers* is more copious than in any of the series of humorous novels that have followed them. We turn from one narrative of ludicrous dilemmas over funny incidents to another, till mirth clogs upon our over-taxed risibilities.

In *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Barnaby Rudge*, we have more elaborate and complete plots, but the characters are depraved with such consummate and unnatural wickedness, as to leave a questionable impression upon our moral feelings. We doubt if it is wholesome for unsophisticated minds to be held to the contemplation of such natures as Fagin, Ralph Nickleby, Quilp and Simon Tappertit. The incidents

detailed are those of rude stages of civilization, and the feelings elicited are those which do not add to our culture or refinement. But the characterization has all the writer’s intensity, and the narration his peculiar illusion of reality.

Unlike most other novelists, Mr. Dickens’ powers have not exhausted themselves by being repeatedly put forth. From his first creative efforts till now, he has not only been gaining solid popularity, but higher and broader grounds of a permanent fame. If his later works do not glow with the exuberant and incessant humor of the *Pickwick Papers*, they surpass them in delicacy and beauty. We note, in reading his series, how steadily he grows in refinement and subtlety of feeling; how he learns to discard coarser pictures; to reject, as unfit for his purpose, painful and harrowing incidents, and the rude, savage, and common class of bad men. If the exigency of the story requires a catastrophe, he makes it, as much as possible, a moral one. He does not dwell upon, and gloat over horrible details, but having arrived at the point where justice requires a victim, he drops a curtain before the fatal scene of suffering, and leaves its recital to our imaginations. He brings men of strong purpose into conflict with each other, not of physical force or of brute passion, but of the natural antipathy of incongruous characters, and the vigorous grapple of one energetic will with another.

The moral tone of Dickens’ writings (for we do not hold that genius itself is in a position of immunity against the criticism of the moral teacher) is singularly elevated and pure. It is true, that in his earlier works, particularly the *Pickwick Papers*, there is a constant and even tiresome recurrence of scenes of drunkenness and carousal. The punch-bowl figures in every chapter, and the ringing of glasses and thumping of the toddy-stick are the orchestral accompaniment of the whole play. Many of the series of single plots hinge on the amusing accidents resulting from an accidental inebriety. Even Mr. *Pickwick*, whom we cannot help loving for his generosity, his fine feelings, and his sense of honor, is allowed quite too often to get entirely drunk; and when Mrs. Raddle assails him from the head of the stairs, as he is retiring from Mr. Bob Sawyer’s drinking party, with words like these: “*Get along with you, you old wretch, old enough to be his grand-*

father, you villain, you're worse than any of 'em," we cannot help wishing the indignant landlady had no grounds for her abuse. But there was no *Maine law* in London, when the Pickwick club flourished, nor is there to this day. There is no doubt of the truthfulness of these sketches. A picture of English, or even American life, in a great metropolis, would scarcely be complete without introducing *tableaux vivants* of drunkenness. The subject itself is not an unlawful one, only the moral purpose is not developed quite so clearly as in the pictures of Hogarth. No desperate admirer will be likely ever to venture upon the hypothesis that these amusing works were really intended as "temperance tales." Gradually, however, as Dickens seems to become more conscious of his own genius, he seeks to connect his fame with the enduring convictions of good men, and leave out of his sketches everything that might offend our moral prejudices.

In the merciless satire with which he has handled men of rank, politicians, lawyers, physicians, and in fact every class which represent pretensions or claim respect above what is accorded to men, as such, Dickens has not spared the clergy. Perhaps he has been no more unjust to these last than to the others; but the American readers, living in a society where for a century the clerical profession has, for the most part, represented the highest forms of moral and intellectual culture, as well as the best specimens of personal worth, are somewhat shocked, that the religion of Baxter and Bunyan, of Milton and Vane, has so far degenerated in England as to produce no better representatives than "Mr. Stiggins, the shepherd," and the "oily Mr. Chadband." It is true, nothing that is virtuous or to be revered is, or could be, derided; but goodness and virtue are not the monopoly of the poor; nor are those men who have devoted their lives to the special culture of religion, as a class, hypocrites and impostors.

In extenuation of this fault, it must be remembered how severely our author has satirized what is technically called "good society;" how he has exposed the pretensions by which one rank of men claim a social empire over another; and how the very society, whose artificial structure he has assailed, have not only borne it with good nature, but have rewarded him with praise and bounty.

When he came to America, some years ago, his quick sense of the ludicrous, his impulsive indignation at injustice, compelled him, in a book by no means intellectually worthy of his fame, to satirize our coarse manners, our tobacco eating, our passion for military titles, our fondness for the display of wealth, and to rebuke our self-cherished curse and crime of enslaving men. We received these just censures with a hot and unmanly resentment, in singular contrast to the imperturbable good humor with which John Bull has pocketed just such affronts upon himself, from the same source, for a series of years.

No true man wishes to sink himself in his profession. There are pedantries and exaggerations lying like pit falls in all the chief pursuits of men. It is one of the common incidents of an office, that imposes itself upon the general respect, that the man who fills it gets himself imposed upon, and starting with the purpose of making dupes, ends by becoming one himself. The poet or novelist who can describe the dangers that beset these paths of life, who can indicate where the sublime verges upon the ridiculous, where zeal and singleness of purpose in the calling to which we have devoted ourselves becomes singularity and distortion, does for us a good and necessary office. Many an orator has chosen to forego a grandiloquent effort of legal eloquence, on an occasion when severe taste would not have warranted the indulgence, by recollecting how completely Sergeant Buzfuz had monopolized that vein. We doubt not there are pulpit orators, somewhat covertly relieving their severer studies by the reading of Dickens, who have satisfied themselves that the exhortations which fell so unctuously from the lips of Mr. Chadband, would not quite satisfy their own judgment, though they might the too partial judgment of their congregation.

With these reservations and qualifications, the moral tendency of Mr. Dickens' writings is unobjectionable. They are the pictures of a singularly pure mind. There is not a passage in them that need be suppressed on account of its indelicacy. He does not cover an offensive meaning under specious and equivocal terms. He makes no occasion in his story for us to imagine something which may not be openly told. His subjects are out of the range of a prurient and luxurious fancy. His loves are

the pure loves of marriage, or that lead to marriage. He is *English*, and not *French*, in his love of home. There is a pleasant relish of domesticity in all his families, however poor. The domestic happiness of the Kenwigs redeems them from our contempt. What though Mr. Micawber's usual expedient of converting his promissory note into cash repeatedly fails him? he is far from being the most unhappy of men—his children are dutiful and affectionate, and Mrs. Micawber "*will never desert him.*" Our author loves children, gives them a strong hold on the affections of their parents. His most touching sketches are of poor orphans, who have no home, no mother's love, and who grow up like Sniike and Oliver Twist, haunted with the memory of infantile cruelties.

He never takes sides with the oppressor against the oppressed, with the moneyed employer against the laborer, with the powerful class against the outcast and the poor. His principles are thoroughly and practically benevolent and humanitarian. He has lived amid the movements of the inequalities of rank and wealth, palaces and castles adorned with the costliest trophies of all the arts, and mouldy and rotten cellars, where want and toil languish and die; and yet, in all that he has written, there has been nothing but indignant scorn of the wrongs that have produced these results. It may not be easy to discover how far the social revolution, progressing as yet peacefully, and destined to effect the redemption of the people from beggary, ignorance and crime, may be due to the sentiments and feeling electrically communicated from his pen. There were themes enough in the past: gentle hearts might be touched as they had been before by the dangers and sufferings of forgotten ages, by the loves and fortunes of youth and beauty. But the

stern and real present lay under his sight, its obtrusive objects of want and woe appealing to his sensibilities, its old familiar story too coarse and commonplace for gentle poet ever to have told, its awful catastrophe or blessed deliverance looming in the near future. Whether with the self-formed purpose, a following the general impulse that has awakened in men of thought and men of feeling a new interest in what pertains to the well-being of the race, he has turned the minds of his million readers to the grave problems that underlie the structure of modern society.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. No man can write as frankly as Dickens has done, without revealing the hue and quality of his own spirit. Judging from his works, he is a man void of pride and of malice, full of kindness and cheerfulness, more to be loved than admired. It is no derogation to this estimate of his character, that he has conceived and portrayed, with all the distinctness of personal knowledge, such beings as Squeers, Quilp, and John Chester, monsters that libel the most contemptuous conceptions of human nature. The gentle Shakespeare was able to fathom the damnable wickedness of an Iago, and Milton found in the capabilities of his own nature the full proportions of the sin which cast Satan out of heaven. The fact is, we take easy cognizance of every grade of moral feeling below our own, as of stages of growth we have but lately passed through; while our conception of ideal excellence is but little, if any, in advance of the standard of our own lives. No man could invent and appreciate such rare natures, as those of the two Peggotties, John Jarndyce, and sweet Esther Summerson, without being himself kindred in soul to the characters he describes.

WIND AND SEA.

I.

THE Sea is a jovial comrade,
 He laughs wherever he goes ;
 His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
 That wrinkle his hale repose ;
 He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,
 And shakes all over with glee,
 And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
 In the mirth of the mighty Sea !

II.

But the Wind is sad and restless,
 And cursed with an inward pain ;
 You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,
 But you hear him still complain.
 He wails on the barren mountains,
 And shrieks on the wintry sea ;
 He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,
 And shudders all over the aspen tree.

III.

Welcome are both their voices,
 And I know not which is best—
 The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips,
 Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.
 There's a pang in all rejoicing,
 A joy in the heart of pain,
 And the Wind that saddens, the Sea that gladdens,
 Are singing the self-same strain !

MY THREE CONVERSATIONS WITH MISS CHESTER.

(Concluded from page 155.)

CHAPTER THIRD.

NOW ought I to apologize for the unreflecting and imprudent manner in which I had so suddenly become enamored? With one whom I had seen twice only; of whose character, abilities, cultivation, I had had but the most transient opportunities of judging? Perhaps so. The thoughts, however, which passed through my mind while I sat in my quiet little room, and meditated upon Miss Chester, my acquaintance with her, and its future, if any apology be needed or admissible, must supply it. I reflected, therefore, somewhat as follows:—

Gloriously beautiful: *That* I can see—I, who am wont to be fastidious, even to the implication of affectation. Physi-

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cally strong and healthy: The easy grace of motion, the pure complexion, the perfect outlines, assure me of that. Intellectually, even my ideal—mine, the hypercritical, the dreamer. For the scope of her thoughts, their direction and combination, even in little things, were such as those in which I had specially and most lovingly practised myself. Morally—how admirable to me—sickened with the lean righteousness of business honor, the undistinguishable righteousness of churches choking with worldly weeds, the utter non-righteousness of politicians and editors inconceivably soulless, soaked and seasoned in foulest falsehood until their original flavor, not in itself the most delicate, had disappeared under the gross superimpo-

sition of "practical life"—to me, wearied and sickened with such, how bright and noble her unrestrained, flashing sarcasm, her steady, flaming anger, against little men! Was it not even superfluously demonstrated that in reading, in study, in thought, word and work, we might be true and helpful yokefellows? Desiring things noble and true, and working for them? And that she would be truly a help—not in the assumption to herself of daily drudgeries, and in details and the freeing me therefrom (for how pleasant to shoulder my proper moiety of such burdens!); but in thinking with parallel and coequal vigor, in the same field of thought; in writing, talking, studying, the same pursuit. What a limitless dream of true union and interfusion of spirits!

But, a prudent elder might object, I didn't know it; I was merely hypothesizing. That merely means that my methods of observing men and women, my rules for managing my inductions, my synthesis and analysis, are at fault. But as long as my experiments do not deceive me, I shall (*mei enim unius vel maximè interest*) rely upon them, in preference to the chilly vaticinations of an unfortunate senior, whose own faithlessness has wrought its like, most probably, in those with whom he dealt, and so governed his opinions of them all. Moreover, I was arrogant or wild enough to believe, within my secret soul, that the instinctive delight, and the new and strange tumults antithetically stirred within me by this troublous Irene, this war-arousing Peace, were alone premises amply justificatory of my delicious conclusion. And it must and shall be so, if indeed she will embark with me—I would chant to her, despite the cold old man, as beseechingly as did the damsel to Thalaba the Destroyer:—

"The morn is young, the sun is fair;
And pleasantly, through pleasant banks
The quiet stream flows on—
Wilt thou embark with me?
Thou knowest not the watery way—
Tho' day is fair, yet night must come—
Darest thou embark with me?
Through fearful perils thou may'st pass—
Thou wilt embark with me?"

When I shall speak so to her, with the loving assurance of the last words, assuming, and so in part, at least, shaping, the desired reply, shall I not have it?

I think, yes.

Such meditations must suffice for apology. I sought out a curious old vol-

ume which I had found at a book-stall—the only bibliographical treasure in my possession. For it was from this book that I desired to read a passage to Miss Chester—a quaint and musical chapter, hidden among the mystical musings of the nameless old German author. Nameless, for title-page and colophon were both gone, and my bibliographic lore did not suffice me to discover the writer.

What Miss Chester would say, or how she would receive the doctrine of the coverless old book, I doubted. However, I went, at the appointed time, and found her, as per agreement. I talked a few minutes, abstractedly and unconnectedly, upon indifferent matters; but not, of course, with any remarkable success. Then we spoke of Heinrich Zschokke, and his marvellous power of imagination; of his story of the Sleep-walker; and suddenly I remembered Miss Chester's former reference to Hortensia's recognition of the vile nature of the Italian nobleman, and further, of her careful avoidance to tell me whether she had actually recognized such in myself. And also, something suggested to me to contrive, now, to know fully what she could discover on that subject. Without pausing to reconsider, I spoke—

"Miss Chester, do you remember saying that you were entirely sure of your ability to resist magnetic forces from other persons?"

"I am, at any rate; although I do not remember saying so. Why?"

"Because, I desire leave of you to test the justice of a suspicion which you entertain of me."

"I don't understand. Test it how?"

"In this way:" and I hurried on with my request, lest my courage should fail me, or lest any pause should admit a blank denial. "Let me dream of you as I did before, at the times when you felt it; and permit the magnetic power to be intensified as far as you dare allow. But, meanwhile, look keenly; and consider closely, whether in me you observe the abominable degradation which I see that you believe implied in the possession of the psychical authority. I would not ask so much of you, without a valid reason, either. I have the right, now, so far as I can use it, without risk to you, to relieve myself from a suspicion which I *know* is unfounded. I fell under it without intention or wish. Do me the justice to allow me the only practicable chance of defence; in which, moreover, the evidence is to be submit-

ted to the accuser, and the verdict to come from the same. I never asked to rebut a suspicion before. But I never dreamed that I could fall under such a one, or that it could be entertained of me by one so pure as you."

She sat, blushing, with eyes cast down; sighed; looked at me as if about to speak; hesitated; looked away upon the floor; at last, spoke.

"I wish you would not insist; and, honestly, because I dread to have that which I only suppose, now, changed into a wretched certainty. But if you do insist, I think I ought to grant you the trial."

"I do, indeed," I answered. "For I *know* what I am."

"You must not ask me to look at you, however. That would originate a most unpleasant self-consciousness. I will read, and you may exercise your privilege without looking at my face."

She took up the old book I had brought, and opened it. I sat still, thinking of myself, and of her. I knew that my soul was as pure as her own. I would vindicate before her my unsullied honor. It should appear to her that there might be another soul, not merely competent to consort with her own in light accomplishments, in intellectual labor, in social pleasure, but able moreover to ride as triumphantly as her own in the pure heaven of sunlit and tranquil contemplations, far above the clouded, dark, dirty region where most thoughts are conversant—in such exercises and employments as are likest those of the Almighty Soul, or as we innately believe likest—in pure love, and in the wisdom accordant thereto. And my thoughts fled away, away; and deeper and deeper, from within my soul arose the assertion of purity and honor unstained. And I added a meditation; that the perfect being upon whom my contemplations were so intensely concentrated, should be my own; that my hemispheric life should be rounded into full symmetry, by the conjunction therewith of the feminine thoughts and powers, which, by virtue of my manhood, I could not have. Thus I meditated, dreamed; without effort; without wish; for no such delightful trance had ever enrapt me before. And so my conscious intellection quite departed; and when I was recalled from my intuitional inner life—not now by a rude and angry shock, as if struck upon the face by one insulted, but awaked by a sudden strong and clear exertion of in-

dependent will—and looked, in an overwhelming dread, which *would* lower upon me, in spite of my efforts, towards my companion, she sat with her face hidden between her two hands, turned from me, bowed down upon the arm of the sofa, in an agony of passionate weeping.

I could not speak—I dared not speak. I apprehended all fatal things. It never occurred to me to doubt the power of the psychical insight; and that its clear light had shone upon some innermost debasement, of which I had been most profoundly and innocently ignorant, I despairingly believed. And that was the worth of all my wisdom in self-measurement and self-estimation!

Miss Chester suddenly sat upright; drove away her emotion, at least from outward manifestation; hastily dried her tears; threw back the hair which had fallen in heavy bands and curls over her face; turned her eyes straight and steadily to my own; and said, blushing, but firmly, "I most fully believe you to be, and to have been, utterly pure and noble."

"Pure, in truth," I answered. "Noble in aspiration, if not in accomplishment. And I would thank you, if thanks were due for justice done."

She made no answer—apparently lost in some recollection. Nor could I desire to speak; for I exulted in silent joy at the recognition of the truth and honor which I had felt that I might fairly claim. The silence was prolonged almost to awkwardness, when the open piano caught my eye, and I said—

"You promised me some music, Miss Chester. Will you please play?"

She arose, and crossing to the instrument, sat down. Then she asked—

"What music do you prefer?"

"Music? If you will play me such as you like, I will promise to like it."

"That is too complimentary. I want the music to please you in itself."

"I did not mean a compliment. But does it displease you that I feel certain that I should of myself, choose such music as you would, and therefore that I may trust you to choose for me?"

She asked, without direct answer, and without looking at me—"Did you ever compose any music?"

"Only in one way. Sometimes beautiful words have made themselves a melody for me, while I have been thinking them over, and I have written it, and played or sung it."

She made no reply, but played a nocturn. It was intricate and monotonous, I thought. But it was sad; and threw me into mournful thought. And I distinguished something veiled within it, as it were; a soul of hidden meaning, within the exterior sounds; whose existence, however, was only suggested to me at the repeat at the last strain but one, and in the last strain. As the full chords of the last cadence died into silence, I said, almost unconsciously—

"I wish I might hear that again."

She played it again. And that second rendering astonished me. The music was the same, yet not the same. I could distinguish the same ideas and strains which I had heard before. But the cadences and mournful singing of the quiet measures took on, now, a new and startling significance.

The composition was entirely new to me. As I said, it had, at first, been simply a quiet and monotonous performance, difficult of execution; and not until near the end, as my ear began to interpret the singularly repetitious concatenations of the successive strains, did I catch a glimpse of *any* meaning; and even that had nearly escaped me. At the second hearing, however, I saw, if I may so speak, more clearly. The involved and almost superfluous instrumentation, the full and sustained harmonies seemed to have been thrown around, as shadowing veils and draperies, to hide the import of the thread of melody; or to conceal it from all but the closest observation. And thus it came to me; flashing or streaming up; or sounding faintly and dimly; struggling from underneath the enveloping weight of the great volumes of sound; scarcely seen; as one might gaze down into a dark ravine, through boiling mountain mists, and here and there catch a glimpse of men, dimly distinguished, passing upon an unknown errand. In such a way I gradually became aware of the meaning of the singular combinations which were presented before me. But now, moreover, I began to be conscious of a strange, and yet of an uncommonly clearly indicated significance in the music; although it is perhaps a question liable to doubt, how much of this apparent tangibility of meaning is due to the general or contemporaneous condition or tendencies of my thoughts, and how much to the conceptions and executive success of the composer. But, at first faintly, as from an infinite distance, through darkness and

clouds, sorrowful utterances were spoken; wailings of some one alone, fearful, rising now and then into loud sobs and clamorous cries of misery. They grew more and more articulate; in melancholy distinctness they now resounded clearly above the clinging enwrapments of the full accompaniment. So clear was the representation that, as the wailing strains cried out to me, my eyes involuntarily filled with tears. But the lamentations and the lonely crying faded away. Then, muffled and dimly as before, came another strain—a lovely and sweet-flowing strain, singing first from afar and then from nearer, comfort and hope. The wailing cry recommenced, as if the unhappy one sought consolation from the singer; and the sorrow and the joy for a time were chanted together. But the sad subordination of the mourner was modulated, ere long, by a magical representation of the same musical idea, but a sad one no longer, into a happy and harmonious sympathy with the loftier joy; and the whole drama was auspiciously concluded by the triumphant beauty of more unconcealed gladness which had first struck me in the latter part of the composition. It sang and rejoiced exceedingly; though still in the strangely restrained and hidden undercurrent in which the whole air was interpreted; in lovely and happy melody—the still, bright happiness of perfect content.

The instrument was still. The lovely musician, too, sat motionless, but evidently in the keen excitement of an artist; with eyes cast down, and cheeks flushed; even, I fancied, refraining from tears, only by a strong effort.

Neither of us thought of more music. We returned to our former seats.

I entertained a curious hope about the music. "Miss Chester," said I, "did you compose that music?"

She answered, with confusion, however, and evident hesitation, "Yes."

"Have you ever played it to others than me?"

"Yes. Two or three times."

"Did any one ever ask you to repeat it?"

"No."

"And was there a meaning in the music?"

She answered, almost inaudibly, "Yes."

"I thought so," said I, "and I have discovered it. It meant sorrow; loneliness; longing; then satisfaction and joy. Did it not?"

Of that I was quite sure. And I was, besides, so arrogant as to hope that she meant more than that; that *that* was a nothing—dross—mere miserable husks—to the delicious confession—the sweetest of all revelations—which I hoped I had heard. For I dared to think that she had spoken her longings to me in the music, as to one haply able to supply the desire of her heart—to drive the sorrow and the loneliness far away—that she had revealed her soul to me in that sweet and safe unspoken way, trusting that if I were indeed such an one as she desired, I should understand the hieroglyph—the sacred hidden speech. This was the tumultuously joyful hope that illuminated and disturbed my mind; that unsteady my hand; that made me tremble; that almost deprived me of the command of my voice. But still, with an ulterior design—for yet there was a possibility that I might by error be preparing an overwhelming disappointment—I had hidden all that part of my interpretation of the music for which I cared, and assumed, perhaps at the risk of appearing conceited, the completeness of the general translation which I gave in words.

With sudden coolness—more delightful to me than a satisfied tone could have been, for I interpreted it to mean disappointment at the shallow reading, and mortification at the gratuitous and uncomprehended expenditure of emotion, Miss Chester answered—

“You are right. But there was more; which, however, I suppose you could not be expected to understand.”

“Perhaps not,” I answered, with as much indifference as I could command, seeing that her answer corroborated my suspicion. “But I am exceedingly obliged to you for the music; and more, for displaying to me what you do not grant to many—the result of your own thoughts, and the workings of your own soul.”

“Have I?” she asked with a sudden bitterness.

“Yes; you have. But I was to read you a passage from an old book, bearing upon the psychological matters of which you and I have some experience. Shall I?”

“If you please,” she said, coldly and with evident disinclination to listen.

“I will,” I replied. “And I had liefer read it now, than before the beautiful music, or before I came here this evening.”

Then I took the book, and read from *Cap. Tertium*, commencing with the second paragraph; rendering the old German into partly correspondent English, as follows:

“Now shall I show how there is included in the major or principal sympathy which worketh from Our Lord to his creatures, and returneth back from them to him—whether such creatures possess the life of the stone only, or that and the life of the tree, or those and the life of the beast, or the life of the man, which is the synthesis of the three with the Love and Wisdom of Our Lord therein infused—the sympathy *in singulis*.

“For this sympathy, namely, the major, is such as that in it we all, who are human, are one; since only by virtue of intimate oneness could interchange and increase of life be permitted; therefore we, our fathers, and those who shall follow us, are, except for the extenuation of Time, one and the same being.

“And sith it be so, we may now the reader comprehend the case of such who are drawn together by an unisonous nature, being, in course of accident, put each within the sphere and influence of the other. But first I would discuss the reasons why not all are so drawn in love to consonance of society and unity of thought and will. This is like that case of the unfriendly rivers, whereof the pure, in horror of the other's turbid flow, refused mingling; and ran a far way to the sea, apart by itself, upon a line drawn between. For in such wise is it that pure minds are wont to withdraw, and not to have converse with the common, the maculated souls by sin, by folly and by worldliness; so as that they do harbor all alone, and thereby do oft-times miss of meetings which might befall to them mingling in the crowds. And likewise, the imperfection which sin has seated so deeply in men doth cause imperfection of body and of mind, contrarily to the will of the imperfect; and that imperfection, meeting another imperfection, may not consent therewith, and consent and union may not be; no more than oil may mingle with water, though both be of no mean nature in themselves, because they be differently directed. And moreover, the perfectness of this union can by no means be, except between a man and a woman; for they be so by Our Lord made, alike yet differing, as that the strength and wisdom of the one may counterbalance the weakness of the other, and the lov-

ing and intuitions of her nature may fill many offices which the man cannot do. For no one nature, less than Our Lord's, is perfect. And the two things which be most extreme in contradiction one of another; and thus the quiet and loving woman and the strong and bold man; do in their synthesis and unity arise into truth and perfection, such as our humanity may attain, before we arise into the heaven of Our Lord.

"And thus it is, that the noble Love of perfect union is rare; since to it there go many conditions preliminary and needful; and also many there be which I do not here enumerate; treating them in full in another place; and moreover, untrue torsions and perversions from the training and governance suffered in youth, do discourage and weaken the Inner Truth; insomuch that where such persons may perchance be cognizant each of the other, the woman saith nothing, since she believeth, by her instructions had, that love and a perceived union should ever be quite concealed, and not by any means intimated to any; and she doth no longer clearly see the light of that Truth which would advise to the speedy signification of the recognized wish. Nor doth the man speak, for he is by the false humility taught by his governors inured to hide his goodness in silence; for poverty; or for small learning; or for some empty crust or ghost of accident; insomuch that he repels and silences the Inner Truth which would fain speak to the woman.

"But seldom therefore doth it fall out that such are revealed to one another by the speech of the inner voice; and they be by that voice known one to another, having articulated naught; and if only they be such, by fortune of their life and experience, that they have lived in the freedom of the thoughtful; and if haply they do speak, and their spoken minds do harmonize in that outer manifestation of the true life hidden beneath the three-folded veil of the body, the mind and the will, then sad and miserable is their after-lot if they shall then depart either from the other. For having let go the unity and beauty in living, which is the fortune of few, and which Our Lord thus presents ready at their hand, right is it that they should not frowardly prevail to have the precious jewels of Our Lord submitted as vile wares to the unsteady choice of their careless hesitation and

tardy folly. And not twice within the small life of man is that to happen; nor, truly, oftener than once in the lives of millions of men."

I laid the book away, in silence. I dared not look at Miss Chester. I had spoken, more clearly than the music. I had shot my bolt, but I dared not, for the moment, question whether the mark was hit. Yet the misery of the suspense forthwith arose over the hesitation; I looked; but she sat motionless, looking down. I could not bear to wait, or to leave anything longer indefinite.

"Irene," I said—

She started, but did not answer, nor look up.

"Irene, the old man from whom I read, spoke for me; and what he says is true. I desire to confess to you that I hid part of the truth, in interpreting the music to you, so that I might answer what I believed it said, in the same hidden way. But my interpretation was bolder and deeper than I said. If I understood the music, you will not be vexed that I am so free to call you Irene."

She did not move nor speak. I dared to take her hand. It resisted not; but as I touched her, she trembled, and sighed.

"Irene, if I understood the voice of the music, I may hold your hand in mine. But will you not raise your eyes to mine?"

She did. And the sad beauty of her deep eyes, for they swam in springing tears, and there were traces of tears upon her flushed cheeks, brought tears into my own. Sadly and steadily, but as if with intensest effort, she gazed.

"Irene—my Irene—if I understood the voices of the music, I may love you; and you will love me—and be my Irene—my Peace—my life-long peace."

Still she answered not; but her tears overflowed now.

"You will not deny me, Irene, will you?" I drew her towards me and kissed her. She did not endeavor to prevent it. She returned the kiss.

And though she did afterwards withdraw herself from within my arms, and gently insisted that I must go, for that time, offering me the farewell kiss, of her own accord; and though we have been often out of each other's sight, my Irene—my beloved wife—and I have never been parted since.

NATURE IN MOTION.

(Concluded from page 142.)

BUT also larger animals are thus carried about by as yet little known modes of conveyance. There exist, among others, countless examples, from the oldest times to our own, of mice and rats, insects, fishes and reptiles being carried off by storms and whirlwinds far from home. Only a few years ago, a long and violent rain in the heart of France brought with it millions of well-sized fishes, which were eagerly devoured by hosts of storks and crows, and other birds, that came suddenly from the four quarters of the wind to share in the rich and unexpected repast. Rains of frogs are even more frequent, and have, since the days of Moses, occurred in almost every country.

Far more remarkable, however, are the spontaneous, though casual, journeys of certain animals; as, for instance, those of the almost invisible gossamer of Europe, floating in the air on a silvery thread. They were a marvel to former days, and Chaucer even says—

"As sore some wonder at the cause of thunder,
On ebb and flood, on *gossamer*, and mist,
And on all thing till the cause is wist."

The tiny aeronauts may be seen, on almost any fine day in autumn, spinning a wondrously fine thread without fastening it, and then letting it waft about, until it is strong enough to carry them. All of a sudden they shoot out their web, and mount aloft, even when no air is stirring. And on these slender threads they travel, we know not how far, for Darwin found, 800 miles from shore, thousands of these little red sailors of the air, each on its own line, fall down upon his vessel. Various and curious have been the surmises as to the precise nature of their mysterious power to float in the air. As they are mostly observed on misty days, when a heavy dew falls, it has been thought that their filmy thread might get entangled in the rising dew, and by its brisk evaporation be enabled to rise even with the additional weight of the spider. Others have discovered that the little creatures are quite familiar with the laws of electricity, and avail themselves of it for their airy voyages. Their threads are said to be negative electric, and consequently repelled by the lower atmosphere, but attracted by the higher

layers, which are positive. This remains to be proved, and in the meantime, we can but repeat: Harken unto this; stand still and consider the wondrous works of God!

Among the well-known causes of such spontaneous and irregular migrations, none is so frequent and so all-powerful as hunger. The wild ass of the steppes of Asia, of whom it was said that, the wilderness and barren lands are his dwelling, leaves the deserts of Great Tartary, and feeds in summer to the north and east of Lake Aral; in fall they migrate by the thousand to the north of India, and even to Persia. The hare of Siberia, and the rat of Norway, the reindeer, and the musk-ox, all leave at their season the Arctic regions, and travel, impelled by hunger, to southern latitudes. More regular are the lemmings, a kind of Lapland marmot. Scarcity of food, or over-population drives them once or twice every 25 years, in prodigious bands, from the Kolai and Lapland Alps, one species to the east, another to the west. A terrible scourge, they devastate field and garden, ruin the harvest, and hardly spare the contents of houses. Turning neither to the right nor the left, they march on in a direct, straight line, undeterred by mountain, river, or lake, passing boldly through village and town, until their ranks, thinned by numerous enemies, are lost in dense forests, or they reach the Western Ocean, and there end both their journey and their life. Other bands go through Sweden and perish in the Gulf of Bothnia, so that but rarely, and often after an interval of long years, small armies re-unite again and turn their steps once more towards home.

Of the lower animals, molluscs and infusoria travel probably in largest numbers; their hosts are literally countless, and it is well known how they give a peculiar color to large tracts of the ocean.

The most curious circumstance in the life of insects is their migration. They appear in large flights from unknown regions, in places where they have never been seen before, and continue their course, which nothing can check for a moment. They fly, they jump, they even crawl, for hosts of slow, clumsy

caterpillars have been met with in the attempt to cross broad rivers. The more disgusting they are, the more persevering their labors to fill the earth. The bed-bug, that most hated, and yet most faithful companion of man in all parts of the globe, was not even known in Europe before the eleventh century, when it first appeared in Strasburg, and then, with the beds of exiled Huguenots, was brought to London. The far more useful silkworm, on the other hand, defies all our care and attention, and will not travel beyond the reach of his beloved friend and only food, the mulberry-tree, whose leaf has to be destroyed by a vile caterpillar to be changed into bright, beautiful silk. A native of Asia, this worm also was used in China long before any other nation knew of its existence; in the sixth century a monk brought the first eggs in his bosom to Constantinople, and the emperor, Justinian, at once spread the new branch of industry zealously through Greece. When king Roger of Sicily conquered that land, he carried the silk-worm home with him, as his most precious booty, and introduced it into Sicily. From thence it was with equal care carried further North, and finally also to this country.

The bee loves the West so dearly, that it is not found beyond the Ural Mountains, and at the beginning of this century great pains had to be taken to carry it into Siberia, especially the district of Tobolsk. Unknown to America, it had no sooner reached our shores, in 1675, than it spread with amazing rapidity all over the continent. "The fly of the English," soon became an abomination of the Indian, because their appearance in the woods was to them a sure sign of the coming of the white man. Even now it leads the great movement towards the West: first is heard the busy humming of the bee, then the squatter's weighty axe, and after him the German's strange jargon.

Ants also have their well-known migrations, and aimless as they seem to be to human eye, blindly as the little insects seem to wander in the dust, still they go as little astray as the countless stars in heaven. The black ant of the East Indies, especially, becomes even useful to man. They travel in countless hordes; the fields are black as far as the eye can reach, and field and forest are left bare behind them. Boldly they enter human dwellings; they sweep over roof and garret, cellar and kitchen; no

corner, no crevice, ever so small, remains unexplored, and no rat or mouse, no cockroach or insect can be found after their instinct has moved these not unwelcome guests to continue their march.

Very different are the migrations of the fearful locust, that ancient symbol of mighty conquerors, laying bare country after country, as an overshadowing and dark cloud, pregnant with the wrath of heaven. Their home is in the far East, in places near the desert. There they deposit their eggs in the sand; when hatched by the heat of the sun, their young emerge without wings from the ground; but when mature, they rise on the first faint breeze that stirs, and fly, under the guidance of a leader, in masses so huge and so dense, that the air is darkened and the sound of their wings heard like the murmur of the distant ocean. In immense flights they travel from the East to the West, penetrating far into the interior of Africa, crossing apparently without difficulty the wide waters between Africa and Madagascar and from Barbary to Italy. They have been seen in the heart of Germany, and a few have even been met with in Scotland. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, for they destroy all vegetable life with unfailing certainty, and thus often cause famine, whilst the myriads of corpses which they leave behind, poison the air and not unfrequently produce disease and pestilence. Well did the Jews of old know this fierce plague and well can we understand how the angel of the bottomless pit could appear to the inspired seer in the form of a fearfully armed locust.

On the easiest routes and in the most favorable element for locomotion, travel fishes, in incessant movement; even swift birds, in their rapid and unwearied flight, must yield the palm to them, the eagle to the shark, the swallow to the herring. Their form, also, is so particularly well adapted to swift and easy motion, that the unavoidable resistance of the fluid in which they travel, never seems to impede their progress. While birds, when they undertake long flights, are often obliged to alight, and even try to rest on the yards of vessels; fishes never seem to be exhausted by fatigue and to require respite or repose. Sharks are known to have kept pace with fast-sailing ships during whole long voyages, and to have sported around them as in mockery.

For known and for unknown purposes, in the tiny mountain brooks and in the wide ocean, fishes are seen in unceasing motion, darting in all directions, travelling now single, and now in shoals. Their regular journeys are mostly undertaken for the purpose of spawning; the delicate mackerel moves southward when its time comes, and the beautiful sardine of the Mediterranean goes, in spring, westward, and returns in autumn to the east. The sturgeon of northern Europe is seen singly to ascend the great rivers of the Continent, and the ornul, or migratory salmon of the polar seas travels, we know not how, through river and lake, up into the Baikal, and there swims, in whimsical alternations, but always in immense crowds, first on the southern and then on the northern bank. The travels of the salmon are probably best known, because the fish was a favorite already in the days of Pliny, and yet, strange enough, is found in every sea in the Arctic, near the equator, and off New Holland, only not in the Mediterranean. They press in large, triangular masses up all the great northern rivers of Europe, Asia and America. They enter Bohemia with Shakespeare by sea, sailing up the river Elbe; they approach Switzerland in the green waters of the Rhine, and even the foot of the Cordilleras by a journey of 3,000 miles up the Amazon! Their crowds are not unfrequently so dense that they actually stem for awhile the current of mighty rivers; still these bands are formed with great regularity. The strongest and largest females lead—a fact which will rejoice the strong-minded women of our age—followed by others of the same sex, travelling two and two at regular intervals; after them come the males in like order. With a noise like the distant roaring of a storm, they rush up the stream, now sporting in easy, graceful motion, and now darting ahead with lightning speed that the eye cannot follow. Do they come to some rock or wall that impedes their way, they leap with incredible force, and repeat the effort until they have overcome the difficulty; it is even said, that, at the foot of cataracts, they will take their tail in their mouth and then, suddenly letting it go, like an elastic spring, rise twelve or fifteen feet in the air. Thus they travel on, undismayed and untired, until they have found a suitable place for depositing their eggs, and with the same marvellous instinct return, year after year, to the distant ocean.

It is in their connection with the wants of men, however, that these migrations of fishes become most important and interesting. It is well known that they furnish the sole food of some nations, and contribute in others a vast and cheap supply that covers the table of the poor man with plenty. Migrating fishes are thus one of the greatest and most invaluable gifts of the Creator, by which thousands support themselves and their families, and which, at certain times, form the exclusive food of whole races, as the sturgeon, upon which all Greek Christians subsist during their long and rigorous fasts. Hence, also, the importance of the herring, a small, insignificant fish, which yet gives food to millions, and employment to not less than 3,000 decked vessels, not to speak of all the open boats employed in the same fishery. Where their home is, man does not know; it is only certain that they are not met with beyond a certain degree of northern latitude, and that the genuine herring never enters the Mediterranean, and hence remained unknown to the ancients. In April and June, all of a sudden, innumerable masses appear in the northern seas, forming vast banks, often thirty miles long and ten miles wide. Their depth has never been satisfactorily ascertained, and their denseness may be judged by the fact, that lances and harpoons thrust in between them, sink not and move not, but remain standing upright! Divided into bands, herrings also move in a certain order. Long before their arrival, already their coming is noticed by the flocks of sea-birds that watch them from on high, whilst sharks are seen to sport around them, and a thick oily or slimy substance is spread over their columns, coloring the sea in daytime, and shining with a mild, mysterious light in a dark, still night. The sea-ape, the "monstrous chimera" of the learned, precedes them, and is, hence, by fishermen called the king of the herrings. Then are first seen single males, often three or four days in advance of the great army; next follow the strongest and largest, and after them enormous shoals, countless like the sand on the sea-shore and the stars in heaven. They seek places that abound in stones and marine plants, where to spawn, and like other animals they frequent the localities, to which they have become accustomed, at a regular time, so that they may be expected as surely as the sun rises and sets.

Other fishes have strange peculiarities connected with their travels. Thus, we are told that the mackerels spend their winter in, what would appear to others, a most uncomfortable position. In the Arctic as well as in the Mediterranean, as soon as winter comes, they deliberately plunge their head and the anterior part of their body into deep mud, keeping their tails erected, standing straight up. This position they do not change until spring, when they emerge, in incredible numbers, from their hiding-places and go southward for the purpose of depositing their eggs in more genial waters. Still they are so firmly wedded to this element that they die the instant they are taken out of the water, and then shine with phosphorescent light.

The eel is the strangest of travelling fishes; he even performs journeyson land. In hot, dry summers, when ponds and pools are exhausted, he boldly leaves his home, and winding through thick grass, makes his way, by night, to the nearest water. He is a great gourmand, moreover, and loves young tender peas so dearly that he will leave the river itself and climb up steep banks to satisfy his desire and, alas! to fall into the snares of wicked men. Other fishes travel in large crowds all night long, and a perch in Tranquebar not only creeps on shore, but actually climbs up tall fan-palms, in pursuit of certain shell-fish, which form its favorite food. Covered with viscid slime, he glides smoothly over the rough bark; spines, which he may sheathe and unfold at will, serve him like hands to hang by, and with the aid of side fins and a powerful tail he pushes himself upward, thus completing the strange picture of fish and shell-fish dwelling high on lofty trees.

In remarkable contrast with this amazing mobility of fishes stands the comparative quiet of *Amphibia*, which, double-dealing creatures as they are, now claim the dry land as their home and now the deep waters. The cunning lizard, the creeping snake, the venomous toad, or the voracious crocodile, in fine, all the disgusting animals of this class, whom man looks upon with awe or horror, are fortunately bound to the glebe on which they are born, and of them, as of reptiles, few, if any, love to travel. The violet crab of the West Indies and South America is almost the only one among them all that undertakes long journeys. They live on firm land only, far from the ocean, hid in

dark caves or caverns of the mountains. But once in the year, in April or May, the sun, the heat and love penetrate the thick armor of these cold-blooded beings. All of a sudden they burst forth, from cleft and crevice, and move in crowds of hundreds and thousands, so that the ground, the roads and woods are covered with their uncouth shapes. The vast army travels in strict battle array; first come strong men, then the females in closely packed columns, fifty to sixty yards wide, and often half an hour long. They prefer moving at night, and the loud rattling of their armor, which sounds like the falling of fierce hail, wakes old and young. During the day they rest at least twice, and hide from the hot sun; with the cool of the evening they set out once more. Instinct shows them the shortest way to the ocean; nothing arrests their march, and they never break their ranks. If rocks or walls impede their way, they scale them with untiring perseverance; if a house blocks up their road, they coolly enter at the open window, frighten for a moment the astonished inmates, but move peaceably out at the other side and pursue their march. If men try to arrest them, they rise with great indignation, stretch out their huge claw, and open and shut it with a loud noise. Only when they are violently frightened they show real alarm, and hurry, in wild, reckless flight, in all directions; they recover, however, very soon, form again at a short distance, and march bravely onward. The injury they do arises much less from what they eat than from the destruction of fields and gardens, in which they trample down and break with their claws, everything that is in their way. It is another strange provision of nature, that only few, the strongest, return to their mountain home, by far the larger number are so lean and weak, that they cannot perform the long journey back, and serve to feed the hungry on the sterile beach of the Antilles.

As the liquid wave sustains the rapid fish, so the still lighter air bears the swift bird on broad wings. The number of birds who always remain in the same region is extremely small; by far the most avail themselves of their admirable means of locomotion to go to very great distances, in order to avoid the hardships of winter, and to exchange the snow-covered fields of the north for the sunny regions of lower latitudes. Some are perfect cosmopolites. The raven is

met with, not only throughout Europe, but croaks mournfully on the shores of the Black and the Caspian Seas; he wings his sombre, heavy flight to distant India, and haunts the wealthy houses of Calcutta. He forces his way with daring impudence over the guarded shores of Japan, dwells a free citizen in the United States, looks with equal gravity into Mount Etna and ice-covered Hecla, and braves the rigor of the arctic regions as far as the Melville Island.

Generally, however, birds have a home, from which they only migrate at stated times, to find a supply of food and a temperature well suited to reproduction. Their admirable powers of motion enable them to circulate, for these purposes, more widely and more freely all over the earth than any other class of animals. In this they are led by the same instincts from the Almighty, that direct alike the life-withering flights of the locust, and the cheerful migrations of the swallow. They are never deceived in their time by any peculiarity of wind and weather; for truly, "the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." It even seems as if certain impulses were given to birds, independent of their early imitative propensities, which must proceed directly from the Almighty power that governs the Universe. How else could the instinct of migration be felt by birds kept in cages, whom neither cold nor want of food could influence. And yet birds, who were raised from the egg, who never saw the flight of their brethren, never heard the voice of their companions, will, at the appointed time, become restless, show an insurmountable uneasiness, and when let loose, dart off, as if guided by the compass, to join their unknown friends on their journey. Little, delicate beings, these feeble birds of passage, supported by the hand of Him before whom not one of the sparrows on the house-top is forgotten, bear up against storms of snow and rain, and make their way through such vast turbulence as would apparently embarrass and retard the most hardy and resolute of the winged nation. Yet they keep their appointed time and season, and in spite of frost and winds, return, to their station on earth, to gladden and cheer the hearts of men. Besides these birds that visit the temperate zone during the more genial parts of the year, and add so greatly to

the beauty and music of our groves, in spring and summer, there are others, and those a numerous tribe, that wing their way to the same regions when the reign of winter has commenced. When the arctic seas, and lakes and river present an unbroken field of impenetrable ice, various waterfowl, swans, geese and ducks, and an infinite number of others seek a warmer climate to the south. In their travels each variety of birds has not only its own appointed time, but also its own peculiar way of arranging their vast armies. Some fly singly, and some in groups, others migrate in thousands. Most travel by day; a few only at night, so that they have been found dead in lighthouses, having flown against the dazzling light. Wild geese fly in long lines, swans in the shape of a wedge, and swallows in broad ranks; starlings roll on in large crowds, constantly whirling around an axis in the centre of their body and all

"———ranged in figure, wedge their way and set forth

Their airy caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight."

Even feeble, ill-winged birds follow the all-powerful impulse, and traverse vast seas and continents as best they can. The Virginia partridge, when going north, is so heavy on the wing, that many fall into the rivers and end their journey by swimming. But of all birds the quail proceeds, probably, in the most peculiar manner. When they wish to leave Europe for Africa, they wait patiently for a strong northwestern wind; as soon as this sets in they start, and flapping one wing, while they present the other to the gale, half oar half sail, they graze the billows of the Mediterranean with their fat, heavy rumps, and bury themselves in the sands of Africa, that they may serve as food to the famished inhabitants of Zara. On other journeys, when they have to pass over land, they make their way running and hopping, until they reach the shore. Tired and exhausted, the weary rest on the rigging of ships, or make regular resting stations in the Mediterranean, on Malta and the Lipari islands; in the northern seas, on Helligoland and Norderney, so that the inhabitants of these places depend upon a large harvest of quails, like the Jews of old, as a condition of their existence. In Helligoland there prevailed, formerly, the quaint usage, that the preacher in

his pulpit, when he saw, from his elevated station, a flock of quails approach, immediately broke off his sermon with the words: Amen! my dear brethren, the quails are coming!

Famous are also the flights of storks, who have their summer-houses high up in the north of Europe, on the roof of the poor peasants' huts, and live during winter, in stately pride, on pyramid and mosque. Cranes, likewise, and herons, travel in fall to the warmer south; when they take wing, their clang is heard from afar, and they rise so high up in the air, that the eye cannot reach them, and we only hear their rough voices, for they do not fly in silence, as most other birds, but utter constant cries, especially when travelling at night, to keep the scattering flock together.

Among the most remarkable migrations of birds are those of the North American pigeon, the very "herrings of the air," as they have, most unpoetically, been called. Like them, however, they appear in astounding numbers, nobody knows whence, and are found alike all over this continent, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. About broodtime, they unite in millions to seek a comfortable home. Their numbers are far beyond all computation; they darken the heavens with their vast armies, and break down the forests on which they settle. Not less strange is the inexplicable faculty which other pigeons possess, to find the way to their home. Birds have been taken, that had never been further from the place of their birth than a few miles; they were carried by rail to the distance of more than a thousand miles, and then let loose. They were seen to fly around a few times in large circles, and then, in a straight line, with marvellous swiftness, directly to their home! They cannot see it, for the roundness of the globe would prevent that; no other sense can possibly come to their aid, and yet they never fail to reach the place from which they were taken!

Thus birds travel from land to land all over the earth; some sailing high in the air, passing without astonishment over populous cities, disdaining fertile valleys and plains covered with rich grain, bent with fixed purpose upon the way to their last year's home; others, like the swallow, gladdening both Europe and Africa, and, at the appointed time, leaving her nest to seek a warmer climate, as the soul is anxious to leave this

earthly home to seek a better world above. The tender nightingale travels, both sexes together, from north to south; but in early spring the females leave several weeks earlier, and wing their way from Egypt and Syria, alone, to northern regions. Of finches, the females only migrate, the males remain behind, and being thus widowers during the long winter, have, from the French, received the name of *célibataires*. Not inaptly has, therefore, the question been asked, whether the females of birds are not, perhaps, more sensitive to the magnetic current that whirls around our globe, than the males?

The Mammalia do not roam and rove so much as the lighter birds and favored fishes; they are generally bound to certain localities, and at all events chained to the soil. Still we find among them also travellers, now driven forth by hunger, and now by an overwhelming number of beasts of prey, to seek new pastures and new dwelling-places. Other again, follow man in his migrations over the globe, and thus spread from country to country. To the former, belong the horses which now roam wild on the plains of South America, and travel at times thousands of miles. The wild asses, also, in the wilderness, "which stand up in the high places and snuff the wind like dragons," travel in bands of two or three hundred, and leave, in winter, the tropics for a still warmer region in the south of Africa. They are called "the Bushman's harvest," for the wild Bushman hunts and consumes what has been left by the royal lion and the hungry vulture, who follow them in their march and feast upon them for a season. Gazelles and antelopes migrate in like manner, and even huge elephants are seen wandering in large herds over the boundless plains of Africa. The shaggy buffalo roams in vast numbers over the prairies of our own continent, and migrates at regular intervals from the north to the south, and from the plain to the mountain. Salt springs are with them the great centre of attraction, but generally their movements seem to be regulated by the state of their pastures. As soon as the fire has spread over a prairie, and is succeeded by a fine growth of tender grass, immense herds are sure to appear. How they discover that their table is spread, we know not; it has been surmised that stragglers from the main body, who have wandered away when food became scarce, may first notice the

new growth, and by some mysterious means, communicate the good news to their hungry brethren. Monkeys also wander from land to land, when driven by hunger or fierce enemies; they have even been suspected of passing through a tunnel under the straits of Gibraltar, from Africa to Europe. Their mode of crossing rivers is a beautiful evidence of their ingenuity and instinct. A powerful male seizes a branch that projects over the banks of the stream, and suspends himself by his prehensile tail; another takes hold of him, and so on until they have a row as long as the river is wide. Then they begin to swing the living chain, and continue until the impetus is powerful enough to enable the last one to take hold of a tree on the opposite shore. Over this strange bridge the whole host passes safely; as soon as they are across, the first monkey lets go his hold, the chain swings again, and so they all safely get over large rivers.

The so-called domestic animals travel exclusively by the agency of man, and in his company. It is thus that the horse, a native of the wide steppes of Central Asia, which was not known on this continent before the arrival of the Spaniards, now roams over it in vast herds from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. To man we owe it, that the goat climbs our rocky mountains, and white, woolly sheep graze on scanty mountainsides, whilst the heavier, slower cattle fatten on rich low-grounds, and remind us, in the far backwoods, by the sweet harmonies of their bells, of the neighborhood of men. But here, also, the weeds have come with the good plants. Thus the domestic (?) rat, a native of the Old World, was carried in ships to the Cape, to Mauritius and Bourbon, to the Antilles and Bermuda. An Antwerp ship brought them 1544, first, to this continent, where they astonished the good Peruvians so much, that they obtained with them the name of "things that came out of the sea." Now they are rarer in Europe than in America.

The importance of the useful domestic animals cannot be overrated. The very existence of man is bound up with the horse, the ox and the sheep. Brazil lives almost exclusively by means of her horses and her cattle; and Australia has developed her resources and progressed in civilization only since sheep have been introduced. It is strange, surely, that like the best gifts in the vegetable world, the cerealia, so these domestic animals

also are presents which the East has sent to the West, and for which no return has been made. Here, also, an invisible but insurmountable barrier seems to prevent such an exchange.

What shall we lastly say of the wanderings of Man? His history is still darker than that of his servants, and his first home, our Eden, is truly defended, even now, by an angel with a flaming sword. The place where his cradle stood is utterly unknown. The first period of his life is veiled in dark night; only a few brief flashes of light are, by revelation, thrown upon it, which reveal but a single moment in a long period, and consequently, barely allow us to guess at the connection, without giving us anything like continuous information.

It is not a little singular that one of the strongest arguments in support of the favorite idea of man's first home, and the unity of his race, is derived from the analogy between him and plants and animals. As the latter invariably accompany man, and as they all come from the tablelands of central Asia, so, it is said, Man also came probably from that portion of our globe, though, without doubt, at a time when the now dry and sterile heights were still the luxuriant, tropical valley of Eden. For geologists tell us we may with good reason presume that these rich lowgrounds were by some mysterious convulsion, raised slowly and steadily, and thus the races of men scattered abroad into the adjoining fertile valleys.

When this happened we know not. It must have been far beyond the reach of history, legend or vague tradition. Even the oldest races of the earth, whose myths, fables or songs, whose features or language, point to the distant East with greatest certainty, even these found their land already in possession of others.

Thus the Celts, among the oldest nations of Europe, when they arrived from their far eastern cradle, encountered in Europe already nations whose imperfect language, lawless manners and superstitious faith, showed how long they had been separated from their early home, and from their former intimate communion with the Creator. Nay, these Celts themselves, coming as they did on one of the very first waves of immigration from Asia, were already comparative barbarians, having lost both the culture and the faith of our first fathers. If, then, so little is positively known of the condition of the West of Europe

and the ancestors of the present masters of the globe, much less can be gathered as to the state of things in East itself. Still, wherever legends speak, however dimly, wherever traditions begin to shed a faint and open treacherous light upon the first condition of powerful nations—everywhere immense hordes of emigrants are seen to pour forth, age after age, from the same common centre in middle Asia. Chinese myths speak of an immigration from the West, about 2000 years before Christ, and the “Vendidad” of the Zendavesta says that the early Persians came under Schemschid from Eastern tablelands down into the “four-cornered” land, their present home.

By far more positive and certain are the traditions of the three greatest races on earth, both on account of the antiquity, and comparative authenticity of their legends, and on account of the intrinsic evidence drawn from the mutual relationship in which they stand to each other.

The Hindoos, whom we venerate as the oldest of known civilized nations, derive their origin from the Northwest, and call “Hindukush” and “Belustag” in their traditions invariably the boundary-mountains, behind which their birthplace is hidden.

The Shemitic nations also point to the East as their common home, and to the Ararat as the landmark which divides their first home from their present residence.

Now, exactly between the Ararat and the Belustag, lies that vast tableland, which most men are disposed to consider the birthplace of the first among men. Both Indian and Shemitic races brought with them to their new dwelling-places, not only an indistinct recollections of their former home, but many rich treasures of their former civilization, in one word, a history of their people. These elements they rapidly developed to a high degree of power and culture, but the latter withered and disappeared as rapidly again, for it was not grown on its native soil, not favored by the sun of their true home. Hence they either ceased to have a real history as the Chinese and the Indians, or they became rude barbarians, as the Shemitic races.

Different, however, was the destiny of the third great family of men, the Indo-Germans, who probably left, last of all children, the paternal house of the East. In millions they poured wave after wave of migrating nations into

Europe, the last of which, fortunately, belongs already to historical times, and under the well-known name of the great Migration of Nations, changed completely the whole ethnography of Europe. Still, among all the numerous Indo-German nations, there lives not a single legend connected with the time of their existence in Asia. They seem to have broken with the past for ever, to have utterly abandoned their early home, and perhaps even the civilization which they left behind them. They have devoted themselves, instead, to that grand future, which alone seems to embody, and to realize the great destiny of mankind.

The only great riddle in the history of the migrations of men, to which neither revelation nor science has as yet offered the key, is the origin of the natives of this continent. Surmises abound, from the most absurd to the most plausible. The poor redskins have been, at will, transformed into exiled Jews or banished Chinese; their language has been called Syriac, Welsh and Celtic. Their traditions speak simply and vaguely of a rude, original race which lived in the fertile plains of the west, mainly, and of a more powerful and more civilized race which, at a later period, came from the North, moved victoriously southward, and subjugated the early owners of the soil. The difference of the two contending races is confirmed by the study of their skulls. But we know not whence the native settlers came, nor whence the foreign invaders. It is conjectured, and with good reason, that as this continent is geologically older than that of Europe, so its occupation also dates from times previous to the Christian history of the Old World. In those days, however, the nations of Asia are invariably represented as leading a pastoral life, and as having, consequently, long domesticated the ox and the sheep. It is, then, in the highest degree improbable that emigrants of those times, should have left these incalculable blessings behind them, if, as many believe, they went from Asia by a northwest passage across the Atlantic to America. Yet, no trace of domestic animals was found here. As improbable, however, is it that, if by accident they should have been compelled to leave them behind, they should not at once have set to work, in continuance of ancient custom, to tame the buffalo, the vicuña and the alpaca, as the Europeans did when they arrived on this continent.

Setting this only great riddle aside, and resuming all that myths, traditions and revelation itself tell us, so much only seems to be certain, that all migrations of men, like those of plants and animals, have gone from the rising to the setting sun. Everywhere history begins with an immigration of eastern races. In southern Europe appeared the seafaring Pelasgi; they were soon followed by the Etruscans; then came the Helleni. From the tablelands of the Waldai we see next the Istuni or Fins driven westward by the pressure of countless Teutons. The latter, together with slaves, soon rush into Scandinavia, Germany and France. The same phenomenon, in fact, is constantly repeated. New waves of new nations roll on from the East, and shake the foundations of older, well organized kingdoms, until Columbus opens the western gate to let loose the rising stream of Asiatic races, which now flood the new continent.

This resistless movement toward the West is yet unbroken, unrelenting. The same great law of nature impels man towards the setting sun, and all his efforts to travel eastward have been ingloriously foiled. In vain did millions of brave, pious men rush to the orient to reconquer the Holy Land; in vain

were the most chivalrous courage, the most devoted self-sacrifice, employed against the stern eternal rule of nature. No great expedition to the East has ever been successful and permanent. Vast distances have been traversed, vast reverses sustained, and hardships incredible endured—only to result in grand defeats, like the Anabasis of the younger Cyrus, and the retreat of the noble ten thousand. And so it is, still, in our day. As recently as the latter part of the last century, a whole Tartar nation, several hundred thousands of Kalmucks with all their herds, left Southern Russia and fled across the boundless steppes of Asia, to escape the iron rule of the Russian sceptre. They left unimpeded; they were allowed to defy their master's vengeance—but they could not disobey the great law of nature. A few beggars returned, long years after, to report that the whole tribe had perished, a whole nation had disappeared from the globe! And the same law called to Napoleon, when he was at the height of his power, sternly uttering the Scripture words: *Hitherto shalt thou come but no further!*

Man moves with the sun; the East is his cradle, the West his goal.

IN-DOORS AND OUT.

WITHIN the grate, fantastic forms
Like youthful dreams, flame bright and fair,
And burning battlements are seen
Crumbling like "castles in the air!"

Here, in the ruddy, glowing light,
In my warm, easy-chair I sit,
Without, the blast howls fierce to-night,
And past, pale, haggard outcasts flit.

No glimmering beacon's love-lit rays
Will homeward guide the wand'rer's feet;
No friendly hearth-stone's genial blaze,
The vagrant's wistful vision greet.

Homeless, and shelterless, they glide
Like phantoms through the drifting gloom,
Sorrow and Error, side by side—
Down to unfathomable doom!

Cold blows the wind—fast drives the sleet,
The grey-beard Winter shrieks aloud,
And hurries on his minions fleet,
To wrap the dead Earth in her shroud!

Poor, faded Earth—her glowing form
But late all radiant with life—
Bares her brown bosom to the storm,
Heeds not the wild wind's angry strife!

With feathery flake, and frosted gem,
They fringe her winding-sheet of snow—
A glittering, ice-bound diadem
Surmounts her wrinkled, rugged brow!

No more with summer garlands crowned,
Lifting her regal forehead up —
She sleeps, with frozen fetters bound,
The dreamless sleep of Lethe's cup!

Rude, rushing winds, and howling blasts
Shall o'er her chant their dirges drear,
Till God Omniscient, rolleth back
The resurrection of the year!

ISRAEL POTTER; OR, FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE.

(Concluded from page 182.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

(CONTINUED.)

ALL night long, men sat before the mouth of the kilns, feeding them with fuel. A dull smoke—a smoke of their torments—went up from their tops. It was curious to see the kilns under the action of the fire, gradually changing color, like boiling lobsters. When, at last, the fires would be extinguished, the bricks being duly baked, Israel often took a peep into the low vaulted ways at the base, where the flaming faggots had crackled. The bricks immediately lining the vaults would be all burnt to useless scrolls, black as charcoal, and twisted into shapes the most grotesque; the next tier would be a little less withered, but hardly fit for service; and gradually, as you went higher and higher along the successive layers of the kiln, you came to the midmost ones, sound, square, and perfect bricks, bringing the highest prices; from these the contents of the kiln gradually deteriorated in the opposite direction, upward.

But the topmost layers, though inferior to the best, by no means presented the distorted look of the furnace-bricks. The furnace-bricks were haggard, with the immediate blistering of the fire—the midmost ones were ruddy with a genial and tempered glow—the summit ones were pale with the languor of too exclusive an exemption from the burden of the blaze.

These kilns were a sort of temporary temples constructed in the yard, each brick being set against its neighbor almost with the care taken by the mason. But as soon as the fire was extinguished, down came the kiln in a tumbled ruin, carted off to London, once more to be set up in ambitious edifices, to a true brick-yard philosopher, little less transient than the kilns.

Sometimes, lading out his dough, Israel could not but bethink him of what seemed enigmatic in his fate. He whom love of country made a hater of her foes—the foreigners among whom he now was thrown—he who, as soldier and sailor, had joined to kill, burn and de-

stroy both them and theirs—here he was at last, serving that very people as a slave, better succeeding in making their bricks than firing their ships. To think that he should be thus helping, with all his strength, to extend the walls of the Thebes of the oppressor, made him half mad. Poor Israel! well-named—bondsmen in the English Egypt. But he drowned the thought by still more recklessly spattering with his ladle: "What signifies who we be, or where we are, or what we do?" Slap-dash! "Kings as clowns are codgers—who ain't a nobody?" Splash! "All is vanity and clay."

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE CITY OF DIS.

At the end of his brick-making, our adventurer found himself with a tolerable suit of clothes—somewhat darned—on his back, several blood-blisters in his palms, and some verdigris coppers in his pocket. Forthwith, to seek his fortune, he proceeded on foot to the capital, entering, like the king, from Windsor, from the Surrey side.

It was late on a Monday morning, in November—a Blue Monday—a Fifth of November—Guy Fawkes' Day!—very blue, foggy, doleful and gunpowdery, indeed, as shortly will be seen,—that Israel found himself wedged in among the greatest every-day crowd which grimy London presents to the curious stranger. That hereditary crowd—gulf-stream of humanity—which, for continuous centuries, has never ceased pouring, like an endless shoal of herring, over London Bridge.

At the period here written of, the bridge, specifically known by that name, was a singular and sombre pile, built by a cowled monk—Peter of Colechurch—some five hundred years before. Its arches had long been crowded at the sides with strange old rookeries of disproportioned and toppling height, converting the bridge at once into the most densely occupied ward, and most jammed thoroughfare of the town, while, as the skulls of bullocks are hung out for signs to the gateways of shambles, so the withered heads and smoked quarters of traitors, stuck on pikes, long crowned the Southwark entrance.

Though these rookeries, with their grisly heraldry, had been pulled down

some twenty years prior to the present visit; still, enough of grotesque and antiquity clung to the structure at large, to render it the most striking of objects, especially to one like our hero, born in a virgin clime, where the only antiquities are the for ever youthful heavens and the earth.

On his route from Brentford to Paris, Israel had passed through the capital, but only as a courier. So that now, for the first, he had time to linger and loiter, and lounge—slowly absorb what he saw—meditate himself into boundless amazement. For forty years he never recovered from that surprise—never, till dead, had done with his wandering.

Hung in long, sepulchral arches of stone, the black, besmoked bridge seemed a huge scarf of crape, festooning the river across. Similar funereal festoons spanned it to the west, while eastward, towards the sea, tiers and tiers of jetty colliers lay moored, side by side, fleets of black swans.

The Thames, which far away, among the green fields of Berks, ran clear as a brook, here, polluted by continual vicinity to man, curdled on between rotten wharves, one murky sheet of sewerage. Fretted by the ill-built piers, awhile it crested and hissed, then shot balefully through the Erebus arches, desperate as the lost souls of the harlots, who, every night, took the same plunge. Meantime, here and there, like awaiting hearsees, the coal-scows drifted along, poled broadside, pell-mell to the current.

And as that tide in the water swept all craft on, so a like tide seemed hurrying all men, all horses, all vehicles on the land. As ant-hills, the bridge arches crawled with processions of carts, coaches, drays, every sort of wheeled, rumbling thing, the noses of the horses behind touching the backs of the vehicles in advance, all bespattered with ebon mud, ebon mud that stuck like Jews' pitch. At times the mass, receiving some mysterious impulse far in the rear, away among the coiled thoroughfares out of sight, would start forward with a spasmodic surge. It seemed as if some squadron of centaurs, on the thither side of Phlegethon, with charge on charge, was driving tormented humanity, with all its chattels, across.

Whichever way the eye turned, no tree, no speck of any green thing was seen; no more than in smithies. All laborers, of whatsoever sort, were hued like the men in foundries. The black

vistas of streets were as the galleries in coal mines; the flagging, as flat tomb-stones minus the consecration of moss; and worn heavily down, by sorrowful tramping, as the vitreous rocks in the cursed Gallipagos, over which the convict tortoises crawl.

As in eclipses, the sun was hidden; the air darkened; the whole dull, dismayed aspect of things, as if some neighboring volcano, belching its premonitory smoke, were about to overwhelm the great town, as *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, or the *Cities of the Plain*. And as they had been upturned in terror towards the mountain, all faces were more or less snowed, or spotted with soot. Nor marble, nor flesh, nor the sad spirit of man, may in this cindery City of Dis abide white.

On they passed; two-and-two, along the packed footpaths of the bridge; long-drawn, methodic, as funerals: some of the faces settled in dry apathy, content with its doom; others seemed mutely raving against it; while still others, like the spirits of *Milton* and *Shelley* in the prelatical *Hinnom*, seemed undeserving their fate, and despising their torture.

As retired at length, midway, in a recess of the bridge, *Israel* surveyed them, various individual aspects all but frightened him. Knowing not who they were; never destined, it may be, to behold them again; one after the other, they drifted by, uninvoiced ghosts in *Hades*. Some of the wayfarers wore a less serious look; some seemed hysterically merry; but the mournful faces had an earnestness not seen in the others; because man, "poor player," succeeds better in life's tragedy than comedy.

Arrived, in the end, on the *Middlesex* side, *Israel's* heart was prophetically heavy; foreknowing, that being of this race, felicity could never be his lot.

For five days he wandered and wandered. Without leaving statelier haunts unvisited, he did not overlook those broader areas; hereditary parks and manors of vice and misery. Not by constitution disposed to gloom, there was a mysteriousness in those impulses which led him at this time to roving like these. But hereby stoic influences were at work, to fit him at a soon-coming day, for enacting a part in the last extremities here seen; when by sickness, destitution, each busy ill of exile, he was destined to experience a fate, uncommon even to luckless humanity; a fate whose crowning qualities were its remoteness

from relief and its depth of obscurity; London, adversity, and the sea, three *Armageddons*, which, at one and the same time, slay, and secrete their victims.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS.

For the most part, what befell *Israel* during his forty years' wanderings in the London deserts, surpassed the forty years in the natural wilderness of the outcast Hebrews under *Moses*.

In that London fog, went before him the ever-present cloud by day, but no pillar of fire by the night, except the cold column of the monument; two hundred feet beneath the mocking gilt flames on whose top, at the stone base, the shiverer, of midnight, often laid down.

But these experiences, both from their intensity and his solitude, were necessarily squalid. Best not enlarge upon them. For just as extreme suffering, without hope, is intolerable to the victim, so, to others, is its depiction, without some corresponding delusive mitigation. The gloomiest and truthfullest dramatist seldom chooses for his theme the calamities, however extraordinary, of inferior and private persons; least of all, the pauper's; admonished by the fact, that to the craped palace of the king lying in state, thousands of starers shall throng; but few feel enticed to the shanty, where, like a peeled knuckle-bone, grins the unupholstered corpse of the beggar.

Why at one given stone in the flagging does man after man cross yonder street? What plebeian *Lear* or *Edipus*; what *Israel Potter* cowers there by the corner they shun? From this turning point then, we too cross over and skim events to the end; omitting the particulars of the starveling's wrangling with rats for prizes in the sewers; or his crawling into an abandoned doorless house in *St. Giles'*, where his hosts were three dead men, one pendant; into another of an alley nigh *Houndsditch*, where the crazy hovel, in phosphoric rottenness, fell sparkling on him one pitchy midnight, and he received that injury, which excluding activity for no small part of the future, was an added cause of his prolongation of exile; besides not leaving his faculties unaffected by the

concussion of one of the rafters on his brain.

But these were some of the incidents not belonging to the beginning of his career. On the contrary, a sort of humble prosperity attended him for a time. Insomuch that once he was not without hopes of being able to buy his homeward passage, so soon as the war should end. But, as stubborn fate would have it, being run over one day at Holborn Bars, and taken into a neighboring bakery, he was there treated with such kindness by a Kentish lass, the shop-girl, that in the end he thought his debt of gratitude could only be repaid by love. In a word, the money saved up for his ocean voyage was lavished upon a rash embarkation in wedlock.

Originally he had fled to the capital to avoid the dilemma of impressment or imprisonment. In the absence of other motives, the dread of those hardships would have fixed him there till the peace. But now, when hostilities were no more; so was his money. Some period elapsed ere the affairs of the two governments were put on such a footing as to support an American consul at London. Yet, when this came to pass, he could only embrace the facilities for a return here furnished, by deserting a wife and child; wedded and born in the enemy's land.

The peace immediately filled England and more especially London, with hordes of disbanded soldiers; thousands of whom, rather than starve, or turn highwaymen (which no few of their comrades did; stopping coaches at times in the most public streets), would work for such a pittance, as to bring down the wages of all the laboring classes. Neither was our adventurer the least among the sufferers. Driven out of his previous employ—a sort of porter in a river-side warehouse—by this sudden influx of rivals, destitute, honest men like himself, with the ingenuity of his race, he turned his hand to the village art of chair-bottoming. An itinerant, he paraded the streets with the cry of “old chairs to mend!” furnishing a curious illustration of the contradictions of human life; that he who did little but trudge, should be giving cosy seats to all the rest of the world. Meantime, according to another well-known Malthusian enigma in human affairs, his family increased. In all, eleven children were born to him in certain sixpenny garrets in Moorfields. One after the other, ten were buried.

When chair-bottoming would fail, resort was had to match-making. That business being overdone in turn, next came the cutting of old rags, bits of paper, nails, and broken glass. Nor was this the last step. From the gutter, he slid to the sewer. The slope was smooth. In poverty,

—“Facilis descensus Avernæ.”

But many a poor soldier had sloped down there into the boggy canal of Avernus before him. Nay, he had three corporals and a sergeant for company.

But his lot was relieved by two strange things, presently to appear. In 1793 war again broke out; the great French war. This lighted London of some of its superfluous hordes, and lost Israel the subterranean society of his friends, the corporals and sergeant, with whom, wandering forlorn through the black kingdoms of mud, he used to spin yarns about sea prisoners in hulks, and listen to stories of the Black-hole of Calcutta; and often would meet other pairs of poor soldiers, perfect strangers, at the more public corners and intersections of sewers—the Charing-Crosses below; one soldier having the other by his remainder button, earnestly discussing the sad prospects of a rise in bread, or the tide; while through the grating of the gutters overhead, the rusty skylights of the realm, came the hoarse rumblings of bakers' carts, with splashes of the flood whereby these unsuspected gnomes of the city lived.

Encouraged by the exodus of the lost tribes of soldiers, Israel returned to chair-bottoming. And it was in frequenting Covent-Garden market, at early morning, for the purchase of his flags, that he experienced one of the strange alleviations hinted of above. That chatting with the ruddy, aproned, huckster-women, on whose moist cheeks yet trickled the dew of the dawn on the meadows; that being surrounded by bales of hay, as the raker by cooks and ricks in the field; those glimpses of garden produce, the blood-beets, with the damp earth still tufting the roots; that mere handling of his flags, and bethinking him of whence they must have come; the green hedges through which the wagon that brought them had passed; that trudging home with them as a gleaner with his sheaf of wheat; all this was inexpressibly grateful. In want and bitterness, pent in, perforce, between dingy walls, he had rural returns of his boyhood's sweeter day among them; and

the hardest stones of his solitary heart (made hard by bare endurance alone), would feel the stir of tender but quenched memories, like the grass of deserted flagging, upsprouting through its closest seams. Sometimes, when incited by some little incident, however trivial in itself, thoughts of home would—either by gradually working and working upon him, or else by an impetuous rush of recollection—overpower him for a time to a sort of hallucination.

Thus was it:—One fair half-day in the July of 1800, by good luck, he was employed, partly out of charity, by one of the keepers, to trim the sward in an oval inclosure within St. James' Park, a little green, but a three minutes' walk along the gravelled way, from the brick-besmoked and grimy Old Brewery of the palace, which gives its ancient name to the public resort on whose borders it stands. It was a little oval, fenced in with iron palings, between whose bars the imprisoned verdure peered forth, as some wild captive creature of the woods from its cage. And alien Israel there—at times staring dreamily about him—seemed like some amazed runaway steer, or trespassing Pequot Indian, impounded on the shores of Narragansett Bay, long ago; and back to New England our exile was called in his soul. For still working, and thinking of home; and thinking of home, and working amid the verdant quietude of this little oasis, one rapt thought begat another, till at last his mind settled intensely, and yet half humorously, upon the image of Old Huckleberry, his mother's favorite old pillion horse; and, ere long, hearing a sudden scraping noise (some hob-shoe without, against the iron paling), he insanely took it to be Old Huckleberry in his stall, hailing him (Israel) with his shod fore-foot clattering against the planks—his customary trick when hungry—and so, down goes Israel's hook, and with a tuft of white clover, impulsively snatched, he hurries away a few paces in obedience to the imaginary summons. But soon stopping midway, and forlornly gazing round at the inclosure, he bethought him that a far different oval, the great oval of the ocean, must be crossed ere his crazy errand could be done; and even then, Old Huckleberry would be found long surfeited with clover, since, doubtless, being dead many a summer, he must be buried beneath it. And many years after, in a far different part of the town, and in far less win-some weather too, passing with his bun-

dle of flags through Red-Cross street, towards Bartican, in a fog so dense that the dimmed and massed blocks of houses, exaggerated by the loom, seemed shadowy ranges on ranges of midnight hills; he heard a confused pastoral sort of sounds; tramlings, lowings, halloos, and was suddenly called to by a voice, to head off certain cattle, bound to Smithfield, bewildered and unruly in the fog. Next instant he saw the white face—white as an orange blossom—of a black-bodied steer, in advance of the drove, gleaming ghost-like through the vapors; and presently, forgetting his limp, with rapid shout and gesture, he was more eager, even than the troubled farmers, their owners, in driving the riotous cattle back into Bartican. Monomaniac reminiscences were in him—"To the right, to the right!" he shouted, as, arrived at the street corner, the farmers beat the drove to the left, towards Smithfield: "To the right! you are driving them back to the pastures—to the right! that way lies the barn-yard!" "Barn-yard?" cried a voice; "you are dreaming, old man." And so, Israel, now an old man, was bewitched by the mirage of vapors; he had dreamed himself home into the mists of the Housatonic mountains; ruddy boy on the upland pastures again. But how different the flat, apathetic, dead, London fog now seemed from those agile mists, which goat-like, climbed the purple peaks, or in routed armies of phantoms, broke down, pell-mell, dispersed in flight upon the plain; leaving the cattle-boy loftily alone, clear-out as a balloon against the sky.

In 1817, he once more endured extremity; this second peace again drifting its discharged soldiers on London, so that all kinds of labor were overstocked. Beggars, too, lighted on the walks like locusts. Timber-toed cripples stilted along, numerous as French peasants in *sabots*. And, as thirty years before, on all sides, the exile had heard the supplicatory cry, not addressed to him: "An honorable scar, your honor, received at Bunker-Hill, or Saratoga, or Trenton, fighting for his most gracious Majesty, King George!" So now, in presence of the still-surviving Israel, our Wandering Jew, the amended cry was anew taken up, by a succeeding generation of unfortunates: "An honorable scar, your honor, received at Corunna, or at Waterloo, or at Trafalgar!" Yet not a few of these petitioners had never been outside of the London Smoke: a sort of

crafty aristocracy in their way, who, without having endangered their own persons much if anything, reaped no insignificant share, both of the glory and profit of the bloody battles they claimed; while some of the genuine working heroes, too brave to beg, too cut-up to work, and too poor to live, laid down quietly in corners and died. And here it may be noted, as a fact nationally characteristic, that however desperately reduced at times, even to the sewers, Israel, the American, never sunk below the mud, to actual beggary.

Though henceforth elbowed out of many a chance threepenny job by the added thousands who contended with him against starvation, nevertheless, somehow he continued to subsist, as those tough old oaks of the cliffs, which though hacked at by hail-stones of tempests, and even wantonly maimed by the passing woodman, still, however cramped by rival trees and fettered by rocks, succeed, against all odds, in keeping the vital nerve of the tap-root alive. And even towards the end, in his dimmest December, our veteran could still at intervals feel a momentary warmth in his topmost boughs. In his Moorfields' garret, over a handful of re-ignited cinders (which the night before might have warmed some lord), cinders raked up from the streets, he would drive away dolor, by talking with his one only surviving, and now motherless child—the spared Benjamin of his old age—of the far Canaan beyond the sea; rehearsing to the lad those well-remembered adventures among New-England hills, and painting scenes of nestling happiness and plenty, in which the lowliest shared. And here, shadowy as it was, was the second alleviation hinted of above.

To these tales of the Fortunate Isles of the Free, recounted by one who had been there, the poor enslaved boy of Moorfields listened, night after night, as to the stories of Sinbad the Sailor. When would his father take him there? "Some day to come, my boy;" would be the hopeful response of an unhoping heart. And "would God it were to-morrow!" would be the impassioned reply.

In these talks Israel unconsciously sowed the seeds of his eventual return. For with added years, the boy felt added longing to escape his entailed misery, by compassing for his father and himself, a voyage to the Promised Land. By his

persevering efforts he succeeded at last, against every obstacle, in gaining credit in the right quarter to his extraordinary statements. In short, charitably stretching a technical point, the American Consul finally saw father and son embarked in the Thames for Boston.

It was the year 1826; half a century since Israel, in early manhood, had sailed a prisoner in the Tartar frigate from the same port to which he now was bound. An octogenarian as he recrossed the brine, he showed locks besnowed as its foam. White-haired old ocean seemed as a brother.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REQUISICAT IN PAGE.

It happened that the ship, gaining her port, was moored to the dock on a Fourth-of-July; and half-an-hour after landing, hustled by the riotous crowd near Faneuil Hall, the old man narrowly escaped being run over by a patriotic triumphal car in the procession, flying a brodered banner, inscribed with gilt letters:—

"BUNKER-HILL.

1775.

GLORY TO THE HEROES THAT FOUGHT!"

It was on Coppes' Hill, within the city bounds, one of the enemy's positions during the fight, that our wanderer found his best repose that day. Sitting down here on a mound in the graveyard, he looked off across Charles River towards the battle-ground, whose incipient monument, at that period, was hard to see, as a struggling sprig of corn in a chilly spring. Upon those heights, fifty years before, his now feeble hands had wielded both ends of the musket. There too he had received that slit upon the chest, which afterwards, in the affair with the *Serapis*, being traversed by a cutlass wound, made him now the becarred bearer of a cross.

For a long time he sat mute, gazing blankly about him. The sultry July day was waning. His son sought to cheer him a little ere rising to return to the lodging for the present assigned them by the ship-captain. "Nay," replied the old man, "I shall get no fitter rest than here by the mounds."

But from this true "Potters' Field," the

boy at length drew him away; and encouraged next morning by a voluntary purse made up among the reassembled passengers, father and son started by stage for the country of the Housatonic. But the exile's presence in these old mountain townships proved less a return than a resurrection. At first, none knew him, nor could recall having heard of him. Ere long it was found, that more than thirty years previous, the last known survivor of his family in that region, a bachelor, following the example of three-fourths of his neighbors, had sold out and removed to a distant country in the west; where exactly, none could say.

He sought to get a glimpse of his father's homestead. But it had been burnt down long ago. Accompanied by his son, dim-eyed and dim-hearted, he next went to find the site. But the roads had years before been changed. The old road was now broused over by sheep; the new one ran straight through what had formerly been orchards. But new orchards, planted from other suckers, and in time grafted, thrived on sunny slopes near by, where blackberries had once been picked by the bushel. At length he came to a field waving with buckwheat. It seemed one of those fields which himself had often reaped. But it turned out, upon inquiry, that but three summers since, a walnut grove had stood there. Then he vaguely remembered that his father had sometimes talked of planting such a grove, to defend the neighboring fields against the cold north wind; yet where precisely that grove was to have been, his shattered mind could not recall. But it seemed not unlikely that during his long exile, the walnut grove had been planted and harvested, as well as the annual crops preceding and succeeding it, on the very same soil.

Ere long, on the mountain side, he passed into an ancient natural wood, which seemed some way familiar, and midway in it, paused to contemplate a strange, mouldy pile, resting at one end against a sturdy beech. Though wherever touched by his staff, however lightly, this pile would crumble, yet here and there, even in powder, it preserved the exact look, each irregularly defined line, of what it had originally been—namely, a half-cord of stout hemlock (one of the woods least affected by exposure to the air), in a foregoing generation chopped and stacked up on the spot, against

sledging-time; but, as sometimes happens in such cases, by subsequent oversight, abandoned to oblivious decay. Type now, as it stood there, of for ever arrested intentions, and a long life still rotting in early mishap.

"Do I dream?" mused the bewildered old man, "or what is this vision that comes to me, of a cold, cloudy morning, long, long ago, and I heaving yon elbowed log against the beech, then a sapling? Nay, nay; I can not be so old."

"Come away, father, from this dismal damp wood," said his son, and led him forth.

Blindly ranging to and fro, they next saw a man ploughing. Advancing slowly, the wanderer met him by a little heap of ruinous burnt masonry, like a tumbled chimney, what seemed the jams of the fire-place, now aridly stuck over here and there, with thin, clinging, round prohibitory mosses, like executors' wafers. Just as the oxen were bid stand, the stranger's plough was hitched over sideways, by sudden contact with some sunken stone at the ruin's base.

"There; this is the twentieth year my plough has struck this old hearth-stone. Ah, old man,—sultry day, this."

"Whose house stood here, friend?" said the wanderer, touching the half-buried hearth with his staff, where a fresh furrow overlapped it.

"Don't know; forget the name; gone West, though, I believe. You know 'em?"

But the wanderer made no response; his eye was now fixed on a curious natural bend or wave in one of the bemossed stone jams.

"What are you looking at so, father?" "‘*Father!*’ here," raking with his staff, "my father would sit, and here, my mother, and here I, little infant, would totter between, even as now, once again, on the very same spot, but in the unroofed air, I do. The ends meet. Plough away, friend."

Best followed now is this life, by hurrying, like itself, to a close.

Few things remain.

He was repulsed in efforts, after a pension, by certain caprices of law. His scars proved his only medals. He dictated a little book, the record of his fortunes. But long ago it faded out of print—himself out of being—his name out of memory. He died the same day that the oldest oak on his native hills was blown down.

SENSITIVE SPIRITS.

"In Nature there is nothing melancholy."

SO saith Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Nor is there. For *melancholy*, we know, means *black bile*,* and a *misanthropist* is a *μισάνθρωπος*—a man-hater—both of them inconsistent with the love-unity of brethren. We have absolutely no faith in the *atrabililar*, and regard much of the "inarticulate dumb show," and all of the lugubrious utterances of our numberless Byronlets, very much in the same light as we do the disconsolate brayings of some woe-begone A—.

But, while these are our sentiments—there is, nevertheless, in every person of fine feelings, a tinge of sadness—the result of the strange, motley minglings of these awful life-and-death commingling scenes—that seems to steep nature in tears, and renders everything sadly solemn to the eye and to the heart.

We remember reading, some years ago, in those delightful "Conversations with Goëthe," by Eckermann, a passage wherein Goëthe refers to the modern "*Passion-school*" of poetry, the followers of which, says he, seem to regard every person as sick, and the whole world one vast lazaretto—and observes that it is the function of poetry to make us more contented with life, and to exhibit the joyous side thereof. Now, this may be just, but it would be well for us to remember that the author of this dictum was he who, a few years previously, with passionate fire-words, penned the Sorrows of Werter!

Else how, indeed, are we to interpret the melodious moanings of a poor Shelley, "filling the earth," as our great, benignant Thomas Carlyle tells us, "with inarticulate wail; like the infinite inarticulate grief and weeping of forsaken children?"

And more especially is what we have enunciated above, the case with that class which we may call *sensitive spirits*. For we recognize two types of man: the cold, heavy, sluggish, unexcitable, *nili admirari* man—the *phlegmatic*, and he whom nature has strung with finer chords—he of the flashing eye, and the impulsive temperament, and the acute perception, and the exquisite sensibility—the *sensitive* man.

Now, this sensitiveness is an innate,

an unbought thing—coming with and forming the very framework and tissue of one's being—not at all to be dispensed with, save at the peril of losing your own self. And this we declare, albeit it may appear unorthodox—albeit parents train and teachers thrash us into a contrary belief—and these great world-influences seem all to tend towards the making of us a community of apathists.

The sum total of their teaching may be thus expressed: "Nature has made us altogether wrong; we, however, are going to rectify nature. And, in order to effect this, begin by getting rid of all those *fine feelings*; they are nothing but romance, and sentimentality, and very troublesome at best. Make yourself hardy (i. e. heartless). Scour off this exquisite coating of susceptibility, so that, instead of a soul on whose surface every passing sunbeam and shadow may daguerreotype itself, you will be sensible to naught that comes not in positive cuffs and downright hard blows!"

Now, to these doctrines, friend, we, for one, cannot subscribe *credo*. Nay, on this score, we are utter unbelievers! We say, *feelings* make the man—*opinions* are but the outer dress. We live, as saith Festus,

"In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by *heart-throbs*. He most
lives,
Who thinks most—*feels the noblest*—acts the best!"

"Nature," says Novalis—that most ethereal of thinkers—"is an *Æolian* harp, a musical instrument; whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us." And this is that which constitutes sensitiveness—the more heart-tones that we have in unison with the great *Æolian* harp of Nature, that resounds with jubilee and wail all around us—in proportion as we increase the points of affectibility—in proportion as *our* feelings pulsate with the great heart of humanity—so much, and in such proportion, are we sensitive.

And is it, then, that there are those who are to an exquisite degree alive to all vague, boundless, inexplicable impressions; to whom

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears;"

* μέλας, χολή.

and whose heart-tones tremble, in pangs or in pleasures, to every note of

"The still, slow music of humanity?"

There are. Nor are they to be regarded otherwise than with wonder and awe by us—presenting, as they do, endless and interesting anthropological studies.

Poor Jean Jacques, for instance. Here is, in effect, a sensitive spirit. With a reticulation of nerves the finest and most susceptible possible—thrilling in ecstasy, or writhing in agony—full of a thousand whims, and humors, and *inconsequences*—vacillating between the poles of endless contradictions, presenting a very Sphinx-riddle for solution—the sublimation of his own happiness and woe. Readily can we understand his bewilderment—his perfect *damboozlement*—at the generation of inane buckram individuals among whom, by some strange mishap, or anachronism, he found himself existing. And perfectly can we appreciate how, living among such a race, he should imagine himself to be essentially different from any possible human creature. "*Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j'ai vus; j'ose croire n'être fait comme aucun de ceux qui existent. Si je ne vaux pas mieux, au moins je suis autre. Si la nature a bien ou mal fait de briser le moule dans lequel elle m'a jeté, c'est ce dont on ne peut juger qu'après m'avoir lu.*"

This is his constantly reiterated declaration. Now, this was just the case with *Bernardin de Saint Pierre*, and a score of others whom we might mention. But the thought was merely imaginary. There is not in them a single *finesse* of feeling, not a *nuance* of character, but that has been felt and illustrated in multitudes of individual experiences—which, in fact, has been, is now, and shall be.

This, indeed, is one of the peculiarities characteristic of the class to which we refer. Each individual conceives himself to be *sui generis*—perfectly unique in his formation—a very Phoenix, only that no new bird ever springs out of his ashes. "Ah!" says the sentimental he or she—"I don't expect to be appreciated—I was born to be misunderstood—I don't feel as other people do—and there's no help for it!" And so the matter rests—he wrapping himself up in this incrustation of a determi-

nation that he is never to be understood. . . . How long? For ever? . . . Not generally. Until, in the profundities of the soul, he realizes that life is a *struggle*—not at all an *attainment*, and feels that it is not in sentiment alone, but in feeling combined with *action*, that true happiness consists.

And here we return to the original question of sensitiveness. Now let us see if the application of our etymologic wand will not raise from the dead and buried past, some shapes that may assist us in the realization of the whole subject.

"Sensitive,"* is merely the Latinized form of our good old Saxon adjective, "feeling"—a sensitive person is, therefore, just a person of feeling. And to show that there is, or *was*, a proper degree of appreciation among mankind on this subject, we may observe that "Sense"†—that sublimation of everything that is excellent and desirable in human nature, is but an abstraction from this same verb, *to feel*—the idea of which underlies and vitalizes it. So it is with those two beautifully expressive words, "compassion,"‡ and "sympathy," that sound forth with the soft, wailing melody of an infinite, world-embracing pity—both of them imply a fellow-suffering, a *fellow-feeling*.

Oh! what a story do these words tell us—how they burst with meaning! And what a perversion, what a radical untruthfulness, and unfaithfulness to the holiest emotions of our being does it manifest, when these precious, priceless words (and worse still, the feelings which they symbolize) are warped to denote mere pretended, tawdry, *pseudo*-emotions—when *sentiment* degenerates into *sentimentality*.

But that there are fine feelings—that there is even a subdued solemn sadness—which are at once natural and noble, we can neither afford to lose sight of nor deny. And why not? Is not life itself even such? Amid Nature's blush and bloom—even though

"Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,

Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came,"

* *Sentio*, to feel.

† *Sensuum*, from *Sentio*.

‡ *Com, patior*—*σύν, πασχω*.

yet she cannot quite accomplish it. Still stalks there over her fairest scenes the Shadow—

"Grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous"—of an infinite sorrow. *The shadow of ourselves?* Perchance!

And then, in this strange, parti-colored life of ours, *doubt* forms the back-ground upon which every picture paints itself. Every system rests upon hypothesis, the actual merges into the shadowy confines of the probable and the possible, and the whole

"Is rounded with a sleep."

The *Sphinx* is no mere philosophic idealization or poetic myth, but a profoundest reality—a reality which every heroic soul must experience as a very condition of its heroism. Fate surrounds us with unanswerable problems, and an "endless study" with which to tantalize and in vain occupy ourselves, and then sets us to eating our own souls, from the sheer impossibility of an answer. These

"Obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings,

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts before which our mortal nature

Both tremble like a guilty thing surprised,"

eternally haunt and trouble us.

"Thus has the bewildered wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting, question after question, into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no answer but an echo."

Do we not live out a childhood teeming with these dreams?

For many a long, long summer's day have we lain on the heathery hill-side, without the power, and, indeed, without the desire to move, gazing with calm placidity, or breast heaving with ecstasy of emotion on the deep blue ether that hung over us, listening

"To the cadence of the whirling world

Which dances round the sun,"

and,

"With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls,"

we would string fancy into fancy, combine together all we have ever heard or imagined concerning ourselves, or nature, or God—pursue with a motley, yet not incoherent logic, a thought—linking vagary with vagary and the known with the unknown, till we found ourselves in labyrinthine mazes from which we fain would have—but found it impossible—extricated ourselves. And still there would come ever up the eternal *Why*; till we would turn us round, and

resting our head on our arms, weep the tears of baffled inquires and heart throbbings unresponded to—unresponded to, because their answer is only to be found in that Absolute which is their birth-place, and which to us, exists but in the *desire*. And so we glide through a youth

"Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind."

But even in manhood, there are moments solemn and calm, when, amid our sad satiety, we ask ourselves these same child-questionings over again. Times in which we realize with Dante that

"Tutte l'oro, ch'è sotto la luna,
E che già fu, di queste anime stanche
Non poterebbe farne posar una."

And when the same eternal *whence* and *why* and *whither*, come with awful force over us. But still without a response. . . . Why? . . . *Because the Finite can never make out the theorem of the Infinite.*

We stand beneath "the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults" of a vast mystery-temple—at each end of which hang, in drapery folds, the curtains of life and death. Through the mystery-stained windows, glimmer faint streaks of a dim, religious light—which light we name *knowledge*. The phantasmagorical fetters of a sense, of a phenomenal world, bind us and limit our experience. How, then, *can* we hope to arrive at a solution to the infinite problems?

Have we not, then, cause for thoughtfulness—for sadness—for sorrow? And then, in addition, come the boundless "miseries of human life"—the concentrated woes of mankind wailing in infinite discord, and lacerating every heart possessed of a particle of sensibility. And so the tender heart sinks down desponding, the consummation of the realization being the consummation of his despair.

Moreover, this acuteness of sensibility, allied to a feeling of longing, constitutes the very essence of poetry.

"Hast thou not found some spot

Where miserable man might find a happier lot?"

is the language of poetry. The response thereto—lying all around us, in "thousand-figured, thousand-toned harmonious nature"—she, too, gives us. For, indeed, what is the poet, but one whose heart, strung in sympathetic unison with all the manifold voices of the universe, renders back these voices; and, like the harp of Eolus, "changes even the vulgar wind into articulate melody?"

And now the question will force itself upon us—Is this sensitiveness a good, is it a desirable thing? . . . The reply, like the solution of so many other life-problems, is both positive and negative. An exquisite organism is productive at once of untold pleasure and incalculable pain. It is throwing open the avenues of both—an increase of possibilities—capable of transporting its possessor to Elysian scenes, or plunging him into the utter blank starlessness of Tartarus. But certes, if life consist in feelings, in impressions, in heart-throbs—the sum total thereof constituting the result in the man—then the sensitive soul, which is just the *feeling* soul, alive to every psychal sun-beam and shadow—awake to every influence from without, and concentrating into hours the experience and the emotion of years, lives more—draws more copiously on the vital fount, and is, thereby, more of a man. But then the sadness? . . . Ah! the sadness, the very hyperbole of woe that such an one endures! With his boundless capabilities of suffering—his emotions ramifying into endless intricacies—with oddities and idiosyncrasies (what others kindly name for him, *whim*, *petulance*, etc.), which those that are made of sterner stuff cannot possibly conceive of—possessed, too, by that terrible power of feeling—exaggeration—no wonder that he begins, in youth,

———“with gladness——

But therefrom cometh in the end despondency and madness!”

We referred, in the beginning, to the two types of man. These are, of course, antipodal in their nature, as, indeed, are the poles of all philosophies. We have the thesis in the man of feeling, the antithesis in the man of intellect—at one extreme the man theoretic, at the other the man practic. Between them is waged an endless antagonism—and yet they have both of them a truthful basis. But they view life from a different standpoint. Shall we reconcile them? It were impossible. Says R. W. Emerson: “Each man is born with a predisposition to one or the other of these sides of nature; and, it will easily happen that men will be found devoted to one or the other.”

And this leads us to a natural corollary—which is, at the same time, the highest problem of education; it is this: Bring out *yourself*, act *yourself*, be *your-*

self! And with such a development you will attain to the loftiest type of your ideality. The discovery will have to be made sooner or later, that it is in vain to fit every soul into the Procrustean bed of any one rigid form or system. For there are too many heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths in the soul for mathematics to measure, or logic to compass. And not until the evolution of a system of philosophy which places the heart-telling and the divine intuitions in their own central position, can we hope to arrive at the day-spring of truth.

Then let us, while we beware of abuse, cultivate, not repress, all those fine feelings, mingling all with action, which will be the antidote against every baneful result. They are not to be got rid of—being, as it were, the very voice of God. Indeed, what we require is more faith therein. We need more confidence in heart-tellings than in the dictates of mortality. We require men and women who, philosophers enough not to be materialists, believe that there is more in nature than we can *see*, and who are willing to have faith in what we *cannot* see. To whom there *still* lives in the faith of feeling as well as in the faith of reason:

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty and the majesty,
That have their haunts in dale or piny mountains,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring;
Or chams and wat'ry depths”———

Nor less important is the lesson to preserve, through life, the sensitiveness of youth. The childhood of faith and belief, with all its gushing glory—its mystery and its majesty—passes away—and manhood too often finds us a race of sophists, and atheists, and apathists. To preserve through life, the gentle benignity, the boundless belief, and the tender sympathies of youth—such is our duty. To “preserve immaculate till eve, the manners of the morn.” We conclude with the exquisite idealization of the thought by our mild, Braminical Wordsworth, in the spirit of which may each one of us live and labor:

“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.”

BEARBROOK ARCHIVES.

A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

A FAMILY PARTY.—What different associations are awakened by these words!

To the child—petted upon such occasions by aunts and uncles, who selfishly ignore the necessary discipline, the relaxation of whose wholesome restraints is felt by those more nearly connected with the spoiled darling—to a *child* such a meeting is a perfect fulfillment of the brightest ideal of happiness. Who does not remember those green oases in the dreary desert of youth (for in spite of poets, I hold childhood to be the most dismal stage of our mortal journey), a Christmas party, or New England Thanksgiving. The memories of such sunny hours, like the figures in Salvator's pictures, stand distinct and palpable upon the clouded canvas of the past.

The young man, it is true, just escaped from the thralldom of domestic restraint to the glorious liberty of collegiate existence, may choose to consider such domestic gatherings heavy beyond all sufferance, and love to escape to billiards or the club. But the whirligig of time, sooner or later, brings about its own revenges; and you shall one day find this very supercilious and glossy young gentleman transformed into the careworn citizen of sixty years, whose only real pleasure is in the society and kindly ministrations of those, whom the strong ties of kindred still bind to himself, when worldly claims, and worldly connections are loosened, and ready to fall away.

To age, as well as to childhood, a family party brings a pleasant hour; for man's last days, like his first, must be spent at home. And happy, indeed, is he who is constantly surrounded by a familiar circle, harmonious and unbroken, during those latter days, when the mind craves other society than its own creations, and clings to the few bright links of affection and household interest, that draw it earthward more strongly than did the relations of business, politics, or social connections, that were severed long ago.

The presence of no form, endeared by love and custom, graces the desolate mansion where the closing years of my life have been cast away. No young or cheerful voice ever breaks the heavy silence which fills the hall—muffles with so soft a carpet the oaken staircase—and

nestles undisturbed in the faded curtains of the drawing room.

And yet, from that old custom that weds us to familiar states, this solitude has lost many of its terrors. The oversight of the farm occupies me during the day, and in the evening I muse over heaps of journals and letters that several generations have accumulated, till the bustling scenes of the past, whose only record is in the dingy paper before me, return as vividly as distant objects shine on the inward vision of those who, in the mysterious phenomenon of conscious sleep, resign their being to another's will.

And, truly, this society of phantoms sometimes seems more real and satisfying than if, after the example of enchantered princes in the fairy stories, these shadowy beings were permitted, on some one evening of the year, to take their earthly forms, and sit beside my fire. Every silver vein of talk must be opened through the rubbish of much that is vulgar and common-place. The material vesture that separates harmonious spirits here below, ever exacts this tribute. But in communing with the past, we are clogged by no such hindrance. The veil with which we seek to cover frailties, and beneath which characteristics and excellences are likewise concealed, is thrown aside—reserve and consciousness are dismissed—and we know an intercourse so deep and true as to image that for which we hope hereafter.

I turn over the papers just mentioned, and find them mixed, in strange confusion. They were hastily collected from various quarters, and tumbled together in an old trunk many years ago; and I have never been able to persuade myself to go through the task of arranging, destroying, and preserving, which from time to time such an inheritance demands. To-night the accustomed reluctance is upon me strongly as ever; and so packages and single sheets are taken up at random, and I note down hastily whatever strikes me; waiting for some more convenient time thoroughly to examine all the memorabilia before me, and so to arrange the history of a once noted family, that I have long had in mind. The desultory survey of my possessions proposed to fill this hour before bedtime, leads by chance to a person to

whom of all others my recollections have little pleasure in wandering—myself.

A small parcel is before me. It contains a child's first efforts at letter-writing. The paper is well sprinkled with inky drops, the words of curious orthography, and the sentences clad in that rigid armor, which only the steady blows of years of practice can bend into an easy style. First, come brief and labored epistles written from home to some member of the family, temporarily absent; then, more careless and less suggestive productions, which, having been improved and expurgated by the master, found their way from the prison walls of a boarding-school. Even now a shudder comes over me, as I remember the envy once felt for these old letters that could escape from "bounds" without question, and after a short entombment in the mail-bag (just long enough to add a rest to what followed) come forth to all the brightness and harmony of *home*.

Among the earlier epistles is one written to a friend in the city, that describes the family festivities on Thanksgiving day. The scene is before me with all its life and freshness, as I read the hackneyed phrases of delight, which here have poorly told the rapture felt. The room where I sit, as well as the darkened chamber across the hall, again seem lit by smiling and familiar faces, that have since wasted, and so gone out. All the family have assembled—every one is particularly beaming—and the children, decorated for exhibition with maternal interest, seem never to have clouded their finery by fretfulness.

Surely our annual Thanksgiving festivity may be considered a bright example of what a family meeting may be made under the most favorable circumstances. There is a charm in dining away from home (for is there not a grandfather to give the dinner?)—a satisfaction in sitting next an indulgent aunt, who attentively helps us to all sorts of forbidden viands.

How delightful to gaze up the long tables, lost in admiration of the green glasses, and curiously cut decanters, which must rejoice to descend from their dusty state on the highest shelf of some dark closet, whither they will soon return to wish away another year. Quantities of amusing stories fill an important nook in the remembrance of that genial occasion. Stories shouted out for the benefit of the company, not selfishly whispered to a neighbor, as is now done

in accordance with the edict banishing general conversation from the dinner-table. But the real pleasure of the day is reserved until we return to the parlor—when we feel that comfortable state of "fullness," whose adjectives, as we have learnt in the Latin grammar, require the ablative—when just liberated from the restraint of sitting still, nearly as irksome at dinner as at school—then the fun commences in good earnest.

On the particular evening which comes before me, we have finished one good old game of "stage-coach," and are about constructing another upon an improved pattern, when the door opens, and three gentlemen are ushered in.

This arrival seems quite as embarrassing and provoking as did that of the "three customers," when John Gilpin was mounted and equipped for his memorable ride to Edmonton. The new comers are regarded with no favor by the younger part of the family. Strangers are always unacceptable to children, and we sympathize heartily with Uncle Charles, a timid gentleman from the country, who declares that one day in the year, grandfather might have asked nobody out of the family.

But the sequel showed that grandfather was right after all—for one of the gentlemen has a remarkable talent for sawing wood (or rather for imitating the noise caused by that useful operation), and before he has been in the room five minutes actually retires into the closet in company with an arm chair, which is sawed to pieces leg by leg in full hearing of the breathless assembly.

Uncle Charles relaxes a little at this unexpected entertainment, and is willing to acknowledge that if the excellent rule, that no outsiders should be admitted to a professed family party, might upon any occasion be allowed an exception, one could be claimed in favor of a person so charmingly gifted. But if it is generally admitted that the young gentleman is a decided addition to our party, we are very certain that the bald citizen, a certain Colonel Smith from the far west, and his companion, the little doctor in spectacles, could very well be dispensed with. There they have stood perfectly unmoved during the irresistible sounds from the closet, as if, indeed, the sawing up of arm-chairs was an ordinary and every day occurrence, with which they had long been perfectly satiated.

But we have soon reason to change our minds, for Col. Smith being called

upon for a song, instead of singing about ladies and moonlight, or shining blades and red fields, entertains us with an autobiographical sketch of an unfortunate gentleman who fell into a hogshead of molasses, and immediately upon getting out, encountered the lady whom he was about to marry. The improbability of the accident, the grotesque rhymes that ended every line, and the villainous puns with which the hero was forced to console himself, added to the exceeding gravity of the chant in which his adventures were narrated, produced an effect intensely ludicrous—and our prejudice against interlopers is conquered proportionally.

But the great triumph of the evening is reserved for the little doctor, who, upon the conclusion of the song, immediately volunteers to initiate any one so disposed into a most honorable and ancient order of chivalry, whose members are known as knights of the whistle, on account of the peculiar nature of the entertainment their initiation affords. The offer is received with a great deal of favor, and everybody tries to persuade somebody else to enter this august society for the gratification of the company. When the eloquence of the party is thoroughly exhausted, and we have arrived at the state of despair, necessary to the proper appreciation of a condescension, the wood-sawing gentleman emerges from some dark corner, and declares a readiness to undergo whatever is desired.

He accordingly submits to be blindfolded, and, in that condition turned round, and lead about the room in various directions, until being properly confused, he is forced to kneel before the doctor, who makes a pompons address, and finally striking the candidate with a cane, by way of sword, assures him that his probation shall be concluded when the whistle that sounds behind him shall be discovered.

Now the mystery is simply this. During the solemnity of the speech, a small whistle attached to a bit of ribbon, was pinned to the collar of the gentleman's coat. No sooner is the bandage removed from the eyes of the new brother, than the doctor runs behind him and blows a shrill blast upon the instrument that dangles at his back; this is soon repeated by different members of the company, and the poor knight commences his search. We pretend to pass the whistle from hand to hand, while the young gentleman first pursues one and then another,

and then wheels quickly round to pounce upon the person who has just whistled behind him. The fun consists in the complete confusion of the poor knight, who, at the very moment when somebody is caught, who has just blown the whistle, and has had no opportunity to pass it to his neighbor, hears it again sound clearly at his back. The probation of the knight did not end till the appearance of the annual waiter of negus, which is handed round at intervals during the rest of the evening. The young gentleman is then released from his penance, and presented with the whistle, in token of the acceptable manner in which he has amused the company.

I cannot bear to leave the ruddy glow that hangs upon this scene, and pass on to the time marked in succeeding letters. The children that play so merrily, and in the sweet unconsciousness of youth grasped happiness, and were not palled with its possession, will soon enough pass out into the world. Something will be seen of men—a few books will be read—and our eyes suddenly open to the prejudices and narrowness of that domestic council, from whose decisions there was once no appeal. We shall believe in the natural right of man to smoke segars and drink whisky and water, notwithstanding what well-intentioned relatives say to the contrary. In short, we shall cease to value people for what they are, and to accept, with gratitude, the advice or information kindly offered, but an ideal standard (and that of a character low enough) will be erected, which, whoever fails to meet, is placed beneath our interest.

Let me, then, still linger among the pleasant memories of childhood, and summon not (at least to-night) those sombre images which may furnish mental illustrations to the text of other letters.

The last hour of Thanksgiving-day has come. All but the family have departed, and we gather round this very fire-place (then undisfigured by a grate) feeling the indescribable glow that lingers after a great deal of fun, and (it must be confessed) a little negus.

How erect sit the old people, the parents or grand-parents of every member of the party! We shall do well to find such figures in these days of sofas and fauteuils, that twist us into their own deformities. Who can say whether the luxury that has banished our stiff-backed chairs from the drawing-room, and their honest cousins, the settles (rest-

ing places so uncomfortable it surely required something like genius to devise), from our more serviceable apartments, may not bend the character to match the form, moulded from the pleasant indulgences that succeed them?

The room is more quiet as the solemn tongue of midnight warns us from a solitary steeple. Uncles and aunts tell in subdued voices how they played about these rooms, which, to them, recall a generation one degree further removed than the oldest now represented. They, in their turn, are reminded by their parents of people and events whose existence is to them traditional, associated with the house. We hear the well-worn story of the room consecrated by the slumbers of some continental notability, whose name it has since known.

A wedding-party that more than sixty years ago met in the room where we sit—the jests that were made—the stories told—all are called up by some trivial remark. And, finally, the conversation wanders to the other event of life, and we learn that three grandfathers (each with a goodly prefix of *great*) died very decently in the chamber above that which we occupy.

A certain chill comes upon the party at this reminiscence; but seized, nevertheless, with the awful propensity to dwell upon such matters when once introduced, there is a demand, met with a ready supply, for minute particulars concerning the last moments of these old gentlemen.

Well, the time for leave-taking has at length arrived, and becomingly serious we rise to depart. One annual custom remains to be fulfilled—a prayer—short and earnest, is simply offered by the head of the family. It was asked that all present might be preserved in health and unity another year, and meet again at its close.

The petition was not granted.

THE FEAST OF THE CRANBERRIES.

I.

Of all festivities at which it has been my fortune to assist, the annual merry-making in the fine old mansion, given by Major Wherrey, in commemoration of the gathering in of the cranberries, appear to me the most choice and delectable.

I know that cavillers may try to invalidate this opinion by mentioning the fact, that this same Major Wherrey happens to be my uncle; or—what I confess would be more to the purpose—that Mrs. Major Wherrey (Kate Lawton that was) is undoubtedly my aunt. But I firmly believe myself unbiased by family considerations, in the declaration just made; and so emphasize the matter by asserting that our Cranberry Party at Bearbrook, bears the same superiority over all other balls, pic-nics or clam-bakes that, in the opinion of Mr. Addison's Cato, an hour of virtuous liberty held and possessed over an eternity of bondage.

Eight years ago, when my uncle began to read upon the subject of cranberries, and favor all his friends with copies of a certain Agricultural Journal, containing lengthy dissertations going to prove the extreme practicability of raising bushels of this acid production upon land generally held profitless—at that time I say—who could have anticipated that all this cogitation and scribbling was necessary to make way for a charming little note from a charming little aunt of two-and-twenty, that was left at my office (the *note* not the *aunt*) one sunny morning in October last. And thus ran this delicious document:

"DEAR TOM:—Your uncle and myself trust you will be able to visit us a week from next Thursday, when you will see me preside for the first time at the entertainment, which the major tells me, he has been accustomed to give for some years past.

Your uncle begs me to say that the men will begin to rake in the cranberries at seven A.M.; and that rakes will be provided for all visitors who may wish to take part. But I fancy it will be more interesting to you to know that Bessie Wacklestead is coming to stay with me. She paid you some great compliments, and as you like her so well, I don't see why you can't make up a match—it would be such fun quizzing you. There are going to be crowds of people besides—among them several old friends of yours. Please excuse the shortness of this letter. In great haste,

"Affectionately your aunt,

"KATE ———"

"P. S.—I haven't had a good polka since you and Dick Horriplitt were up here last June."

Perhaps it would be more delicate to represent the passage concerning Miss Wacklestead by a line of stars, but it was copied before I thought what I was about, and erasures so dreadfully disfigure a manuscript, and—on the whole it may remain. Well, my pulse quickened considerably as I thought of past feasts that had blessed this genial sea-

son, and my shoulders experienced a ghostly aching as I reflected upon the ceremony of "raking in," at which I had formerly assisted. My answer—of which I happened to take a pressed copy, by way of testing a newly contrived machine—was as follows:

"DEAR AUNT KATE:—It will give me great pleasure to come to Bearbrook next Friday week; though I can assure you there will be no stronger attraction than the satisfaction of visiting my amiable relative who is there resident. Pray make my respects to my uncle, and assure him of my deep regret that an unfortunate business engagement will prevent me from accepting his kind offer of the rake. I shall, however, be able to leave town by the eleven o'clock train, which will bring me to your table a little after the soup.

"Believe me very dutifully,

"&c., &c."

So much by way of introduction—for I can never give an account of anything without beginning a little way back—thus taking, as it were, a gentle run, in in order to leap into the narrative with greater vigor. Not that any apology is necessary for the publication of these letters; which are conceived to be full as much to the purpose as the well-known communications between committees and orators, which occupy the first page or two of the pamphlet containing their efforts—wherein the committee inclose a vote that somebody has passed respecting a chaste, elegant, and patriotic address, and the orator feigns to be taken by surprise, and says that his speech was hastily prepared amid the pressure of important business, and that no thought of publication had ever entered his fancy—from all which the reader is expected to perceive what knowing fellows the committee are, and what an uncommonly clever affair the orator *could* have produced, if he'd only tried.

The eleven o'clock train on the morning of that Thursday to which the attention of the reader is now invited, performed its journey with unusual dispatch; and brought me to the carryall, that plied between my uncle's house and the station, full fifteen minutes before the hour anticipated.

"Well! your honor's got in early to-day," remarked Mr. Netleswing, my uncle's farmer and right-hand man, who, to do me especial honor, had condescended to drive the carryall.

"Yes, we made a quick run of it."

"Well, now I tell you what it is, Squire, you ought to ha' been up here to see them cranberries took in! It was a

sight, now—I tell *you*. There was Deacon Smiler, who fetched his in day before yesterday. Well! says he—by gorry, says he, it *does* take you to raise cranberries, and that's a fact. What do you think o' them now?"

Thus saying, Mr. Netleswing produced a handful of the produce in question for my inspection.

"Well now," continued he, without waiting for an opinion, "your uncle's just the first man in this county! Why, he's a beautiful old feller. To see him out there to-day with his coat off, a raking in cranberries for dear life! My wife, says she to me, says she, I never lived along with such a gentleman anywheres; and there's ma'am too, says she, treats people so well, and never comes round scoldin' and hinderin', and then there's Mr. Tom, that's you, sir, when he comes down here!"

"Well, well," said I, anxious to stop the stream of family compliments, "pray do not reveal what I trust Mrs. Netleswing did not mean to have repeated—but tell me what has become of old Esop, that always used to be driven between the house and the station? You have rather a smarter beast in the shafts to-day."

"Well, now," responded my driver, commencing with his usual exordium, "there's just—just a little story about this 'ere mare, that I should like to tell your honor. You know that bull the major had up here last spring—real Durham blood, and all that. Well, Squire Stebbins owned one that came from the same cow, and he turned out so dreadful ugly that he had to be killed for beef. Well now, bull-beef don't pay at all you know—leastways, 'cept when it's kinder young. So when the major told me how Stebbin's bull down here'd been actin', and how he wanted our'n killed too, I says, says I, don't you do no such a thing; that bull can be tackled up, come ploughin' time, and the work he'll do'll be worth a sight more'n his beef. Well! the major he was dreadful scarey, and thought he'd kill somebody, and it was 'bout a week 'fore he finally give in. Well, sir, I just went and put a ring through that feller's nose, and he ploughed for us just as pretty as a baby, sir—just as pretty as a *baby*, I tell *you*."

"But what has this to do with the mare?"

Well now, I'm a-comin' to that business. As our bull was ploughin' one day, who should come up but Cap'n

Tolliwot, who goes in for stock like all time. Look here, cap'en, says I, just you look at that bull. Well, by thunder, says the cap'en, I never see a bull broke that way afore, no how—real Durham, too—will you take fifty dollars for him? No, cap'en, says I, that feller's worth his hundred and fifty if he's worth a cent—first rate stock for milk—kind in all harness—but I tell you what I'll do; we want another horse on the place, and I'll swap even for your bay mare. Well, the cap'en swore he wouldn't think of it; but I see him eyeing the bull, and knew he wanted him bad, so I stuck out. Well, sir, he came round the next day, and said he'd make the swap. Won't do, says I, there's been two men up here to look at him this morning—can't trade without twenty dollars to boot. Give you ten, says he. Split it at fifteen, says I. Done! says he. There! sir, that's the way we come by this 'ere mare. We meant to ha' sold the bull this fall, and I spose we'd ha' got—well! we might ha' got sixty dollars for him. This mare's worth a hundred and fifty this minute. So, I call it—well—I call it a pretty fair trade."

Several anecdotes of this description, all going to establish the shrewdness and sagacity of the relator, pleasantly beguiled the time till we drove up to the venerable mansion.

My uncle was soon at the door, and my aunt too—you may be sure of *that*. They are not the sort of people to keep a guest standing in the porch till a servant answers the bell. Who would have guessed, by the major's hearty shake of the hand, that the "raking in" had begun at seven o'clock that morning? And my aunt, too—how fresh and blooming she looked! What mortal nephew could be content with expressing his respect toward so fair a relative *merely* by a shake of the hand! If you can send me an authentic account of any such individual (properly sworn to before the nearest mayor), I may hereafter express contrition that I was *not*; but until such a document is received, I really cannot think of making an apology, *Apology* indeed! I regret having written the word. It is a wrong to the glorious liberality of a community that gives its wives and daughters to the polking embrace of any adventurer who may ask such favor, to suppose that a man could be required to gird himself with the sackcloth of a penitent, for the affectionate salutation of his own aunt.

No, no—rather let us be thankful that an enlightened popular sentiment requires no such ignominious squeamishness at the hands of those who would court its favor.

The company had not gone in to dinner, but were privately consulting their watches (at least the *rakers* were so doing), and stealing glances toward the screen of green baize that stood in the entry to cover the retreat of the plate-bearers. There were numerous additions—such agreeable additions as must always follow a lady—to the usual circle of guests that the season brought together. There was Harry Wittlepipes, the moustached, pensive, and interesting flirt—and Dick Horripitts, who knows how to lead a *German*, if ever a man did; and there too, was the young lady with the talent for crayon heads, and her sister with the talent for private theatricals, to say nothing of her brother without any talent in particular; there you might have seen Squire Tolliwot, the present possessor of the amiable bull, of whose barter the particulars have been written; beside, there was—but on the whole it is not worth while to trouble the reader with any more names just at present. And so the curtain shall be lowered for a minute or two, just to bring on the properties, and change the scene to the dining-room, where, having refreshed a little with soup, and stimulated a little with champagne, we will pursue this chronicle in good earnest.

II.

"THE American cranberry, gentlemen," observed my uncle, from the lower end of the table (after the soup before-mentioned had been removed, and the champagne just referred to had been opened)—"the American cranberry has characteristics very different from the plant that bears the same name in England. It is larger, more upright, and has leaves of greater convexity. The best method that has come to my knowledge of raising the American cranberry in England, was the ingenious contrivance of Sir Joseph Barker. An artificial bog was prepared by this gentleman, in a manner that I shall presently explain, and the cranberry plants, brought from their native situation with the earth carefully about their roots, thrived wonderfully. But a very curious

difference observed between these vines and the *Vaccinium Oxycoccus* described by Linnæus consisted in the"—

"Good heavens!" whispered my aunt, "what shall I do? These good people have heard of nothing but cranberries since seven o'clock this morning—we must make him stop—do some of you tell me what to do!"

The reflection of a moment suggested an expedient. A card with this little bit of writing upon it, was sent by a servant to my uncle's end of the table—

"DEAR MAJOR: Don't you think we had better not try to have general conversation? We really have great difficulty in hearing what you are saying at this end of the room. Affectionately, KATE."

"Talk! talk—all of you," whispered Mrs. Kate, the instant my uncle paused in his harangue to look at the card. "Don't let him get the floor again, or we shall never have an end of it."

Thus adjured, Bessie Wackelestead and I, who were on one side of my aunt, and Wittlepipes, and the pretty Miss McDudley, who were opposite to us on the other, buzzed away as fast as possible; while my clever relative gave directions long and loud to the servants, and rattled the plates together with great dexterity.

The object was accomplished by this magnificent *coup*. After one or two despairing looks, directed towards our corner of the apartment, my uncle resigned himself to fate, and bestowed his cranberries and his tediousness solely upon his immediate neighbors.

"There, now," said my aunt, after she had helped to the chicken-pie—"there is no use in you four people keeping up this constant and confidential intercourse any longer. All the danger has passed; and you will have time enough to flirt after dinner. So, I expect you to extend the conversation for my benefit. Just to think that I'm a poor married woman, that nobody likes to talk to!"

If you could have seen the arch look with which my aunt accompanied her words—if you had felt (as I did) those fair black eyes penetrating every fibre with their soft, magnetic influence, it would not have seemed very hard to stop the conversational coach, even at its best speed, to take up such a fascinating passenger. Not that I think a *à-la-tête* dinner can generally be improved—that is, provided you get next the right person. But, bless you, such a third person as Aunt Kate is no hindrance 'at

all. She was a regular watering-place belle, and picked up in the course of her wanderings a vast deal of discretion and liberality—and now she's a married woman, and of course understands everything, and—in short, I can assure you, you would no more mind saying anything pleasant before *her*, than you would in the presence of a domestic cat.

"My dear aunt," said I, "has not experience taught you never to use the vulgar verb 'to flirt!' You remember what a set-down you gave the lady who asked if you *polked*;—'No, madam, I *dance*'—was your reply. Depend upon it that those who *polk* are not more anxious that their performance receives the sanctification of *dancing*, than are those who flirt (if such people there be) desirous of making a compromise with conscience by selecting a suave and gentle word to express their infirmity."

"I can't say I exactly agree with you"—said Wittlepipes, withdrawing his eyes from the face of his companion, and adjusting himself for one of those outpourings of talk for which he was famous—"I do not agree with you in considering the indulgence you have mentioned as necessarily either an infirmity or transgression. It is very true that there have been few people so often held up to scorn, and so generally supposed to be very naughty, as those whose impulsive nature and ability of pleasing lead to that exercise of power known as 'flirting.' Those esteemed guilty of this folly are held up to virtuous indignation in all possible ways. They sustain the unwholesome drizzle of moral novels, and are pelted with those caustic little scraps that fill odd corners of family newspapers. Now I advance the doctrine that a flirtation, in itself, may be as innocent and harmless as a game of billiards, or an evening at the theatre. Like every other good thing, it may be greatly abused; but whether so natural and universal an enjoyment should be condemned from a few doubtful stories of broken hearts, is, I conceive, an open question. I am in the habit of taking a glass of port with my dinner, notwithstanding some people drink more than is good for them—I often play a game of whist, although many have been ruined by cards—and why, by a parity of reasoning, should those be utterly condemned who talk nonsense, and look lovingly in retired places, because match-making mammas and sensitive daughters, have occasionally been disappointed. I

should be the last to excuse a lady or gentleman who, merely as a trial of skill, endeavored to interest a person with whom they felt no sympathy. But I really have some charity for those who, bewitched by a bright eye and pleasant smile, say certain things that are not meant, or taken in sober earnest,—but which serve to dispel the distasteful business of the day, and charm the senses into a state of fairy ecstasy, which leaves us all the better when it has passed away. You may talk of the pleasures of courtship and the felicity of an avowed, respectable, commonplace engagement; but what is the satisfaction of making long and compelled visits, of being smiled upon by papas, and congratulated by brothers, to the delight of making your way in spite of these powerful coadjutors, and creating an agreeable little understanding, all the more tender because unacknowledged to the world. ‘Mr. So-and-So is a flirt’—how often do we hear such a sentence repeated, as if it implied all that is mean and contemptible! Not so fast, I am tempted to say; my young friend So-and-So exercises a talent that you never possessed. Nature designed you for a place in an office or counting-room; you have a pretty knack at speculating, you can write, drive, or play chess, as well as any one—but you have neither the figure, quickness, nor wit, to make yourself popular with the ladies, so do not judge so hardly those who have, and use them. In short, I consider the faculty of flirting as much a native grace and individual endowment, as is an extraordinary ability for making money, a wonderful aptitude at getting rid of it, or any other natural gift. Let, then, such persons as are accused of this unfortunate practice be tried by their peers; and not by those whose dull and lymphatic natures can no more feel the temptation to pass an hour in a light and pleasant strife for admiration, than their stupidity would allow them to effect it, if they did.”

“It must be acknowledged,” observed my aunt, “that a great deal of the fun of flirting comes from its doubtful propriety. We don’t know that there’s anything exactly *wrong* in trying to be as charming as we can, but we feel an uncertainty about it, a wondering what people will think, and a half admiration at our own boldness, which gives an infinite relish to the business. What a pity it is that the consciousness of provoking scandal should ever be attended with

satisfaction; yet who cannot sympathize with the pork-loving gentleman who wished himself a Jew, that the enjoyment of his favorite dish might be heightened by the knowledge that he was sinning with every mouthful.”

“I believe you are in the right, Madam,” rejoined Wittlepipes, “just as firmly as I believe half this persecution proceeds from mere envy. There are but few of either sex who have the talent and address to make themselves really interesting, even for a single evening; and the world vents its spleen upon those who are more gifted than their neighbors—just as the fairy tales always makes the brightest boy the most unpopular in the family.”

Here, Miss Bessie and I came in strongly on the other side of the question. We endeavored to show that the judgment of the world was exceedingly correct, and that those people who did not exercise their ingenuity in such questionable pleasantries were prevented by a severe morality, rather than by any natural disability.

The argument was waxing rather hot and loud upon both sides, when Mr. Barnard, who sat just below Miss McDudley, turned and said—“What a pity that no one ever found out what Professor Phantillo’s recipe for becoming irresistibly fascinating happened to be; we should then be competent judges in the case—at least according to the opinion of friend Wittlepipes.”

“As for the Professor,” rejoined Madam Kate (she always prided herself on the cleverness of the trick, and consequently was glad enough to talk of it when occasion could be made)—“when I came to Bearbrook I had the curiosity to make some inquiries about him. It seems he is a sort of matrimonial agent, and really undertakes to provide people with partners at prices varying according to the style of article they demand. One of his circulars, containing a full tariff of charges, was left at the house the other day. I wonder what was done with it!”

“A tariff of charges!” cried Mr. Barnard, “come, come, this bringing matters, honestly and frankly, to the mercantile standard really pleases me! I can imagine the composition of such a document. First, in large letters down the page (omitting the small type between each sentence) we should find—Professor Phantillo—Distinguished Astrologer—Crowned Heads of Europe—Ladies’ Attention—Partners Positively

Insured—Certificates From Clergymen of Various Denominations—One Price System—and then, in smaller letters, we should read the particulars:—For a first class young man, of good family and independent fortune, \$30—ditto, with moustache and yellow kids, \$35. For a young gentleman with long hair, falling collars, and a talent for poetry, \$12—ditto, when warranted his first love, \$16. For an old gentleman of princely fortune, . . . \$50—ditto, when warranted to die in six months, \$95. For a gay young buck, with a fascinating reputation for rakishness, . . . \$60—ditto, when warranted to have broken several hearts, and to have passed six nights in the watch-house, \$203”——

“Stop, stop, you sarcastic creature,” interrupted my aunt, “no ladies should listen to so preposterous a libel; besides, let me tell you, you set your wares very much too high. You will never find purchasers at such exorbitant rates.”

“Oh, Madam,” replied Mr. B., “you do me great injustice; these are only the choice patterns, designed for people of property, fashion, and taste. See, how I would cater for the poor and vulgar, who, of course, must put up with a cheap and inferior article. Professor Phantillo has constantly on hand a good assortment of American poets—one of whom will be sent to any address on receipt of three postage stamps. N. B. A first-class editor or historian may be had for six stamps.”

“Why you miserable old cynic,” exclaimed my aunt, giving her head the prettiest little toss imaginable, “you’re as bad as the Potiphar Papers, I declare you are! But this is always the way with you literary gentlemen—you think it necessary to keep up your claim to consideration, by affecting to be far above the weaknesses of ordinary mortals.”

“No, no,” said Mr. Barnard, speaking with some deliberation, for he saw that most at table had turned to listen to him, “heaven forbid that I should be responsible for any such creed as that. On the contrary, I am of opinion that a severe and just series of Magazine articles might be written, with *Our Literary Society*, for a title.”

“Oh, do write them, Mr. Barnard, and I’ll promise to read them all, and to cut out your picture, when we get it as a frontispiece to *Putnam*, and have it neatly framed in black-walnut, and it shall always hang in my dressing-room.”

“No—I have never written for Magazines, and hardly think I shall begin now; beside, I think it very doubtful if *Mr. Putnam*, or the editor of any other periodical, would choose to publish such papers. It would be hard to avoid the suspicion of personality, where the class under consideration are so generally known and conspicuous. And, indeed, one would be strongly tempted to draw upon individuals—think, for instance, what materials could be taken from Miss ——’s Sunday evening teas. The jealousy, toadyism, petty abuse, slander, and servility, that are on weekly exhibition in those two small parlors, would supply material for some very graphic bits of composition! What a recognizable character we should have in that *femme precieuse*, Miss A., who was so consumed with envy at the success of Mrs. B.’s novel, that she actually bribed (not indeed with money, but with certain social favors, the initiated can appreciate) one of her followers to write a savage notice of the same for the lowest of the evening papers. You have all heard the old story of the *lion*, who having devoted his youth to the practice of the fine arts, acquired through his masterly handling of animated nature, the reputation of a very Landseer among the beasts. His great fame was, as you will remember, mainly based upon a copy (with slight alterations) of a wonderful picture possessed by some Timbuctoo Athenæum, or Art-Union, representing a man in the act of conquering a lion. The *emendation* made in the subject (which was considered by the savans of the forest equal to the best guess of Mr. Collier’s annotator) consisted in a very trifling change in the arrangement of the figures. By this “new reading,” the *conquering* was just the other way—and the *man*, unarmed and helpless, lay at the mercy of the artist. If now I were required to write a new “moral” to this suggestive fable, it would read something like this: There have been recently published various articles from various pens, setting forth the lamentable condition of the fashionable society of American cities. The papas are all shown to be weak and covetous, the young ladies hopelessly silly, and the gentlemen inordinately dissipated. But let one of these waltzers turn chronicler—give him a note-book, and drift him gently into the literary clique that exists in every large city, and I will promise you revelations more startling, and weaknesses far more

humiliating, than the keenest observer can gather from the well-gleaned fields of wealth, fashion, and their quarry of frivolities."

As no one seemed disposed to dispute the justness of reflections that seemed so pleasant a compensation for the wrongs that satirists have inflicted upon Young America, a short pause in the conversational action followed Mr. Barnard's remarks. My uncle's observations again floated to our part of the table.

"The Swedish cranberry is not used as an article of consumption. It is, however, employed in boiling silver plate to its due degree of whiteness—the sharp acid corroding the superficial particles of the copper alloy. And now I am prepared to answer your question concerning the best mode of keeping this delicious production. I have discovered two ways in which the cranberry may be preserved in perfection for several years. The first is by drying the fruit carefully in the sun, and then stopping it closely in bottles. The second, which I always recommend, and which will require a little illustration to describe, consists"—

Here, my aunt made a successful sortie of talk, and succeeded in spiking the enemy's guns.

But if you wish to know what she, or anybody else, said, you must consult some other member of the company, for the fact is, that I concluded the dinner in a subdued and confidential chat with my fair neighbor, Miss Wackelestead. And as the observations exchanged between the parties in question, though of great interest to themselves, cannot possibly concern the reader, we will hurry matters on, and the ladies off.

Well! when the last skirt had vanished through the folding-doors, and those huge portals had closed after the retreating beauties, my uncle invited us to draw our chairs to his end of the table. Then, according to annual custom, were produced certain bottles of that old Constantia wine, which some connection of our family had imported in the year '78. And a famous old vintage it is—rather sweet and syrupy by reason of age, but still of a flavor and fragrance that recall the best beams of the sunny days that ripened the parent grape.

At all events, its effect upon the company was benignant and genial. My uncle (having relieved his mind of its outer crust of cranberries) was very en-

tertaining, and gave his version of the bull story with infinite humor. Mr. Barnard favored us with his favorite song known as the "Cookroach at Home," and we all roared out the chorus about the little cockroaches, who declare that they will not go to school without a double dose of lager-bier. Then there came some "imitations," by Wittlepipes, which were so exquisitely unlike the originals, as to be extremely ridiculous. After that, there was another song written for the occasion, very personal, and very funny—so much so, indeed, that it will not do for me to tell who sang it, or give the slightest abstract of its contents. Then everybody began to talk, though there seemed to be nobody disposed to listen—if we except two or three elderly citizens, who had gone to sleep. At which period of the entertainment, it suddenly occurred to my uncle that it was time to join the ladies—as perhaps it was.

And here I propose to make another break in this narrative, for the purposes of meditation and preparation, before treating myself (and I trust, the reader) to a third and last chapter. Such pauses serve as opiates to the great agony of composition, and prepare the mind for a renewal of that earnest thought, and careful elaboration, which has hitherto characterized this history. But before closing, I may as well say, that several hours are supposed to elapse before the opening of the succeeding chapter. For it must treat of *dancing*—and I should show great ignorance of the natural laws, to expect the reader to take a mental part therein, after the dinner he has just finished.

So, while the servants are clearing the table, the gentlemen on the piazza talking over the ladies, and the ladies in the parlor talking over the gentlemen, we (that is to say, myself, and my before-mentioned reader) will take a nap, call for a cigar, read the paper, or, in fine, amuse ourselves as we best may.

III.

I HAVE no great faith in practical jokes.

This making fun of the bewilderment and concern of a neighbor, is at the best a very questionable diversion. Still, if anybody is foolish enough to do it, there is no additional harm in conducting mat-

ters after a methodical and approved fashion. And this may excuse me for giving two recipes for the successful obtaining of this pleasant excitement—both of which I have seen put into practice, and can conscientiously recommend. The first, which is rather limited in its application—requiring no less of scenery and preparation than is found at a masked ball at the Grand Opera House, at Paris—may be stated thus:

Take as the first ingredient, a verdant American youth (a Bostonian is always to be preferred), who has plenty of money, a limited understanding, and an overweening sense of his own and his family's importance—Then select half a dozen of the most intelligent *ladies* of your acquaintance, who are to be instructed to repeat certain sentences in the English tongue relating to family failings and eccentricities, which are supposed by the house of Somptueux (of which our friend is a promising scion), to be its own private property,—but which nevertheless *are* the talk of the town.

Now take your newly-arrived countryman to the theatre, circus, or some place of public amusement, and, finally, by the merest accident, propose to look in upon the masked ball at the opera. Here—having previously arranged matters with confederates—you make some excuse for leaving him a few minutes—and slip quietly into a private box near by, whence you may peep between the curtains and enjoy the fun. Mr. Somptueux has begun to be oppressed with a realization of his own unimportance, in the presence of so many people of whose customs and language he knows almost nothing, and whom he of course presumes have precisely the same amount of information concerning him—when a gay little mask runs up and addresses him by his Christian name, and demands, half in French and half in English, the particulars of that little affair with Anna Skeusomai, and whether it was *really true* that one of the guests pocketed a miniature at her last party!

"How in the name of wonder!"—ejaculates poor S—, "*can* this French woman—but no!—of course she *can't*—such a peculiar name too!—what an extraordinary coincidence—I never would have believed it.

"Monsieur, if you please," says a timid little voice on the other side, "I would entender ze end of ze story about Aunt Kottabos and ze confituriere. How

much was to pay, to say nothing of the naughty names she called!"

"Just heaven!" mutters poor Somptueux, staggering against the nearest box, "there can be no *coincidence* here. To think those unfortunate expressions that my poor Aunt Kottabos in a moment of justifiable indignation applied to the confectioner, and which were so handsomely paid for, that we felt sure nobody could have heard of them—to *think* that they should be the common talk of Paris."

The poor fellow has no time to prepare a reply, or to beg the lady not to mention it any further, before his arm is taken by another fair friend, who wishes to know how it was possible that Cousin Sophy could have caught Mr. Optimus after that scandalous flirtation with Herr Kewpidd of the Belgravian Musical Society. Another tells some little adventures after Grandmother Vinum's last dinner; while a fifth breathes a family secret most important and significant—in short a disclosure that makes our moneyed aristocrat tremble for his gentility.

Well, the reader may imagine the course of horror, bewilderment, and blank dismay, to which our friend was treated—he may also imagine (if he can) the satisfaction in assisting at the dispensation of such heroic practice.

And now for the second method of producing a salutary astonishment in the breast of a fellow creature—a method that was practised at Bearbrook with entire success, upon the occasion now under consideration.

Take a middle-aged or elderly gentleman of retired habits, refined tastes, and courtly manners—take, I say, some such pattern of a past school—and introduce him to a *German*. Of course you do not understand that the effect is to be produced by simply arming up some dweller by the Rhine, and repeating his name with that of the subject selected. A *German* in its fashionable and orthodox significance, means, not a man, but a dance—a dance that the French call "the cotillon"—and which such Yankee gentleman as affect an exaggerated Parisianity, designate *Lur Cotyseyon*. But, if (a contingency hardly to be imagined in an enlightened reader of *Putnam*) you should never have seen the diversion in question, and demand at my hands a description of the same, I shall really be puzzled what to say. The most contradictory epithets are constantly

applied to it. Dick Horripitts, in his sweetest manner, speaks of it as *un réve du bonheur des dieux*; while old Mrs. Sockdolager screamed out to me the other evening that she could never see it without thinking of Furrelli's great picture, "The Last Ball in Babylon," that hangs in one of the palaces at Florence.

So, if you please, I will advance no particular opinion, but keep to my legitimate business, which is to report in a very humble way, the noticeable points in our evening festivity.

"Oh yes, I'm going to dance this new dance of yours," exclaimed my uncle in the innocence of his heart, "I've never seen it to be sure, so you'll have to instruct me at first, but I shall soon get it by a little attention."

"If you have really never seen the German cotillion," quietly remarked Mr. Barnard, "I should advise you to bestow the *little attention* as a spectator, before attempting to appear upon the floor."

"Perhaps you are right; though I remember getting through the Virginian Reel and the Basket Quadrille, when Kate introduced them last winter for the first time; but still if you will keep me in countenance we will take chairs at the other end of the room, and see how we like it."

So the major and his companion went to the other end of the room, and the music gave those long-drawn sighs of anguish elicited by the process of tuning—and Dick Horripitts began to be very important, and bustle about, and marshal the company with a fan by way of truncheon—and finally all things were ready, and off we went in good earnest.

The party that met round the dinner-table had received many important additions from the citizens and *citoyennes* of Bearbrook;—and some very pretty additions, too, from the latter class—though, it must be confessed, that provincial *dancing* is not so good as provincial beauty.

My aunt, of course, led with Dick Horripitts—and a pretty pair of dancers they were. How they steamed up and down that great room, followed by Bessie Wacklstead and myself, and afterwards by Wittlepipes and the eldest Miss Drachma, and then by everybody else, till the whole apartment seemed a sea of undulating heads. There was some spirit in the dancing that night, I can assure you. Ladies formed parties of threes, and went up and balanced to gentlemen, who quickly clasped them to

their hearts and swept wildly off. And then the gentlemen (not to be outdone) formed their parties of three, and fell upon such ladies as they could conveniently catch, and whirled them about, this way and that, till every curl acquired a distinct vibration. When the ribbons were produced, and everybody was mysteriously tied to somebody else, what fun it was to see the very tall lady dance off with the very short gentleman—looking tenderly upon the top of his head. And then to see the tall gentleman, who appeared to be sitting upon air, in painful effort to adapt his stature to that of the short lady. What sport, too, to observe the anguish written upon the countenances of those unpractised in the dance—you would have thought them engaged in the study of spherical trigonometry at the very least. Though perhaps, after all, you would have found more amusement in observing two or three gentlemen who didn't dance well—but thought they *did*. The smile of perfect satisfaction that rested upon their faces as they trotted about quite independently of their partners, and bumped pleasantly against their neighbors, revived one's faith in the original innocence of humanity. At last, we got to that part of the exhibition where the ladies arrange themselves on one side of the room, and the gentlemen on the other, and, at a given signal, rush into a grand embrace. And here is always a general change of partners—so that I found myself turning about Kate Wherrey at one end of the room, while Bessy and Horripitts polked upon my uncle's boots at the other. Then, quick as thought, we changed our positions, and were just charging violently at Mr. Barnard, when my aunt suddenly stopped, exclaiming that her shoe-string had broken, and another must be got to supply its place, so she tripped lightly out of the room, leaving me stranded hard by the bewildered major.

"Tom, Tom," gravely began my uncle (I confess the quiet sadness of his voice made me feel a little unpleasantly). "I never thought to see *you* concerned in such business as this. I never thought you could have permitted such an exhibition to take place under this roof. That picture that hangs opposite the mirror was my mother, and your grandmother, Tom;—it was in this very room she collected her family to hear the precepts of that pure teacher by whom I verily believe she is now accepted. How can I dare to pray that she may still be

near me, and hallow with the benediction of her presence this old house that she loved so well, when it has been disgraced by such——. Tom, I will not speak the words that rise to my lips, lest they should seem too harsh to you—to *her*—whom I have promised to respect and to love—but—I am grieved, Tom, I am sorely grieved.”

I had been prepared for a little amazement on the part of my uncle, and had thought how I could rally him upon having had no such good thing in his younger days; but the simple dignity of his manner quite destroyed my purposed batteries, and threw me wholly upon the defensive.

“My dear sir,” said I, “you consider this matter far too seriously. It is only because the dance is new to you that you are so unfavorably impressed. Believe me, you, like all the rest of the world, would soon get over this squeamishness. Do you not see the three Miss Drachmas, daughters of the Rev. Doctor Drachma, whose sermon against the licentious rites of the Mormons you admired so much—why, they are the crack dancers of Bearbrook, and Miss Fanny has been pouting all the evening because Horripitts didn’t ask her to lead.

“If this *German* had been invented twenty years ago,” observed Mr. Barnard, “it would have spared me one sleepless night. I have not forgotten the evening when, after years of silent devotion—of anxious endeavor to render myself less unworthy the affection of a noble and modest woman—I was allowed the privilege accorded to none before—to none after—of holding a trembling hand in mine, of clasping a delicate waist, that seemed to shrink even from him whom the heart beneath had chosen. Oh! I well remember the night of happy, grateful wakefulness which I passed;—but I don’t think the thrill would have lasted quite so long, if I had seen the same familiarity permitted to every idle dissipated fellow who kept up such small modicum of worldly respectability as is necessary to gain admittance to a fashionable ball. No, no, sir, such a public rehearsal would have removed all feeling of especial favor from a more private performance.”

“You are very unreasonable, sir,” I exclaimed (I could talk to Barnard in a way that I should not have been willing to do to my uncle), “you are both unreasonable and unjust, to condemn those

very young ladies who, coming on to the stage, find this established outlet for the exuberant desire for life and motion that belongs to youth. For nature that would “cadence her joy of strength” no more graceful manifestation is at present appointed. To repress all such impulse cannot be expected. Believe me, we shall do better than in searching after a moral alchemy to turn rose-buds and lilies into wall-flowers before their time.”

“I condemn no one,” replied Mr. Barnard, somewhat warmly, “but perhaps you will allow me to *respect* those ladies (of whom there are more than you seem to think) who are willing to give up the prestige of fashionable position, rather than submit to familiarities which nothing but an abominable custom can for a moment sanctify. I do not urge that it is *against* a young lady that she suffers herself to be whirled about in this *German* night after night; but this I do declare, that (in view of all that is given up) it is something very strongly in any woman’s *favor* that she does *not*.”

“I agree with my friend Barnard,” observed my uncle, “in being unwilling to speak harshly of young people who thoughtlessly fall into improprieties that are countenanced by those who should know better. But my charity is not sufficiently elastic to cover Doctor and Mrs. Drachma and the dozen fathers and mothers who lead our society in Bearbrook, whose word could at once put a stop to this indecorous exhibition, and introduce in its stead some of the old and unexceptionable dances in which all could join without sacrifice of self-respect.”

“You are quite right, major,” said Mr. B., “there are, in every society, some dozen or twenty matrons, at whose command the waves of any fashionable frivolity could at once be stayed. And these—by refusing to allow their daughters to join in what offends the taste and judgment of many people whose feelings deserve respect—could effectually banish this degrading exhibition to places where it properly belongs.”

What more was said on this disputed topic I did not hear, for Bessie Wackleshead (just at this point) ran up to take me out. So out I went, and was soon rebaptized into the fellowship of the German;—yet I confess with an abatement of my former spirit. There was a something that grated against my feelings when I saw Kate again embraced by Horripitts—who, although he *can* lead

a German, is a man whose morals and habits are notoriously bad. And although I did not so much object to tenderly pilot the fair Bessie about the room—yet when I was obliged to resign my place to Ned Hurens, something like an expostulation rose to my lips.

Well, a German does not last for ever (although the worthy papas, who are obliged to sit it out, might not agree with this proposition)—and ours was pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of the huge bowl of cranberry punch that was always brewed in honor of the occasion, and which gave an agreeable diversion to the thoughts and conversation of the party.

For, if any human weakness clung to gentlemen of such violent virtue as Mr. Barnard and my uncle, I believe it lay in the direction of *punch*. And this fascinating monosyllable, as defined by the authorities of Bearbrook, meant no weak mixture, two-sixths sherry, sugar, and lemon, and four-sixths water—but a compound of which good honest rum—and enough of it, too—was the basis; from which arose satisfactory layers of port, cordial, and Bordeaux—with just a touch of gin to give it a flavor, and a few cranberries, floating upon the top, to give it a name.

The major and Mr. Barnard were provided with two soup-ladles, by means of which instruments they dispensed the refreshing beverage to the company. The continual demand, however, that was made upon their attention, left little opportunity for a personal indulgence—until Barnard (who was something of a scholar) providentially recollected that the class of men existing in classical times, known as *dispensatores vini adusti saccharo aqua et limonibus*—whose duties seem to have been very similar to those of the *punch-helpers* of our own day—were solemnly commanded to drink with every individual who required their services. This excellent and laudable custom the major and his friend declared should not become obsolete through the culpable neglect of the modern representatives of so honorable a body; and I am bound to say that the ghost of the most rigid “dispensator” could have *tipped out* no censure to his scrupulous successors.

After we all had drank enough to experience that pleasant glow that cranberries, taken in this peculiar form, never fail to impart to the human system—some one proposed a moonlight

walk in the long avenue before the house. The suggestion was considered most happy; and the ladies ran off to get their bonnets and shawls, and the gentlemen groped under the great sofas in the entry in search of their coats and hats—and soon everybody was ready to set forth.

Everybody, except the distinguished individuals who had so ably discharged the honors of the punch, for, just as all were about to start, the question suddenly occurred to the classic brain of Mr. Barnard, whether the ancient *dispensatores* were not required to drink up such portions of the *vinum adustum* as was unconsumed by the company. My uncle at once decided that, if there was any doubt on the point, it would be highly improper to peril the perfect observance of the ritual, by an omission so serious. Accordingly, the two gentlemen resumed their places at the table—charged their glasses heavily from the great bowl between them—and thus we left them behind us.

And, now, my account of this little party is over. It was far brighter and heartier in reality than I have the skill to make it upon paper—and perhaps far brighter to me, than it would have been to the reader. For my own days of merriment are very few, and on that account this simple country meeting (although it takes place in October) seems a very carnival. And I take quite as much pleasure in it, as you find at your great dinners in the Fifth Avenue, or at the wax-lighted japonica-hung chambers of your costly festivities.

How fairly shone the glorious moon that night on the rich dress of autumn! The curled leaves cracked beneath our feet, as Kate and I left the main party, and walked beneath the mighty pines which skirt the river's side. And now, I feel what an innovation I countenance in hinting that a nephew could presume to advise his aunt. But, if you had had an aunt of the years, and in the position, of Kate Wherrey, I believe you would have done as I did.

And what I *did* do was to remind the impulsive young creature who hung upon my arm, of the respect she owed to the opinions, and even to the prejudices, of the man whom she had taken for better and for worse. Then, I told her how shocked my uncle had been with her favorite *German*—and what Mr. Barnard had said about it—and how my own sense of propriety forced me to

agree with them, almost against my will.

"My dear Tom," replied my aunt, and her fair, dark eyes were moistened as she spoke, "I believe I have been very thoughtless—that my conduct is attributable to nothing worse, I am sure you will not doubt. I have been left too much to myself, and have thought less than I should of the pleasure and convenience of others. While I am mistress at Bearbrook, the major and his really excellent friend shall never be shocked by a repetition of the frolic of to-night; and, Tom, will not you, who are the only friend of my own age to whose judgment I can appeal—will you not tell me when you think me wrong? and believe that I wish, and try, to do what is right."

Those who saw the cheerful and pretty ways with which my aunt presided at the dinner-table, or the lightness and seductive grace with which she swept through the waltz, must have admired her—but, if any one had stood beside us that night, and had heard all

the real feeling and womanly tenderness that poured from a heart ordinarily absorbed in the trivialities of the passing hour, he would have loved her as I did, and *do*.

It was some time before we returned to the house; and, finally, as we passed along the plank walk, that passed over the marshes where the cranberries grew—not a word was spoken. The moon not only clad familiar objects with unearthly garments, but sent fantastic shadows to wander in the solemn chambers of the mind.

"I know not why we have been silent so long," said Kate, as we entered the porch, "but I have been dreaming over impossibilities—strange and wild ones too—I know it is very foolish; but it is a way of mine, and I cannot help it."

"Nay, nay, dear Kate," I replied, "we may be all the better for such visions; for I have a strong suspicion that *those who never dream, have never truly lived.*"

TWICE MARRIED.

MY OWN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

IN the northeast corner of the hilly county of Windham, in the steady old State of Connecticut, there lies a quiet valley of some three or four miles in length, with a breadth varying from a furlong to a mile. The Niptuck river, of yore a noisy, brawling brook, abounding in rapids and cascades—but which of late has been tamed, and set busily at work, spinning and weaving like a thrifty old-time housewife—no sooner overleaps the last mill-dam that obstructs its course, and hurries swiftly through the narrow gorge in which the northern end of the valley terminates, than it suddenly subsides into quiet, and becomes one of the most peaceful and well-behaved streams in the whole world; thenceforth, flowing smoothly along, over a bed of white sand and pebbles, through level, green meadows, and between low, sloping banks, fringed with drooping wil-

lows, with a current so gentle as to be hardly perceptible. For a space, upon the widening surface of the shallow tide, float bubbles and foam-flakes from the rapids above, but as the stream expands, and its current grows more languid, these relics of precedent agitation disappear, and in still, hot midsummer noons, when the faint breezes that fan the hill-tops are unfelt in the valleys between, the Niptuck sleeps in its quiet, shady bed, without a ripple upon its placid bosom, as though it were a-weary with its toils among the water-wheels and mill-dams further up the stream.

The range of hills that form the western limits of the valley presents a bold front of precipitous cliffs, hidden for half the year by the plummy blossoms, and dark green foliage of the chestnut woods, that grow among the ledges; but the acclivity of the eastern hills is a gentle slope of fertile land, divided by intersecting walls and fences, into fields and mead-

ows, and thickly dotted with white farm-houses, orchards, and clumps of walnuts and shade-trees.

A broad highway runs through the valley, near the foot of this slope, which, for nearly its whole extent, is bordered by long rows of umbrageous maples, while here and there, by the road-side, a stately elm towers aloft into the air, sheltering a snug farm-house and its shady, green, front door-yard, beneath its spreading branches.

About midway, on a gentle swell of land, a spur of the eastern hills, round which the loitering river makes a sweeping bend, the trees are more thickly planted, and at a little distance the place resembles a grove of elms and button-woods. But glimpses of white dwellings peeping out from among the dense foliage, and a slim spire, surmounted by a gilded ball and vane, rising over all, reveals the spot where the village of Walbury stands, almost hidden among the trees.

Now, although Walbury was settled in the year 1671, and has ever since been inhabited by Yankees—for I dare say that even at this day there are not in the whole town a dozen persons who were born outside the limits of the State of Connecticut—it is, nevertheless, one of the most quiet and least enterprising places in Christendom. The people, instead of partaking of the restless, uneasy disposition, which is the general characteristic of the Yankee race, are for the most part averse to bustle and change, and witness from afar the march of improvement, and the rapid progress of the age, with apprehension and extreme disfavor. The old, square, sharp-gabled meeting-house, in the middle of the broad street, has stood its ground these fourscore years. It has scarcely changed in aspect since the sunny Sabbath afternoon, when the pious congregation then assembled within its walls, were amazed by the profane sound of horses' hoofs clattering in hot haste along the highway, and suddenly halting at the sanctuary door, and the thrilling shout of the dusty courier, that bore from town to town the startling tidings of the battles at Lexington and Concord. The tavern on the corner of the cross street leading towards the river, was a well-known and popular hostelry with the commissary's teamsters in the Revolutionary War. The memory of man runneth not back to the time when the graven image of a chubby Bacchus, seated astride upon a

wine-cask, was hoisted into its perch in the main fork of the venerable elm that grows before the door. The sign over the wide, low-browed portal, of the one-story gable-roofed store near by, has served to indicate the place of business of three generations of Deacon Joab Sweenys. Layard himself would find it a most difficult matter to decipher the inscription upon its faded weather-worn surface. The patriarch of the village wall remembers being soundly flogged in the humble school-house at the end of the street. There are but few dwellings, in the village of less than fifty years of age, and even the barns have an air of antiquity about them that makes them the most venerable of their class. The inhabitants are remarkable for a staid and placid demeanor, and a gravity, and, indeed, even a solemnity of deportment, by which they are easily distinguished when they venture abroad; and it is not wonderful that even their horses and cattle are more noted for good condition than for speed and activity.

All the customs and manners of the Niptuck valley are of the olden time. Saturday night is there kept sacred as the commencement of the holy Sabbath. Only of Sunday evenings do the Walbury swains venture to go a-courting. Some of the aged men in the village still wear breeches and shoe-buckles. The Sunday coats of the farmers are made of home-spun cloth; and even these they are accustomed in hot weather to take off in meeting, and sit dozing in their shirt-sleeves during the lengthy sermon time. Quiltings and apple-paring bees, are the most notable social gatherings, at which the young folks of different sexes meet each other, and in the moonshiny October nights, the old-fashioned husking frolics are as frequent as of yore. Great flocks of sheep are wont to graze upon the hill-side pastures; and numerous descendants of the geese that flourished in a former century, are suffered to crop the short grass growing with the mulleins and May-weed upon the margins of the road, as their ancestors did a hundred years ago, to stalk about the green in single file, with three-pronged yokes upon their necks, or, at other times, to run wildly along the street, with wings outstretched, cackling and screaming shrill warnings of an approaching storm.

Indeed, this secluded little nook, lying in the midst of busy New England, resembles the interior of some ancient

church in the heart of a great, bustling, and prosperous city, which, though surrounded on every side by the rush and turmoil of trade and business, and with-in hearing of the footsteps of the jostling multitudes in the streets, is, nevertheless, pervaded all the week with the spirit of stillness and repose.

On the eastern side of the way, at the upper end of the village street, nearly half a mile from Walbury meeting-house, stands a mansion, of which, as it appeared some thirty odd years ago, I wish the reader to get a notion. The space between the house and the highway formed a narrow yard, completely canopied by the spreading branches of a gigantic elm. Between this inclosure and the garden—from which, on either hand it was fenced by white picket-palings—a short lane or carriage-drive led from the street, up the gentle slope, and so by the southern end of the house to the barns and out-houses in the rear. The house itself was a large, old-fashioned, two-story dwelling, painted white, with a shingled roof slanting steeply downwards from a high peak, surmounted by a huge turret of a chimney, the birth-place of many generations of swallows. There was a low, one-story wing or L-part at the rear of the main building, fronted by a broad, deep porch, that would have been too sunny except for the vines, that, climbing up the slender posts, overran the roof and hung in festoons from the eaves. Here, in the autumn, could be seen, pendent from the posts to which they were fastened at either end, weighty strings of quartered apples, sweet corn boiled on the cob for winter succotash, and gaudy red peppers, drying in the sun. Here used to stand a mighty cheese-press, and upon a narrow shelf outside, were wont to be displayed rows of resplendent milk-pans, freshly scalded, shining and glittering like shields of burnished silver.

Across the lane from this porch, just within the limits of the garden, grew a stately pear-tree, sheltering the house from the noon-day glare and heat. It was famous throughout the valley for its great size and productiveness, as well as for the unrivalled excellence of the seven different kinds of fruit which it bore. There was also a row of English cherry-trees bordering the lane, and scores of plum, peach, and apricot trees, in the garden; besides, currant, gooseberry, and raspberry bushes growing peaceably together in a row next to the street

fence, thrusting their fruit-laden twigs and branches between the pickets, thereby inciting and tempting little boys loitering on their way to school, to trespasses and petty larcenies.

Beneath the windows of the house, in the front yard, flourished a little jungle of lilac-bushes, and a bird-rose bush clambered up a trellis and over the architrave of the front doorway, which, in the month of June, was a perfect wilderness of roses, filling the air all about out-doors and in-doors, with damask perfumes.

Behind the house was a spacious backyard, and a deep well in the middle of it, with a crotch and lofty sweep, which resembled, at a distance, the stout, stumpy mast, and long, graceful lateen yard of a Maltese felucca. Upon one side was the wood-shed and chip-yard, and on the other a cider-mill, open at the front, and used for nearly all the year as a tool-house and shelter for carts and wagons. The rearward limit of the space was formed by a great yellow barn, with an arch, and a blank, sombre-looking fanlight, painted in dead, dull black over the great doors, and a long row of pigeon-holes cut through the boards, just beneath the eaves. Between the cider-mill and barn was the mouth of a lane, closed by a gate, and leading out upon the farm, away up the hill-side, to its very summit.

Here dwelt, a good many years ago, a worthy gentleman, who, as his grandfather and father had been before him, was esteemed by the whole neighborhood and township to be a man of no small mark and consideration. He was the most wealthy inhabitant of the Nip-tuck valley, a distinction that will of itself account for the high regard in which he was held by his townsmen. From the lowly station of private in the Walbury "floodwoods," he had risen, by regular and successive promotions, to the rank of Colonel of the XXIXth Regiment of Connecticut State Militia.

Moreover, he was in the habit of going to the General Assembly, as one of the representatives of the ancient town of Walbury, as often as he pleased, which was, in fact, pretty nearly every spring. But what he himself chiefly gloried in was, that for many years in succession he had been regularly appointed by the legislature, one of the justices of the peace, within and for the county of Windham. Once, even, for a single year, during the trial of an experiment

with the judiciary system of the State, he had occupied a seat upon the bench of the Court of Common Pleas, as a *puisne* or "side" judge. Of this appointment he was extremely proud, and it served ever afterwards as the epoch from which he reckoned the date of every other event.

It so happened, therefore, that besides the usual prefix of "Mister," this gentleman was fairly entitled to either of three several handles to his name. But his neighbors, to his secret disappointment and chagrin, instead of learning, like the rest of the world, to address him by the worshipful title of "Judge," remained steadfast in the long-continued habit of accosting him as "Colonel" and "Squire," and as will hereinafter more fully appear, when some of the younger and less reverend spoke of him behind his back, they were wont to designate him by still another appellation.

Colonel Starr Manners was a stout, thick-set man, with a round belly, and short, stumpy legs. He wore his coarse, stiff, white hair and bristly whiskers cropped short and close, so that the ruddy soil of his skin was everywhere visible through the hirsute stubble, thereby causing his complexion somewhat to resemble that of a very clean and well-conditioned white shoat. As for his dress, besides a high, white shirt collar of unusual volume, there was nothing remarkable about it. Of late he had been accustomed to wear loose and ample garments of fine kerseymer and broadcloth, though, to be sure, when he was at home, and there were no visitors of distinction, he used to wear a coat as seldom as any Turk or Indian chief. He was a shrewd, observing man, and by means of this quality and habit of mind, had contrived to acquire a fund of practical knowledge, which stood him in very good stead of the bookish wisdom, that many of his fellows and associates in public life had been taught by the professors and tutors of Yale College. He had a bluff, hearty manner, was good humored and benevolent in disposition, yet, withal, extremely self-willed and opinionated, and apt, if flatly opposed, to be violent and overbearing. Nevertheless, like many other obstinate people, he was quite easily managed by those who knew how to humor him. His wife, who was his junior by some fifteen years, a brisk, rosy, handsome little woman, with a sharp, clear, merry grey eye (it was whispered by the Walbury folks),

could wind him round and round either one of her plump white fingers that she chose. Howbeit, the colonel was generally reputed to have a stiff will of his own, and in consequence was quite often spoken of when out of hearing as "Old Fixed Starr," a nickname first invented and applied to him by his own head hired man, a waggish fellow of droll speech and countenance, who never opened his queer-looking mouth but the neighbors made ready to laugh.

The colonel was a popular and efficient magistrate. Twice a month, or oftener, he was accustomed to hold a justice court in the south front room of his house, and the session of this tribunal used to be indicated by divers signs and tokens, that even the wayfaring man, passing by in the street, if a Yankee, would not have failed to understand. The horses hitched by the road-side at the gate, or under the shade of the cherry trees in the lane, stamping, hour after hour, standing and whisking their tails to drive away the swarms of tormenting flies that disturbed their drowsy meditations; the little squads of men grouped about the door of the court-room at the corner of the house, or leaning across the fence, talking together in couples, discussing the case on trial, or, perhaps, proposing "swaps" or driving bargains, never ceasing, meanwhile, to whittle diligently; the dogs lounging around the steps at their masters' feet, or romping together in the thick grass of the front door-yard; and the glimpses through the open windows of sweating spectators, sitting in their shirtsleeves, and listening with the interest that Anglo-Saxons ever take in judicial proceedings to the reading of the declaration and pleadings, the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of the lawyers, or the opinions of his worship, the justice, himself.

The equity of the judgments of this court was rarely questioned; for the long experience of the colonel, as a legislator and magistrate, was a sufficient warranty of his knowledge and ability to administer justice according to law. With the two volumes of Swift's *System* as lamps to his feet, and the *Revised Statutes* as a staff in his hand, the colonel was able to see his way and guide his course among the crooked mazes of the most complicated case. And although there often would arise puzzling interlocutory questions, with respect to such abstruse and technical matters as pleas in

abatement, demurrers, and the admissibility of evidence, the colonel rarely found much difficulty in making up his mind how to decide the final issue. His natural sagacity and shrewd common sense enabled him to perceive upon which side lay the right, notwithstanding the legal mists by which the pettifoggers endeavored to obscure the view; and though it must be confessed that his decisions were not always good law, they seldom failed, nevertheless, to be excellent justice.

There were, to be sure, irreverent people, who, while smarting with the disappointment occasioned by a defeat, would sometimes revive a piece of idle gossip, which was kept current by these very means. It was said that the colonel, whenever he expected to try a cause of unusual importance, doubt or complexity, would be sure to leave ajar the door between the south room and the entry, so that his wife in the sitting-room beyond, could hear the proceedings as well as himself, and thereby be enabled to give him the benefit of her advice with respect to the merits of the case. But all the ill-mannered jeers, gibes and grumbings of these discontented fellows, did not, in the least, shake the confidence of the public in the wisdom of the colonel's legal decisions, for, as everybody knew, Mrs. Manners was a shrewd, clever woman, of more than ordinary wit and learning, and was as well able to give discreet counsel in a difficult matter as e'er a man in Walbury.

But besides these judicial labors—in which the colonel took great delight—he performed, for nearly all the town, the various ministerial duties that usually appertain to the office of a rural justice of the peace. He draughted and took the acknowledgment of all deeds and other legal instruments; he administered the oath of office to the selectmen, the haywards, the tithing-men, and the other town officers; he presided at meetings of the civil authority for the nomination of taverners, and the selection of fit names to put into the jury-box; and, finally, he joined in the strong but silken bonds of matrimony more couples, in the course of a year, than even Parson Graves himself.

There is no country in Christendom where it is so easy for any willing pair either to be married or to be divorced (as they may happen to be inclined), without tedious delays and formalities,

as in the Puritan State of Connecticut. In some of the counties, it is said, the suits for divorce exceed in number all the other causes upon the dockets of the courts, and, until within a year or two, the legislature used to be busy for nearly half its session, hearing the complaints of discontented married folks, and cutting them loose from each other by means of special enactments. On the other hand, instead of the three weeks, posting of a written notice, declaratory of an intention to marry, which was formerly required by the laws of the neighboring States—whereby it was rendered necessary to advertise a wedding by placard, like a sheriff's sale—in Connecticut it has always been sufficient, according to the statute in such case made and provided, to give notice to the world by a single proclamation only, so that it has often happened that a couple have been published at the meeting-house, just before the benediction, at the close of afternoon service, on Sunday, and in ten minutes afterwards have been duly joined in marriage at the parsonage hard by.

It would be natural to suppose that a statute imposing such slight restraints and reasonable delays would be cheerfully obeyed. But, although the Yankees are (as indeed they ought to be) the most orderly and law-abiding people in the world, an opportunity of dextrously evading the spirit and intent of a law, while keeping safely within the letter of its provisions, presents a temptation which a shrewd Yankee finds it difficult to resist.

So, for time immemorial, it has been a custom, observed by many ardent young people living in the border towns of the States adjacent to Connecticut, to be posted in their own parishes for a single Sunday, and then, being thus duly qualified for matrimony, according to the laws of Connecticut, to straightway cross the line, and be married forthwith by some good-natured justice of the peace, or other proper authority; avoiding by this stratagem the other two weeks of probation and irksome delay, to which they would have been subjected by a strict adherence to the letter of the statute of their own native commonwealth. Now Walbury, being not only a border town, but one lying near the very corner of the State, not far distant from the frontiers of both Massachusetts and Rhode Island, in course of time became a sort of Gretna Green, to which people in haste to be married were wont

to resort; and Colonel Manners, being the most notable justice of the peace of the vicinage, it happened, as a matter of course, that almost every couple that came to Walbury on an urgent matrimonial errand, from across the border, applied to him. So by means of these circumstances, it came to pass that he married more people than even the minister, and from this source derived a very considerable revenue.

It was sometimes whispered by the village gossips, that the colonel was not always as particular as he ought to have been in his questions to candidates for matrimony, concerning the evidence and the fact of the previous public notice of their intention thereto; and Miss Tabitha Graves, the parson's daughter, who was the chief of the village band of elderly young ladies, was accustomed at meetings of the Dorcas Society and Sewing Circle, to inveigh, with excessive acrimony, against the law by which a mere magistrate and a layman was permitted to officiate in the marriage ceremony. Indeed, though she was a rigid Presbyterian, she was almost inclined to consider this rite as a sacrament of the church, to be administered only by the consecrated clergy.

But as it was very well known and understood that Miss Tabitha held the folly which entices young folks into the state of wedlock in great scorn and contempt, and scarcely ever heard of a wedding without expressing, albeit in a sharp and snappish tone, her pity and commiseration for the fond and foolish bride, people did not regard her animadversions as worthy of serious attention, though, if the truth were only known, it was indeed a fact that the colonel, rather than lose a good fee, was willing to make a pair of any two single lovers that desired him to couple them; and if the parties appeared to be of a properly mature age, was in nowise disposed to be over nice and punctilious about the matter of the banns.

The colonel and his wife had but one child, a daughter, upon whom, as it is natural to suppose, her parents bestowed the most tender affection, and for the reason that she was the sole heiress apparent of a large estate, she had been, of course, from her childhood, the subject of a large amount of village gossip. Now this young person is to be the heroine of my story; and I feel no little concern, therefore, at being obliged to confess that which everybody would

suspect, even if I should attempt to conceal it. Lucy Manners was a spoiled child, and she grew up to be such a willful, wayward little hussy, than when but a little puss in pantalettes, of no more than thirteen years old, she was mistress of her father's house, and had everything her own way, except when her mother contrived to outmanage her. However, as it almost always happened that Lucy's own way was the prettiest way in the world, I do not think, after all, that it was any great matter to be sorry for.

She was a shrewd body withal, as her mother's child would be apt to be, and having devoured with an insatiable appetite the contents of every novel in the parish, and received instruction in Latin from Parson Graves, the minister, and having been afterwards sent to complete her education at the notable boarding-school of Misses Primmer, at Hartford, the gossips were probably not very far from the truth when they affirmed, that she knew a good deal more than any other young woman of her age in Walbury, and almost as much as the parson himself. Indeed, I dare say, that with respect to some subjects, her knowledge even exceeded that of the worthy divine.

I am of a good mind to say nothing concerning Lucy's person; for, as everybody knows, each author that writes a novel or story is sure to represent the heroine of his tale as the most beautiful creature that ever lived; just as the knights-errant of old used to stroll about the country, asserting everywhere the preëminent charms of their respective lady-loves, and breaking each other's heads and bones whenever they chanced to meet, and to disagree upon this point, as was almost always sure to happen. I say I am almost of a good mind not to tell whether Lucy Manners was handsome or not, but leave each one to form his own opinion. For it is evident, that, whereas, in the days of chivalry, there could have been but one of all the knights-errant in Christendom whose claims were really veritable, so now there can be but a single author of all the legion of story-writers that affirms the simple truth respecting his heroine. And I fear that it would look like presumption in me—who am young and inexperienced, and a mere tyro—to assert that I alone am entitled to the distinction of writing about the most charming heroine that was ever heard of. But if you had seen this young girl, in the very

month of May in which she attained the age of eighteen, just after her return home from the Misses Prinbers' school, you would not have thought such a pretension upon my part to be extravagant; for I verily believe that to have made her any handsomer than she was, would have been a needless waste of beauty.

I will not incur the folly of an attempt to describe such a peerless creature; yet as it is quite probable that many will be curious with respect to the style of her beauty, and will be ready to ask whether she was plump or thin, fair or dark complexion, tall or short, and so forth, I will proceed to be more explicit concerning these matters, meanwhile disclaiming all intention of giving a downright description of my heroine, according to the fashion prevalent among authors. And hereby I make manifest the sincerity of my own belief in the superiority of Lucy's good looks. For it would be a very easy thing—after having asserted, in general terms, that she was without a rival—to leave each of my readers to paint her picture for himself, and so each one would be sure to imagine her to be what he most admires. But I disdain to use any such unworthy artifice, in order to gain for my heroine the suffrages of my readers, at the expense of her individuality.

So then I will say that Lucy was in height about five feet and three or four inches. Her figure was slight and graceful, befitting her youth, though the budding beauties of her form gave promise of ripening, in due season, into the symmetrical proportions of mature and perfect womanhood. She was very fair, with light brown hair that had a pale golden tint in the sun, so thick and wavy, and apt to curl withal, that she used commonly to wear it on her neck and falling over her white shoulders; though of late, to be sure, since she had been at Hartford, it had grown too long to be suffered to have its own way in this fashion. Her face was oval, with a low, broad forehead, and a delicate little chin, and rosy mouth, with dimples in each cheek, that chastened the somewhat imperious expression given to her face by her large, calm grey eyes and straight nose. This blending of haughtiness and sweetness was also perceptible in her manner as well as in her face. The queen of gods and men could not assume a mien more superb than this little country girl; the queen of hearts, sweet Venus herself, was not more capable of inspiring love.

I am sure, that by this time, I have made it evident to everybody that my heroine is a very lovely, deserving person, and worthy of the place of honor in brighter pages than mine—a reflection at the same time pleasant and painful. I must confess, however, that I am conscious of feeling a good deal of satisfaction at my good fortune, in having discovered this "gem of purest ray serene," in the sequestered valley of the Niptuck; for I cannot but hope that its lustre will be reflected upon the setting in which I shall place it, and so cause my humble story to be regarded with complacency, and perhaps even with delight, by those whose good opinion I am so desirous to gain.

That so handsome a creature should have lovers, was a matter of course, and needs not be averred. Even when Lucy was a little witch of ten, and went to the district-school in a short frock and pantalettes, the boys used to strive for the privilege of carrying her dinner basket, and the lucky fellow who secured her for a passenger, to haul home upon his sled, was pretty sure to run a gauntlet of snow-balls as soon as he had left his lovely fare at her father's gate. Indeed, I have good reason to believe that before she was ten years of age, she had received a proposal of marriage from her cousin, John Dashleigh—who was but three years older—and that she had returned a favorable reply, accompanied with several kisses, and a great many tears and passionate exclamations; for John was to start the next morning, with his mother and grandfather, in the very tilted wagon in which the children then sat, for the Genesee country, four hundred miles away into the woods, among the bears and savage Indians.

But as the years came and went, John's image, for a while very carefully cherished, grew fainter and fainter in her memory, and in the course of time—she never could tell when or how—it began to be considered a settled thing that when she grew up she was to marry young Joab Sweeny, for whom she could not help feeling a hearty dislike; and, in fact, throughout the neighborhood, it came to be well understood that Fixed Starr and Deacon Joab Sweeny's wife, his sister Achsah, had negotiated an alliance between Lucy and her cousin, young Joab. To contend against the will of either of these resolute personages was a thing but seldom dreamed of in Walbury. To hope to subvert their joint decree was of course quite out of the

question. Besides, when Lucy made her appearance at meeting the first Sunday after her return home from the Misses Primbers' great school at Hartford, she was dressed in such a stylish mode, she carried herself so haughtily, and above all she was so transcendently lovely, that the young swains of Walbury, though struck dumb with admiration, instinctively felt that it was madness to aspire to so exalted a fortune as her love would confer. To be sure, the more enterprising of the young fellows, her former school-mates, had, according to the custom of smart young Yankees, left their native village in quest of fortunes abroad.

(To be continued.)

I dare say that if either Jack Roes or Sam Grosvenor had been at home that Sunday night, he would have ventured to call at the colonel's for the purpose of inviting Lucy to go to the singing school. Be that as it may, young Joab Sweeny, as he made ready to do his mother's bidding, and went up into his chamber to repair his Sunday toilet before setting out to call on his fair cousin, confidently supposed that he had no reason to fear a rival. Albeit in this Joab reckoned without his host, as the saying is, as will hereinafter more fully and at large appear.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass discourses of Social Life in the Rural Districts—Town and Country—The Advantages of dressing in a Plain Way—Our New Dog—Autumnal Scenery—A Family Aqueduct.

"WE have an invitation to a party," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "on Friday next, and I think a party is a very pleasant thing in the country. There is more sociability, more hospitality, warmer welcomes, less dress, and less style, than there is in the city." Here Mrs. Sparrowgrass handed me an engraved card of rather formidable dimensions, which I must confess looked anything but *rural*. I took the missive with some misgivings, for I have a natural horror of parties. "I wonder," said I, in the most playful kind of bitter irony, "whether we will meet out here that young lady that never sings herself, but is always so passionately fond of music?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she thought not; she said she heard she was married.

"And that gentleman," I continued, "who was a stranger to me, that always wanted to be presented to some young lady that I didn't know?"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she believed he had gone to California.

"And that lady who prized confectionery above good-breeding, and went home with her pockets well stuffed with mottoes, in defiance of the eighth commandment, and the laws of propriety?"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she knew the lady to whom I alluded, but she assured me she was yet in New York, and had not been seen about our village.

"Then," said I, "Mrs. Sparrowgrass, we will go to the party. Put my best shirt, and the white waistcoat in Monday's wash. Never mind expense. Get me a crumb of bread, and bring me my old white gloves. I am going to be gay."

"I think," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "that a party in town is nothing but an embarrassment." "True," said I. "Don't you remember," said she, "what a fuss I used to make about getting my hair fixed, and how put out I was that night when you forgot the japonica?" "Certainly." "And then, when we were all dressed and ready, how we used to wait for fear of getting there too early, and after we did reach the house, how we always got in a corner, and made happy wall-flowers of ourselves, and some old friend." "Of course I do." "Where nobody took any notice of us." "Exactly." "Then what difference did it make how I was dressed—whether I wore Honiton lace or cotton edging?" "I am afraid," said I, "Mrs. Sparrowgrass, if you had made a point of wearing cotton lace, you would not have been invited." At this palpable *double entendre* I felt that secret satisfaction which every man must feel when he has said a good thing. It was lost upon Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "Here," she continued, "we expect a simple, old-fashioned entertainment. Then I chimed

in—"No gas-lights to make your eyes ache—no patent-leather to make your feet ache—no fashionable follies to make your heart ache—and no overheated, ill-ventilated rooms, boned-turkies, game, ice-cream, Charlotte Russe, pates, champagne, and chicken-salad, to make your head ache next morning." "There will be oysters and ice-cream," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, dubiously. "I wish," said I, "there was a prospect of apples and cider instead. The moment I get inside the doors, and breathe the mingled odors of oysters and geraniums, it will carry me back to town, and for one evening, at least, I shall forget that we are living in the country.

— I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods;

but we must succumb; we will go like plain, sensible people, won't we?"

"If you were me, what would you wear?" said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

"Something very plain, my dear."

"Then," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "I have nothing very plain, suitable for a party, and to-morrow I must go to town and do a little shopping."

"I am afraid," said I (after the second day's hard shopping in town) "your dress is going to be too plain, my dear. Every hour brings a fresh boy, with a fresh bundle, and a fresh bill, to my office." Mrs. Sparrowgrass said, "that if I thought so, perhaps she had better get something expensive when she went to buy the trimming." I told her I thought her dress would do without trimming. She said, "it would be ridiculous without gimp or galloon; but perhaps I would prefer velvet ribbon, on account of the flounces?" I told her she had better get the velvet ribbon, and omit the gimp and galloon. Mrs. Sparrowgrass said, "very well," and the next day another boy brought another bundle, and another bill, which convinced me that extras form an important item in rural architecture. Then we had a dressmaker for several days, and the stitching went on by sun-light and lamp-light, and on the last day Mrs. S. discovers that she had nothing for her head, and the new bonnet was taken to pieces to get at the feathers for a coiffure. Then when the night fell, there fell, too, a soaking rain; and I had forgotten the carriage, so I was obliged to go a mile in the mud to order one from the village livery stable. Then I had to walk back,

as the man said "it was out;" but he promised to send it for us right straight off. Then I had to get dressed over again. Then Mrs. Sparrowgrass could not find her best handkerchief, and I dropped five spermaceti blotches on the new silk dress looking for it. Then she found the handkerchief. Then our girl said that the new dog had run off with one of my boots. Then I had to go out in the mud in my slippers after the dog. Then I got the boot and put it on so as to make that sure. Then we waited for the carriage. We were all dressed and ready, but no carriage. We exercised all the patience we could muster, on account of the carriage, and listened at the windows to see if we could hear it. Two months have elapsed, and it hasn't come yet. Next day we heard that the party had been an elegant affair. That everybody was there, so that we concluded the carriage had not been able to come for us on account of business.

I have bought me another dog. I bought him on account of fine, long ears, and beautiful silky tail. He is a pup, and much caressed by the young ones. One day he went off to the butcher's, and came back with no more tail than a toad. The whole bunch of young Sparrowgrasses began to bawl when he reached the cottage, on account of his tail. I did not know him when I came home, and he could not recognize me—he had lost his organ of recognition. He reminded me of a dog I once heard of, that looked as if he had been where they wanted a tail merely, and had taken his, and thrown the dog away. Of course I took my stick, and went to see the butcher. Butcher said "he supposed I was something of a dog fancier, and would like to see my dog look stylish." I said on the contrary, that I had bought him on account of his handsome silky tail, and that I would give ten dollars to have it replaced. Then the idea of having it replaced seemed so ludicrous that I could not restrain a smile, and then the butcher caught the joke, and said there was no way to do it except with fresh putty. I do love a man that can enjoy a joke, so I took a fancy to that butcher. When I got home and saw the dog, I thought less of the butcher, but put a piece of black court-plaster on the dog, and it improved his appearance at once. So I forgave the butcher, and went to bed at peace with all mankind.

I love to lie a-bed in these autumnal mornings, and see the early sunlight on

these grim old palisades. A vast stretch of rock, gaunt and grey, is not a cheerful view from the south window. Shut your eyes for a few minutes, and now look. That faint red cornice, reaching rough-cast along the rugged tops, ten miles or more, from Oloster to Tillietudlem, is not unpicturesque.' And although we have not the odor of spring lilacs and summer roses, breathing through the windows, yet there is something not less delightful to the sense in this clear frosty atmosphere. Below, the many-colored woods that burgeon on the sides seem to retain the verdure of early spring in those cool depths of shadow. As the sunlight broadens on the crags, the illusion disappears, and we behold once more the brilliant vagaries of vegetation, the hectic hints of yesterday. I wish Kensett could see that pure blue sky and yonder melancholy sloop on the river, working her passage down with bricks from Haverstraw, and a sail like an expanded rose leaf. It is a pleasant thing to watch the river craft in these autumnal mornings. Sometimes we see a white breast covey coming up in the distance—from shore to shore a spread of dimity. Here and there are troops of shining ones with warm illuminated wings, and others creeping along in shadow with spectral pinions, like evil spirits. Yonder schooner is not an unfair image of humanity; beating up against adverse winds with one black and one white sail. That dogged old craft, just emerging from obscurity into sunlight, is but a type of some curmudgeon passing from poverty to affluence, and there is another, evidently on the wrong track, stretching away from the light of prosperity into the gloom of misfortune. I do not love the country less because of her teachings by these simple symbols. There are many things to be learned from watching the old wood-sloops on the river.

Our neighbor has been making an improvement in his house. He has had a drain made in the kitchen, with a long earthen pipe ending in a cess-pool at the end of his garden. The object of it is to carry off the superfluous water from the house. It was a great convenience, he said, "on wash days." One objection might be urged, and that was after every heavy rain he found a gully in his garden path, and several cart-loads of gravel in his cess-pool. Besides, the pipe was of an equal width, and one obstruction led to another; sometimes it was a silver spoon and a child's frook; some-

times it was a scrubbing-brush, a piece of soap, and a handkerchief. I said that if he had made a square wooden trough, gradually widening from end to end, it would have cleared itself, and then I thought it would be a good thing for me to have such a one myself. Then I had a cess-pool built at the bottom of the wall, under the bank, which is about one hundred and fifty feet from the kitchen, and told my carpenter to make a trough of that length. Carpenter asked me "how big I wanted it?" I told him about eight inches in diameter at the end nearest to the house, and then gradually widening all the way for the whole length. As I said this, my carpenter smiled, and said he never heard of such a thing. I told him no, that the idea was an original one of my own. He asked me how much I would like to have it widened. I thought for a moment, and said, "about half an inch to a foot." He said very well, and the next week he came with two horses and an edifice in his cart that looked like a truncated shot tower. I asked him what that was? He said it was the big end of my pipe. When he laid it on the ground on its side I walked through it, and could not touch the upper side with my hand. Then I asked the carpenter what he meant by it, and he said it was made according to directions. I said not at all, that I told him to increase the diameter at the rate of half an inch to the foot, and he had made it about a foot to the foot, as near as I could judge. "Sparrowgrass," said he, a little nettled. "jest take your pencil and put down eight inches." "Well, that's the diameter of the small end, I believe?" I told the carpenter he was right so far. Now for every foot there is an increase of half an inch in the width; that's according to directions, too, aint it?" Yes. "Well, then, put down one hundred and fifty half inches, how much does that make, altogether, in feet?" Six feet eleven inches. "Now," said he, "jest you take my rule, and measure the big end of that ere pipe." "Carpenter," said I, "I see it all, but the next time I build an aqueduct I will be a little more careful in the figures." "Sparrowgrass," said he, pointing to the pipe, "did not you tell me that that was an original idea of your own?" I answered that I believed I did make a remark of that kind. "Well," said he, with a sort of muffled laugh, "that is the first time that I did see an original idea come out at the big end."

NOTES ON PROPER NAMES.

"HANS, Hans! come here, my poy—I saysh mynheer, knows you vot for I calls my poy *Hans*?"

"No, indeed sir, I cannot think of any peculiar fitness in it."

"Well, mynheer, it ish because that ish his *name*."

Here ended the question with our simple-minded Dutchman, here it ends with most men, who never ask why *names* should be suffered to lord it over things. But philosophy, which is always permitted to step in when utility steps out, has a longer inquisition in the case. To Hans it were enough to know that the rough aspirate-nasal-hiss, is his *name*, and he would hardly be so *wise* as to let sour-krount wait for him to settle the wherefore of his having any name, or that name in which he was summoned to dinner. But philosophy never dines, and to her it imports much why he was so called; and she might from so short a text, preach an endless dissertation on philology, anatomy, the progress of civilization, and the arts, and the great science of nomenclature. But if she has her head, nobody else could ever dine; so nstead of our going into the wilderness of wisdom opened up by his name, Hans may go to his father the D— Dutchman, and we will go to the limited consideration of proper names.

To commence methodically, though someways from the beginning: names are of two kinds, proper and common; yet nothing is now more common than proper names are; and, indeed, nothing more proper than common names. A man's *own* name is his *proper* name, in spite of unfitness and incongruity. To appropriate the name of another, as at the bottom of a note of hand, is, however, not proper, though, alas! too common. He is a *forger* who does that, whatever his trade may be. Yet a hundred Smiths "black" or "white," might write John to their notes without imputation of guilt, John Smith being a common noun, and *synonymous* with *anonymous*, if that is not a bull.

In the "brave days of old," all men were anonymous, not, indeed, John Smiths, but really unchristened Pagans. It was no unmeaning phrase that of "fighting to win themselves a name," for they verily had none; which had this advantage that no envious slanderer could rob them of one, "good" or ill.

This was before academies for writing were opened, or a Cadmus had taken out letters patent for his invention of letters. Billets, it is true, had been sent before, but they were billets of wood, addressed rather to the head than the *understanding*. Cain is supposed to be the originator of this kind of epistolary correspondence. Forging was, of course, impossible. By a singular coincidence, this was first heard of—the days of Tubal Cain, whose impudence in that respect caused a particular mention of his "brass;" and the sad consequence is not omitted, that he was "first who walked in irons"—very suggestive of the fate of forgers to this day—thus early, in its history, humanity is seen limping with its two Cains!

You may suppose that Adam, or the first man, bore a *proper* name, though a little stained—with apple-juice. But this is from a misapprehension of the customs of the time. It has become so well known as to be a proverbial phrase that every human, at his *début* in this world is a "little red baby;" it is a birth mark from his father Adam, who was made of red clay from the disintegrated red sand-stone with which the earth was underpinned. For this reason he was called Adam, that is *Redey*, just as naughty boys say darkey, to people of a deeper shade. This was enough to distinguish him in that early age, when the family was small, and Fame's genealogical banian had not grown to a perfect swamp of oblivion, with its myriad branches turned trunks.

We are told that he gave names to the animals, but properly speaking they were not proper names; merely for distinction he called his favorite cows "bug-horn," "brindle," and "line-back;" and on that long first day, before Eve came, it is not strange that he called one graceful creature his "deer," and another his "duck." The thing was highly proper, but the names were not; and we repeat you cannot be too cautious about confounding *names* with things. When people began to multiply—which Daboll says is "a more rapid way of doing addition"—it is obvious they must have a more convenient, not to say more polite, way of distinguishing people in the second person, than to run tugging at their coat-tails, and saying "you! you!" or the not less indelicate fashion of

pointing to those in the third person; or in their absence, of going through the laborious circumlocution of a circumstantial description. Hence, at a very early period men, men began to lay hold of any remarkable feature, even if it were the very *nose* of a man, and with equal facility if it chanced to be enormously large, or astonishingly small, a hatchet, or a turn-up; thereby to hang a name, which should be his biography, portrait, caricature, or genealogy, condensed to the very marrow and gristle.

On a bald pate where a fly would trip up, they would stick a cognomen; and call the hardest hero names, to his very *face*. So Nimrod—which you must not suppose to be a corruption of ram-rod—caught his name by being a great hunter; and all the Cæphuses, Stones, Pedros, Pierres, Paythers, and Peters, are derived from some hard-headed, hard-hearted old Arab, who had “piled up the rocks” in the Stony Desert. Charlemagne was a *great Carle*; Front-de-Bœuf an obstinate bull-head; and Charles-le-Chaune, who in spite of consecrating hereditary rights, could leave no *haire* to his *name*, was but a bald-headed Charley.

Among men's faces, as among their opinions, were all varieties of shades, and White, Black, Brown, Grey, Dunn, and *Green*—“to that complexion had it come at last,”—were all fastened on the posterity of their first possessors, as indelibly as if they had all sat down on so many different paint-pots. Yet hereditary nomenclature is comparatively modern. When men had nothing else to give their children, they were too generous to give them the paternal name; it was enough then, if the parent bequeathed his vices to his son, without the legacy of the bad name they earned. And the sons, to do them justice, generally did ample credit to the implied faith in their ability to earn their own reputation in that direction. When all the natural peculiarities were exhausted to name men by, and “still they came,”—the accidents, the incidents, their exploits, and their blunders, “the lay of the land, and the looks of the people,” were all pressed into the service; and Billy Bowlegs bowed and scraped to Mr. Packpenny, and Mr. Stack-pole *lent* his assistance to his neighbor Cobhouse, and Mr. Oraven bequeathed his name to a race of heroes, and his nature to some great uncle of Col. Bragg; while Hill stooped kindly to Le Vallé, and Underhill looked

up respectfully to Montaign; Waters ran into Lakes; and La Fontaine had a draught for Lion, Lamb, Fox, Wolf, and half of Barnum-Noah's Menagerie.

When arts advanced, and the common people became too numerous for particular names, they took names in classes from their several trades—so they were called according to their calling. Parsons and Priests met with Churches and Parishes, and Dyers bound to Coffins, while Graves yawned before both; Brewer sent out Beers, and Fisher brought in Eels; and, in short, everybody had the *name* of doing something in the way of his trade.

How came there so many John Smiths? The philosopher who undertakes to account for human names, and overlooks that great question, is but poorly qualified to grapple with his subject. So large and diversified a portion of the human family, comprising as it does every degree of excellence in character from sainthood to zero, and from devil-hood up to zero, claims particular notice in the philosophy of proper names, and this is the place to bestow it. Why are there so many John Smiths? We undertake to answer the momentous query.

Beating, as well as beating down, is a process in most trades. He that smote with the hammer, whether a carpenter or metal-worker, was called a smith, one who smiteth,—drop the *e* and you have the name with entire ease. Hence, the family name of a race that includes more members than kindred, more namesakes of the “Meek Disciple” John—than imitators of his meekness; not to say that the smiters are more pugnacious than other families, but only *more* of them.

An ancient king of Poland, once victorious over an army of unbelievers, had them all christened; the superior officers first, and singly, then the subordinates, according to rank in classes, then the soldiery, in solid regiments. The priest waving from a cedar bough a shower of holy water along the ranks, shouted as the case may be—“Tenth Regiment of the Twelfth Battalion of Light Infantry—I baptize you Peter, in the name, &c.,” the next “John,” the third “Andrew,” and so on, through all the Apostles, Holy Fathers, Unholy Father-Confessors, Martyrs and Marvel-mongers; till the whole army of the faithful had lent their names, to grace the army of the aliens, down to the baggage-boys and camp-

...nt of artisans, all
...were fighters,
...the Apoca-
...ersed by
...h Reval

feeds on. In addition to a small fraction of their own earnings, and the privilege of fighting the battles of their lords, the retainer was allowed to take the good name of the nobles, to the vast gratification of the pride and vanity of those far-sighted gentlemen who had not anticipated the inevitable democracy of nature, which soon confounded masters and serfs in indistinguishable confusion.

Aristocratic name of any authentic origin argues *this* assuredly to its originator, he is either descended from My Lord Fuddle or his man Jack, and lucky he, if the latter, say we. Surrounded by their retainers, those great lords built villages for them, and as a memorial legacy to their country, enriched by their exemplary household, the common language with two invaluable words, Knave and Villain, which was, in another sort, giving their names to their retainers.

Heraldic devices became a fruitful source of proper names; so that the crusades if they did little towards Christianizing the Paynim, did much in christening the believers. The man whose father had killed a peculiarly tough hog in the woods, was privileged to deck his epaulets with a memento of the spoils—in short, to wear a hog's head on his shoulders; which honor often descended where there was an astonishing natural fitness. He could also put a pig's face in his bandanna, and set it up for a sign on his spear-pole; and ever after sport his bristling honors in the name of Wild-boar, which time has greatly tamed down, and domesticated into Wilbour. Thus boar glorifieth bore, and the bright wine of fame is *put up* like any vulgar liquor, by the hogshead.

Gratitude and a certain remorseless admiration have been cruel disseminators of proper names. To perpetuate their respect or love, men give their children the names of great or good men, so handing them *down*, too literally, to posterity. Geo. Washington Snubbs, Seneca Miggs, and Solomon Muddle, are humble but genuine witnesses to the immortality of genius. There is some discount in this kind of glory; it renders a white name liable to dirty handling, and has reduced Cæsar and Pompey to their least common denominator, as dogs and donkeys. Then, if the unlucky bearer of a great name proves himself a genius, poor bewildered Fame, with her trumpet cracked on some fortieth "Second

Among landholders, the stock of the family tree derived its name from the soil, and with its name took nearly every thing else from the soil, till the serfs had little left but the name. Those feudal family trees were "gallows" trees, to use a modernism; and the numerous dependents from their many branches, had the name of being *supported* by the same. With them was the name, but with the lordly tree the *game*; which game some tree in fact supported them, as the fly-catchers supports the fly it

* For the accurate history consult Chronicles of Poland—year 1387; reign of Ladislaus Jagellon.

Byron," and five and fortieth "Father of his Country," which, by the way, doesn't speak well for said country's mother—must blow her immortal jaws into cramps trying to distinguish between the full sonorous blast of "William Shakespeare!" and the new worthy Wm. *Tibbs* Shakespeare! William Tibbs were safer on his own legs.

Before family names became hereditary, it was a very common device among all nations to prefix or affix syllables to the father's name, and give it to the son, the addition usually signifying *of* or *from* or *son*. Thus *Bar-Jonah* was the *son* of Jonah; Jackson, the son of a Jack, and Jillson, the son of Jill, of that firm. Whether *Cinnebar*, that alias for the thief-god, Mercury, is the *son* of *sin*, we leave to the commentators. The addition of the genitive's proves that Adams is a descendant of Adam—a fact important to those who would claim an ancient, well-authenticated genealogy. *Mac* has the same significance, and stands as a monument in the name of the great road-maker, Macadam, to show his derivation from the same distinguished progenitor. When remarkable men are related, it is pleasant to know it; hence the utility of our researches.

The Welch multiply appellations by *ap*, as Richard-*ap*-Richard, which, by rapid enunciation, becomes Richard Pritchard, the *son* of Richard. In this way a Welchman may carry a complete genealogical list of his ancestors from Adam-*ap*-Cain-*ap*—the Lord knows who, down to the last prince of wails and wants that 'appened to precede him. If Mr. Hazzard were a Welchman, his son might be called 'ap-Hazzard, without intimating anything fortuitous in his origin.

The Irish, to represent the "son of," say O'—not indeed as an exclamation of surprise—for in that prolific Island the birth of a son is no such a rarity as to

excite wonder. It is only a contraction of *of*, a word sufficiently short, one would think, but put in such frequent requisition it has to throw off its lumbering consonant, that it may keep up with the march of population.

The Dutch carry along their family honors in a *Van*, which term serves not only for Wags, but Wagons, and Wag'ners.

The Russians, in handing down personal honors as an *heir*-(and-hide)-loom, to their families, give their sons the *itch*, which foreigners so sneeze at to this day. Jaroslaw's son Vsevolod, was the first to introduce the custom, by calling himself Jaroslavitch, thinking anything better than his own name, which a man cannot *begin* to pronounce without sticking up his nose at it. To their grandsons, in the same euphonious tongue, they said *off*; thus Kutmynoseoff is a grandson of Kut-my-nose.

The Orientals, with no intention to nickname, call their boys Ben, which makes it appear that Benhadad must have been the *son* of 'A-Dad, to say the least. As Fame in the East blows her trumpet both ways—that is, from son to father, as well as from father to son—they have to prefix *Abou* to signify the father of—; so that "Abou-Ben-Adhem," whose tribe has been respectfully requested to "increase," must have been the father of the son of Adam, making him no other than that illustrious personage himself, whose "name led all the rest." There needed no especial prompting to his tribe, from Leigh Hunt, since it was to him that the first command to "increase," was given, and which has been obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that seems to be almost too good a beginning to hold out, and prepares us to expect a falling off on the latter commandments. And here, having described a circle and come back to the beginning, we propose to rest.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—LORENZO SABINE, Esq., known already as the author of a valuable *History of the American Loyalists*, now gives us an acceptable and curious book of *Notes on Duels and Duelling*. The volume comprises a historical essay on duelling, and notices of the principal duels of the world, arranged alphabetically under the names of the parties, with an appendix of valuable and amusing miscellany on the same subject. It is the result of much reading and care, and is, as a mass of curious and detailed information, both highly interesting to the general reader, and a convenient book of reference for libraries and students. The duels treated at most length are four American duels; namely, those between Hamilton and Burr, Barron and Decatur, Clay and Randolph, and Graves and Cilley; the narratives of which are given in full, and accompanied with the correspondence. Mr. Sabine's style is somewhat homely, but usually direct and clear, without any ambitious ornament; and the general drift of his thoughts and reflections very just. But there are two errors, which sadly mar the usefulness, and lower the dignity of the work. One is the direct and repeated recommendation to such Americans as may be reproached by Englishmen on account of the personal quarrels and fights among our public men, to twit the Britons back again with the same discords, among their members of Parliament. This is altogether a small business—too much like the little boys' "You're another!" Railing for railing is no better than theft for theft, or murder for murder, or than that murder for provocation, which constitutes the very custom of duelling, which Mr. Sabine's book discusses and reprehends. There are many answers to such foreign sophistication, better than counter-sophistication. The other error is based upon a surprising misconception of the relative significance and value of Custom and Right. Mr. Sabine says in his preface—

"There are many in New England who will object, because terms of unconditional, indiscriminate condemnation of the duellist have been withheld. With all respect, be it so. Yet, let it be said in reply, that the sympathy manifested in these pages is in no case for the crime, but always for the un-

happy social position of the duellist. Most persons . . . will assent to . . . the duellist's plea; namely, that if wronged or insulted, he is required to choose between a violation of human and divine laws on the one hand, and the loss of his place in society on the other; and that of consequence, and do what he may, he falls a helpless sacrifice."

Again, in mentioning the crazy challenge of Paul of Russia, to several European kings, to fight a duel at St. Petersburg, with Pitt, Talleyrand, and Bernstoff, as seconds, and so settle the questions pending between them, Mr. Sabine says, a little confusedly, that this notion, "though conceived by a madman, deserves serious thought; for there is something grand, even just, in the idea of demanding kings and cabinets to meet in person, and in the field, the questions which can be, and ought to be, adjusted in council and by diplomacy." Again: "It is not the individual man whom we should assail, but the PUBLIC OPINION which with its imperative voice, demands him to hold his weapon at the breast of his fellow." The points which we make against what we think the fallacious statements of Mr. Sabine, are two. 1. Society and standing lost by refusing the duel, are not worth keeping—are better lost. Without suggesting the comparison of the "society" of a clear conscience, and the "standing" justified before God, we may well assert that merely amongst men, the *best* society, and the *best* standing, will *not* be risked, but rather secured, by him who is just enough to refuse the duel. 2. No man may allege expediency as a justification or palliation for violating Right. It is a new evangel, indeed, that proclaims pity and sympathy for the coward who violates human and divine law in sneaking away from the sneers of fools. It is high time that the cursed and savage demand of so barbarian a public opinion as that, if it does in truth tyrannize over free Americans—which we do not believe—were hunted mercilessly down and slain. And every recreant, in high place or low, who is so false to the spirit of the age, of our nation, of freedom, of justice, of Christianity, as to bow before such a Moloch, in sending, or accepting a challenge, deserves precisely the sympathy and the pity which are accorded to Peter, when public opinion, even in the sneering faces

of servant-maids and private soldiers, impelled him to deny his master; which are accorded to those early Christians who were scared by the sight of the lions into offering incense to Jupiter; which are accorded to natures too weak to dare wicked jeers and the hisses and venom of the votaries of a fashion, not only silly and scandalous, but barbarian and devilish. We very deeply regret that a book of such ability and interest should, even partly extenuate or excuse any variety of the crime of murder. Yet we feel certain that the reaction against such a doctrine will counteract its evils; and that few, if any readers, will agree with Mr. Sabine in the points where we have differed with him.

—*Poems* by ALICE CARY. This volume contains about a hundred and forty short poems, and one rather longer. Of the whole number, nearly seventy culminate in a death, or in the expression of a desire to die, usually on account of the unfaithfulness of a lover. And almost all the remainder of the book is melancholy in sentiment. This prevalence of the minor key, brings it about that the authoress seems to have published an *In Memoriam* for every friend she had in the world. We quote the whole of one of the prettiest of the poems—

"CONTENT.

"My house is low and small,
But behind a row of trees,
I catch the golden fall
Of the sunset in the seas.
And a stone wall hanging white
With the roses of the May,
Were less pleasant to my sight
Than the fading of to-day.
From a brook a heifer drinks,
In a field of pasture-ground,
With wild violets and pinks
For a border all around.

"My house is small and low,
But the willow by the door
Doth a cool, deep shadow throw
In the summer on my floor.
And in long and rainy nights,
When the limbs of leaves are bare,
I can see the window lights
Of the homesteads elsewhere.

"My house is small and low,
But with pictures such as these,
Of the meadow and the row
Of illuminated trees,
And the heifer as she drinks
From the field of meadow ground,
With the violets and pinks
For a border all around—

Let me never, foolish, pray
For a vision wider spread,
But, contented, only say
Give me, Lord, my daily bread."

Yet this very pleasant little lyric, short as it is, is not free from the faults which superabound throughout the book. The figure in the second quatrain of the first stanza is aimless and indistinct, and lacks force and nature. In the third stanza the word "meadowed" is used for the sake of poetic grace, but unnecessarily and ungrammatically, instead of "meadow," which was all ready, and much better. The syntax of the last four lines of the same stanza is uncomfortably mixed up in a harsh and ambiguous construction. Nevertheless, the language is mellifluous, and the thoughts are graceful and natural. We apprehend that Miss Cary abuses her powers. We trace throughout the book, signs of haste and carelessness, of deficient study and slovenly thought. A modern American poetess can hardly be permitted to people her woods with British birds, cushats, ousels, and nightingales; to arm her laborers with mattocks, or to represent her shepherds as Virgil represented his, blowing on a reed. We believe that the poet, instead of making over the old clothes of his predecessors, should dress his thoughts in garments from the living present. Nor can that foreign and antique imagery any longer possess force or truth to a reader of this day and generation. A thoughtful writer would not have represented a poet as "singing a wail;" nor have indited twice in the same lyric, such a solecism as

"Once when we lingered, sorrow-proof,
My gentle love, and me."

Careful composition would likewise have saved many obscure images, which the reader stumbles over and leaves behind, or wastes thought upon, with equal discomfort; as for instance, in the *Annuares*, where Autumn appears to be the time when

"The harper of wide spaces
Shall chant again his mournful hymn."

We cannot tell what is meant, unless it be the wind; and the metaphor, if that be its meaning, is inapplicable. Yet, Miss Cary, with so much love of nature, and power of seeing and describing it; with such affluence of thought, and of words and rhymes, if she would only clarify the thoughts, and rigidly prune and train her language into more chastened and regulated forms, and

give over her persistent and repetitious lamentations among the tombs, may win lasting laurels in her chosen field.

—Little, Brown & Co. have issued copies of the first 200 pages of a work by Prof. Peirce, on *Physical and Analytic Mechanics*. These copies are issued in advance for the use of Harvard University. The complete work is to consist of four volumes, quarto, 500 pages each, treating respectively of Analytical Mechanics, Celestial Mechanics, Potential Physics, and Analytical Morphology. It is dedicated to "the cherished and revered memory" of Nathaniel Bowditch, "the founder of American Geometry," and will probably occupy the printers ten years in bringing it out. Judging from the 200 pages now in print, and also from the papers of Prof. Peirce, read before the American Academy, and the Association for the Advancement of Science on the subjects of the third and fourth volumes, we are confident that the work will be equally creditable to American Art and American Science. The publishers deserve the more praise because, from the very nature of the work, it cannot have an extensive sale, and will probably never return them their outlay. Yet it is a work of value, in its indirect results, to all men; giving honor to the country in which it appears, and throwing light upon the grandest and loftiest heights of Science.

—*The Life of Richard Cœur de Lion*, edited by Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, is the first of a series of biographies, under the general name of *Romance of Biography*. The present work is a clear and well-told narrative of the life of the most warlike king of England, who is presented therein, not only as a hero, almost equal to the heroes of classic antiquity, but as an able general, and a competent statesman.

—*Father Clark, or the Pioneer Preacher*, by Rev. J. M. PZOK, is a homely and straight-forward biography of an unlettered but earnest and energetic Methodist and Baptist clergyman, whose abundant labors were performed in the Southern and Western States, between 1790 and 1830. The story is told with much unction, and with an unwavering faith in the revivalist tactics which have been so powerfully operated by the communions of which "Father Clark" was at different times a member.

—*Lilies and Violets*, by ROSALIE BELL, is a compilation of extracts and short compositions in prose and poetry, from first,

second, and third-rate authors, with an occasional poetical or prose-poetical chime interspersed from the *Bell* herself. It seems to be intended as a sort of manual for the use of young ladies, for the better regulation of their conduct and studies. The selections are usually judicious, and the matter of the book, although not classified very philosophically, and of a very mild nature, cannot certainly do any harm, and may do much good.

—*Fudge Doings*, by IR. MARVEL, reprinted from the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, is a tale of the fortunes and misfortunes of the Fudge Family; whose "united head," Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Fudge, educate their children for fashionable uselessness, because they have money; and afterwards, losing their money by commercial revulsions, lose their happiness with it, and suffer further misery by the follies of their daughter, and the follies and crimes of their son. The story is slipshod and shambling, in thought and style, capable of being read with the very least possible attention or exertion, and for such reading, respectably entertaining. But it will hardly add to Mr. Mitchell's reputation, either as a thinker or writer.

—*Ups und Downs*, is a pleasant little collection of naturally-conceived and well-told tales, by COUSIN CICELY. "Miss Tod, M. D.," which many readers will remember on its rounds through the newspapers, is the first and best. Several of the other sketches have also been published separately heretofore.

—Captain MAYNE REID seems to be following in Marryatt's footsteps; for he has ascended from the manufacture of exaggerated Indian stories, to the higher position of a bookmaker for boys. His *Forest Exiles* is a well conceived and quite interesting little story, of the "Swiss Family Robinson" class, but much more consistent and truthful. It is well calculated to insinuate natural history and botany, in a narrative form, into a boy's mind.

—*Brother Jonathan's Cottage*, by HENRY H. TATOR, is a "Temperance Story." Its moral is good, of course; but the literary merit of the book is very small. It is written in a pompous and exaggerated strain of unnatural sentimentalism; such, indeed, as to imply a curious lack of observation by the author. What young fellow, in actual life, ever talked to his mother as in the following scrap of a farewell con-

versation between Mrs. Vernon and William?

"I can give you counsel, my son, but you alone must act."

"Aye, good mother, and your counsels shall guide my acts, even as the compass guides the mariner."

"I doubt it not, dear boy. I know that youth is always lavish of good promises; still, I doubt you not."

"By my uncle's love," affirmed William, "I'll endeavor to redeem mine, and by-and-by return to you, not like the prodigal son, a repentant sinner, but like a Spartan hero, wearing the wreath of success on my brow, and the flush of triumph on my cheek."

And so on, with variations, through the whole.

—We have hesitated whether to say *anything of Hagar, the Martyr*, by Mrs. H. MARION STEPHENS. Lest, however, we should allow harm to happen for lack of our warning, we may briefly state that it is a vulgar book.

—*Nelly Bracken*, by ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD, is a semi-romance of the times of the early history of the West. Its incidents are somewhat forced and over-remarkable, and its characters rather harshly drawn. But there is considerable power in the story, and it indicates the existence in the authoress of the capability, with due industry, of producing something much better.

—*Country Life, and Other Stories*, by COUSIN MARY, is a respectable little volume of moderately good stories for children.

—Miss CHARLOTTE M. HIGGINS' *Angel Children*, or, *Stories from Cloudland*, is somewhat more ambitious in character, inasmuch as small angels mingle among the human children of the tales, as guardians and guides. The stories are rather pretty, but not elaborated as carefully as the supernatural element requires. However, that is a point upon which the class of readers for whom the book is written will not be hypercritical.

—The abridged *Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language*, by J. MULLIGAN, A.M., is, we believe, a good text-book for advanced scholars. But it would need very ample illustration and elucidation by the instructor. Mr. Mulligan very properly gives up the foolish phantom called "the objective case," and presents a clear and reasonable paradigm of the English verb. The work seems to be executed with thorough scholarship, and independent and correct thought.

—*Thoughts to Help and to Cheer*. A second series of this work or collection is published. The extracts are rather common-place, and very good. It would have added to the value of the book, if the names of the writers whose thoughts are used had been given.

—Dr. E. J. LEWIS' *American Sportsman* is a manual of practical information for the more thorough and satisfactory destruction of all such wild birds as may be eaten. It also contains many detailed collateral directions, apparently the result of actual experience; and certainly enounced both lucidly and entertainingly.

—It has been forcibly said that the study of the prophecies and the Apocalypse either finds men crazy or leaves them so. In those mysterious regions of investigation, it must be a very firmly-balanced mind which can shun the temptation to adopt lucky hypothesis and accidental analogy, instead of axiomatic statement, and clear demonstration. The author of *Pius Ninth, the last of the Popes*, has not escaped the influence of that mystic maze of figures and types, the wonderful Revelations of St. John. He succeeds entirely to his own satisfaction in demonstrating that the year 1866 will witness the death of Pio Nono, and the destruction of the Roman Catholic Church. We shall not pretend to state an opinion on such a subject; preferring, and advising others, to wait and see, rather than to risk vain excitement and final mortification.

—The controversy between the partisans of formulary and extemporaneous prayers, is probably long or always to be decided not by any generally recognized logic, for all, but by idiosyncratic preference for each. We, however, apprehend that both, at present, the spontaneity of American character, and in future both that, and an advanced education in thought and expression, preclude any prospect of the universality of the custom of using a formula for prayer. For all, however, not already committed to any particular book, we can very honestly recommend *The Bible Prayer-Book*, by Rev. W. W. EVERTS. Its petitions are numerous and varied, its language scriptural and chaste, and the hymns and extracts from the Bible which accompany each prayer, usually judiciously chosen. Neither have we observed that the Baptist auspices under which it is published, have at all incapacitated it for the use of those

of other communions. It would, indeed, be strange if they should.

—*The Light of the Temple*, by Rev. W. P. STRICKLAND, is a sort of paraphrase of those scenes of the Bible, which present most clearly the successive manifestations of God to men. The descriptions are filled out with rather too free an imagination; and the engravings are miserable.

—*Sermons, chiefly Practical*, is the title of a volume of discourses, by Rev. CHARLES LOWELL, of the West Church, in Boston. These sermons are brief and direct expositions of scriptural truth, sometimes aimed with uncommon directness against those every-day wickednesses which the Christian ministry are so often—and often so unfairly—charged with ignoring. Dr. Lowell, as a Unitarian, does not anywhere speak of Christ as God; an omission which will, of course, disenable the book from circulation or usefulness, with very many not of his own denomination.

—Among the many duties of The Coming Man, not the least difficult and necessary will be the task of preparing a full set of good school-books for The Coming Children. Innumerable writers have felt, in their experience as teachers, the lack of such; have done their best to supply the want; each in turn have been superseded by the "next no better," and yet the good school-books are a desideratum. It is our belief—*nec in experti loquimur*—that the struggle is in a wrong direction. *Teachers* must be better prepared, not books. To a good teacher, any book, or no book, is enough; at least in elementary studies. With such views, we see with indifference the rapid successions of geographies or arithmetics "on an entirely new plan," which flood the country weekly. They all fail, and must fail, for the simple reason that *the teaching cannot be put into the book*. The book which *will* tend to improve our methods of instruction, is a *Manual of Methodology for Teachers*; and such a book we have yet to see, although we believe that such an one is in contemplation, at least in one quarter. CORNELL'S *Primary Geography*, which lies before us as we write, seems to us an improvement upon other primary geographies, in respect to paper, printing, binding and illustrations; especially as to those cuts which serve as definitions of the names of the principal divisions of land and water; but in respect to the common faults of geo-

graphical text-books, viz., beginning at the wrong end, notable superficiality, and at the same time, extreme compression; it is neither better nor worse than the other elementary geographies of the day.

—We have received the twenty-sixth annual volume of *The American Almanac*, published by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. We can testify experimentally to its extreme value as a convenient compendium of reference, in all matters of contemporaneous general information respecting the political and politico-economical *status* of the nation and of the separate States.

—Among literary projects in process of execution, are two whose completion will supply long-felt desiderata; a *History of Printing*; and a *Dictionary of English Literature*. In the first enterprise, one of the editorial fraternity of Boston, Mr. B. PERLEY POORE, has been engaged for ten years. The result of his labors will appear in twelve mailable numbers, sent to subscribers for five dollars. One feature of the work will possess especial interest; namely, fac-similes of early MSS. and of early printing. The *Dictionary of English Literature* is in preparation by S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, of Philadelphia, who addresses himself to the task as to a labor of love, and who is fortified for it by the possession of one of the best bibliographical and biographical collections in the country. The work will comprehend a biographical dictionary, a careful selection of estimates of authors, by other and confessedly competent authors, and—which will, we apprehend, be the most extensively useful department of the work—an index of authors' names, under the titles of the subjects on which they have written.

REPRINTS.—We have received *A Third Gallery of Portraits*, by GEORGE GILFILLAN. It is a truly Gilfillanian book; full of the excellences and faults of its writer's strong individuality. It contains brief delineations of the personal and mental characters of Napoleon, Mirabeau, Chalmers, Gerald Massey, Macaulay, Emerson, Poe, Burke, Professor Wilson, Shakespeare, and several other leading writers and speakers, all of which are dashed off with a red-hot intensity of style, which sometimes exaggerates into spasms, and even further, almost to mere gibberings. An expression of his own describes many of his figures—"hot, gorgeous metaphors, hatched between

excitement and vanity." For Mr. Gilfillan is vain; threatening to demolish adversaries; talking of himself; claiming remarkable intuitional discoveries; perfectly convinced that he looks at everybody from just the right stand-point. This certainly is the way to succeed with the superficial; but, the first inquiry which a thoughtful man makes about Mr. Gilfillan is, "Is he competent to estimate and define all these great men, the paradoxes and representatives of the human race?" Whatever is the biographical value of these rapid sketches, they are very entertaining reading, and full to overflowing with sounding and striking phrases and thoughts. We seem here and there to detect an imitation of Carlyle; there is a great occasional plunge into the bathos, as where he figures for a dreadful spectacle, the "Tarpeian Rock, toppling over the Dead Sea," calls Rousseau a "winged frog," or states, in relation to the Reformation, that Protestantism *rent* a covering from the Bible and that the Catholic Church could not repair the *rent*; speaks of "Cyclopes," and "Novum Organons;" and cries out, as nobody ever did in actual earnest, "Alas!" Yet, in spite of all that, and of his occasional unscrupulous and unacknowledged quotations of some very pat expression, his queer Pre-Millennial Second-Adventism, his obscure pets—one Aird, and the "Bailey School" of poets—second-rate men often nourish third-rate pets—and his funny rage at *Firmilian*, for making fun of one of them, Mr. Gilfillan writes with abounding vigor, earnestness and point; and has in the present work furnished a gallery of pictures very noticeable for striking effects and rich coloring, if not for severe accuracy of drawing.

—Prof. F. BOWEN has edited DUGALD STEWART's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, revising, abridging, and annotating the same, in order to make a school-book of it. A book of such abstract nature may, if accompanied with much better instruction than college-students usually receive, be profitably used as a collegiate text-book; but we presume there are very few institutions of a lower grade, except the higher female academies, whose scholars can profitably use it.

—Rev. F. A. FARLEY has superintended a second edition of Dr. FRANCIS PARKMAN's *Offering of Sympathy to the Afflicted*. The character of the work, which is a judi-

cious compilation of extracts and short essays, &c., intended for the perusal of persons in affliction for the loss of friends, is not changed; a very few omissions and alterations only having been made. We think it would have been more respectful to the memory of the deceased compiler, if the work had been left as he left it.

—C. S. FRANCIS & Co. publish a new edition in 8vo., double columns, of Professor LONGFELLOW's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. This volume is a collection of translations, original and reprinted, from the most characteristic poems of the Continental European nations, not *compelled* into English poetry, but so transferred as to show the peculiarities of thought and style, of each tongue. The work is well and thoroughly done, and the book of unquestionable value to the general reader.

—We have rejoiced in receiving THOMAS HOOD's *Poetical Works*, edited by EPES SARGENT. It is much the completest and best printed collection which we have seen, of the poems of one of the very truest and noblest of England's many true and noble writers.

—*May and December*, by Mrs. HUBBACK, is a story of English social life. May, its heroine, a poor beauty, marries December, (Mr. Cameron) a wealthy merchant, for his money. Through the machinations of a villain, her cousin, who desires to manage her, and her husband's money by her means, he (the husband) becomes suspicious that she is unfaithful, and refuses to live with her. They are afterwards reconciled, the husband shortly dies, and the book leaves May a Lady Bountiful in a country parish, and James Wildey, the villain, endowed by her with great wealth, to his own entire satisfaction, but not exactly in a reasonable way. The book is not very remarkable, either for plan, thought, character, or diction.

—LITTLE & BROWN continue their Aldine series of English poets, with the *Poetical Works* of COLERIDGE, KEATS, and of ISAAC WATTS. Each collection is prefaced with a portrait and a succinct but comprehensive biographical notice of the author; that of Coleridge, we presume, by the very judicious editor, Prof. Child; that of Dr. Watts, by Robert Southey; and that of Keats, a most delightfully written and piquant, as well as truthful and appreciative sketch, by James Russell Lowell.

TRANSLATIONS.—The *Literary Fables* of DON THOMAS DE YRIARTE, translated from the Spanish, by GEO. H. DEVEREUX, are intended in an especial manner to hit off the foibles of literary men. The analogies would have borne a universal application, and would have been more striking if so used. The graces of composition have usually, and very correctly, been sacrificed by Mr. Devereux, in order to give a true representation of the peculiarities of his author's thoughts and style. As thus presented, these fables are rugged and angular in form, but often furnishing a stinging rap over the knuckles of impertinent or foolish writers and critics.

ENGLISH.—The war continues to inspire innumerable publications, from the daily letters of private soldiers, to the daily books of *savans* or travellers, and of those clairvoyant gentlemen who stay quietly at home and compile full, true, and particular accounts of the other end of the world and what takes place there. Aside from this literature, which is so legionary in name and number, as not to admit other than an aggregate reference, but few books of especial interest are announced.

—Professor CREESE, author of *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, has written a *History of the Ottoman Turks*. It is compiled in considerable part from the hitherto untranslated and tediously extensive work of the celebrated Orientalist, VON HAMMER; and furnishes much new and reliable information.

—Sir GEORGE STEPHEN, at the request of Mrs. H. B. STOWE, has written a series of letters, now published in book form, stating his personal reminiscences of facts and details connected with the abolition of slavery in the British Islands. Many of his statements will be new to American readers. According to Sir George, the merit of the actual final accomplishment of this emancipation is not due so much to Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Sturge, and their friends, who worked so long and so hard in the preliminary agitation, but to two Quakers, named Cooper, and to Sir George himself. He also makes some very honest and entertaining confessions as to the employment of electioneering claptrap, and the ordinary dirty enginery of political warfare, in the same good cause.

—Dr. DORAN'S *Habits and Men, with Remnants of Record touching the Makers*

of Both, is a book of unmitigated gossipry; full of amusing information and anecdote about dress and its history in particular, and men collaterally, and by way of illustration.

—The third volume of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S *Memorials and Correspondence* of CHARLES JAMES FOX, continues the series of his letters, and the history of his life during the period of the French Revolution. The fourth and last volume will contain the narrative of his subsequent re-entry into public life, and short tenure of office in the Ministry.

—The *History of the Irish Brigades, in the Service of France*, by Mr. J. P. O'CALLAGHAN, is a chronology rather than a history, but contains a large and laboriously collected accumulation of dates and facts relating to the many bold Irish soldiers who have served in foreign armies on the Continent of Europe, rather than remain within the scope of the English power; and many of whom there rose to high honor and good fame.

—SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., has collected material for two volumes of *Miscellanies*, from papers contributed by him to *Blackwood's Magazine*, during twenty years past. They are among the most interesting of the many excellent articles which have appeared in that periodical.

—Professor EASTWICK, of Haileybury College (hitherto the training school and only introductory institution for cadets desiring to enter the English East India Company's service, but which is shortly to be discontinued), has translated in full the *Fables of Pilpay*, the oldest, and in Sir William Jones' opinion, the best of fabulists. Pilpay, however, is a sort of Mrs. Harris, or at any rate, a *nom de plume* for one Vishnu Sharman, who appears to have been the actual writer.

—Archbishop WHATELY has risen to the dignity of a Proverbialist. A volume of *Detached Thoughts and Apothegms*, is published, which moreover is only a First Series. Although we cannot expect that "a wiser than Solomon is here," yet, very few writers of English have the generalized perspicacity of thought, and terseness of expression, which are the essence of apothegmatics, in so high a degree as Archbishop Whately.

FRENCH.—Among late French publications, we observe but two named of any

especial interest. *Count RAOUSSET DE BOULBON*, at leaving France for California, left behind him the MS. of a novel called *The Conversion*. On the strength of the expectation of a sale from the general interest felt in the memory of the man, rather than from any intrinsic excellence in the book, it has since been published. The hero of the tale is a Parisian dandy, who, having become disgusted with the vile and hollow fashionable city life, flees into the provinces, becomes converted by a young country abbess to a most retrogressive Catholicism, and is dismissed in peace at the end of the book, with his conscience easy in a priest's keeping, and his circumstances easy by means of his marriage with an heiress. The story is told in the fiery and extravagantly passionate style which seems proper to men like him, of vehement character, and great physical strength and activity; but will undoubtedly owe whatever success it may enjoy, to the strange fame of its eccentric author.

—*M. ROMAIN-CORNUT* has re-edited the *Confessions of Madame de la Vallière*, written by her after her assumption of monastic vows, and corrected by *BOSSUET*. These mournful meditations of a repentant court-beauty, furnish a sad but interesting picture of the unhappy life and half-regretful reminiscences of the beautiful Louise. The *Confessions* have hitherto been attributed to *Madame DE LONGUEVILLE*, and to *Madame DE MONTESPAN*; but *M. ROMAIN-CORNUT* is probably entirely correct in his conclusion that *Madame DE LA VALLIÈRE* is the actual authoress.

THE FINE ARTS.

—*H. K. BROWN's Equestrian Statue of Washington*.—At length New York is to have a worthy statue of Washington, erected in a commanding situation—her first public work of Art, and that, commissioned, not by the Government of the City, but by private citizens. This is, at the same time, well, and not well; it is certainly well that the statue of a great public benefactor should be the spontaneous tribute to his memory of those who reap the fruits of his labor; on the other hand, it is not well, that New York, a city of fortunes, should, at this late day, have no public work of Art, whether in Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture, to which her citizens can point as evidence that the

wealth of which the city boasts, is in the hands of liberal and highly educated men.

When we last saw the statue, which is the subject of these remarks, *Mr. Brown* had it so far advanced toward completion, that portions of the detail were ready to be sent to *Chicopee* for casting. The figure of *Washington* was more complete than that of the horse, but still, far from being finished, and, indeed, only the action and the motives of the statue can be comprehended at present, the detail and the minor points of expression and effect, not having been, as yet, fully developed. The work is of colossal size—we are not able to state the exact dimensions—and is noticeable at the first glance for its repose of treatment. The theory of the statue is, that it represents the *PRUDENCE* of *Washington*. It is not the Soldier, leading the arms of his country to battle—nor the General, reviewing his troops—nor the President, receiving the acclamations of the people—but it is the Father of his Country, discerning the peculiar dangers that await his children in the future; and throwing the whole weight of his example and his advice on the side of *Prudence*. It is *Washington* restraining—curbing; it is a statue of the man, which, if it fail to excite enthusiasm, must always move to reverent regard.

Mr. Brown has not thought it necessary to excite the admiration of the injudicious, by poising the charger on which *Washington* sits, either on his fore feet, or on his hind feet. He has better understood his art and the natural restrictions of his material. He has sought to carry into the action as well as into the sentiment of the statue, the repose which characterises the best works of Sculpture. It is true, that the action of *Washington* is a decided one—he lifts his right arm, and stretches out his hand with a mingled air of command and entreaty—but it is also a continuous action. The attitude of the horse expresses restlessness and unwilling submission. He stands firmly on three feet, and paws the ground impatiently with his right forefoot; his head also tosses and frets under his master's curbing rein. The conscious action of *Washington* is directed wholly toward the people; the restraining his horse is involuntary, but it admirably serves the purpose of impressing the *motiue* of the statue upon the mind. As he represses the impatience of the young and mettlesome charger, so would he exercise a restraining influence

upon a youthful, ardent, and ambitious people.

It is not to be supposed that any particular moment in Washington's life has been chosen by the sculptor as the theme or subject of his work. On the other hand, the artist has not erred by attempting to supply a mere portrait statue of the man. As we have intimated, it aims to embody the Prudence, the Conservatism, which characterized Washington as well in his private as in his public relations. Washington's life was a life of self-restraint. His biographers are careful to tell us that he never laughed, never moved hastily, rarely showed anger—although he enjoyed a joke, was an active man in perfect health, and of a very quick temper. Albert Dürer has drawn *Fortune*, with a goblet in one hand, and a bridle in the other. Washington lived what Dürer drew. All his life he held the cup in his hand, but he put the bridle upon his desire to taste it, and *Fortune* crowned him with her noblest wreath. If, then, he was distinguished by the predominance of one characteristic, it was that of self-restraint. And he saw that self-restraint was the great want of his countrymen—that their political and social ambition, unchecked by wisdom, would lead them into unnumbered difficulties.

Washington will stand before us daily in the full sunlight, and amid the prosperous splendor of our city, for ever preach to us the Gospel of Prudence. It is, perhaps, a homely lesson; and there are many who will find fault with a work of Art for preaching any other Gospel than that of Beauty merely. But it is our conviction that Art was meant for more than this—that it can serve, and has served, a higher ministry—and that in this very work, to seek no further for an illustration, the artist has wisely seen how poor a substitute for a noble motive, and the perpetual inculcation of a vital truth would have been even the most successful combination of light and shade, the grandest draperies, and the most masterly display of the profoundest anatomical knowledge—wrought into marble, to win admiration for themselves alone.

—*The Crystalotype*.—The valuable work which, under the name of "The World of Art and Industry, an Illustrated Record of the Great Exhibition," did our designers, engravers and the publisher so much credit, appears under a new name, which it derives from the addition of a number of fine photographs or crystalotypes,

representing some of the pieces of sculpture exhibited in the New York Crystal Palace. These make the work much more valuable. The "Flora," by Crawford, is a treasure indeed, and "the Sleeping Children" has a tender beauty of its own. "The Soldier's Son," and "the Industrious Girl," please children old and young, but they are scarcely so pretty in these photographic copies, as in the marble originals. They lose none of their naturalness, however, in this style of reproduction.

—The December number of "*The Illustrated Magazine of Art*," had a valuable article describing the fresco of Raphael in Florence, discovered in 1842, and finally identified in 1845. This article is illustrated with several wood-cuts; a sketch of the whole composition—serving to show the arrangement of the figures—and seven of the heads, admirably drawn to a large scale. The head of Christ is seen to be of a very noble type—and although the conception leans to beauty rather than to power, it is far from being defolent in strength and manliness. This one article, with its illustrations, is well worth more than the price of the whole subscription to the magazine, which is one of the most valuable serial publications that we have.

—*The Crayon*.—The first number of this long-promised, and, as we believe, anxiously looked for, Art Journal, was published on the 3d January. We regret that the early day on which we are obliged to go to press, will postpone the utterance of our New Year welcome to the handsome stranger, until the first of March, when several numbers will have been issued, and judged by the public. But we will say our "say," nevertheless, and let our good intentions make amends.

"The Crayon" is beautifully printed, on clear white paper, and has a quiet elegance about it, which is very pleasant to contemplate. It would be unfair to attempt any judgment of its merits at this early stage—and with so substantial a beginning, everything that is good may be hoped for.

We need such a Journal as "The Crayon," without any question, and there never has been a better time for starting it than the present. With its very reasonable subscription price—three dollars by the year, and it is published every week—with its clear paper and print—there is no reason why its publication should not be a successful undertaking. At the same time, it ought to be always remembered that the

American people cannot be expected to respond cordially to any periodical treating of the Fine Arts, which has not a sterling common sense for its animating principle. This seemingly commonplace basis of treatment is not inconsistent with the highest standard. It only claims that if there is a good reason for anything asserted or denied, that reason ought to be clearly and intelligently given. We have been bullied long enough by amateurs and connoisseurs. We are tired of being kicked by Mr. Ruskin and his peers, and demand that we should be treated as gentlemen and men. Will the Crayon help us to what we want?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- NOTES ON DUELS AND DUELLING**, alphabetically arranged, with a Preliminary Historical Essay. By Lorenzo Sabine. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 12mo., pp. 304.
- BROTHER JONATHAN'S COTTAGE**; or, A Friend to the Fallen. By Henry H. Tator. New York: Francis Hart. 12mo., pp. 335.
- FUDGE DOINGS**: being Tony Fudge's Record of the Same. By Ik. Marvel. New York: Charles Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo., pp. 235 and 257.
- THE FOREST EXILES**; or, the Perils of a Peruvian Family amid the Wilds of the Amazon. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo., pp. 380.
- COUNTRY LIFE**, and Other Stories. By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo., pp. 168.
- THE ANGEL CHILDREN**; or, Stories from Cloud-land. By Charlotte M. Higgins. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo., pp. 134.
- UPS AND DOWNS**; or Silver Lake Sketches. By Cousin Cloely. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo., pp. 341.
- ROMANCE OF BIOGRAPHY**, illustrated in the Lives of Historic Personages. Edited by Rev. F. L. Hawks, D. D. Richard, the Lion-Hearted. New York: Evans & Dickerson. 12mo., pp. 373.
- HAGAR, THE MARTYR**; or, Passion and Reality. A Tale of the North and South. By Mrs. H. Marion Stephens. Boston: W. F. Pettridge & Co. 12mo., pp. 360.
- LILIES AND VIOLETS**; or, Thoughts in Prose and Verse, on the True Graces of Maidenhood. By Rosalie Bell. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo., pp. 443.
- EXAMINATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION OF EAKESBET, &c.**: A Treatise on the Figures of Speech. A treatise on the right and duty of all men to read the Scriptures. By Alexander Carson, LL. D. New York: Edward H. Fletcher. 12mo., pp. 463.
- THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD UPON THE NATIONS**. Plus Ninth, the Last of the Popes. New York: E. H. Fletcher. 12mo., pp. 185.
- LITERARY FABLES OF YRIARTE**. Translated from the Spanish. By Geo. H. Devereux. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo., pp. 145.
- NELLY BRACKEN**; a Tale of Forty Years Ago. By Annie Chambers Bradford. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 12mo., pp. 377.
- SERMONS**; chiefly Practical. By the senior Minister of the West Church, in Boston. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo., pp. 363.
- MAY AND DECEMBER**; a Tale of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Hubback. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 2 vols. 12mo., pp. 270 and 250.
- THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN**; containing hints to sportsmen, notes on shooting, and the habits of the game-birds and wild fowl of America. By Elisha J. Lewis, M. D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 8vo., pp. 464.
- Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s Catalogue of Publications.
- THE BIBLE PRAYER-BOOK**; for Family Worship, and for other private and public occasions. By W. W. Everts. New York: Ivison & Phinney. 12mo., pp. 244.
- HISTORY AND OBSERVATIONS ON ASIATIC CHOLERA IN BROOKLYN, N. Y. IN 1854**. By J. C. Hutchinson, M. D. [From the New York Journal of Medicine.] New York. Stitched, 12mo., pp. 34.
- THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD**; with a biographical sketch. Edited by Epes Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo., pp. 490.
- THE AMERICAN ALMANAC**, and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1855. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo., pp. 353.
- MY COUNTRYSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES**. By Henry Wilcox. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo., pp. 436.
- CORNELL'S PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY**, forming part first of a systematic series of school geographies. By S. S. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Small 8vo., pp. 96.
- "FATHER CLARK,"** or, The Pioneer Preacher. Sketches and incidents of Rev. John Clark, by an Old Pioneer. New York: Sheldon, Lamport, & Blakeman. 12mo., pp. 337.
- A THIRD GALLERY OF PORTRAITS**. By George Gillilan. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman.
- WOLFE'S ROOST**, and other papers, now first collected. By Washington Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 12mo., pp. 333.

NOTE.—The letter from a correspondent on the affairs of the *Smithsonian Institution*, which appeared in our last number, being given merely as an *ex-parte* statement of opinion on the topics under consideration, and from a respectable source, was printed without careful scrutiny. We take no part in the controversy—but we presume our respectable correspondent will regret, as we do, the admission of one paragraph, at least, grossly and unnecessarily offensive to the memory of Smithsonian.—**EDITOR.**



Frederick Douglass

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society

ACTNA. MONTANA.

Journal of Literature, Science, and Art.

CHAS. F. VAN NEE.

CHAS. F. VAN NEE.

The first of the new generation of writers in Montana is a young man of the name of Van Nee. He is a native of the State, and has spent his entire life in the West. He is a man of great energy and ambition, and has been successful in many of his undertakings. He is now engaged in the publication of a new journal, which will be devoted to the literature, science, and art of the West. This journal is a very important contribution to the literature of the West, and it is hoped that it will be successful in its efforts to bring the literature of the West to the attention of the general public.

The second of the new generation of writers in Montana is a young man of the name of Van Nee. He is a native of the State, and has spent his entire life in the West. He is a man of great energy and ambition, and has been successful in many of his undertakings. He is now engaged in the publication of a new journal, which will be devoted to the literature, science, and art of the West.

The third of the new generation of writers in Montana is a young man of the name of Van Nee. He is a native of the State, and has spent his entire life in the West. He is a man of great energy and ambition, and has been successful in many of his undertakings. He is now engaged in the publication of a new journal, which will be devoted to the literature, science, and art of the West.

The fourth of the new generation of writers in Montana is a young man of the name of Van Nee. He is a native of the State, and has spent his entire life in the West. He is a man of great energy and ambition, and has been successful in many of his undertakings. He is now engaged in the publication of a new journal, which will be devoted to the literature, science, and art of the West.



PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. V.—APRIL, 1855.—NO. XXVIII.

A TRIP TO THE MOON.

THE huge bell of the cathedral rang out midnight. Like clear crystal drops fell the transparent silver notes from the bright sky, as if they were echoes of angels' voices. Behind the dusky mountains rose the full orb of the moon in golden splendor, and poured its fairy light over the vast plain. Faint hazy mists swept across the valley, and slowly the pale gossamer light sank deeper into the dark narrow streets of the city. Like a gigantic churchyard lay the silent town at the feet of the mysterious globe in the high heavens—each house a coffin in which slept a thousand joys or sorrows. Only through one low window shone the feeble glimmer of a night-lamp. A mother was watching her sickly babe; fierce fever glared in its glowing face and burning eyes, and restlessly the poor child tossed from side to side. At last it grew quiet, and seemed to slumber. The mother stepped to the window and looked with tearful eye up to the moon. A feeling of deepest loneliness chilled her sinking heart; all around her slept ten thousands in happy peace; the wicked had ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest; she only watched with anguish the flickering life of her beloved.

"Oh," she sighed, "how peaceful and happy it must be up there in the silvery light of the moon! There is peace in her pale even light, quiet happiness in her calm, unbroken pilgrimage through the dark blue heavens!" And she wished she could wander in her sweet meadows and rest by her still waters. She prayed, "If dreaming, half awake, that her soul—ah, hereafter, be allowed to rest from

the pain and sorrow of earthly life, in the calm sweet light of the moon, praising God and enjoying the peace that knows no end.

For so we dream, even in our day, of paradisiacal peace and mysterious charms in the moon; as thousands of years ago, the nations of the earth revered in her a godlike being, who lighted up the long, sad nights with her sweet, silvery light, and in chaste beauty, wove strange spells over the hearts of men. They built temples in honor of the goddess, priests sang her praises in mighty anthems, sacrifices won her favor and disarmed her just wrath. Lofty were her thrones in the far East; Asia and the world worshiped her, and great was the Diana of the Ephesians!

This faith, like alas! many a better faith, is found no longer among men. Superstition, alone, has remained. The Chinese beats his drums and gongs to keep the dragon from swallowing up his moon at the time of an eclipse, and the Wallachian peasant sees in her pale, faint glimmer how the vampire rises from his brother's grave. With us the telescope has stripped the moon of her divine attributes, and dry, sober calculations have torn all strange fancies and gay charms from the humble satellite of the earth.

Now the moon is simply a little globe, not much larger than America, so that the longest journey, that could be undertaken there, would explore Asia from end to end. We can easily get there, for she is only about 240,000 miles from us, a mere trifle in comparison with the distance of the nearest star. Will you

accompany us? There is no luggage required, for there are plenty of castles in the air, and as for provisions, have not our very first lessons taught us the precious substance of which the moon is made? Passengers are not expected to travel with a huge telescope under the arm, and a book of logarithms in their band. We leave that to the munificent Earl of Rosse, who compels the chaste goddess to come down within the familiar distance of three hundred miles, even to bold Ireland! We have, besides, cunning astronomers, who marshal with ease millions of numbers, and command the poor planets to appear in given places, threatening to deny their identity, if they do not appear within the minute. We are simple travellers, and, I fear, would not disdain a beanstalk, if we thought it the shortest road to heaven.

Once, on the moon, however, we are immediately struck with awe and wonder at the strange landscapes that we suspected from below, even with unarmed eyes, in the dark and light spots on the moon's disc. Now the grey portions become plains, the light ones mountains. That these brilliant spots are mountains, we know from their shadows, which always fall on the side opposite the sun, and which lengthen in precise proportion as the sun sinks lower. The most dazzling points, however, are not mountains but towering precipices, whose steep, smooth sides reflect the light with greatest force.

But how entirely different is this mountain scenery from that of the Alps or the Andes! Here we see no lofty, snow-covered peaks, no long, pleasing ridges and lovely valleys; not even the proud domes of the Cordilleras with their steep terraces are here represented. The whole surface of the moon is covered with circular walls, inclosing deep, dark caverns into which whole territories have sunk with their hills and mountains. Some of these huge abysses are more than fifty miles in diameter, others spread still wider, but all are engirt at the top by great walls of rock, which are serrated and often crowned by lofty peaks. The smallest and most regular are called craters, from their resemblance to the craters of the earth, but the form is all they have in common. Volcanoes the moon does not know, and the shining points on her night side, which Herschel loved so much to observe, are only the highest points of lofty mountains, resplendent in brilliant sunshine.

On the southwestern part of the disc we see one of those gigantic, elevated tablelands, with which the moon abounds. They are evidently the oldest formations, fearfully torn and tarnished in every direction, full of craters, fissures and fractures and traversed by long furrow-like valleys; but in their midst we see, invariably, a most beautiful variety of landscapes, such as our earth boasts of: groups of mountains, broad, vast plains, gently swelling ridges, and fair valleys, dotted with numerous, well-rounded hills.

By their side we notice one of those regular, and therefore probably more recent circular mountains, of which more than 1,500 are already known, and which, in some parts of the moon, stand so closely packed together, as to give to these regions the appearance of a honey-comb. Their walls are nearly all around of the same height; within, their straight, steep sides sink suddenly into the abyss; without they fall off more gradually in terraces, and send occasional spurs into the surrounding country. In the centre there rises commonly an isolated peak, sometimes merely a humble hill, at other times a lofty mountain or even a small cluster of conical eminences. These central heights never rise to a level with the circular ranges; some are nearly 5000 feet high, but then the impassable wall, that surrounds them without breach or pass, and shuts them off from the rest of the universe, towers aloft to the amazing height of 17,000 feet!

If the number of these circular mountains is so great, that of small, burnt out craters is still more astounding; even a moderately powerful telescope shows us some 20,000. Inside they often sink to an incredible depth, into which their walls cast a deep, everlasting shadow, or where there reigns entire gloom, which the light of the sun, even at its highest, never reaches. Their tops, however, when fully lighted up at the time of full moon, shine in glorious splendor, reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. Others show only their margin illuminated, like a delicate ring of light, forming a magic circle around the dark, yawning crater. Now and then we see two or more strung together like rows of pearls, connected with each other by canals, or even two at a time surrounded by a common wall and combining their desolate horrors.

Long chains of mountains, like the Alps and Andes of our mother earth

are rare in the moon, and even when met with, only short and without spurs or valleys. The longest ridge extends about 450 miles, but its peaks rise to the prodigious height of 17,000 feet. On the other hand, the moon abounds in countless, isolated cones, which in the northern half group themselves into long, broad belts. Like the thorns of a chestnut, thousands of these mountains rise suddenly from the plain, and are seen to stretch their long, gaunt arms from the outline of the moon's disk into the dark sky. Even the vast plains of our little neighbor are covered with long, curiously-formed ranges of low hills, which, though often a mile wide, never rise beyond a thousand feet, and therefore show us their shadow only when the sun is extremely low.

Much as these strange forms differ from all we see on earth, we are still more struck with the quaint, mysterious fissures, narrow but deep, which pass in almost straight lines, like railways, right through plain and mountain, cut even craters in two, and often end themselves in craters. At full moon they appear to us as lines of brilliant light, at other times as black threads, and must, therefore, have a width of at least a thousand feet. We have, on earth, nothing to compare with them; for even the terrible gullies which cross the prairies of Texas, dwindle into utter nothingness by the side of these gigantic rents. As long as men saw every day new surprising analogies between the moon and the earth, and the grey spots were oceans, the light ones continents, these inexplicable lines also appeared now as rivers and now as canals, or even as beautifully Macadamized turnpikes! The citizens of the moon can, however, hardly yet afford building roads, by water or by land, of such gigantic width; nor will the fact, that these deep furrows cut through craters and lofty mountains, and invariably preserve the same level, admit of such an interpretation. At all events those only can see canals and roads on the moon, who have already found there cities and fortified places.

What gigantic and astounding revolutions must have passed over the moon, to produce these colossal mountains, rising not unfrequently to a height of 26,000 feet; these peculiar, massive rings, these enormous cliffs and furrows! How insignificant appear, in comparison, the greatest events of that kind, on our earth, where even proud *Ætna* hardly

rivals the smallest of the moon's craters! Their universal tendency to round forms has led to the idea that all these elevations and indentations are the effect of one and the same mysterious power. Everything favors the presumption, that the moon was originally a liquid mass, and that, whilst it became solid, new forces were unloosened in the interior, causing gigantic eruptions, as when the pent up air bubbles up from a mass of molten metal. Some of these bubbles would upon bursting, naturally leave behind a circular ridge and a slight rise in the centre of the cavity. These forces seem to have been most active near the poles whose desolate regions are dotted over with countless hills and mountains; near the equator vast plains stretch out, broken only here and there by a lofty peak or solitary crater. Thus man, pigmy man, ventures already to read the riddles of mysterious events that happened in the earliest times of its history in a great world, which his foot has never yet trodden! He has, however, not only measured the mountains of the moon, and laid out maps and charts of her surface, but he has given names to mountains and islands. Formerly the most renowned philosophers were thus immortalized, we trust without any insidious comparison between philosophy and moonshine. Of late, however, dead or living astronomers, who often enjoyed little enough of this world's goods, have been presented with large estates in the moon. Thus Kepler, whom the great emperor and the empire of Germany suffered to starve, obtained one of the most brilliant mountains for his share; and Tycho, Copernicus, Hipparchus and Albategnius are his neighbors in those regions, though tolerably far apart on earth, in point of time, country, and religion. Even Humboldt has already his possessions in the moon.

Nothing strikes the general observer so much, when his eye rambles inquiringly over the surface of the moon, as the incredible variety of light in different parts. Some have sought the cause of this striking phenomenon in the diversity of the soil, ascribing to the darker portions a looser earth, and perceiving in the greenish sheen of some plains even traces of vegetation. Doubtful as it needs be, whether color could be seen at such a distance, this is certain, that the lighter portions represent rigid masses and reflecting elevations. A most strange sensation is produced by the long beams

of dazzling light, resembling liquid silver, which, now isolated and now united together into broad bands of rays, pass in countless hosts over whole, large regions. They often centre in some peculiarly brilliant, circular mountain, and the gigantic Tycho sends his rays of surpassing splendor over more than one-fourth of the whole orb, over hill and dale, valley and mountain. At other places they form broad masses of mystic light, often twenty miles square. Mountain ridges or lava streams they are not, though formerly the world believed them such, because they pass over the very tops of mountains. Can they be glassy or crystallized masses of volcanic material, which suddenly cooled, now stand in rigid pallor and reflect lights with an intensity unknown to our earth?

As yet we have met with no trace of life on the moon. Are there no inhabitants on our strange satellite? In our day, when the plurality of worlds threatens to become the war-cry of sects and schools, the question is but natural, and many an eager inquirer has no doubt asked himself: what may life be on the moon? Have they built cities and founded empires there like the men of the earth? Does a blue sky smile upon them, and do merry springs leap down the green slopes of their mountains.

Nor is the question altogether of recent date. While Sir John Herschel explored the wonders of the southern heaven on the Cape of Good Hope, there appeared unexpectedly a little pamphlet, which created no small sensation even among the learned. It purported to be his first account of new discoveries in the moon, and contained marvellous reports of sheep of strange shape, of men with the wings of bats, of cities and fortified towns. The world, however, soon found that this was an ingenious hoax from the pen of an American, who had thus practically tested the credulity of his contemporaries. The credit which the clever imposture found, even among the well-informed, is ample apology for the sanguine hopes of those who still hope, by the aid of improved instruments, to discover the Man in the Moon; or, like good old Bishop Wilkins, to pay him a neighborly visit, for which, in sober earnest, most ingenious plans have been devised. Distinguished astronomers insist upon having seen large buildings in the moon; Gruithuisen tells us of an edifice near the equator, in its most fertile regions, of twenty-five miles diameter and

surrounded with large walls, which face, with astounding accuracy, the four quarters of the compass. As it is only *le premier pas qui coûte*, Schwabe in Germany soon discovered on the outside some smaller branches, and even earth-works!

One point, above all, is apparently altogether lost sight of, by those who cherish such sanguine hopes. If we could see a man, or any other object at the distance of five miles, it would still require an instrument, which would magnify objects 50,000 times, to see anything of that size on the moon. But if the far-distant future should ever produce such improvement in telescopes, that would only increase, and in alarming proportion, the difficulties arising from the density of our atmosphere and the daily movement of the earth. Even with our present instruments, far as they are yet from the desired power, these impediments are so great as seriously to impair their usefulness. All that has as yet been accomplished is to see objects of the extent of 100 yards; perhaps we may, ere long, succeed in distinguishing works of the size of our pyramids and largest cathedrals; but at best they will only appear as minute points, far too small to exhibit form or shape.

The eye, then, is utterly incapable of discovering life-endowed beings in the moon. This would, of course, in itself not preclude the existence of inhabitants in that globe. Every argument, on the contrary, leads rather to the conclusion, that the life of other worlds is, on the whole, governed by the same laws as that of our earth. The same infinite variety which astounds the eye and mind of man, when he studies our animal creation here below, and the exquisite adaptation of these countless forms to their precise purpose, must needs continue throughout creation. God is not only great, but also consistent in his greatness, and the eternal laws of nature, which are, after all, but an expression of His will, must apply to other worlds also. The inquiring mind will, therefore, not without benefit try to derive additional knowledge ever from the scanty facts with which we are acquainted.

We know tolerably well the soil, the climate and the surface of the moon. What, then, do they teach us as to life on that globe? The first circumstance that strikes the traveller on the moon, is the wonderful facility of motion. Gravity is in the moon six times less than on

the earth, so that the same power with which we here lift eighteen pounds would there raise a hundred weight. The arm that can throw a stone on earth ten feet high, would on the moon throw it up to sixty feet. The inequalities of the soil there would, to an earth-born man, be no difficulties; he would glide over hills and mountains, which here below require gigantic structures, like the winged birds of heaven. This must at once produce a radical difference between life on earth and life on the moon.

If we look next for the two great elements of earthly life, air and water, we find that the moon is but ill provided for in that respect. With all sympathy for great discoverers and sanguine optimists, we are compelled to deny the existence of either water and air, as we have it on earth, in our satellite. We know the presence of air by the fact that all air breaks and weakens rays of light, which pass through it. The atmosphere of the moon shows no such effects. Her landscapes appear as clear and distinct on the margin as in the centre of the orb, and when stars pass over the latter, they show no diminution of light at the time of their entrance into the luminous circle, no increase of light when they leave it again. The evaporation of water also would be betrayed by the same breaking of rays, if that element were mixed up with the air, as it is in our own atmosphere, or if it covered any part of the moon's surface. Unwilling as we are to banish her inhabitants exclusively to that side of the moon, which human eye has never yet beheld, because it is constantly turned away from the earth, and there, at fancy's bid to revel in a paradise with purring brooks and balmy zephyrs, nothing is left but to assume that the air is too thin and the water too ethereal to be perceived by the instruments now at our command. The careful calculations of the great astronomer Bessel resulted in the bare possibility of an atmosphere, a thousand times thinner than our own, showing conclusively how little we can expect to find life on the moon resembling in any way life on earth. The inhabitants of that world, if there be any, must have other bodies than ours, other blood must run through their veins, and other lungs breathe their air—we could never live in such a world.

And what a curious almanac these good people in the moon would have! There, days are as long as years, and day and year are equal to our months, 29 days,

12 hours and 45 minutes. The seasons differ but very little from each other. On the equator there reigns eternal summer, for the sun is ever in the zenith; the poles are buried in eternal winter. The days are of equal length throughout the year; all days equally light, all nights equally dark. The absence of an atmosphere deprives the moon of the sweet charms of a twilight, and glaring day would follow gloomy night with the rapidity of lightning, if the slow rising and setting of the sun did not slightly break the suddenness of the transition. Human eyes, however, could not bear the fierce contrasts of light and shadow; they would long in vain for the soft intervals between the two extremes, the other colors, which beautify our world with their joyous variety and soft harmony. The sky is there not blue, but even in daytime black, and by the side of the dazzling sun the stars claim their place and light in the heavens. Near the poles the mountain tops shine in unbroken splendor year after year, but the valleys know neither day nor night, scantily lighted as they ever are by the faint glimmer reflected from the surrounding walls.

That side of the moon which is turned from us, has a night of nearly fifteen days; the stars only, and planets, shine on its ever dark sky. The side we see, on the contrary, knows no night; the earth lights it up with never ceasing earth-shine, a light fourteen times stronger than that which we receive from the moon. We recognize our own light, lent to our friend, in the faint, greyish glimmer of that portion of the moon which before and after the new moon receives no light from the sun, but only from the earth, and reflects it back again upon us. Mornings in fall show it more brilliant than evenings in spring, because in autumn the continents of the earth with their stronger light illumine the moon, while in spring she only receives a fainter light from our oceans. Our orb appears to the Man in the Moon as changeable as his home to us, and he might speak of the first or last quarter of the earth, of new earth and full earth. The whole heaven moves before him once in 29 days around its axis; the sun and stars rise and set regularly once in the long day; but the vast orb of our earth is nearly immovable. All around is in slow, unceasing motion: the mild face of the earth alone, a gorgeous moon of immense magnitude, never sets nor

risers, but remains ever fixed in the zenith. It there appears sixteen times larger than the moon to us, and daily exhibits its vast panorama of oceans, continents and islands. Bright lights and dark shadows are seen in ever-varied change, as land or water, clearings or forests appear, new with every cloud or fog, and different at different seasons. The Man in the Moon has thus not only his watch and his almanac daily before him in the ever-changing face of the earth, but he may, for all we know, have maps of our globe which many a geographer would envy on account of their fullness and accuracy. Long before Columbus discovered America, and Cook New Holland, our lunar neighbor knew most correctly the form and the outlines of the new continents. There was no new world for him, and there is none left. He could tell us the secrets of the interior of Africa, and reveal to us the fearful mysteries of the Polar Seas. But how he on his side must marvel at our vast fields of snow, our volcanoes and tropical storms and tempests—he who knows neither fire, nor snow, nor clouds! What strange fables he may have invented to explain the shadows of our clouds as they chase each other over sea and land, and hide from him in an instant the sunlit landscape! And stranger still, on the side of the moon which is turned from the earth, he knows nothing at all about us, unless news reach him from the happier side. Or he may undertake—the great event in his life—a long and painful journey to the bright half of his globe, to stare at the wondrously brilliant earth-star with its unread mysteries and marvellous changes of fitting lights and shadows. Who knows what earnest prayers may rise from the moon, full of thanks for the floods of light and heat we pour upon them, or of ardent wishes that their souls might hereafter be allowed to dwell in the bright homes of the beauteous earth-star?

Only in one point has the dark side of the moon a rare advantage. With its dark, unbroken night, a true and literal "fortnight," it is the observatory of the moon, the best of the whole planetary system. There no light from the earth, no twilight, hinders the most delicate observations, and neither clouds nor fogs ever step between the telescope and the heavenly bodies.

It is a cold world, however, all over that pale, lifeless globe. The rays of the sun can hardly warm that thin, imper-

ceptible atmosphere, and on the plains near the equator, a fortnight of scorching sun and burning heat, which parches and withers all life, is instantaneously followed by another fortnight of fearful cold. Human eyes could not bear their ever cloudless, colorless horizon. Over the mournful scene looking like one vast ruin of nature, broods eternal silence. The thin air cannot carry the waves of sound. Not a word, not a song is ever heard amid those desolate mountains; no voice ever passes over the sunken plains. Pain and joy are equally silent. A rock may glide from its ancient resting-place, a mountain may fall from its eternal foundation—no thunder is heard, no echo awakened. Grim silence reigns supreme. No rainbow is set in the clouds as a token from on high; storm and tempest give not way to the merry song of birds and the breath of gentle, balmy winds. There we look in vain for green forests with their cool shade, for playful fountains to cheer and to refresh us. All around we see nothing but bare mountains, desolate masses of rock, countless stones amidst huge boulders of glassy fabric. Human bodies could not endure these long days and endless nights; human souls could not bear that silent, lifeless world of desolation.

Even this universal devastation, however, does not absolutely preclude the existence of created beings on the moon. We can think as little of a noble tree without leaves, flowers and fruits, as of an orb, rolling in silent, serene majesty through the midnight firmament, without organic life and intelligence. The earth teaches us the same lesson by simple logic. The earth also, once incandescent and scarcely cooled, has been the theatre of fearful convulsions; gigantic forces have torn her interior, and deeply furrowed her surface. But hardly was apparent peace restored upon the still unshapen globe when it produced, at the word of the Almighty, a creation full of fresh life, at first rude, raw and imperfect, like nature itself, but daily growing nobler, more varied, more spiritual. We know this, for each varied organization of such life, as it perished, has left its epitaph written upon imperishable monuments. May we then not believe, that, like the earth, the moon also has first had her period of storm and strife? Of this her vast plains, her rugged craters and mysterious furrows give proof in abundance. The present seems to be her period of rest, during which

nature gains strength to produce a life endowed creation. This we learn from her unchanging face, and clear, impenetrable atmosphere. There must come a time for the moon as for the earth, though perhaps after thousands of years only, when thinking, intelligent beings will rise from her dust. The whole universe has some elements in common. The great cosmic powers, light and heat, are the same first conditions of organic life throughout the vast creation; they send their waves through the wide ocean of the world, and play against all of its gigantic islands. There is, no doubt, vital power in them, and at the proper time, at His bidding, life will spring forth and order will reign, where now destruction and chaos alone seem to rule supreme.

The moon is one of the great heavenly bodies, all of which work together in beautiful harmony to the glory of God. They all move, like loving sisters, hand in hand through the great universe. As they live with each other, so they evidently live for each other. Superstition, ignorance, and even willful exaggeration have much obscured the effects of this mutual influence. The moon especially has been treated as if she existed for the benefit of the earth only. From the times of antiquity the world has been filled with fanciful stories of her influence on our weather, our vegetation, our health, and even the state of our mind. Many have believed in a daily direct communication between the two great bodies; they looked upon meteoric stones as coming to us directly from the craters of the moon's volcanoes, and the fertile imagination of happy dreamers reduced a crude mass of half-true, half-fabulous details into a regular system, long before the moon itself was even tolerably well known to us. It is notorious that men of such rank as Piazzi and Sir William Herschel considered certain light appearances in the moon as volcanic eruptions, whilst a German astronomer of great merit, Schroeter, saw in them enormous fires raging in some of the capitals of our satellite! Meteoric stones are, in our day, fortunately better explained. Unless the volcanoes on the moon had a force thirty times greater than our own, they could not project masses far enough to come within reach of our atmosphere. Such gigantic and continued eruptions could, moreover, not fail to cause some permanent change in the surface of the

moon, which has never yet been perceived.

Great heavenly bodies commune not, like men, by throwing bombshells at each other; their influence is felt through the agency of light, heat and attraction. The light of the moon, it is true, is 90,000 times weaker than sunlight, and that its rays warm not, is a popular assertion. But people are not always right, with due deference be it said, even in matters of science. They used to say that moonlight nights were colder than others. So they are; but the moon is not to be blamed for it. She shines brighter when the sky is not obscured; but when that is the case, the earth also grows colder, because radiation is prevented. Thus the two facts are perfectly true, only there is no connection of cause and effect between them. Melloni's experiments, made in 1846, prove even that the rays of the moon have a certain amount of heat, though so little, that the most powerful lenses fail to make it perceptible on the thermometer.

The old Phœnicians already knew the moon well on their long, bold sea voyages; they knew that the gigantic breathing of the ocean, its ebb and tide, were her work. Antiquity looked with awe and wonder upon this supernatural power of the great pale orb. Modern science sees in it one of the most glorious effects of the great, mysterious power of attraction, that binds and holds the universe together. The moon, though so near to us, cannot move the firm continent, but she allures the elastic waters of the earth, until they raise huge foam-covered masses of the ocean up towards the distant charmer. In one great, unbroken wave of vast dimensions they follow the receding moon with eager haste, and in the short space of 24 hours rush round our globe, until continent and island break their imposing power. Twice in the day and twice at night does this immense giant-snake, wound round our globe, breathe; for six hours it swells and rises high into the pure air of the atmosphere; for six hours afterwards it sinks and vanishes, falling back into its eternal limits. Although the mysterious sympathies of the great worlds of the universe are all alike, and sun and moon work jointly in this great movement, the power of the latter far exceeds, by its greater vicinity to the earth, that of the sun. Hence the tides follow closely the magic course of the moon in the heavens, and recur regularly

once in every 12 hours, 25 minutes, as far as they are not retarded by the resistance of the water itself, by coasts and winds, or by opposing currents. When sun and moon happen both to attract at the same time, the effect is, of course, incredibly heightened; so called spring-tides rise at the period of full or new moon, rush with irresistible power high over cliffs and chalky ramparts, their gigantic arms long stretched out towards the moon, and fall upon the peaceful plain and the fertile fields of the terrified husbandman. Still, man can conquer even the great magician in the heavens. He knows the hour when the wild army is approaching, he flees from the rage of the threatening tide waves, or he builds gigantic walls, against which they dash hissing and roaring, tremble for an instant as if drawing a last, full breath, and then break their iron front in harmless clouds of spray and foam.

As all attraction is mutual, the earth also causes an enormous tide on the moon 81 times stronger than that which produces our tides. The moon, we have seen, turns constantly only one side towards us; it is, therefore, but natural to conclude that so immense a power must have produced vast changes in her surface. Some believe, on this account, that, to restore the balance, the sea and the atmosphere of the moon have fled to the opposite side. So much is certain, that, thanks to the loving attraction of our mother earth, the side turned towards us rises at least a thousand feet above the regular form of a globe.

But the great ocean does not alone show the attraction of the moon in its tides; the huge mass of air that surrounds the earth, is likewise exposed to these forces. Ebb and tide on this vast, unmeasured ocean, are, of course, not perceptible far down in its depth, where we poor men breathe painfully; but only on the surface, to which even the boldest balloon sailor has never yet risen, and perhaps in the very delicate changes of susceptible barometers. The latter are, however, extremely minute; only from time to time some great current in the atmosphere rushes down into the deep of the transparent ocean, and tells us in a roaring tornado or the destructive violence of a fearful hurricane, of the mysterious movements in the airy waves, that were charmed by the magic power of the moon, and tried to leave their mother earth to hasten to the bewitching island in the blue, starry heavens.

But there is another strong, binding tie that makes us thankful for the precious things put forth by the moon. She has been the oldest and safest teacher, to whom mankind ever listened. Even the old Egyptians, Babylonians, Indians, and Greeks, whilst they worshiped her as a goddess, failed not carefully to observe the changes in her pale face and by them to measure their time. Like a faithful porter, she has ever stood at the gates of the great heavens with their countless stars, and taught us how to find times and distances. In the upper rooms of the eighth story of the lofty towers of Babylon, in the dark halls of the vast temples of Egypt, sat the hoary priests of antiquity, and watched the wanderings of the great star of the night, thus to order the times of the year and the labors of man. The moon has taught us the secrets of arithmetic and geometry; she was the first mathematician, she aided agriculture and navigation; she taught historians the order of great events, and gave to the priests of mankind their lofty positions by confiding to them the secret of her constant changes. Now, our astronomers make her the mirror on which the earth throws her image, when the sun is behind both, and thus prove on the moon's quiet surface, the round form of our globe. The faint, uncertain light, which at the time of the first quarter fills up the rest of the round orb, serves them to measure the intensity of the light which the earth diffuses. The perturbations in her motions teach them the powers of attraction of the sun and earth, make known their form and reveal even the internal structure of the latter. Eclipses must serve as a means to measure the height of lunar mountains, and to investigate more closely the secrets of the sun itself, and when the moon covers fixed stars, they learn by it the velocity of light, the distance of those stars and the density of our own atmosphere.

From consideration of such signal services rendered to grateful mankind, we might well grant the moon a word now and then to the clerk of the weather. But the faith of our forefathers in this respect has been almost entirely destroyed. Neither the barometer itself, nor the most careful observations made during the space of 28 years in the North, during 50 years in the Tropics, show any reliable influence of the moon on our weather. Still the world adheres with a constancy, worthy of a better cause,

to the ancient belief. The faithful prefer their own observations to those of abstract science, as they call it, and insist upon it that a change in the moon produces a change in the weather; what their grand-parents taught them, they faithfully hand down to grand-children. We all have a tendency to explain mysteries by new mysteries, and as no science has yet been able to enter into the great laboratory where rain and sunshine are manufactured, the world finds it easy and convenient to lay that duty upon the broad shoulders of the good old moon, and to make her, in a new sense, "a faithful witness in heaven."

But as among the chaff, many a plump good grain may be found, so the vast mass of superstitions about the influence of the moon on life on earth, also contains, every now and then, a particle of truth. It is not to be denied that wood cut at the time of an increasing moon is more perishable than that cut at other periods, for repeated and careful observations made in the West Indies confirm the long-cherished opinion. Many farmers, also, firmly believe that all grain sown under an increasing moon prospers better than others. That the light of the moon must have some little influence on vegetation, has been satisfactorily proved by the fact that plants, which had been bleached in darkness, recovered their green color by exposure to moonlight only.

The sick know the influence of the moon unfortunately, but too well. Goitres swell periodically with the full moon; liver-complaints become worse at the same time, and the insane suffer by more violent attacks of rage. Death itself, it is well known, frequently waits for the tide, that is for the moon. It is much to be regretted that science, with haughty disregard, has thrown these popular notions aside, without an attempt to sift them, a proceeding which cannot fail to deprive us of much that might otherwise become not only interesting, but even valuable. Since we have entered deeper into the secrets of life; since we know how incredibly delicate are the functions of our nerves; since we can no longer deny the mysterious effects of magnetism, even though we may look upon them only as symptoms of disease and self-illusion; since we have to admit the efficacy of light, even when human eyes perceive it no longer

—it is surely high time that we should try to find the grain of truth which is in every fable, in these superstitions also. We are aware that men of science are sedulously employed in this noble undertaking, and that, for instance, in medicine very remarkable results have already been obtained.

This practical tendency need not destroy the sweet, magic charm, which the moon now, as of old, exercises over the soul of man. The poet tells us to-day, as he did yesterday, how the mountains kneel before God in silent prayer, when the peace of the sabbath reigns all around, how the host of stars light up the gigantic temple, and the moon hangs, as the ever-burning lamp of man's worship, high above the eternal altar of nature. The painter studies the quaint, fairy lights of the pale orb, as it pours its mild radiance over field and town. The lover communes with the tender amber round which the moon spreads about her, moving through a fleecy night, and the pained heart finds sweet comfort in her peaceful silver light. The Arctic traveller blesses her as she lights up with her faint but ever-welcome favor, the long, cold polar night; and the people at large, look up to her for mysterious blessings. For many are the charms of the pale light of the moon, not known to the man of science. How peacefully and kindly she smiles through the window upon the little bed of the infant, and wakes in its childish mind a thousand strange and fanciful notions, until gentle slumber closes those pure innocent eyes! Teasing and playing, she will come between that loving couple in the dark bower, and break in upon their sweet, silent communion. Beautiful as some fair saint, serenely moving on her way in hours of trial and distress, she watches like a mild, faithful companion by the side of the sick-bed; moving on with peace and heavenly comfort in her sweet, pale face, she soothes the weary eye and shortens the long, painful night. Inspiration itself has asked, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon?" At last her gentle pilgrimage is ended; sinking silently she drops down behind the sky, a faithful witness of the brighter light that is to follow after this faint moonlight life, and a gladsome prophet of the abundance of peace which the Almighty has promised as long as the moon endureth.

THE WATER LILY.

WE were together by a lonely river;
 A little shady river,
 A rock-strewn, restless river,
 A swift and sparkling river,
 Whose waters were for ever
 Twisting and hurrying round the gnarled roots,
 And shooting silent under mossy banks
 Of fragrant moulds, and heaps of last year's leaves.
 Far upward, where the boughs and sky were blent
 With snowy islands on the quivering blue,
 In tender beauty, like a waking dream,
 The sun wove golden threads among the leaves,
 And interlacing lightly pencilled twigs,
 And glorified the early summer's green.
 We wandered there through half the morning hours,
 And silently along that forest stream
 My loved one sought the water-lily's home,
 But I could find no words to tell her what I sought.
 While still that foaming river,
 That rushing, headlong river,
 That deep, impetuous river,
 Most passionately ever,
 From out its secret works revealed what I would say.

Still we strayed on, although no flowers appeared
 In all its tangled course. But side by side
 In the young summer of unspoken love,
 We followed still for hours that wayward river;
 'Mid labyrinths of rocks and fallen trees,
 Where the stream disappeared, to be revealed
 By its sweet voice alone. She seldom spoke,
 But ever warbled, full of happiness,
 Low snatches of sweet songs; and woodland birds
 Gave timid answer from the forest depths,
 And still the wild and wandering little stream
 Gurgled its undersong amid the stones,
 And pine leaves breathed their low mysterious sighs.
 But still the hurrying river,
 The flashing, dancing river,
 The leaf-strewn, murmuring river,
 The clear and pebbly river,
 Quietly, pensively ever,
 Whispered the earnest words I dared not say.

Now had we wandered to a glassy pool
 Where the tired stream lay resting for awhile,
 And speckled trout were glancing to and fro,
 Their shadows darting o'er the rippled sand,
 Or poised and wavering o'er the gleaming depth.
 Blue dragon flies were hovering in the sun,
 And rushes on the brink grew green and broad,
 And one great oak o'ercanopied the place.
 And *there* at last the virgin queen of flowers
 Lay lightly floating in her purity,
 And borne upon the waves, her spreading leaves
 Sought like a lovely fleet of fairy rafts
 The tiny bays and inlets of the pool.

While still the sunlit river,
 The silent, glassy river,
 The softly dreaming river,
 The lily-blossomed river,
 With earnest longing ever
 Gazed on my love and breathed what I would say.

She bent towards the pure and nymph-like flowers,
 And her face glowed and brightened, and she cried,
 Give me my water-lily,
 My best-beloved flower!

Another moment, and the prize was hers,
 And from my hand receiving it, she kissed
 The snowy leaves, inhaling its perfume.
 And as she stood there, mirrored in the stream,
 So like the flower she loved; her golden hair
 Lit by a sunbeam, and her snow-white dress
 Half hidden by her graceful sea-green scarf—
 The river lent me words at last, to speak
 All that its sweet and sympathetic voice
 Had murmured for me through the quiet noon.
 I stretched my arms towards my love, and cried,

Give me my water lily,
 My best-beloved flower!
 And in those arms I clasped her to my heart,
 And knew my flower was mine!

And still the lonely river,
 The sweet, enchanted river,
 The golden, gleaming river,
 The tender-smiling river,
 With its deep voices ever,
 Told to our hearts all that we could not say.

AMERICAN ORATORS.

RUFUS CHOATE.

WE wish to consider Mr. Choate solely as an orator, and to allude to any other qualities of mind or body which he may possess, only as they bear upon his oratory. We do not consider Mr. Choate a natural orator—a *born* orator. We consider him the first and foremost of *made* orators. His mind and his will have formed the elements and talents which nature gave him, into an orator of the highest mark. Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son, continually told him that any man of reasonable abilities might make himself an orator. The son tried *his* best, and broke down hopelessly, the very first time he got on his legs in the House of Commons. While then this sweeping proposition is not true in its widest sense, it is undoubtedly true that any man, possessing a certain

class of intellectual and bodily gifts, may make himself a very creditable orator. And Mr. Choate is a magnificent example of this truth. For he is one who, by effort and specific mental training, has brought all his intellectual beauty and wealth to the tip of his tongue. But he is a manufacture, not a creation. And yet, just as the fabrics of art are often far more beautiful and useful than the raw work of nature, so he, as he stands before us, the manufacture of the fine arts, is more delightful to hear, and inspiring to look upon, and far higher in the scale of being, than any mere creation of pulse and passion.

A natural orator, we think one whose capital power is in his character and passion; and in whom these qualities are so plainly and spontaneously developed

that he would be successfully eloquent, with little art and less learning. These he may add, but he could be very effective without them. In the passion and the character of such men lurks the magic—their amazing will, their triumphal overbearingness, their spontaneous, irresistible self-assertion. Every now and then there comes along some itinerant preacher, or spiritual tinker, or rescued dram-drinker, or other sort of person, who, by the sheer force of his strong, sturdy character, and his equally strong animal passion, not set forth in any dictionary words, but in common talk, lifts great audiences to dizzy heights of enthusiasm, and stirs unwonted throbbings in men's hearts. Otham and Patrick Henry were natural orators of superior order. And Henry Clay was of the same school. He, however, superadded much, but he was a native-born after all. When, in his magnificent moments, men saw him agitate the Senate into a fury, and then, as one born to command, ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, they felt in their inmost soul, that he had nature's patent for his oratoric tyranny. When Mirabeau one day screamed into the startled ear of the French Constituent Assembly, the words, "When I shake my terrible locks, all France trembles," he said what required no learning to say, but they were *mighty* words and they shook the Assembly.

We don't think any great natural orator could be a great lawyer. His temperament must sweep him too much for the severe and accurate research and application which law demands of her votaries. The orator, too, reasons eminently in the concrete, in pictures, and in deductions which are, logically speaking, gymnastic jumps, over which his hearer must go only by the bridge of sympathy, not logic. The disciple of the black-letter abhors the concrete, as nature does a vacuum, and revels in the abstract. But the orator of mind can combine both these elements. He can be a great lawyer or logician, and an orator also. Cicero, we have always thought, belonged to this set, and was of course the greatest of his race. Mirabeau had something of both these qualities, and wonderfully displayed them, when at the end of a set harangue, most logically reasoned and prepared, he saw the stormy house, still unsubdued. He had taken his seat, but he rose again, he rushed to the tribune, and rolled forth

instantly a tide of burning periods, wholly unpremeditated, which went crashing and tearing into the ears of his adversaries like so many hot shot.

This combination of diverse powers is of course indispensable to the truly great advocate—and this Mr. Choate exhibits in the most thorough development of each. His main power is by no means in native force of character; nor do we think it lies chiefly in passion. His sensibilities we should judge to have been by nature lively, and his mind, grasping things with great brightness and fullness of detail, and calling into play with corresponding intensity the appropriate accompanying *feelings*, has thus forced them into an overstrained activity, by constantly working them into violent play. But we very much doubt if there was any wild natural out-gushing of oratoric feeling, self-created and incapable to be kept in or tamed down. He is a great actor, an artist of the first rate, but an actor after all. We rather think from the piles of written sheets, behind which he rises to address a jury, and which disappear one by one, as the speech rolls on, that every word of the eloquent and impassioned argument is all there, cut and dried. To analyze his power, then, we must trace the threads of the intellectual fabric, warp and woof, and imagine it delivered with vehement will to persuade, and energetic fervor to hammer it home, but deriving no other aid or appliance whatever from delivery; hardly anything of the imperial command, the basilisk eye, the untamable spirit rushing forth, mocking and defying opposition; but we must track the curious working of a grand machine—the intellect; patient, steady, pressing, storming by turns—sometimes bearing down opposition gradually and piece by piece, and sometimes knocking it in the head. We heard Webster once, in a sentence and a look, crush an hour's argument of the curious workman; it was most intellectually wire-drawn and hair-splitting, with Grecian sophistry, and a subtlety the Leontine Gorgias might have envied. It was about two car-wheels, which to common eyes looked as like as two eggs; but Mr. Choate, by a fine line of argument between tweedledum and tweedle-dee, and a discourse on "the fixation of points," so deep and fine as to belost in obscurity, showed the jury, there was a heaven-wide difference between them. "But," said Mr. Webster, and his great eyes opened

wide and black, as he stared at the big twin wheels before him, "Gentlemen of the jury, there they are—look at 'em."—and as he pronounced this answer, in tones of vast volume, the distorted wheels, seemed to shrink back again into their original similarity, and the long argument on the "fixation of points" died a natural death. It was an example of the ascendancy of mere *character* over mere *intellectuality*; but so much greater, nevertheless, the intellectuality.

He has not, then, any of those remarkably rare and bold traits of character, conspicuous enough singly to account for his forensic supremacy. When not actually *in a fight*, he is quiet, facile, accommodating, and bland. You would by no means suspect the volcanic energies lurking beneath, from any appearances on the surface. In his wan, and worn, and bloodless, but benignant face, you would see enough to suspect intellectual treasures stowed up, and an *inner* life of strange and unusual topics and movement. He looks as if he moved about in his own mysterious solitude for ever, whether in crowds or all alone; like some stray child of a land bathed in sunset beauty, musing ever on warm Arabian skies, and the burning stars and gorgeous bloom of the hanging-gardens of his home. But his mere oratoric *presence* is nothing. And therefore he never impresses an audience, especially a professional one, with a sense of his greatness, till he does something, till he speaks or acts in the legal drama. We see no external symptom of overpowering native character; no symptom of anything which would make you think that that man, by his grand movement, by his basilisk eye, by his uplifted arm, might strike dumb opposition, and palsy hate. And yet we *have* seen him when in battle, *his* battle that of thoughts and words, standing right over a legal adversary with outstretched arm, with eye burning black with smothered fire, and face white with a deathlike pallor, his form erect, his brow more spacious, and the dark curly locks on his temples fluttering about and waving, and uplifting like battle-flags, to flaunt defiance at the foe—and *then* he looked the oratoric war-god.

Why was this? It was because at those moments his *mind*, wherein his power lies, was all kindled and crowded, and stretching with thought, and bursting with intellectual passion. It was the burning and beaming *mind* of the

man, which lit the bold glance in his eye, and lifted and brightened his proud crest. Like all the first-class orators, he has in the recesses of his nature the Titan forge and the Cyclopean fires for the manufacture of great effects; but the flames to enkindle them come from his *intellect*, not from his soul. His combustions catch from his brain, not from his blood.

It is not so with the born orator. When he rises to speak, his sensibilities, bodily and mental, stimulate his mind, not his mind the sensibilities; his mind does not start his blood, his blood sets his mind going.

We must explore, then, the sources of Mr. Choate's achievement chiefly in his mind. And his intellectual enginery may be all generally summed up and grouped in a few capital heads, thus.

At the basis of all lies undoubtedly a strong, vigorous, masculine understanding. He has at once an observing and an organizing mind; an eye hawk-like for the perception of particulars, and a logical faculty sturdy and severe to generalize and group them. As Mr. Webster said, in his eulogy of Jeremiah Mason, "He grasps his point and holds it." Superficial observers, remarking the luxuriance of his metaphoric style, and the poetical abandonment of his passion, would be apt to conclude that the gay structure of his arguments was flimsy; but let them strike their heads against it and they would see. For in his wildest and most flaming outbreak of even an occasional oration, seeming almost a mere jubilate of conscious enthusiasm, there is a massive, well-set frame-work and firm foundation. That mastery of the law, in its learning and its severest application, with which he daily conquers in the courts, that entire memory and command of the thousand facts and details of a complicated case, which every argument evinces, would alone show how firm and solid was the texture of his mind. More than once has a judge of the Supreme Court remarked that that tribunal listened to no man with more respect on naked abstract legal points; and we ourselves have heard one of the oldest, driest, keenest, ablest and most fancy-withered lawyers at our bar say, that on the closest question of contingent remainders or executory devises, he would trust Rufus Choate's legal learning and logic as soon as any leader's in the law. But we are discussing him as an orator, not as a lawyer, and we cite it only as a

proof of the *strength* of his mind, which forms a capital element of his oratory.

In truth he has a gladiatorial intellect, in strength as well as combativeness.

Intimately blended with this power, and giving light and vivacity to all its operations, is that regal faculty which in him is beyond all measure splendid, his imagination and fancy; and this flames ever on the iron chain of his logic, like the electric spark flashing on the iron road of its telegraphic course. He *can* present his thought as bald and bare as bleaching bones, but he prefers to give it forth, as it first comes to him, embodied in beauty and robed in splendor. You can hardly ever listen to him ten minutes anywhere without being waked up by some surprising imaginative analogy or fanciful illustration. In court or with an audience this warm imagery appears, equally when in an insurance case, he apostrophizes "the spirit which leads the philanthropy of two hemispheres to the icy grave of Sir John Franklin," or when in Faneuil Hall, he conjures up before the eyes of a wildly applauding political assembly, a vision beauteous of "the dark-eyed girls of Mexico wailing to the light guitar—ah! woe is me, Alhama, for a thousand years;" and by the vividness of his conception and the corresponding intensity of his delivery, causing the people almost to hear with the mortal ear, the long lament as of the daughters of Judea over a ruined land—sounds the most melancholy of all the sorrow-stricken fields of earth.

But reason and fancy would do the orator no good, without an emotional and kindling temperament; a *physical* warmth, as well as a moral and emotional susceptibility. Poets often have the latter, but no physical fire and ardor; orators often have the former but no fanciful brightness. He has both. But as we intimated in the outset, his animal sensibility is subordinate and inferior to his intellectual sensibility. And in him this is as keen as it was in an Ionian Greek. No child of Athens, standing in the shadow of the moonlighted Parthenon, ever felt his nostrils quiver, or his heart expand with more genuine intellectual sentimentality, than he is conscious of, when at the bidding of his quickening fancy there rises full on the mirror of his mind the radiant architecture of some great argument.

And in these capital characteristics we have in a large view the leading elements of his oratory; the solidity of un-

derstanding which fixes the tough and close-clamped frame-work of his creations, the imagination which clothes and paints them with the roses and the garlands, and the Tyrian colors of an inexhaustible fancy, and breathes over them the beauty not born of earth; and the sensibility which stirs our life-blood like the mountain bugle, or touches the sealed fountain of our tears, like a tone from the spirit-land.

And hence springs his most remarkable and unparalleled ability, to take any part of his subject, whether a theme, or a part of evidence given on the stand, and force it altogether out of its natural relations, by conceiving it with unnatural intenseness in his own mind, and then, by his mingled imagination and sensibility and wealth of language, investing it with a character not its own, rainbow hues or sulphureous fires, as he chooses, and commending it thus at will to the benediction or the malediction of all men. How often have we seen the opposite counsel in a case, utterly puzzled and baffled by the strange way in which Choate seemed to be putting the facts to the jury; and interrupting him again and again in vain, met and foiled every time by the reply, "Do I mis-state the facts? I'm only *arguing* upon them." And the discomfited interrupter would sink back in despair, utterly unable to detect precisely where was the error, yet feeling sure that *he* had heard no such evidence. The fact was, Choate had the basis fact all right—he was only painting and inflaming it with his own colors; but the paints on his palette, were to his adversary's as the sky of Italy to the sky of Sweden, and they were brought out on his canvas in even more perplexing and bewildering hue, by the impassioned heat of his unbridled sensibility.

Again and again have we seen this imaginative conception, and distorting description, and passionate expression, giving birth to an inspiring, contagious, and irresistible enthusiasm, carry him right over weak spots in the argument of the case, as the skater swift as light skims in safety the cracking and bending ice. Scarlet Lord Abinger used to wheedle juries across the weak places, but Choate rarely does that—he prefers to rush them right over.

Brilliantly was this capacity exhibited in the case of Captain Martin, indicted in the U. S. District Court, for casting away his vessel off San Domingo, with

the intent to procure the insurance. The government had been at the cost of sending a special agent to Hayti for evidence, and he had brought back with him a black man from Souloque's empire, called by the swelling appellation of "Duke Pino." All the other evidence was manageable, but his testimony was very *ugly*. He swore positively, through an interpreter, that he dived down under water, and examined the logwood cargo of the ship, and her starboard bow, and in the latter he found a great smooth hole, not rough enough for a rock to have made, and which evidently was the death-wound of the ship. All the other parts of the proof of the government, might be got over, some of them indeed were somewhat favorable, but that awful hole threatened to swallow up case, captain, advocate, and all. All the rest he managed adroitly and aptly, but when on the second day of his argument to the jury, he came to that part, he didn't blink it at all, he rose right at the wall. He told the jury in set terms, they need not think he was afraid of that dark duke, butting his black head among the logwood, fathoms-deep under water; and then all at once he opened his whole armament, in such a double broadside of eloquence, and fiction, and ridicule, that he riddled poor Duke Pino himself into a perfect honeycomb. And then taking advantage of a felicitous circumstance in the captain's conduct, to wit, that he did not fly when first accused, he concluded with a singularly noble, simple, and scriptural burst, which came in like some grand trumpet choral, to crown his lyrical oration—"Gentlemen of the jury, the accused man paused, he did not fly, for he turned his eyes *upward*, and he was thinking of the sublime promise, 'When thou goest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, and through the deep waters, they shall not overflow thee.'" And, saying these words, the great advocate sank into his seat. The jury acquitted the captain, and the expenses of the expedition of the baronet Pino to America, were charged by the government, we presume to "profit and loss," as a pleasure excursion to Boston of the ducal diver.

Indeed, such and so inspiring is his enthusiasm and fancy, that graver minds than juries surrender to its fascinations, and more than once the granite nature of Webster acknowledged its sway. We remember especially, on one occasion, sitting behind him on the little seats

where the American bar is represented before the judgment-seat of last resort in America, the Supreme Court of the United States, and hearing him turn to the editor of the *Intelligencer*, who sat next him, with an involuntary exclamation, as some swelling climax of Choate's eloquence pealed upon his ear, "Isn't that fine; isn't that beautiful?" And again, at a dinner on the next day, we had a singular pride as a fellow-citizen, and an humble admirer of the subject of the laudation, in hearing the same great oracle break out with a sort of Johnsonian weight of manner, in answer to a somewhat depreciating criticism upon Choate by a noted New York lawyer, "Sir, let me tell you Mr. Choate is a *wonderful* man—he's a *marvel*."

In estimating, the parts of the machinery which produces his oratoric fabrics, however, we should hardly have a just view if we confined the consideration to the chief elements only. There are many subordinate instrumentalities evoked, some of them spontaneous, and others the result of great industry specifically applied. The trunk of an elephant is the instrument by which all his powers are chiefly made useful, but the fine prolongation on the end of it, by which he can pick up a needle, is as important as the main body of it, by which he can fell an oak tree.

To the solidity of understanding, the picture-like beauty of imagination, and the ardent, heart-warming glow of sensibility, all of which first catch our eye in his performances, is to be added that which comes to Mr. Choate from an unflagging studiousness, and a scholarly and acquisitive taste; namely, a wonderful wealth of words, beggaring all description, for copiousness, variety, novelty and effect. Literary allusions, sparkling sentences, and words freighted with poetic association, are so stored in his memory, apparently, that he can dress his thought as he pleases, plain, or in gay, rhetorical attire, in kitchen garments, or in coronation robes. And this vast command of language is of immense importance to him in many ways, for first, it rolls forth in such an unhesitating and unbroken current, that the vehement flow and rush of the speaker's feeling and passion are greatly encouraged and helped by it. A vehement, headlong style of thought must have a wider and more unincumbered channel for its course, than a more placid but less moving stream. "Give me," said the

younger Pliny, in his letters, "among all the Roman speakers, the copious and the abundant orator—he alone can command me, and bear me as he will. And this is as true now in America, as it was then in Rome. Others may sometimes equally delight, but it is the rapid, sweeping, vehement utterance that most of all takes captive. And this command of words, too, enables him to express his *precise* thought, in its minutest shade of meaning. Very few men in the world, *can* say exactly what they mean; they can approach it, and go about it and about it, but never hit it; but he, whenever he chooses to be close and precise, can not only reach the target, but hit the "bull's eye" every time.

But more even to the orator, than freedom of feeling, or precision of expression, is the ability which a copious richness of diction affords, to color and gild and lift up his idea or sentiment, by words which are in themselves metaphors and pictures, and which cannot be denied to be descriptive of the theme, but yet color and heighten prodigiously its impression on the mind. For the style of expression is not simply the dress of the thought—it is the embodiment, the *incarnation* of the thought; as the discriminating Frenchman said, "the style is the man," so also it is true that the style is the thought; you can't separate them any more than you can cut asunder the beating of the orator's heart from the sparkle of his eye, and the flushing of his cheek. And so complete is this identification, that the common thought married to immortal words is apotheosized itself. A late critic on Demosthenes has suggested justly, that the reason why the prince of orators seems tame to us, as we read him, is, that we cannot take in fully and feel the full association and metaphoric image which each word conveyed to every Athenian whose ears tingled as he stood in the agora before him. To do that, would demand an Athenian life and conversation.

Warriors on the eve of the fight have spoken to the soldiery in words which have been in truth half-battles, and always to the orator, the winged words of rhetoric will go far to win the day. The extraordinary affluence of diction which Mr. Choate possesses, is drawn from all the sources of literature, and men's talk, common and uncommon; from the Bible and the newspapers, from some Homeric stanza, and from the chat

of our streets; from books the people love, and books they never heard of; simple words, long-legged words, all mixed up and stuck together like some bizarre mosaic, showing forth some splendid story, in all its infinite variety of hues.

Although oratory is one of the fine arts, and the province of a fine art is to yield pleasure as *an end*, yet it is also a useful art, and therefore the beauty and vigor of language is only admirable in the orator, when it conduces to the deeper and more intense impression of the thought upon the mind, and judged by this standard, without reference to any arbitrary canons of taste, we think Mr. Choate's *word-ammunition*, is a most legitimate, and useful, and telling charge for his oratoric artillery.

They are not at all *fine* words exclusively, there is nothing of kid-gloved dilettantism in his vocabulary, he is not, like some speakers, who scorn to deliver themselves in any but a sort of rose-colored rhetoric, afraid to take right hold of the huge paw of the democracy by language coarse and homely, and inelegant, but full of strength, and grit, and sense. Indeed often you will see and hear in his jury appeals, a classic gem of rarest ray, set side by side with phrases smacking strongly of the very slang of the streets. But the talk of the day, though it may not excite men's wonder, comes home to their bosoms and business; and through its road often the highest eloquence may move, as two thousand years ago the sage Socrates talked in the street before the Pnyx in Athens, to the common people who passed by; illustrating by the commonest examples, the truths of the profoundest philosophy.

And in all Mr. Choate's language, whether common or uncommon, there is point, object and meaning. No man can call his wild flights of metaphor and imagery forcible-feeble; or rank his composition as belonging to the spread-eagle school; for in his wildest and most far-fetched excursion for analogies, his flight soars from such a massive groundwork, that though the adversary smile, he must also *shake*; just as the gala decorations of the heavy sides of a three-decker mantle in bright bunting her grim batteries; but through flowers and through ribbons, we see all the time those terrible death-dealing, powder-stained muzzles still there.

There is never any calmness or sim-

plicity in his general composition. It is marked throughout by a character of apparently rather morbid mental exaggeration. We never see him like the statesman simply proposing, and grandly inveighing or insisting, but always like the orator advocate, idealizing everything, and forcing it out of all its natural and just relations. His disposition produces some extraordinary neighborhoods among thoughts. Things that never before dared to lift their audacious heads higher than the sand, he sets at once side by side with the stars; and if notwithstanding his interposing art, they seem as uncomfortable and ill-matched as some marriage-unions of more corporeal creations, he breathes over them one burst of eloquent passion, and they settle down cosily together.

Over all his work, a serio-comic cast is perceptible. His analogies and figures are sometimes designed to produce mirth, and then he always brings down the house; but even when not designed, there is often such a funny little vein of thought, dashed into some solemn and high-keyed conception, like a woof of woollen shot with silver tissues, or the black marble of Egypt veined with the yellow gold, that it provokes a quiet smile, as if some stage tragedy-king should crack a joke; or the sepulchral Hamlet give one rib-shaking laugh. In a marine criminal case he had been making a lofty flourish, ushering in upon the stage of his thoughts, like the motley cavalades of a circus in one grand *entrée*, Captain Parry and the English crown, eternal snows and the royal enterprise of a new empire, and heaven knows what else! in the most singular but striking juxtaposition, his whole manner dignified, fervent and lofty in the extreme—when suddenly he gave the oddest, wildest counter-stroke of sentiment we ever heard, even from him, by turning to a leading witness who had testified against him, and who had said in cross-examination, that he got some of his opinions from the policemen of the whaling city of New-Bedford—turning right to him, he brought down roars of laughter on his devoted head, and utterly demolished the weight of his evidence by shouting out the sarcastic and funny inquiry: "Pray, what opinions do the policemen of New Bedford hold on these things? I wonder what the policemen of New Bedford think of the great, newly-discovered, tranquil sea, encircling the North Pole!"

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But, while his eloquence of composition cannot be called distinctively self-assured and statesman-like, it is yet elevated and inspiring, from its appeals to the whole range of the grander and larger virtues; to magnanimity and to loftiness of soul. Often he will draw some heart-comforting scene, which opens to us the paradise of youthful dreams, where every noble and gallant virtue combines to set its seal, for the sole purpose, apparently, of raising the hearer's mind to the level of the appeal he is about to make to him in the name of virtue and honor itself. "I appeal to the manliness of a Boston jury," he often exclaims, and rarely in vain; "I appeal to the manhood of a Massachusetts judge," he sometimes exclaims, with not universally the same propitious result.

The whole movement and play of his mind in oratory seems large and free; and the broadest generalizations of abstract truth fall from his lips, maxims of the widest application, truths eternal and infinite, maxims and aphorisms which Edmund Burke might have uttered in his hour of most philosophical frenzy. From these universal principles and the higher order of intellectual considerations, the nobilities of mind, he will always reason whenever the subject tolerates such treatment. But though his style of rhetoric is as opulent in thought as it is oriental in diction, it really does not seem as rich in thought and observation as it is, from the very splendor of the words—it has wisdom without parade, the parade is wholly in the *dress* of the ideas.

But, after all, we feel that the most general traits of his oratoric compositions are to be summed up and set down as an indescribable mixture of truth and reason, extravagance and intensity, beauty and pathos. Nothing is too wild, or far-fetched, or intense for him to utter in his oratorical raptures. Similes and arguments for which another man would almost be hooted out of court, he can say with profound gravity and prodigious effect. And herein as much as anywhere, he reveals his real essential power, for the force of his will and his intellectual passion is such, that he compels us in spite of ourselves to admire and sympathize with what in another man's mouth we might entirely condemn; for when he seems utterly carried away himself by the rush, and storm, and glitter of passions and of pictures, sweeping over his mind, we go

with him in spite of ourselves; then, no matter how trivial the subject, or how humble the place, he abandons himself wholly to the mood, and so wonderful is his power of compelling sympathy, that he will at once lift that lowly theme into aerial proportions, cover it all over with the banners of beauty, and for a moment seem to make it fit for the contemplation of a universe—and few will laugh, and all will wonder, and many tremble with delight. Once, in a cheap case, in a criminal court, when he wished to tell the jury, that the circumstance that the defendant's assignee in insolvency paid but a small dividend, although the defendant had been a very wealthy man, was no evidence of fraud on his part (because an estate turned suddenly into cash, by an assignee indifferent to the interest of the owner, would waste and net nothing like its value), he contrived to liken the property melting away under that assignee's management, to the scattering of a magnificent mirage under the noonday heat; and rising higher and higher in his mood, as he saw the twelve pair of eyes before him stretching wide, we well remember how, in loud and pealing accents, he swept in glory through the climax of his imagery and his argument, by this astonishing comparison of the dry-goods man's bankruptcy—"So have I heard, that the vast possessions of Alexander the conqueror, crumbled away in dying dynasties, in the unequal hands of his weak heirs."

And again, there are passages scattered all through his productions of the most genuine and simple poetry and pathos, as unforced and natural as the lines of the marvellous child, who "wrote in numbers, for the numbers came;" and blended with them, there are other passages of fiery but pure poetry, conceptions which may challenge comparison with the most emphatic of even the flaming cantos distilled from the darkest midnight, and the best gin, by the fevered brain of Byron. All the poetry there is in anything, his genius will detect and grasp, as surely as the divining rod points to the goldenstratum beneath the soil; for he has been always, in the education of his faculties, loyal to the Muses, as well as faithful to the austere claims of his acknowledged sovereign, the sage Themis; and he may well be called the poet-laureate of oratory. Nothing is too far off from fancy, for him to detect its remote imaginative connections of thought; Cowper's Task

poem, on a Sofa, is nothing to one of Choate's *Task arguments*, on a musty old Deed. Indeed, we believe he'd have poetry out of a broom-stick, if necessary.

Like De Quincey, he idealizes everything, throwing ever common things that dreamy sentimentality which shows that they are the utterances of a mind full of associations unknown to any but the children of genius; raising thus the ordinary occurrence, the mere casualty, into the importance of an epic, or the tragic grandeur of a fatality. And oftentimes the poetry and the passion mellow and blend in chaste beauty, and the pathos goes straight to the heart, tender, and touching, and tearful; and then as he soars upward again on some sublime spirituality of sentiment, or lets his fancy riot in the full flood of rapt imaginings, the oratorical argument grows lyrical in its poetic colorings, over it a mystical and weird-like tinge is thrown, and the orator stands before us, like an Italian improvisatore, or some Homeric rhapsodist, telling the tale of Troy divine, in the streets of the Athenian homes.

The peroration of one of his arguments, as we now recall it from memory, after an interval of some years, was an affecting illustration of the tender and beautiful traits of his speaking. It was an argument to a single judge sitting without a jury, to hear a libel for divorce. Daniel Webster was on the other side, and he supported the husband's petition for a divorce, on the ground of the alleged wrong of the wife. Choate defended the wife on the ground that the principal witness in the case was not to be believed, and that the wife was falsely accused by the husband, who perhaps was impatient of the matrimonial chain. He wound up a close and clamorous attack upon the witness who swore to certain improprieties of a young man with the lady, his client, by the vehement declaration that if this were true, "that young man is the *Alcibiades* of America;" this he uttered with vehement and impassioned energy, "fire in his eye, and fury on his tongue;" and then he made a full stop; he looked into the stern, grand face of Webster, he looked at the scowling husband, and the tearful wife; he looked at the solemn judge; his eyes seemed to moisten with his thought; and presently a grave, calm, and plaintive tone broke the deep stillness: "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. I beseech your Honor, put not away this woman from

her wedded husband, to whom she has been ever true, but keep them still together; and, ere long, some of the dispeccations of life, some death-bed repentance of a false witness, giving up her falsehood with her dying breath, some sickness, some calamity touching this husband's own heart, shall *medicine* his diseased mind, and give *her* back to happiness and love." The subduing gentleness, and plaintive beauty of this appeal to the stern image of Justice, aptly personified in the single judge, sitting silent before him, was made more marked by the bold, strong way in which Webster, who instantly rose to reply, began his argument. For, conscious, apparently, of the strong sympathy which Choate had raised, he launched a heavy blow at this feeling, at the outset. He opened by a very powerful, but unpolished and inharmonious, comparison of the husband's fate, if not divorced, to the punishment recorded in history, of a dead and decaying body, lashed forever to the living and breathing form of the condemned criminal. The impassioned prayer of the wife's advocate, however, was destined to prevail.

The rhythm of his composition we do not think is very noticeable. There is a marked rhythm in his delivery, and of that we shall speak, when we discuss his manner; but let any one unacquainted with his ordinary way of speaking, read aloud a speech of his, and he will perceive the want of any musical quality, such as constitutes the rhythm of prose; a rhythm not like that of poetry, uniform and monotonous, but ever-changing, and rising and falling like the wild music of the wind-harps of the leafless trees in autumn, or the sobbing and shouting of the seas.

His oratoric style, we think, shows for itself, that it is very much pre-written. And, indeed, the piles of papers behind which he rises to address a jury, and which disappear as he goes on, cannot all be the notes of evidence in the case; and the nice and close articulation of the members of his sentences, with the precise placing of words—words not measured, but *fitted*, to their places—make it certain that he subscribes to Lord Brougham's theory, that vagueness, and looseness, and weakness of matter, can only be prevented by the speaker's careful, pre-written composition. It is true that Choate often seems diffuse and wordy, but the diffuseness is an exuberance of illustrative idea, and words with

different shades of meaning, or additions of ornament; not mere round-about paraphrases to get at his idea the best way he can; he strikes out his idea, as sharp and clear as the head on a gold dollar, or a medallion of Louis Napoleon; but, like that, it is embossed in relief, and laurelled with imagery. And, on the whole, the *matter* of his speeches so successful and striking, presents a splendid and encouraging example of the union of general, liberal, and polite culture, with the close and austere elements of firmness and solidity, which only hard work can give—hard work among books and hard work among men.

Brougham's productions, some of them at least, have been called, "law papers on fire," and in reading one of Choate's speeches, we catch the movement and velocity of a most fiery mind, evidently working with an Arab-like rapidity, and running faster and faster in its course, as it mounts its climax of thought; rapid, close, short, hard-hitting questions, alternating with the pictures of fancy, and the breathings of passion; and, as in the midst of the ornament and the rapture, the iron links of the argument roll out and wind closer and closer, and the ground-work once established, is gone over with confirming and victorious emphasis again and again, the ideas crowd thick and strong on the mind, the sentences grow fuller of meaning, and the vigor and solidity of the whole fabric is, as if the lion's marrow of strength, were poured into the dry bones of the skeleton argument.

And now, having thus slightly analyzed Mr. Choate's intellectual enginery, by which he works for his results, let us give a glance at him, as he speaks, and in full action. There are many orators who rely almost exclusively on their "action;" that is, their whole delivery, tones, gestures, manner, everything; while others rely mainly on their exhibitiv and enforcing power of rhetoric—and certainly the modern pulpit reckons its brightest stars, among those whose style of matter is a regular fancy arabesque. But the transcendent legitimate climax of oratoric power, will never be attained by any mere excellence of *matter*; it is in *manner*, in the *man*. That terrible outburst of power, that incomprehensible *delivery*, so awful, so irresistible, with which the prince of orators, in the most celebrated speech yet spoken upon earth, tore "the crown" from the unwilling hand of *Richieus*,

and set it for ever on his own forehead, was no *grace of matter*, but a tremendous, agonistic style of passion and of energy in the *manner*, the delivery, the man.

Now, in their manner, some men of note are almost exclusively energetic and forcible; they speak with nerves strung, with muscles braced, and the whole frame erect and energized. But, usually, these are unmelodious and somewhat harsh in speaking, though effective. Lord Brougham is such a speaker, and many others whom we could name, not quite so far off. Others, again, are chiefly pathetic, and graceful, and harmonious speakers, speaking in rather a conversational way, and with a grateful cadence. Kossuth is, we think, to be thus considered, and also our own Wendell Phillips. Either of these men can speak two or three hours to an audience, without wearying them, and if fully aroused, they would make one feel that it was worth walking a good many miles to hear them; but the declaimers of the merely energetic school, split men's ears, and tire them out in three-quarters of an hour. But the subject of this sketch seems to us to possess many of the capital excellences of both these classes. In his oratory, there is a vehemence, and a rapidity of utterance perfectly overpowering, and yet a musical flow and tone, a modulation and cadence, a pathos and sweetness of inflection, which gives him the power to storm our souls, without stunning our ears. There is nothing (in his delivery), like the drum-beat rolls of Father Gavazzi's intonations, pointing with fury to the red-cross upon his breast, and launching the thunder of his passion, at the head of Rome; nothing of the hill-side stormings of Daniel O'Connell before his monster meetings, denouncing England; but there is tremendous vehemence, nevertheless, which makes itself felt, chiefly in the rapid rate of his utterance, and in the emphatic stress of the important word in his sentences; while all the rest, the less important words and the cadences by which, as it were, he dismounts and comes down from his lofty heights of shouting emphasis, run along rich, soft and low, sinking, if anything, even too far down toward the inaudible. Frequently he produces a very bold effect, by a fierce head-shattering emphasis, and then dropping right down instantly, to the simplest colloquialism. He does not, however, speak at all in the conversational

way. It used to be said of Harrison Gray Otis, that when you met him in State Street, and heard him talk about property, you heard the orator Otis, almost as much as if he were in Faneuil Hall, talking about politics. But nobody could imagine, from talking with Rufus Choate, that they had heard the orator Choate. His delivery is the most rapid and sustained and emphatic which we have ever heard, except from the great temperance advocate, Gough; while it has a musical flow, and rhythm, and cadence, more like a long and rising, and swelling song, than a *talk*, or an argument. Indeed, his rhythm is so marked, that on first hearing him it seems a little like sing-song, but this impression soon wears off, and gives way to a pleasing sensation of relief, which otherwise his vehemence might prevent. Not possessing that liquid melody of tone, which in the common accent of agreeable conversation seizes and fills the ear; not speaking, indeed, in any degree in the conversational key, which, when well done, will by its variety of inflection, by its ever-changing rhythm and naturalness, hold the hearer enchained for a long time; he relies on this extremely nimble and feverish style of utterance, to seize the hearer's mind, and keep him, running along with him at top-speed, till either he chooses to let go, or the auditor entirely exhausted though not disenchanted, drops off himself. This style is fatiguing to listen to in a speaker, although fascinating when habit or genius make it natural. Because one's nerves and faculties get strung and driven on to such a degree from involuntary sympathy with the speaker, that the hearer is almost equally exhausted, when the peroration comes, as the performer himself. Henry Clay, in a great speech, would move on through the whole oratorical voyage, as gracefully as a great ship, whose snowy plumage ruffles and shivers in various breezes, stormy and placid by turns, but whose movement is always majestic, serene and swan-like o'er the sea; but Choate is a steam-propeller, of the high-pressure principle—rushing and spattering and foaming and tearing ahead—at a dead rate all the way. His melody is one steady tune all the time: its modulations and intonations diversified and distinct, but all servient to one dominant principle of melody, whose general character is permanently stamped on all he utters; even like "the multitudinous laughter" of the

waves, mingling with crashing breakers and sobbing billows, but all subordinate to, and finally lost in the one great ocean diapason—the grand, majestic music of the sea. Somewhat in the same way, at least as far as regards unbroken velocity, Wm. Pinckney spoke, the most brilliant legal speaker, before Choate, in this country, to whom Benton in his “Thirty Years in the Senate” attributes the greatest contemporary repute of eloquence in America. In the first moments of his speech, we have been told he did not win, but rather repulsed you; but gathering headway, he gained more and more upon you, till soon he took the helm of your mind, and led you hither and thither, as the frenzy and the mood swept over him. And precisely the same thing we have heard said of Mr. Choate, by a great and experienced authority; for the eminent critic declared, that he listened to Choate’s Webster speech in Faneuil Hall, at first with dislike, and then with indifference, but soon with delight; till presently the orator got full command of him, and for the moment swept him wherever he would.

Although this railroad rapidity of movement in his elocution conduces thus to his general effect, and as a whole, perhaps, gets fuller command of an audience, yet it certainly very much weakens the effect of particular passages. We have heard the most affecting and illustrative periods rattled off by him so as to call no particular attention to them; a mere dropping fire of distant musketry, when they should have been delivered with all the deliberateness, precision and emphasis of minute guns. Grattan tells us he heard Lord Chatham speak in the House of Lords, and it was just like talking to one man by the button hole, except when he lifted himself in enthusiasm, and then the effect of the outbreak was immense. But Choate is *off* from the word “go,” and is all along on the high ropes, and bounding up like a full-blooded racer all the time; consequently, the effect of all the higher passages is damaged, the whole is so high; we cannot have mountains unless we have valleys.

He throws the same fiery enthusiasm into everything—a great case or a little one—a great speech or a common occasion. The client who retains this great advocate, may always be assured that he gets the whole of him; blood, brains, everything—his inspiration and his perspiration—all are fully given to *him*.

And in managing his oratoric artillery, he shows great tact and skill, for his reputation as a master of eloquent whirlwinds is such, and a jury are so often cautioned on this account, by the opposing counsel, to keep a sharp lookout for him, that it is often necessary to approach his hearer’s mind with unpretending simplicity, to dissipate his fears a little, and get him under way gently, before he can be whirled into the vortex. We once heard a lawyer who had often heard Choate speak, declare that the finest exhibition of eloquence he ever heard from him, was in a little country office, before a judge of probate, upon the proving of a will. It was a winter morning, and the judge sat before the fire, with his feet up in the most careless manner. He evidently had a great contempt for oratory as applied to law, and was quite resolved to have none of it; so turning up his head, as he saw the counsel for the heir looking at a pile of notes, he said, in the most indifferent way, “If you’ve any objections to make, Mr. Choate, just *state* them now.” (The idea of asking Rufus Choate, to “just state” anything!) Choate began in the most tame manner he could assume, by running over a few dry legal saws, and some musty and absurd principles of law, governing wills. The old judge began to prick up his ears; soon the argument advanced from a mere legal principle, to a trifling but telling illustration of it, couched, however, as far as possible, in legal phraseology; the judge gave more attention, and the advocate enforced the illustration by a very energetic argument, but not yet flowery; and speedily the judge’s legs came down one after the other, his body turned round, and his eyes were fixed on the speaker; and at last, as he rose into his congenial and unfettered field of argument, and pictured with flaming passion the consequences to the whole domestic and social state of New England, if the construction for which he contended should not be applied to the wills of the farmers of New England, the judge fairly nodded in admiring acquiescence, and the unequalled advocate carried the case and the tribunal, at the point of the bayonet.

The vanquished judge was only in the same predicament with many an obdurate jury. Throughout the whole of a jury argument, you see the resolute, unflagging *will* working on the twelve men. When he woos and persuades, or

when, with more determination, he seems to say, "you *shall* believe it," at all times alike, by look, by expression of face, by everything, he seems to say first—"do believe it, but if you won't, you *shall* believe it." We saw him once walk right up to a juror who sat on the front seat of the jury box, looking doggedly incredulous—right up close to him he walked, and bringing down his clenched fist almost in his very eyes, "Sir," said he, "give me your attention, and I pledge myself to make this point *wholly* clear to you." The poor man looked more crest-fallen and criminal than the accused prisoner; he opened his eyes and his ears too; one after another the fortifications in which he had intrenched his resolution for "a verdict against Choate," went slam-bang by the board, under the resistless forensic cannonading, and a verdict for defendant sealed the success of that audacious declamation.

He rarely, however, uses invective or the fiercer and more grand styles of controversy, but through all, he rather coaxes and leads and lulls, occasionally only, astonishing and compelling assent by thundering bravuras of oratory. A tender and melancholy strain pervades his utterances, like the air of a song whose thoughts we take in with our minds, but whose feeling floats into our hearts, on the gentle music, which accompanies the words, running through melodious variations, to a loving and sorrowing cadence. And often when his glances and tones show him to be "in a fine frenzy rolling," suddenly as if some soft south wind of association and emotion stole over him, he will sink on to the soft pedal of his vocal instrument, and a little episode of delicate and sad fancies will shoot into the coarse web of his argument, dropping as gently from his lips as snow upon the sea. No matter how vehemently he lifts his voice, no matter if in the frenzy of passion he breaks out in some mad and almost bedlamitish shout, he will speedily sink into the lap of a cadence mournfully beautiful, falling upon the half-shocked ear, as west winds on the half-crushed rose-buds. In the speech to which we have before referred, where he pictured the mourning of Mexico, in the funeral songs of her dark daughters, chanting, "Ah woe is me Alabama! for a thousand years," the accents rung and moaned through that old Faneuil Hall, like the lamenting wail of a banished harpist,

sweeping the cords of his country's memory. So universal and so mournful is the pathetic element of his delivery, that it would require no very wild flight of romance, to fancy Callope herself, the muse of eloquence, mingling for ever with the tones of her most favored child, her own laments for her "lost art" of perfect oratory.

Mr. Choate's "action," as far as bodily gesture and presence is concerned, does not materially aid his eloquence. Some orators' pantomime is the perfect painting of their thoughts; in the prophetic expression glancing o'er their face like shadows on a summer's sea; in the discriminating gesture, each one telling its own story with perfect honesty; in the bodily bendings, appealing or enforcing, the whole story is told. As the man said who was somewhat deaf, and could not get near to Clay in one of his finest efforts, "I didn't hear a word he said, but—Great Jehovah! didn't he make the motions?" But in Choate the deaf man looking at him, would see a gesture comparatively uniform, and chiefly expressive only of degrees of energy, and a countenance mainly indicative of only more or less intensity of nervous passion. His countenance is by no means the looking-glass of his soul. It is too sallow and bilious; the deepest shadows alone are visible on its dark disk.

He has, however, one extraordinary instrument of gesture, rarely if ever preceded; and that is his *legs*. For it is a frequent resort of his, by way of *emphasis*, to spring up, by bracing all his muscles, and settle himself down again on his *heels*, with a force which often actually shakes the whole court room.

His voice is rich and deep, not resonant and metallic, a quality which all out-of-door speakers must have, but rather woody and deficient in "timbre."

With many orators the spring of the neck from the shoulders gives a great characteristic effect of manner, to the throwing out of their words. Webster's massive neck, springing from his shoulders like the solid oak, enforced every emphasis. Chatham's lofty look was greatly due to the set of his head; and of Rachel; the *tragedienne*, it is said that a certain harmonious distance between her well-formed ear and her shoulders lends great effect to her correct gesticulation and her dignified movements. But Choate has hardly any elements of figure or person peculiarly favorable to oratory, except his eyes; they send forth

lightnings and sparkle and burn like a fire-eyed worshipper of the East. It is rather in spite of his physique, in spite of nature and his stars, as Pinckney said of Fox, that he is a first-class orator.

And we think with great deference to so splendid an authority, that he rather makes a mistake in neglecting action, and relying too exclusively on mere vehemence, and weight of ear-filling words, and ear-catching thoughts. For, after all, for the mass of mankind, *action*, not composition, is the thing—*oratory*, not rhetoric. The brilliant uniforms of the sunshine soldiery will do for a dress-parade, but they are in the way in battle; for business, for profit, for victory, we want the old grey coats, and no wadding but the solid bone and muscle in them. And if Demosthenes were to rise from his ashes in the tomb to-day, he could never say a better thing than he did, when thrice he answered the thrice asked question, What is the essence of oratory? "Action, action, action." By action he meant no mere school of gesture, but every bodily element of expression of thought—the vocality, the passion, the whole movement.

But we must conclude our article feeling, after all, great disappointment, that we can give no better idea of this strange and unprecedented orator. He cannot be daguerreotyped, he can only be hinted at, and as we once heard a painter say of a provokingly elusive face, you must make a *memorandum* of the countenance, and let fancy do the rest. The faint idea which a literally exact speech reported would give, cannot be had, for no reporter can follow him, and after a speech he can't tell what he said;—There are his copious notes to be sure, at your service, which *he* can't read, and the man has yet to be born of woman who can.

There have been moments when, in

speaking for the life of a man, he rose above himself, his head grew classic and commanding, his form towered up into heroic impressiveness, and then, indeed, he grasped the thunderbolt; for then it was given him faintly to shadow forth that consummate eloquence, the dream and the ideal of Cicero;—the unapproached combination of logic and learning, and poetry and passion, and music and action, all in one flaming tide of oratorical power; the most imposing form of power which God has ever given to man to show forth.

Other jury advocates may surpass him in single points; but take him for all in all, we think he brings more varied and higher qualities, more intellectual weight of metal to the bar, than any man of our time who has made legal advocacy the almost exclusive theatre of his energies and his fame. Erskine may have had more simple grace of diction and a more quiet and natural passion; Curran may have had an equally impassioned but more unstudied rush of fervor, in his Celtic raptures; Ogden Hoffman may be more naturally melodious in his rhythm, suggesting more vividly the fable of him who had a nest of singing-birds in his throat; and possibly Pinckney may have had a harder legal head, for laying the foundations of his legal rhetoric; but when we consider that he adds to so many forensic arts, such wide-varying intellectual accomplishment, almost satisfying Cicero's magnificent myth of him who should make himself most illustrious of orators, by first being the foremost man in every branch of learning which men could talk about—then we unhesitatingly rank him the first orator, as well as most formidable advocate, who now, in any quarter of the globe where the English language is spoken, is ever seen standing before the jury panel.

QUESTION? no, never. I admitted thee
 As Arabs do, an unexpected guest;
 Frank welcome and repose I gave to thee,—
 Not much to give—but giving of my best.
 For I, like them, was also desert-dwelling,
 Too free and strong to dread disloyalty,
 Knowing the future, its own secret telling,
 Would lift in time the veil of destiny.
 In the wild tent till earliest morning staying,
 Concealed the name and purpose both may be—
 After that time, departure still delaying,
 Either to hide is base discourtesy.
 With Arab patience for Love's sunrise, too,
 I waited, oh beloved—it brought me you.

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

IF we desire to feel the public pulse in England, we attend a parliamentary debate, or have a talk at the club; and in America we read the newspapers. There is a more amusing way of doing this in Paris, and that is by going to the balls. Dancing there is a function of life, a normal phase of national development; it is what racing and boxing are in Britain, and speechifying in the United States—a safety-valve for unappropriated animal spirits, in the escape of which, when narrowly observed, we may trace the grade of the political thermometer. Balls in Paris are representative, and share the distinctions of society; the middle class, the ruling powers, and the fanatics of all ranks may find appropriate gyrations in their respective spheres. There were more than three thousand people at the Jardin d'Hiver when we entered; the gas-light fancifully distributed, the sparkling jets, cool vistas leading into what seemed interminable groves, the oriental charm of numerous tropical plants, lamps among the trees—the extent, variety, verdure, and brilliancy of the scene, were as characteristic of artificial magnificence as of enjoyable instincts. To an American eye, when at leisure to examine the details of a spectacle the general effect of which is so enchanting—the dearth of female beauty, the superior taste in dress, and the order and propriety of so mixed an assembly, are almost simultaneous discoveries. Here were met a fair representation of the Parisian *bourgeoise*; and the serious zeal with which they engage in the pastime, the business-like process of the *fête*, assure us that, like so many children, the holiday antidote has, for the time at least, neutralized the bane of political discontent. A long series of these entertainments, with a grand one at the Hotel Ville, in perspective, will keep their civic aspirations in check for the winter. From the comparatively subdued pleasures of the Jardin d'Hiver, we hastened to the *Saturnalia* of the Theatre Français. The *bal masqué* is the climax of Parisian social excitement. The domino reconciles many a giddy noddle to the loss of the liberty cap; to become a harlequin is some compensation for failing to be a republican citizen; freedom from social restraint is, at least, secured; fun, gallantry, and saltatory possibilities enjoy a carnival, if rea-

son and dignity keep lent; and, as we thread the giddy crowd, hear the gay laughter, and witness the extravagant pantomime, we comprehend the philosophy of amusement as a narcotic for restless believers in the doctrine of self-government. The transition from the municipal *salon* to the imperial halls, from the theatre to the palace, teaches the same lesson.

My window at Meurice's, commanded a view of the Tuileries, and on the eve of the first ball under the Empire, as I gazed on those massive walls, and reverted to the old tile manufactory whence their name is derived, the shadow of the dark Italian memories that cluster around its origin in the crimes of Catherine de Medicis, sinister, improvident, and cruel, yet, like her family, devoted to art and letters, seemed to return; then rose the noble image of Henry IV., who greatly extended their range, the brave soldier and tender lover, best of French kings, though influenced to evil, weak of purpose, and the slave of his passions,—stabbed at last by a street assassin. I thought of Louis XIV., who completed the grand gallery, with his memorable court, the astute cardinals, the brilliant authors, and frail beauties; of the murder of Louis XVI.'s Swiss guard at the portals; of the pavilion of Flora, where Bonaparte dwelt, and afterwards the restored king; and of Louis Philippe, flying in disguise through the back door. The roll of carriages, as they entered the gateway, announced the last of the thousand vicissitudes that mark the annals of the Tuileries. Where the triumphant mob once spread with fiendish exultation, long lines of soldiers were drawn up, and between them successive equipages rolled to the imposing entrance. Elsewhere the vast court-yard was ominously still and deserted.

Ascending that magnificent staircase, the gorgeous display of flowers in the ante-room, so eloquently indicative of a gala, and the courteous throng of liveried attendants broke upon the sight with a more dazzling effect thus suddenly encountered after such a reverie; but the sensation of pleasurable *abandon*, natural to the vestibule of a festal scene, was checked, almost solemnized, by the appearance of so many armed and formal sentinels. It was like entering the precincts of an enchanted sphere,

where peril threatened while beauty lured; what if the dormant instinct for freedom should awake, or the vengeance of outraged humanity steal upon the hour of mirth? Pleasure seemed here akin to fear, and the serpent coiled beneath the roses; here whence monarchs had fled in terror, and blood had stained the threshold, the sceptre been wrested from the grasp, and the deluge of license overflowed. I paused, and looked down the vast suite of gilded saloons, from whose lofty and arched roofs hung a million flashing lamps, and over whose expansive floors were scattered groups in every variety of costume. The splendid interior of the palace had undergone a complete renovation; every cornice was bright with fresh gold, every seat and window with new tapestry. If the most luxuriant art of the upholsterer could erase the memory as well as the vestiges which time had left on this ancient home of royalty, the illusion would have been entire. Not a token remained of the Bourbon dynasty, but everywhere memorials of Bonaparte.

On all sides is evident the policy of the nephew to revive the glory of his uncle. In the *Salle de Marechaux*, how each face and figure recalled his victories! There was Davoust, the inflexible disciplinarian; St. Oyr, all impulse; Junot, whom we seem to have personally known, from the vivid biography of his duchess; Ney, "the bravest of the brave," whose courage is endeared by martyrdom; the brilliant Murat, whose rich uniform and gallant air symbolize the Italian campaigns; Macdonald, the immovable; Mortier, who defended, and Marmont, who surrendered Paris; Massena, who held out so unwaveringly at Genoa; and Victor, the hero at Marengo. The most careless eye among those gay dancers could not but fall upon these full-length martial portraits, that seemed to justify the presence of a kinsman of their chief in the palace now thrown open by imperial hospitality. Representatives of every country, rank, and profession, make up the throng. The Turk with jewelled turban, the olive cheek and dark eye of Italy, the mercurial Greek with Levantine cap, and embroidered tunic; Albion's fresh complexions; diplomatists in gold lace, old war-dogs, whose breasts are covered with orders, ladies with diamond coronets, and exquisite garlands, black-coated civilians—here whirling in giddy circles, there moving to and fro, now clustered in talk-

ative knots, and now scattered in lonely bewilderment—the whole flooded with light, radiant with color, and swayed by the voluptuous swell of music from the choicest band in Europe.

The company is a sign of the times. The most prominent individuals are ambassadors, military officers, members of the Bonaparte family, and strangers with no interest in the scene except as a pastime. The elements of civic society represented are mainly finance and war; not one of the old *noblesse*, no great author, and few generals, with a European reputation are discoverable; the best blood and brain of the kingdom are at the chateaux, in exile, or secluded in domestic or learned retirement. The handsome face of Marshall Ney's son, the bizarre costume of the Duke of Buckingham; the autocrat of wealth—Rothschild, the delicate beauty of a score of fair Americans, and the enormous display of jewels on the persons of fat dames, whose manners suggest that the palace circle is new to them, are the salient features of the assembly. The whole lacks the subdued polish of a less accidental prestige; one can read a sense of independence rather than of privilege in the bearing of many. The guests, though restrained by the courtesy that always rules a French assemblage, betray little deference and much well-bred nonchalance. Curiosity, not respect, is evidently the prevalent feeling. The dancers give themselves little trouble to recognize any meaning in the entertainment, except that of a public ball. The loungers act as if they had paid for their tickets. The free-and-easy style of republicanism somewhat incongruously blends with regal appointments. It is more like a democratic levee than an imperial reception; and amid all the splendor, it is impossible to glance around, without encountering something very *blasé* or decidedly *parvenu*.

Ere the Emperor made his appearance I could not but muse of his antecedents. One of his intimates in New York, had often described to me their mutual practice with fire-arms and the dexterity with which the poor adventurer used to load, prime, and discharge a musket in the back-yard of his obscure lodgings; another, who had taste for a sleight of hand, also a dominant passion of the exile, recounted his tricks of legerdemain, and assured me that, though his quondam friend was not much of a good fellow, he was a capital juggler; while a very

social lady complained that he only frequented her house to sit in gloomy abstraction; and an old gentleman to whom he had brought letters, praised the fatalistic hardihood with which he remained in a city made solitary by pestilence, and the cool facility he exhibited in getting in and out of rows, borrowing money and preserving a mysterious silence about his plans, sentiments and condition. Thus associated with the least intellectual accomplishments and with a youth of vagabondage, it required some effort of credulity to realize that the taciturn roysterer of New York was master of those brilliant halls, and the host at that imperial festival. There was another and more recent picture to render the contrast more dramatic. At every railway station in England, hucksters thrust in our faces Victor Hugo's "Napoleon the Little," a masterpiece of invective, so that his career branded with the scathing iron of sarcasm, was reenacted to the fancy, amid the present blandishments of his success.

In the pauses of the music, the very terms of that withering arraignment seemed to proclaim an "equilibrium resting on iniquity"—the "hand stained with blood which dips a finger in holy water," a ruler destined for "the hyena cage of history," who "has committed an enormous crime, and yet remains paltry," who erects a throne "with corpses beneath;" whose political expedient "is compounding two hypocrisies—a military hypocrisy towards the army and a religious hypocrisy towards the clergy," whose art is "to feign death," whose master stroke of policy was that he "arrested and confined, against law, the representatives of the sovereign people:" the sum total of whose regime is "Jesuitism and corporatism" who being "an ape," did "what the lion dared not do;" and whose mission is to "make mankind shrug their shoulders." As these anathemas recurred, I imagined the historian of the future, "leading to posterity, by the ear," the "nocturnal strangler of liberty." I compared the brightness and placidity of the scene to the author's fine image of the frozen Neva, and seemed to hear the first low rumble and shiver that foretold the breaking up and overflow of the fettered torrent. No wonder that men of aspiring thought and candid speech are banished from France.

This freedom of criticism, like the observations excited by a new play,

united to such familiar passages in the life of a political adventurer, gave a theatrical air to the whole scene, which was enhanced by the appearance of the hero, of what would be a comedy or melodrama, but for the tragic events antecedent to, and consequent upon his usurpation. At the first glance, Louis Napoleon, in his military costume, looked like a mere soldier; his moderate stature, and an utter absence of anything like elegance of carriage, did not suggest rank. The light color of his hair and complexion indicate a German origin. A stiff, constrained, undemonstrative air, however appropriate to martial character, is essentially the reverse of that which belongs, either to the attractive companion, or the man of genius. The only trace of the great Corsican was discernible in the manner in which the head is set on the shoulders, or rather the breadth and back inclination of the latter. He moved slowly, but the calm action was less that of habitual dignity, than artificial constraint. A more cold face it is difficult to imagine; a remarkable trait of the uncle was a power to discharge his features of all expression; but in the true outline and latent intensity of his extraordinary countenance, this occasional blankness was effective; in the nephew, it does not seem will alone that renders expression inscrutable, but nature. It is next to impossible to catch his eye, which lacks both fire and softness, while a thick brown moustache entirely conceals the lines and workings of the mouth. There is muscle enough, but no token of nervous sensibility; the natural language of the face and figure would be heavy, were it not for something sinister and determined obvious in both. His maxim, that the lymphatics rule the world, is obviously derived from consciousness. Thus, the gait, manner, and physiognomy, by their complete want of freedom and vivacity, gave the impression of an actor, which the showy and glittering rooms confirmed; and when he bowed sturdily to some keen-eyed ambassador, took the hand of an old *militaire*, attempted a wan smile, led out Lady Conway or the Princess Mathilde and walked a quadrille, or seated himself on a divan—acts of a play suggested themselves to the imagination; he seemed to be performing the king or duke of an opera, and not quite at home in the part, though anxious to be correct, even to pedantic formality. It

was curious to note the observations of the crowd. "Just the man for France," observed a student, "I saw him dismount at a guard-house last week, courteously take the musket from a soldier's hand and shoot a bird on the wing. He knows how to make the army love him." "Just the man for France," said one of his physicians; "he does not know what fear means; riding out daily in an open wagon, mingling here with a promiscuous throng—above precaution, though fully aware of danger. The other morning, I was in attendance very early. He came out of his chamber, and for the benefit of light, took a chair within two feet of the window. As we conversed, a man's head suddenly appeared on the other side of the glass. I could not restrain an exclamation, and instinctively sprang aside—the idea of assassination flashing on my mind. The Emperor never started, or even looked surprised, but asked, in his usual tone: 'what do you suppose that fellow wants?' It turned out, when the servants were called, that he was a window-cleaner, and ignorant which apartments were occupied by his majesty, had set his ladder first at the casement where we were." "He is just the man for France," observed a wealthy lace-merchant, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "see how he has improved the city; what a splendid street is the Rue Rivoli, and how fast the Louvre is approaching the Tuileries!" "He is just the man for France," repeated a young officer, "how generously he treats us!" and he pointed to an order in his button-hole; "the best ruler we ever had," echoed a pretty woman daintily arrayed, "how splendid were those *fêtes*, last summer, at St. Cloud, and is not this charming?" "He preserves law and order," said a banker, "trade flourishes;" "they are a fickle people and need the curb," remarked an Englishman; "it's Providence," declared a baroness of the new nobility, "Bonaparte's star is in the ascendant." "It was a question between anarchy and despotism," remarked a journalist; "everybody is content," said an abbé, "except atheists and authors." "The Faubourg St. Germain," chimed in a fair denizen of the Champs-Élysées, "is obsolete; the Emperor recognises merit before birth." "Jamais bal plus beau," announced the next morning's journal, "n'avait eu lieu; les dispositions avaient été admirable-

ment prises, et la fête ordonnée avec un goût parfait. Sa Majesté a dansé plusieurs fois."

Partisans of the Emperor justify his usurpation, by alleging the corruption of the Chambers, and the design of that body to interfere with the army, and in fact, the imminence of treason, requiring a sudden and bold exercise of power; had not the executive then seized the government, they argue that bloody anarchy would have desolated the kingdom, and lawless ambition brought dismay and ruin upon all the interests of social life. Admitting the truth of such reasoning, a crisis like this affords no valid excuse for the absolute retention of authority, and the total disregard of popular rights; neither can the force and favor of circumstances be made, by the most ingenious casuistry, to exalt the character of a ruler in the scale of moral or political eminence. In vain do we seek in the course of the President, from the day of his solemn inaugural oath to maintain a republican constitution, to that when he declared himself absolute, a single proof of disinterested rectitude. His means have been intrigue and military force, his end individual power. We can discover no original greatness, such as his parasites claim, in the girding up of his loins into soldier-like trim, his patronage of fire-arms, his embellishments of the city, his inscrutable policy, and imitative harangues. The old machinery of despotism only, is apparent; and if it be indeed true that the elastic and brave spirit of the nation is so debased, as to be capable of no other discipline, if the requisite wisdom and virtues are wanting for their self-government; and this man is a providential master—there yet remains no ground for admiration of him, and for them, only pity. For an educated freeman of the nineteenth century, and especially an American, to be cajoled by the organ of such a government, and place reliance on the dicta of the *Monsieur*, yield to the blandishments of regal *Altes*, the worn out masquerade of priests and orders, the physical renovation of the metropolis, and above all, to be seduced into admiration of or even acquiescence in the casual triumph of Louis Napoleon, through a blind devotion to material success, argues a temper so void of magnanimity, a way of thinking so contemptible, that they befit only serfs and hucksters, and disgrace the liberal and humane. It is lamentable to note, in

this age, such a want of discrimination between circumstances and character, expediency and right, success and merit, truth and falsehood.

There is a prevalent distrust of the legitimacy of this restorer of the Bonaparte dynasty; *bon sang ne peut mentir*, say the disappointed republicans in protesting against the farcical voting upon which his imperial authority is declared, by his advocates, to rest; and they console themselves by assuming his ignominious downfall as certain: "Dieu n'est pas pour les brigands; il leur accorde, parfois, un éphémère triomphe, afin de rendre leur punition plus éclatante et leur chute plus ignominieuse."

When centralization is the method of rule, power is within the grasp of any unprincipled and bold political adventurer in whom the executive authority happens to be vested. The process visible at Paris on the third of December, should be a perpetual warning against such a concentrated distribution of political and official power. When the soldiers surrounded the Chamber of Deputies, the unarmed representatives were wholly at their mercy, and so secret was the manœuvre, that not a dozen spectators witnessed the seizure of their persons; when this act of perfidy was effected, forth from the Elysée rode the usurper, and although *vive la république!* was shouted under his horse's nose, alert policemen and mounted guards with sabres and rifles, easily kept off the crowd. Unusual nerve was doubtless requisite; but even the animal courage of Louis Napoleon was not adequate to conceal his agitation; "*pallido come un re sul trono*" as Alfieri would have said, he faced the chained tempest; then a few cannon raked the streets and the thing was done; there only remained the chance of assassination and the indignation of honest freemen.

One would really imagine that political wisdom, national development, the relation of civil liberty to individual good, were mere vague theories of no practical significance: that nations, like men, outgrow and forget the dreams of their youth; and that the ideal of desirable government, in the nineteenth century, was a military despot who knows how to employ, exile, and shoot malcontents, institute an efficient police, and encourage the religious orders; build new streets, improve old ones, silence the press, amuse and frighten the people by turns, cajole ministers, and make a

tool of the legislature; so that there is no disturbance, and every one is free to buy and sell, work and play—do everything but make their own laws, and utter their true thought.

There is one argument, however, that even material utilitarians cannot evade, and that is the temporary nature of such a rule. It is, at best, a system of expedients, containing no element of progressive and permanent good. Think of the balance of society suspended on the thread of one man's life! Conservatives tremble when they speculate on the death of the Emperor. All his attempts to bring back the prestige of his great namesake's era, though gratifying to national vanity, accuse the dearth of glory which now hangs over France like an eclipse. The splendid mausoleum of Napoleon, the new statue of Josephine, the brilliant inauguration of Ney's monument, only serve to turn backward the gaze of the people, and baffle its perspective ken. It proves, too, an incongruous experiment to unite the rites and trappings of empire to the modes of thinking which obtain in the present age. The friar's garments that flutter in the breeze to-day, seem like obsolete raiment hunted up for a masquerade, in a city where the eloquent Coquerel exhorts, with all the simple fervor of a Protestant minister, and, by the daily beauty of his life, illustrates the primitive truths of Christianity. Neither is it possible to retrograde completely; the troops which Louis Napoleon supports at Rome for the Pope's protection, have proved an inadequate bribe; and his Holiness refuses to anoint the imperial head, until Protestant rites are prohibited by edict in France.

His system dies with him because it is but the artificial revival of an effete civilization. Meantime, to pretend to recognize greatness in a career which embodies no principle of advancement or consistency, is to insult humanity. It is an old and an easy abuse of power, for the head of an army to fence himself round with bayonets; the treasonable device of a military usurper, not the inspiration of a statesman. Oromwell did it when he broke up the English parliament; Napoleon the first, when he dispersed the assembly; but each drowned the execrations of the people whose confidence they abused, by the shouts of their victorious armies, which they led on to victories that strengthened the foundation and enlarged the domain

of national power. Louis Napoleon has vindicated his bloody stratagem by no such achievements. That he is shrewd and no coward, is the highest praise he deserves; that he has too much sense to run directly counter to the public welfare, is evident; that he understands how to take advantage of circumstances, and, by

secret resolution, to undermine second-rate men of influence in the State, has been demonstrated; but it is a disgrace to the age and to the universal sentiment of mankind, to confound such ability and conduct as this, with the triumphs of patriotic statesmen and gifted heroes.

THE STEAM-ENGINE.

“WHIZZ-Z-Z—whip!
I must not slip!”—

And the steam-king buckles, and holds his breath,
And braces his sinews for life or death,

And clenches his bands,
Like a pair of hands,

To the long iron rail stretched out before;

While his elbows bend and his body shakes,

And out of his nostrils the black clouds pour—

And says he, “we’re off if nothing breaks.”

So he clears his throat with a terrible scream,

And tries his wheels;

And like some huge monster we see in a dream—

A Cyclops, a hydra, a comet at play—

Through city and country he gallops away,

With his long train switching behind at his heels.

“How many people, I pray, grim sir,

Man, woman and child,

Bearst thou at thy back with less rumble and stir

Than an omnibus makes in its surges wild?”

“Five hundred or more,” replies the steam-king;

“And ’twould be very easy for me to fling

All this multitude up to the moon—

Up to the moon, or down in the deep

For a royal crash, or a dreamless sleep—

I could do it very soon.”

And on he goes, belching fire and smoke,

Over the hills and leaping the water;

Shaking his sides as his whistle woke

Pale fear in mother and daughter.

On, and on, over precipice steep,

And up the mountains he urges his way;

He clings to the crags like a goat or sheep,

And sports where the catamounts play.

But anon he turns to the valleys again;

He has soared with the eagles long enough,

He has taken a fancy to snuff the plain—

To look at the clover and fields of grain—

So he sprinkles his back and shakes out his mane,

And puff! puff!

A fury is on him—he’s struck by the sun—

He shrieks and flies like a crazy one—

With a scream and a bound

He is underground;

And five hundred people go with him below,
 As he dives amain to cool his brain
 In the nether realms, five minutes or so,
 And anon he'll be up again.

On, on, no sleep—no rest;
 He never complains, he never tires;
 But, a cold-water king, he does his best
 To quench with water his inward fires.
 He says, " 'Tis cold-water that makes me strong;"
 And he sings its praises in jubilant song;
 "Cold water! cold water!
 Whiz-z-z—whip—whew!
 Each father and son, each mother and daughter,
 Drink cold water and never get blue—
 You'd never get blue, if you only knew
 How Old Nick and his boys are after you!"

No epicure he, the great steam-king;
 Confections and pies,
 Beef and plum-pudding, he never tries;
 But takes the plain fare that the firemen bring,
 And works right on while he eats his dinner,
 But dislikes to be scrimped like any sinner.
 A mountain pine might serve him *one* hour;
 A Mauch Chunk coal-bed *twenty-four*.
 Night troubles him not, nor heat, nor cold;
 The storm may rage, he careth not.
 Clouds may the starry vault infold,
 The moon be all forgot.
 But he, the monarch of the night,
 Lighting his path with his terrible eye,
 Toils steadily on as though 'twere light,
 O'er dangerous sloughs and mountains high—
 Canadian forests or Georgian sands,
 New England hills or prairie lands.
 From Boston to York, from York to the Lakes,
 He waves his streamer of fiery flakes;
 And beyond where rolls the father of rivers,
 In the land of mosquitoes, pork and fleas,
 Where fever and ague sits and shivers,
 And the corn grows up to trees.
 Still beyond are the mountains of Ararat,
 Where the Ark rested and couldn't get off!
 Where the buffalo plays with the panther-cat,
 And the north wind goes to cough.
 'Tis the great backbone of the Continent,
 But at its foot on the other side,
 Softer zephyrs the gods have sent,
 And a calm Pacific tide.
 Have you heard of Ophir? that is it,—
 Have you heard of Golconda? 'tis the same—
 Of Eldorado, where diamonds sit,
 Thick as stars when the stars are lit,
 And wink with their eyes of flame?
 That is the country I have in my eye,
 After which madmen and mad-ams sigh;
 The sands of whose rivers are running gold;
 And where Hope, cased in amber, never grows old.
 E'en the sun, as he quits that golden State,
 Sinks down to rest through a golden gate.

But ho, all ye people, awake ! awake !
 And see what a leap for the steam-king to take !
 He has put on his boots and combed back his hair,
 And is hungrily snuffing the mountain air ;
 And he says, " As sure as my ribs are iron,
 Let Congress say,
 They'll clear the way,
 And in vain shall foes the path environ ;
 For to see San Francisco I have a notion,
 And I'll go with a bound from ocean to ocean."

Can he mow ! Ah yes—the steam-king can mow,
 He can handle a scythe, or a rake, or a hoe ;
 He can fell the mightiest forest oaks,
 And work them alike into beams or spokes.
 He can turn the wheels of a thousand mills—
 Where the white flour makes the miller white,
 Where the glowing forge flashes red on the night,
 Where the factory-girl fills
 Her bobbins and reels, and wizard looms,
 With purple and white,
 With cotton and woolen, and linen bright,
 With webs for the brides and webs for the grooms ;
 Where the miner toils and the black gnomes keep
 Their revels in caverns so dark and deep,
 In the maw of the earth, that the day-god's eye,
 With the glory of morning can never come nigh.
 Heavy or light he careth not.
 So you give him work to do.
 His sledge-hammer blows fall heavy and hot,
 Or he pegs a little child's shoe :
 He bores a mountain, or digs a canal,
 Or forges a pin as well.

He boasts, besides, " I can handle a ship :
 I know every dip
 That a bucket can make :
 And I care not for canvas to catch the wind,
 Nor masts, nor rigging, nor ropes to bind.
 Make all fast that nothing will break—
 Beams of wood and iron all new—
 And good and true
 A man at the helm, and a man at the lead,
 And I will be sure to go-ahead."

So off he walks upon the blue sea,
 Whistling a stave to the hoarse north wind,
 Snapping his thumbs like a Yankee free,
 And throwing the spray ; till old Neptune, blind,
 With his head in a whirl and reckoning wild,
 Yields up his crown like a conquered child.
 The great steam-king !
 A triple-crowned monarch is he !
 And away he goes where the surges sing,
 " Old England rules the sea."
 —The song is hushed, and a thousand eyes
 Gaze in mute wonder as he flies.

He compasses the Atlantic broad,
 He doubles the capes to eastern Ind ;

The islanders call him the fiery god;
 But he leaves the Indian seas behind,
 And dashes across the Pacific main;
 And early in the morn,
 With a scream, and a shout, and a whiz again,
 He rounds the icy Horn.

Great monarch of land and sea!
 Pray, whence is thy wondrous power?
 "Look into thyself," says he,
 "Body and spirit, I'm the shadow of thee;
 But thou art king, and thine the imperial dower.
 Burnished iron, and steel,
 Piston, lever, and wheel,
 Chambers of water, chambers of fire,
 Arms and sinews, that nothing can tire,
 Powerless and silent for ever must be,
 Were it not for my Spirit, by fire set free;—
 All Progress is born of Mystery."

CURIOSITIES OF PURITAN HISTORY.

TOLERATION.

NO part of the colonial history of Massachusetts is more painful to contemplate, than that which records the persecution of the various schismatics that arose from time to time to disturb the unity of the religious commonwealth. The intolerant bigotry of the dominant class has been so long the theme of invective, of taunt, satire and jest, that no one who would attack New England, however illiterate he may be, is at a loss as to where to deal a blow. On the principles of government, as now established, the conduct of the Puritans was indefensibly atrocious. No one will be hardy enough to attempt their justification, unless the deprecatory apologies of certain ultra-sectarians are to be so considered. The common assertion that other sects persecuted also, is not a valid excuse; for, in the first place, the rule was not universal; neither the Quakers nor Baptists showed any similar intolerance in Pennsylvania or Rhode Island; and besides, the Puritans claimed to be separate from the world and its sinful usages, and challenged comparison by another and higher standard, the Scriptures of inspiration. It will not be denied, we think, that they wholly misapprehended or perverted the spirit of the New Testament, and construed the

words of Him "who spake as never man spake," rather with the spirit of Joshua smiting the Canaanites, than with the heavenly charity of "the disciple whom Jesus loved." In this phase of religious development they were not, as is commonly claimed, in advance of their age. We are verging upon debatable ground, and therefore will look at the subject from another standpoint.

Most persons who are familiar only with the orderly arrangement of modern society, wherein the relative rights and duties of the rulers and people have been carefully defined, are astonished at the interference of government in matters of religion two centuries ago, since it appears to be so palpably an overstepping of the line of duty—an invasion of the inherent rights of the subject. But it is to be remembered that these notions are of modern origin, so far as their recognition by government is concerned. If an individual had given offence "in the good old colony times," whether against the published laws or not, the punishment was pretty sure to fall, on some pretext. And, as the court had the whole armory of the Mosaic code at command, it would be strange if some effectual weapon were not found for the occasion. The ideas of most people, even

of reading people, are somewhat vague as to the origin of constitutions as a basis of government. Many still believe in the theory of a social compact—that in a state of original anarchy, men assembled and improvised constitutions, as lads do for debating clubs. In fact, no constitution was ever so made, except on paper; and no such instrument could ever be put into practical operation, any more than one of the thousand contrivances for maintaining perpetual motion. Constitutions are the result of the experience of society—of the necessity of distributing the powers of government, so that each branch, in the exercise of its proper functions, may keep the others in their own sphere. There is no other escape from despotism; and we believe that the sway of one despot is preferable to that of a larger number. The early records of Massachusetts are full of instruction on these points. The whole history of the State has been a series of experiments. In many things, the Puritans "builted wiser than they knew." For instance, the institution of towns, local corporations, confessedly the chief element of liberty and power in New England, was not the result of wise forecast, nor of experience as to the value of municipal institutions in cherishing a spirit of freedom as against the growth of a central power; it was not perhaps an accident, but it arose from other causes. The controlling idea of the Colony, was to promote the service of God. Accordingly, whenever land was granted to settlers, it was in adjacent tracts, not generally more than two hundred acres each; and it was an indispensable condition to the license for settlement, that a learned and faithful minister should be provided to dispense the Word of Life. To secure constant attendance at meeting, and to prevent danger from Indians by dispersion, the Court ordained that no dwelling should be located more than a mile from the meeting-house. This clustering system prevailed until after the extirpation of the Indian tribes, and the establishment of passable roads. Thus New England grew up a congeries of towns.

So, in nearly every particular, came the forms under which government now acts. A few leading principles commenced with the political system of the colony, and have survived all the subse-

quent changes. But the particular forms into which these original ideas have been ramified and moulded, have been wholly the result of circumstances which could not have been foreseen nor provided for. The principle of free, annual elections has remained without change; but hardly another idea has been permanent, except under the iron rule of the royal governors. It would be endless to enumerate all the changes that were made or proposed. A pure democracy, or gathering of all the freemen; two branches of the law-making power, as in the English Parliament; the French idea of a single representative body; trials civil and criminal by jury, and without; Judges chosen annually, and appointed for life; together with innumerable alterations in the details of every department—these have been but so many *studies* for the great work since completed.*

In all these seemingly confused and unmethodical experiments, one fact may be observed: the powers properly belonging to each department have been gradually separated, as by galvanic agency the organic elements cluster about the proper pole. These matters are now pretty well settled. A legislative body that should presume to exercise judicial and executive powers also would not be tolerated; if no other remedy availed, it would be overthrown by revolution.

Minnesota, within a few months after admission into the Union, will commence governmental operations nearly as systematically as an older State; in some respects, more so. Minnesota will not send into Iowa to catch a rebellious heretic, because he has written an insulting letter to the government, as Massachusetts once sent into Rhode Island; her clergy will not be asked to expound the Constitution; the law-making power will not be arbiter of life and death without appeal; religious or irreligious opinions will be no ground for fines, whipping or mutilation. From all these and similar errors and absurdities, the new State will be exempt. These are the results of two centuries of painful experience; and what Massachusetts has suffered, has benefited not herself alone, but the whole family of States. No one will claim, therefore, that a comparison between the jurisprudence of Massachusetts in 1650, and that of Minnesota in 1850, would be at all just. But yet,

* The use of the word "completed," must be understood as not being absolute. No constitution can be said to be completed; for none can be made to last longer than a generation.

much of that feeling—an unconscious trial of the institutions and conduct of the past by the ideas of the present—will be found to enter into our estimate of the Puritan character, in reference to religious intolerance and other forms of tyranny.

There is one other idea, connected with the union of civil with ecclesiastical power, which deserves to be presented; especially, because it was put forward by the government of Massachusetts in a public vindication of its course against the Quakers. And that is, that the Puritans came to America for liberty of conscience—only for themselves. New England was not to be an asylum for the oppressed—except for the orthodox in faith. They did not want their godly community to receive those "more fit to ruin a commonwealth than to build up one." They drew up their creed with rigorous precision,

"Fenced it round about with 'the Lord thus saith,'"

and ordained it for all the churches. Only the "sound in faith and blameless in life," as the records have it, were eligible as deputies; and, as before stated, church membership was an indispensable condition to becoming a freeman. Persons whose ideas were at variance with the one true creed might keep up a busy thinking, but were not allowed to argue, less they should seduce the unstable. According to Puritan notions,

"The right
Of privately judging means simply, that light
Has been granted to me for deciding on you,
And in happier times before Atheism grew
The deed contained clauses for cooking you too."

Massachusetts was like a club-house, where, if you did not like the company, the rules or the wine, you had simply the liberty of leaving; you never dreamed of asking the directors to make any change on your account, for it was not to please you that the institution was founded. Under such discipline it grew up a godly state, strong in industry, energy, faith, and integrity; but also of necessity dogmatical and intolerant. It is useless, we think, to rest the matter on any other ground. Every fact in the colonial history, every line of the MSS. Records, and of private journals, is in harmony with this idea. The broader views of modern times—the divorce of Church and State, freedom of thought and expression, equal rights to all, exclu-

sive privileges to none—these were, to say the least, but faintly foreshadowed in the conduct and expressed opinions of Massachusetts rulers in 1650. We quote from the MSS. Records (vol. 4, p. 317, Oct. 1659), a few paragraphs of the official vindication of the execution of Quakers who had returned from banishment.

"There is no man that is possessed of house or land wherein he hath just title and propriety as his owne, but he would Count it unreasonably injurious that another, who had no authority thereto, should Intrude and enter into his house without his the owners Consent; yea, and when the owner doth expressly prohibit & forbid the same, wee say when the man that so presumes to enter hath no authority thereto. For if it were a Constable or other officer legally Authorised, such an one might indeed enter, notwithstanding the households dissent or charge to the contrary. But for them that have no authoritye the case is otherwise; and if such an one should presume to enter into another mans house & habitation, he might Justly be Impleaded as a Thiefe or an usurper. and if in case of such violent assault the owner should se defendendo slay the assaillant & Intruder, his blood would be vpon his owne head. And if private persons may in case shed the blood of such Intruders, may not the like be granted unto them that are the public keepers & guardians of the Commonwealt?"

We have but few extracts from the Records to present in relation to persecution for opinion's sake. Not that instances are wanting; from the first organization of the government conformity to the faith and practice of the majority was strictly enforced; but a collection of all the various cases would be interesting only to the theologian, or to the zealous antiquarian.

Roger Williams was the first and most eminent of the sectaries banished from the colony of the Bay. His opinions were without doubt nearer to the standard of the New Testament than were those of his persecutors. To his everlasting honor, Hubbard (a bitter theological opponent) records that

"He affirmed also, that magistrates had nothing to do with matters of the first table [man's duty to God] but only the second, [man's duty to man]; and that there should be a general and unlimited toleration of all religions, and for any man to be punished for any matters of his conscience, was persecution."

He seems to have been somewhat influenced by the notions of the Familists, who were a brotherhood of non-resistants, professing to be controlled only by the spirit of Love. Hence the arbitrary conduct of the Puritan magistrates was

exceedingly distasteful to him. Under his influence a circular letter was written from the church of Salem, which reflected so severely upon the tyranny of the government, that the General Court in a rage disfranchised the town, and refused to allow the presence of a deputy until a majority of the freemen there signed a recantation. He was firm against all forms and ceremonies. The English church he especially disliked, and refused all fellowship with its clergy. Regarding even the cross as a papistical emblem, he persuaded John Endicott to cut it out of the ensign. This incident forms the basis of one of the most striking of *HAWTHORNE'S* "Twice Told Tales." Like all great, earnest souls, he did not lack in the self-reliant force which prompts the reformer to set his single self against the world. Rev. John Cotton, the most eminent minister of the colony, said of him, "If he had not looked upon himself as one that had received a clearer illumination and apprehension of the state of Christ's kingdom and of the purity of the church communion than all Christendom besides, he would never have taken upon him, as usually his manner was, to give public advertisement and admonition to all men, whether meaner or of more public note and place, of the corruptions of religion, which himself observed both in their judgments and practices." The enemies of the prophet Nathan, of Luther, and of Knox would probably have the same objection to urge against the directness of their preaching. Perhaps, however, there was some ground to believe with his neighbors in Essex County, that "he was divinely mad; as if his too much zeal, as Festus said of Paul's too much learning, had made him beside himself." Certain it is that his perpendicularity, so to speak, because so unbending, that, one by one, he cut off his former friends from fellowship, until he came near arriving at unity, in a different sense from that which he had aimed at. The General Court finally took the matter in hand and sentenced him to banishment. The order is as follows:

"Whereas, Mr. Roger Williams, one of the Elders of the Church at Salem, hath broached & dyvulged dyvers newe & dangerous Opinions against the Authoritie of Magistrates, as also writt'nres of defamacon both of the Magistrates and Churches here, & that before any conviccion, & yet mainetaineth the same without retractacon, It is therefore ordered that the said Mr. Williams shall depte out of

this Jurisdiccon within sixe weekes nowe nexte ensuing, wch, if he neglect to yforme, It shalbe lawfull for the Gou'n'r & two of the Magistrates to sende him to some place out of this Jurisdiccon, not to return any more without license from the Court."—*Mass. Records*, vol. 1, p. 168. 1635.

Notwithstanding his banishment, Roger Williams lived on terms of amity with the colony, and rendered important services, especially by giving warning of the hostile intentions of his Indian neighbors.

John Green, one of Williams's disciples, at Providence, was arraigned while on a visit in Boston, for words spoken in derogation of the magistrates and ministers. He was fined, sent home, and ordered not to return. After reaching Providence, he wrote a letter back to the government, in which their principles and conduct were pretty severely handled. Whereupon the Court passed an order enjoining him not to set foot within its jurisdiction again at his peril; and furthermore, they ordained that any of the inhabitants of the Providence Plantation (who were all supposed to entertain similar views), found within the limits of Massachusetts, should be arrested and imprisoned, not to be liberated till they should purge themselves of holding to the heretical and disrespectful opinions of Mr. John Green! One would think that tyranny itself could not go further; but the case following is worse in fact than the preceding is on paper.

There was a settlement of separatists and familists near the present town of Pawtucket, of which Samuel Gorton and Randall Holden were the leading spirits. Their residence was plainly out of the jurisdiction of the colony of Massachusetts, they neither being subject to its laws nor receiving its protection. It is difficult at this time to arrive at any accurate knowledge of their tenets, or of the origin of the difficulty with the government of the Bay. Their difficulties with two Indian sagamores, Pumbom and Sacononoco, who were tributaries to the colony, was made the pretext for their arrest. When once at Boston, the wrongs of the Indians seem to have been forgotten, and the deadly heresies of the prisoners only remembered. Previous to the arrest of Gorton, he had written a letter in answer to the complaints against him, in which his religious opinions were set forth. This was the ground of the charge against him, which follows:

"Upon much examination & Serious consideration of yor writings with yor answers about them; wee do charge you to bee a blasphemous enemy of the true religion of our lord Jesus Christ and his holy ordinances, & also of all civill authority among the people of god, & particularly in this jurisdiction."—*Mass. Records*, vol. 2, p. 30. 1641.

The last clause doubtless contains the gist of the matter :

"Samu: Gorton & his Compa * * * * were writ unto * * * * to come to or Cort & there make answers to the Particulars, to wch they returned no other but contemptuous & disdainfull answers, whereupon 3 commissioners were sent to * * * * see satisfaction made wth security to bring their Persons."—*Id.* Vol. 2, p. 40. 1641.

The "security to bring their persons," was a guard of 40 soldiers, who captured the chiefs of the settlement, nine in number, and brought away their cattle. At the trial nothing was urged against the prisoners except their heretical opinions. Nevertheless, "all the magistrates, save three," says Gov. Winthrop, "were of opinion that Gorton ought to die, but, the greatest number of the deputies dissenting, that vote did not pass." The following is the sentence of the court :

"It is Ordered that Samu: Gorton shalbe confined to Charlestowne, there to bee set on worke, & to weare such bouts or irons as may hindr his escape. * * * in the meane time if hee * * * either by speech or writing, publish, declare or maintaine any of the blasphemous or abominable heresies wherewith hee hath bene charged, * * * or shall revile or revile the Churches of our lord Jesus Christ in these United Colonies * * * hee shall be committed to prison, till the next Court of Assistants * * * tried by a jury * * * and upon his conviction thereof, shalbee condemned to death & executed. 3rd of the 9 mo., 1643."—*Id.*

"It is ordered that all such cattle of Samu: Gortons and John Greens as have bene seized or shalbee seized for the satisfaction of charges as the Country hath bene put unto by * * * fetching them in, & other charges about the tryall in the Court, & expenses in the prison or otherwise, shalbee appraised and sold to the most advantage and disposed of accordingly, & the overplus to be reserved by the Treasurer towards their maintenance."—*Id.* p. 41.

His associates were similarly treated in other towns. But the care of them soon becoming burdensome, they were sent away to England. Winthrop gives an additional reason. "At the next court they were all sent away, because we found that they did corrupt some of our people, especially the women, by their heresies."

It little becomes the writer, himself of the Puritan stock, to enlarge upon tyranny like this. The charity of silence would be the only screen against the indignation of posterity; the truth of his

tory must not be warped or suppressed even to serve the desires of filial piety. The extreme unfairness of Hubbard, in whom the *odium theologorum* seems to have amounted almost to a disease, may be inferred from the manner in which he has attempted to gloss over this transaction. After recounting Gorton's defence of his doctrines, he says : "This being all the satisfaction was like to be had of this Gorton and his companions, after all their insolencies and injuries, they were detained for a time about Boston, at several towns, whither they were sent, and where they had more civil entertainment than they deserved, all the time of their continuance there," etc. The whole relation shows that Hubbard like many other clerical historians, is not to be implicitly trusted, where the interests of the church are concerned.

We have not space at this time to do more than make a passing allusion to Mrs. Hutchinson. We have read all that pertains to her trial with attentive interest, and have yet to learn wherein she differed in opinion from the strictest Calvinist in the Bay. She had a fervid imagination, great fluency of language, and undoubted piety. Even Hubbard is constrained to say, "This gentlewoman was of a nimble wit, voluble tongue, eminent knowledge in the Scriptures, of great charity, and notable helpfulness," etc. She was evidently in advance of her age; were she now living, she would perhaps attend the conventions to decalim upon the wrongs of her sex. We suppose that most clergymen consider Rev. Antoinette Brown a very heretical and improper person; yet we have been informed that her opinions are rigidly "orthodox"—if any one can say what that is. The rulers in the church have never manifested any special liking for women like Ann Hutchinson and Antoinette Brown.

The division among the people, on account of Mrs. Hutchinson, grew to be a very serious affair. Parties were founded for and against her. The two deputies, in the General Court, from Boston, John Coggeshall and William Aspinwall, were deposed from membership for having signed the remonstrance against the sentence upon Mr. Wheelwright, an adherent. Afterwards, a large number of citizens were disfranchised and disarmed, under the pretence that there was reason to fear an insurrection, like that of the fanatical Anabaptists in Germany. Mrs. Hutchinson was

banished, and not many years after, was murdered by the Indians. The following observation upon this tragical occurrence by Welde (*Winthrop's Journal*, vol. 2, p. 136), shows the temper of the times towards schismatics. "I never heard that the Indians, in those parts, did ever before this commit the like outrage upon any one family, or families; and, therefore, God's hand is the more apparently seen herein, to pick out this woful woman, to make her, and those belonging to her, an unheard of heavy example of their cruelty above others." The doctrine of a special providence must be highly consolatory to a spirit like this.

The first formal law against Anabaptists is here inserted. It will be seen that non-resistance, and other ideas, supposed by some to have arisen in our own times, are by no means new.

"Soasmuch, as experience hath plentifully & often shewed y^e since y^e first arising of y^e Anabaptists, about a hundred years since, they have bene y^e incendiaries of Comon wealths, & y^e infect^{ers} of persons in maine matths of religion, & y^e troublers of Churches, in all places where they have bene, and y^e they who have held y^e baptizing of Infants unlawful, have usually held other errors or heresies together therewith, though they have (as other hereticks used to do) concealed y^e same till they spied out a fit advantage & opportunity to vent y^m by way of question or scruple;—& whereas, divers of this kind have, since or coming into New England appeared amongst o^rselves, some whereof have (as oth^rs before y^m) denied y^e ordinances of magistracy, & y^e lawfulness of making warr, & oth^rs y^e lawfulness of martiall & their inspection into any breach of the first table, wth opinions, if they should be connived at by us, are like to be increased amongst us, & so necessarily bring guilt upon us, infection & trouble to y^e Churches, & hazard to y^e whole Comon wealth;—

"It is therefore ordered and agreed y^e If any person whin y^e jurisdiction shall either openly condemne or oppose y^e baptizing infants, or go about secretly to seduce oth^rs from y^e app^{ro}bation or use thereof, or shall purposely depart y^e congregation at y^e ministration of y^e ordinance, or shall deny y^e ordinance of magistracy, or their lawful right or authority to make warr or to punish y^e outward breaches of y^e first table, & shall appear to y^e Court wilfully & obstinately to continue therein, after due time & means of conviction, every such p^{er}son or p^{er}sons shall be sent into banishment."—*Mass. Records*, vol. 2, p. 66. 1644.

The history of the persecution of the Quakers has been very fully presented to the public. Little remains that can be said to be new, save one or two sentences passed by the General Court. The minute annals of Hutchinson, the

graceful narrative of Bancroft, and the burning verse of Whittier, have made the cruelties exercised upon this unhappy people, only too familiar to every reader. We write with the original records before us, but the assiduity of former searches has anticipated every point of interest. Those who would like to see more of the details than we have room to insert, are referred to Hutchinson's History (vol. 1, p. 180 *et seq.*)

The books of Reeves and Muggleton, "who pretend to be the two last witnesses and prophets of Jesus Christ," were proscribed in 1654. No Quakers came over till two years later, when the shipmaster, Robert Locke, was required, under heavy penalties, to transport back all he had brought. This was the occasion of a stringent law against the sect, forbidding the possession of their books, or to entertain or lodge them, with penalty of whipping and imprisonment for attending their meetings or upholding their doctrines. The succeeding year a still more severe law was passed, which we insert.

"In addition to y^e late Order in reference to
* * * the Cursed sect of the Quakers * *
* * *

"It is further Ordered that If any Quaker or Quakers shall presume, after they have once suffered what the law requireth, do come into this jurisdiction, every such male Quaker shall, for the first offence, have one of his eares cutt off, and be kept at worke in the house of Correction, till he can be sent away at his owne charge; and for the second offence shall have his other eare cutt off, &c., and be kept at the house of Correction as aforesaid. And every woman Quaker that hath suffered the lawe here, that shall presume to come into this jurisdiction, shall be severely whipt and kept at the house of Correction, etc. * * * And for every Quaker he or she, that shall a third time Againe offend, they shall have their tongues bored through wth a hot Iron, & be kept at the house of Correction * * *"—*Mass. Records*, vol. 4, p. 360. 1657.

In 1659, there was a great increase in the number of the Quakers, judging by the numbers arrested. Most of them were whipped and banished; among the number whose backs were bared to the lash were six women, one of whom was named Margaret Smith. The many admirers of Mr. Whittier will remember her "Journal," with a painful interest. To the sentence of banishment was attached the penalty of death for returning. Few, it might be supposed, would

* Record defaced; the syllables supplied are conjectural.

be so hardy as to desire to pass through the ordeal of a Puritan trial the second time; but three persons so banished returned. Two of them were executed; the third, Mary Dyer by name, was taken to the gallows with the rope about her neck, and then banished a second time. But she was so infatuated as to return again, and then suffered the penalty of death. It is but just to state that no Quaker was hung in Massachusetts without being first warned by banishment; none would have been hung, if they had not run voluntarily into the noose by returning.

One Wendlock Christopherson, when upon trial, uttered rather memorable words of remonstrance to the Court. We quote from Hutchinson, (*vol.* 1, *p.* 185.)

"He desired the Court to consider what they had gained by their cruel proceedings. 'For the last man (says he) that was put to death, here are five come in his room; and if you have power to take my life from me, God can raise up the same principle of life in ten of his servants, and send them among you, in my room, that you may have torment upon torment.'" He had returned from banishment, and was sentenced to be executed, but was relieved, and afterwards allowed to leave the jurisdiction.

The following sentence will show what was meant by whipping at the cart's tail.

"Judah Browne & Peter Peirson having bin indicted at the last Court of Assistants for Quakers, & there standing mute, Refusing to give any Answer, being bound over to this Court to Ansr theire Contempt, & here standing mute also, The Court Judgeth it meete to Order that they shall by the Constable of Boston, be forthwith taken out of the prison & stript from the Girdle upwards by the executioner & tyed to the Carts Tayle & whipt thro' the Towne wth twenty stripes, & then Carried to Roxbury and delivered to the Constable there, who is also to tye them or cause them in like manner to be tyed to a Carts tayle & againe whip them thro' the Towne with tenn stripes, & then Carried to Dedham & deliuered to the Constable there who is Againe in like manner to Cause them to be tyed to the Carts Tayle & whipt with tenn stripes thro' the Towne, & from thence they are immediately to depart this Jurisdiction at theire perrill."—*Mass. Records*, *vol.* 8, *p.* 380. 1661.

It has been said that all martyrdoms looked poor and contemptible when they were suffered. Few, doubtless, of the callous executioners of the law, hardly more human than the cattle they drove, could have foreseen with what

sensations of pity and horror posterity would read the bare narration of the atrocities in which they acted a not unwilling part. The jeering rabble that attended the cart from town to town, as it dragged on the footweary Quakers, half naked and gashed with the whip, thought it a rare entertainment. Doubtless the crowd who followed with insulting cries the Son of Man to the place of execution, had no higher curiosity or amusement.

It may be well to add that this sentence just quoted is immediately followed upon the Record by a proclamation for a Thanksgiving "for the many favors wherewith the Lord hath bin pleased to Compass us about for so many years." The juxtaposition is somewhat suggestive.

One attempt to carry yet further the persecution of these wretched people signally failed from its very barbarity. Laws which outrage the moral sense of a people fall to the ground; nothing can give them vitality. And there was a limit beyond which even Puritan severity could not go. Lawrence Southwick and Cassandra his wife were convicted of being Quakers, and banished. Their children were afterwards arraigned, and after lying in prison for some time, the following order was passed by the Court, with the view, probably, of getting rid of the expense of their maintenance.

"Whereas Daniell and Provided Southwick, some and daughter to Lawrence Southwick, have been fyned by the County Courts at Salem & Ipswich, pretending they have no estates, Resolving not to worke; And others likewise have bin fyned, & more like to be fyned for siding with the Quakers, & absenting themselves from the publick ordinances;—In Ansr to a Question what Course should be taken for the satisfaction of the fines, the Court, on perrvall of the laws, title 'Arrest,' Resolve that the Treasurers of the severall Countyes are and shall hereby be Impowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Virginia or Barbadoes."—*Mass. Records*, *vol.* 4, *p.* 301. 1657.

Whittier has made this incident the theme of one of the most widely known of his poems. As we look over the yellow page whereon the vigorous hand of Secretary Rawson has left in nervous characters the brutal order we have copied, the scene rises vividly before our sight. The sailors, swarthy cosmopolitans, whose isolation, as a class, has stamped their manners not for one age but for all time; the citizens, bearded and solemn, in suits of sober grey or brown, though with less of their usual enforced

meekness of visage on account of the novelty of the spectacle; the women, stout, as became a generation with whom beef and beer abounded, their accustomed gossip repressed by the absorbing interest of the scene, and not without a yearning of sympathy for the helpless maiden, who stands in the midst of the dark-browed and pitiless rulers;—all comes to the mind's eye, as though it were a picture reproduced by memory. We feel a choking in our throat as the girl sobs, for we have sisters and daughters, and know what ties are riven by separation; we shudder to think of all that may be involved in the sale of the tender maid to strangers, even though they be of the "English nation." We listen, breathless, for the reply of the ship-master to the application of the marshal. How full of music to the heart, now relieved from apprehension, is that voice which

"Grewed back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea :

* Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish Gold

From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold ;

By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay

Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this child away !"

In the first part of this article, we quoted a paragraph from the General Court's vindication of its conduct in ordering the returned Quakers to execution. Two other arguments from this vindication, deserve to be inserted here. The Rev. John Norton, a minister at Ipswich, and afterwards at Boston, had previously written a "tractate" against Quakerism, at the Court's request, for which he received a formal vote of thanks, and a grant of five hundred acres of land. Doubtless the Scripture quotations with which this vindication is profusely garnished, are from the argument of that learned divine. After setting forth the heresies of the Quakers in reference to religion and civil government, the case of Shimei is cited from the Old Testament, as an example of vengeance worthy of imitation.

" * * * for so he thought of Shimei for his Contumacious Carriage & Cursing Speeches against David, 2 Sam. 16: 9 & 19: 21; and though David at that time did forebear to put him to death, yet he gives charge to Solomon that this Shimei, having cursed him with such a grievous curse, he should not hold him guiltless, but bring down his hoarse head

to the grave with blood, 1 Kings, 2: 8. 9; according to which direction King Solomon caused him to be put to death, Vers 44. 44.

"Also in this story of Solomon and Shimei, 1 Kings 2, it is Recorded how Solomon confined Shimei to Jerusalem, charging him upon paine of death not to goe out thence, & telling him that if he did he should dye for it; which Confinement when Shimei had broken, though it were three yeares after, & upon an occasion that might seeme to have some weight in it, viz: to fetch againe his servants that were runne away from him, yett for all this, the Confinement being broken, Solomon would not spare him, but putt him to death. And if execution of death be lawful for breach of Confinement, may not the same be said for breach of Banishment? * * *"
—*Mass. Records*, vol. 4, p. 317. 1659.

The spirit that dictated this cruel argument, is surely not the spirit of Christ; it breathes rather the vindictiveness that demanded an eye for an eye. But, by a somewhat dextrous change of front, the vindicator of Puritan justice carries the war into the territory of the Quakers in this wise:

"It was the Comandment of the lord Jesus Christ unto his disciples, that when they were persecuted in one City they should flee into another, Math. 10: 23, & accordingly, It was his owne practise soe to doe many atime, both when he was a child, Math. 2: 13, 14, & afterwards, 12: 15, John 7: 1. * * * and so was also the practise of the saints, wittnes what is written of Jacob, Gen. 27: 43, 43 * * * of Moses * * * of Elias * * * of Paul * * * & others who when they have bene persecuted, have fled away for their owne safety. And reason requires that when men have liberty unto it, they should not refuse so to doe; because otherwise they will be guilty of tempting God & of incurring their owne hurt, as having a faire way open for the avoyding thereof, but they needlessly expose themselves thereto. If, therefore, that which is donne against Quakers in this Jurisdiction were indeed persecution, as they account of it, (though in truth it is not so, but the due administration of Justice;) but suppose it were as they thinke it to be, what spirit may they be thought to be acted & led by, who are in their actings so Contrary to the Comandment & example of Christ & of his saints in the case of persecution, which these men suppose to be their case? plaine enough It is that if their case were the same, their actings are not the same, but quite Contrary. * * *"
—*Ib.* p. 318.

Surely, when we see with what fatal facility the Scriptures have been wrested to uphold tyranny and revenge, we can hardly be too thankful that the progress of the race has rendered such reasoning for ever powerless henceforward. The fearful maxim of Calvin, *In hæreticos gladio vindicandum est*, will never bring another Quaker to the gallows, nor a Servetus to the stake, at least in America.

In later times, great stress has been laid upon the gross improprieties of con-

duct which the Quakers were charged with, as affording an excuse for the proceedings against them. It is doubtless true that many, by their belief in direct inspiration, were brought into a state of exaltation or ecstasy approaching insanity. But the freaks witnessed at Camp Meetings, to say nothing of the frantic enthusiasm which followed the preaching of Miller, the modern Jonah, might readily furnish a parallel. It is said that a Quaker woman went naked through the streets of Salem; and this case has been so often cited, that many have the impression that these enthusiasts delighted in shameless exposures, and made a practice of thus outraging decency. In fact, however, there is but a single case on record; and that was a palpable case of lunacy, and should have been so treated. We cannot regard this apology as having much force. Indiscretions in behavior, lectures to magistrates, prophecies against priests, and unsound views in religion and politics, if worthy of attention at all, might surely have been kept within bounds by less severe penalties than cutting off ears, or boring tongues with hot irons. By how much would the dignity of the State authorities of Massachusetts, or of the city fathers of Boston, be increased, if they were to arraign the white-bearded Elder Lamson and his "sister in the Lord," Abby Folsom, for their disrespect to authority in their Sunday sermons on the Custom House steps? The only remedy for fanaticism, is to let it alone. But we do not wish to leave the impression that *all* the Quakers were worthy of comparison with this harmlessly insane couple; many of them exhibited a "method" in their "madness," which compared favorably with the intellect of their judges; and they far outshone the persecuting class in the milder graces which are now considered peculiar to Christianity.

One good resulted to the colony from these and kindred severities; it would be strange if anything should prove an absolutely unmixed evil in human affairs. All the idle, the dissolute, the visionaries, the non-resistants, the no-government men, were rigorously excluded. Those who remained were active, vigorous, industrious, familiar with military exercises, and ready to charge upon their foes with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Had the commonwealth been any less strong, less brave, less insured to hardship, it would have been

certainly crushed in the fierce contest with the combined Indian tribes under King Philip. Even if it had escaped that catastrophe, what hope could there have been for the success of a population of Quakers, or of effeminate pleasure-lovers against the British forces in 1775? The thrift and economy which the sumptuary laws enjoined, had accumulated a good degree of wealth, the "sinews of war;" and this, with the military training, and the unity of a people of like faith, gave to Massachusetts a power which no other colony then possessed. These enabled her to bear the brunt of the contest, and prevented the spark of liberty from being trampled out as soon as its first gleam appeared. It would seem that every event preceding the Revolution had been ordered with special reference to the success of that great movement; and among these providences, none is more apparent than the training up of a resolute, iron-hearted yeomanry in New England, free from the usual elements of weakness, whom no luxury could seduce into inaction, and no softness of heart deter from the fierce and inevitable struggle.

This view, it will be seen, is not precisely a Christian one according to the doctrines of Peace societies; but it is eminently practical, and we must acknowledge its force. It is, perhaps, needless to say that it is not brought forward by way of apology for persecution; for, by a parity of reasoning, the treachery of Judas could be equally as well justified.

After the perusal of so much that suggests only painful reflections, it may be well to close with something of a less serious character. Nothing occurs to us at all german to the subject we have been considering, except the case of Mrs. Tylley, a notable midwife, who had a long contest with the magistrates, about the year 1650. She was arraigned on a charge of mal-practice, and was imprisoned either by sentence, or for non-payment of her fine; as the trial took place in an inferior court, the beginning of the case is not to be found in the records. The weight of evidence seems to show that Court, who, of course, had no professional knowledge of the case, erred in imposing the fine. And it is probable that a humble petition from her, or the payment of a small pecuniary satisfaction would have been sufficient to procure her release. But Mrs. Tylley was a

model strong-minded woman. At the summit of her profession, she was secure of ultimate triumph, for she had all the women for supporters, and she well knew that the magistrates, who were husbands and fathers, must ultimately give in. Her religious opinions were not called in question, but it is evident from various intimations that they considered her tongue decidedly unruly. The women of Boston and the adjacent towns petitioned for her release, almost unanimously, and with the most moving eloquence. Mrs. Tilly, pertinacious woman, kept in the background; but the Court well knew who was the real antagonist. It puzzled them to answer her demands; they could not answer, any more than the assessors of Boston could answer anti-tax-paying Dr. Harriet Hunt. They, therefore, planted themselves on their magisterial authority, which she, daring rebel in petticoats, had utterly flouted and defied.

The first petition in her favor, which we insert, is, perhaps, rather long to be transcribed, but those who read it attentively will see that it would be difficult to abridge it.

"To the right worth John Endicott Esq^r Governour, Tho: Dudley Esq^r Deputy Governour wth y^e rest of y^e Worth Court.

"The humble petition of divers women in Boston Humbly Sheweth, y^t whereas y^e petitioners hauing had manifold experiences of y^e skill & ability (through y^e good hand of God) as an usefull instrument, who by providence is become a prisoner to y^e worths, (namely Alice Tilly Wife to W^m Tilly) by hauing y^e black side of her actions presented to y^e worths, & therein severall crimes written on her forehead, w^{ch} peradventure God nor her owne conscience may lay to her charge, further then this speaking dispensation, to take her off in ouer much Selfe conceitnes in whatt She hath reuealed, y^t Shee may remember y^t She hath all upon y^e accompt of receipt, w^{ch} y^e petitioners hope shall bee, as pray itt may bee y^e effect thereof.

"Wherefore y^e humble petitioners though in all humility, yett in child like boldnes, to, & wth y^e worths, whose care wee beleeue, is as for our good, so for y^e posterity to succeed, outt of w^{ch} care wee (as hope so) desire y^t y^e worths will please to considerate y^e condition of so many of y^e poore trembling petitioners, whose burdens wee doubt nott, butt will moue y^e compassions, as in answering some who haue gone before us in this way of petitioning, so to our selues wth as much fauour as clemency may afford, ouer looking y^e line of iustice, so farre as will stand w^{ch} good conscience & Honor, wherein wee dare nott assume aboute or line to direct, butt leane y^e compoure thereof to god & y^e wisdom given of God to you, who wee doubt nott butt will direct y^e worths therein, so as y^e his owne honour may bee preserved, y^e security of y^e children, yea, & those of y^e weakest sexe provided for, & y^e humbly requests of y^e poore petitioners granted,

in opening the doore of free liberty to or wanted way of instrumentall helpfulness by her, of whom or experiences are great, & necessitie greater.

"Y^e fauours herein giuen forth will more oblige y^e petitioners, who shall however count themselves bound to pray for you, & all of God sett ouer us, while we shall remaine, (though weak) yett true hearted well wishers, & endeauourers of y^e publick good, of these Churches & common wealth God hath cast vs in."—*Mass. Arch MSS.*, vol. 2, fol. 14. 1648.

Of the various other petitions on file, we select one more, from which we shall insert a few sentences.

"That whereas wee, your worships' humble petitioners did put up a petition unto your worships, in the behalf of our approved midwife, * * * whose hath, through the goodness of god, bin carried through such difficulties in her calling y^t none of those who are her accusers could doe, * * * and as the Honord Depatie Governour, namely Mr. Dudley, Esq^r, did say y^t shee was the ablest midwife in the land; but whereas the Honord Magistrates and many men more can speake but by heare say; wee and many more of vs can speake by experience * * * therefore our humble petition unto your worships * * * is that your worships would bee pleased so farre to Gratify y^e worships most humble petitioners as to vouchsafe vnto vs the liberty of our midwife, for whom wee are bound in conscience to supplicate, knowing the present need y^t some of vs haue of her.

"Now the lord Guide y^e worships y^t you may heare the Cryes of mothers, and of children yett unborne, y^t see y^e worships may be moued thereby to Grant vnto vs * * * the liberty of our midwife * * *

"And soe, Humbly Expecting a gracious Answers, which, if you grant, wee shall For euer bee found to bee thankfull to God, and remain

Yours in the Lord."
[*D. P^ol.* 2.

To this last petition the ministers of Boston added their names, with the following note:

"It is or humble Request also, that y^e petition of these sisters and neighbors abovenamed (so far as it Intreateth for the liberty of the practice of their midwife's calling without Balle and so farre as it may be done by y^e worths out of cort) may be in clemency condescended vnto. As authority may be as well mainteyned by Clemency in Remitting, as by constancy in vpholding a sentence of Cort—

JOHN COTTON,
JOHN WILSON."
[*D.*

Those who are familiar with the early history of the colony need not be reminded of the eminent character and influence of the men whose names are just given.

Could the magistrates refuse to grant this request? Could they be deaf to the cries of "mothers, and of children yett unborn?" Hard-hearted patriarchs! They doubtless felt some sym-

pathetic movings; but the unbending image of "authoritie" seemed sternly silent, as they cast an inquiring glance before making answer. The enlargement from prison they had winked at from time to time; but the persevering woman was not so to be put off; she would have the stigma effaced. The sentence must be reversed, and the Court thereby acknowledge themselves in the wrong. The court was in a state of extremity. They had quelled bearded men by the strong hand, and answered their complaints with fines and stripes; they had ejected the parti-colored brood of heretics; they had owned no power paramount but the crown, and hardly that; and now to be worsted by a woman, was not to be thought of. It was but a small breach in their stronghold which so insignificant a rebel could make, but, once broken through, what barrier could be relied on against future malcontents?

At length a large number of men petitioned, and to them the Court returned an answer. Their carefully worded denial shows how deeply this matter concerned them. On ordinary occasions they could be sufficiently laconic and crisp, as our former gleanings attest. This was a case to be reasoned upon. Observe the antithesis with which it

closes, and to which the argument with due unity tends.

"The Court doth Answer that it is no small griefe unto them to be so often pressed both in the generall and particular Courts by so many women heretofore, and now also by so many men, being such as deserve so great respect from them in a cause which they cannot gratifie them in without the violation of their Consciences and that Authoritie the Countre hath betruisted them withall; so that they might Answer as Solomon did his mother whom he was loath to deny anything. Aske for Mrs. Tilly the kingdome also: for the petitioners should doe well to consider that notwithstanding the censure past upon hir (which they upon the full evidence they had then did, and yett doe, thinke to be just), yett being willing (out of the respect they beare to the former petitioners) to connive at hir disobedience so farr as they might without betraying all Authoritie into hir hands, have hitherto permitted hir to goe whether shee pleased, doe what she listed, and speak what she would without further questioning of hir or those who were bound to Retourne her to prison; whereby she either was or might have bin as usefull in hir midwivry as before hir censure. But it plainly appears by hir carriage and speeches and her vryng others thus still to petition for hir, that nothing but a compleate victory over magistracy will satisfy her excessive pride; which they desire maybe weighed by the petitioners and others in an equal balance, there being as much neede to uphold magistracy in their Authoritie as Mrs. Tilly in her midwivry; that so further Importunity maybe forborne and that both magistrates may serve god and the Countre without discouragement in their places, and Mrs. Tillyes freinds may at length be pacified."—*Gen. Court Records*. Vol. 4, p. 30. 1650.

OUR NEW ATLANTIS.

"Far westward I wot it lyeth,
And is the last londe the sonne espieth,
Ther, as he goeth into the sé."—*JUVENAL'S ECLOGUES*.

WE all go away into the West, in fancy, if not otherwise.

The sensible man builds his home with a porch looking toward the sunset. There he sits at the day's close, when the great sun drops beyond his paternal acres, or falls behind some high mountain that he has had eye possession of for many years, and is ravished by the splendor of that diurnal pomp. There, in the clouds, he beholds exact pictures of all the mysterious lands, tropical islands, enchanted castles, and imperial towns he has read about in strange stories and in poetry, and which Christoval Colon and thousands of admirals, sailing all seas, have failed to tell us of. For all these are in the West.

The boy sees the sun go away each evening, and it takes his heart with it. He longs to know what vast prairies and solitudes and wonderful forests it will look on before it returns; what broad and shallow rivers it will silver; what mountain tops it will tip with day; what vast herds feeding upon illimitable plains, and tribes with lineage remote as Shem it will find; what gallant savages it will light on their war paths, and what maidens, more graceful than his artificial cousins Arabella and Lillian, it will ripen into the maturity of beauty and the knowledge of love. Has he not read, how the Daootah brave, sitting down upon a little hill apart from the lodges, with a bit of broken mirror,

throws a sunbeam upon the Indian girl he loves, and waits till an answering beam dazzles his eyes, and blinds him into the belief he is a "happy man."—as others, whiter and better read in optics than he, have been blinded the world over? For all these are in the West.

The East is our past, and its treasures are certain and secure. Its heroes and charming women, and fairies, and genii, and castles of Aladdin, are all facts to us. They are our possessions of certain wealth. Have we not Nineveh and Bagdad, and old Jerusalem, as well as London, and Paris, and St. Petersburg? Can you rob us of Napoleon, or Themistocles, or Saladin, or the Captains of Israel; and of Shakespeare, or Homer, or Hafiz, or the Story Tellers of the Nile? Will Mary, Queen of Scots, or Ninon d'Enclos, or Cleopatra, or the captive Briseis, or Antigone, or the Queen of Sheba, ever lose the bloom of beauty, or the lustre of romance for us? We go into the East, as into a great storehouse of gems whose value is known, a magazine full of marvellous beauty, and loveliness, and wonder, which we will not alienate, and cannot be disposed of.

But the West is our Future, the playground and workground of imagination, and fancy, and hope. We draw immense drafts on it—but where shall we find an endorser, and when an acceptor? We ask neither. We all have stock in the Great Bank (a bank of clouds indeed!) and it is always held above par, and holders will not sell. It may be "down" in the morning, but the "second board" for ever shows more brilliant investments.

I am glad that none of the old trimmes and galleys ever touched at Plato's Atlantis, and that the sailors, from the high sterns, never discerned its green and perfect shore. That would have been a flat ending of the business of this world. The Santa Maria might have rotted in the harbor of Palos, and the first hunter been content to let the deer swim the Mississippi, and elude his sight on the further shore, and despised him, too, for his vicious taste of barbarism.

But Atlantis is still in the West. One can imagine how splendid a land it is, from its reflected gleam upon the spear points and helmets of the old Spaniards who went with Ponce de Leon and Cortes in search of it, and, indeed, on the illumined faces of all the living gen-

eration when they turn to the sunset, beneath whose radiance it lies. Shall we all be hale and handsome then, and rich, and honest, and virtuous? I suppose so—if not there, then a little beyond there. It will be a sad disappointment if this favored land is not somewhere in these new territories a beneficent Congress has so kindly given us. I hope we are not deluded, and shall not be cheated anew. But candor compels me to say, since I have stood upon the edge of this new Canaan, that it may not be there, after all;—though, doubtless, it is just beyond, and we shall come up with it some day. Trust me, trust yourselves for that.

If this were all mere fancy, I would not write further. But I have seen (have not you?) upon some of the faces turned to this gorgeous land, a shrewd leer of calculation, and, upon others, an almost painful anxiety of hope, and upon yet other and younger countenances, a flush of certain triumph, more painful to me than either. Perhaps it is well to know all we can about this new Atlantis, so that we may neither be extravagantly elated at a sudden realization of our desires, nor too much depressed in case the reality does not, after all, keep pace with our swift-running fancy. I do not so much care for our gentlemen of the shrewd visage, but I do remember how many hopes and hearts have gone out to the West—ventures of love and honor—and how dearer than life is the promise of that far Atlantis.

Can you tell me how many fond mothers watch with weary eyes the course of sons who have gone away and come to be great "western men" now? They do not hear church bells as often as they used to, nor see academy spires; yet their ideas have grown wonderfully enlarged and comprehensive. Do they wear "wide-awake hats," and broad stripes in their pantaloons, and use more adjectives than our Reverend "Marshall" author does in fighting his battles? Do they throw themselves into arm-chairs and talk in that large way as if they were leaning back against the Alleghanies and resting one foot on Vancouver's Island and the other one (indiscriminately) somewhere on the Sandwich group? I do not doubt that they possess a great part of the West, only I am puzzled to make out their claims compatible with those of so many others who possess a great part of it also. Perhaps they own

a town, or a railroad, and very likely a city; if, given one mayor, six councilmen, a constable, a good water-power, and building lots *ad libitum*, that article is produced. They may have become judges, or generals, or gone to Congress, or got hanged, I cannot say. But I will wish the fond mothers to understand that their sons are very near the true Atlantis, or will be, when Mugginsopolis is "settled up," and the saw mill is running, and the great railroad comes along.

And that fair girl in some quiet eastern village, is she not waiting for his return who went away into the West years ago, young, ambitious, the boy-lover; waiting for him to come back, sun-browned, indeed, but grown manly and handsome and rich;—waiting for him to come back and marry her? My dear patient girl in some quiet eastern village! all are not so patient as you; and some one may have gone away to the West also and taken your boy-lover. In truth, I fear you will wait long, for if he has escaped your impatient friend, he may have gone with a gun and beaver-trap to the sources of the Yellowstone; or, perhaps, with a train of mules and white-topped wagons followed up the broad Platte (that silver stream!), or he has learned the passes and gone beyond the Mormons, and beyond the Nevada—gone, I cannot tell you where, but he will not come back.

I remember my young cousin went away into the West a long time ago and did not come back. It was surprising what a splendid country he found, and how finely he got on in life. But somehow, he died of a western fever one day. I was sorry about the fever; for everybody said it was a magnificent country, and I said, with tears in my eyes, it is a magnificent country.

It is the old magnificence that has led the world captive these many centuries—the mysterious West, rising so flush with promise on the horizon of our dreams, always beckoning and for ever receding like the Italian shore.

I do not wonder that the spirited boy, lured by such a promise, strong in hope, and confident in himself, thinks lightly of leaving the old homestead, and the trees his father planted. "My boy, it is a long way you go," the mother sobs, and the sister looks after him with tearful eyes, and the sister's friend lingers long at the neat gate past which he hurriedly went. But the fascination of that

unknown Atlantis renders him supremely above such weakness, and I do not wonder that he goes with a stout heart into the illimitable West, toward that sunny region of flowers. But I shall wonder if the rude and boisterous frontier life, the coarse companionship, the life in tents and on the burning plain can quite fill the need of his soul, and he will not turn again and again to the refinement he has left behind and will not long for the green fields and woods of home.

But he shall not go. He cannot turn back. It is so fated that he shall not. He has taken the step that cannot be retraced, and henceforth the fascination that he cannot break lures him, and the fever of unrest will push him onward. The Atlantis I sought, I seem to hear him say, indeed is not here. But the great splendor I saw in the sky from my father's door, is it not grander and more alluring than ever in the West?

I know not what old charm it is, more alluring than glory or beautiful women that draws us all to the West.

No longer ago than last spring, I met, turning the corner of Nassau and Wall, my friend HI FATHER. He was just returned, *only* from Michigan, and was walking very fast toward the East River, as if to get further from it.

"Back again!" said I, "sick of it, eh?"

"Sir," said he in his emphatic way, "I am disgusted with the West. If ever you catch me at large, anywhere west of the Alleghanies, again, you may shoot me and get rid of a ninnay."

And he was in earnest. Yet it was only two months after, that I heard of HI FATHER, who is disgusted with the West, over in Nebraska, hunting a mill site on Wolf Creek.

This insatiable West holds us all in one way, or another. People far humbler and less refined than young HI Father have their destiny in the West and their hearts in the East. Sometimes as I sit here in the long summer days, I hear an ancient colored woman singing at her work, in that low, droning tone which I fancy is quite the style in Senegambia. I say to her,

"Clemina (for that would be her baptismal name, if she had ever experienced that ordinance), from what country did you come?"

"From low down in Carolina," she says, "I left all my kinfolk there."

"Which country do you like best, Clemina?"

"Like this a heap the best, only sometimes when I get to 'study' about it, I like to go back there."

You may know she hears yet the screaming of violins and the monotonous tan-ta-ra-ra at the Christmas holiday, and cannot forget the corn-shucking *pirouettes* of "kinfolk" or that plantation "low down in Carolina."

[I crave here the shadow of a parenthesis. From this last illustration, let my abolition friends neither draw gall, nor their opponents honey. I would have it show only the universal power of the West over us all, and the tenderness of us all for the East. If the limning of one sable face on this white page, invokes visions of slavery kept in the new territories, or slavery kept out of them, I disclaim all responsibility for it. I have introduced only one crow (and that for no ulterior purpose, for any other bird of humble feather would have done as well), and if you choose to call in a whole flock, remember it is your own clamorous brood, and you must gather it under your wings as best you can.]

Sometimes, as I look off upon this vast territory whose massive gates have recently been swung open to us with such a flourish of trumpets, especially when twilight shadows fill with deeper uncertainty this vast future of the Republic, I am wont to fall into the most extravagant visions concerning it. The Bedonin by his desert camp-fire tells no more wonderful tales of gorgeous lands than I read at such times in the illumined page before me.

There lies a land whose open expanse of green, undulating prairie, no fine-toned painting ever imitated. Its soil is of such marvellous fertility, that all the grains and fruits of the earth shall bloom and mature without culture, and ripen to the hand without fostering. Flowers of more brilliant color than the dyes of India, more delicate and graceful in form, than those in any northern pasture, bloom, and fade, and renew their beauty there, from January to December. The sun is tempered to a gentle heat, and cool airs from the mountains of snow beyond, renew perpetual elasticity in the step and perpetual health and freshness in the cheeks of its thrice happy inhabitants. Everywhere crystal springs leap out and run away in clear streams to the great rivers, which are ever open channels of commerce. Ancient woods line the streams, and old groves, like deserted parks of noble families gone to decay in the reign of

Anne, crown the sloping swells. Cottages, like those in Arcadia, peep out from the forest's edge, and great mansions, on the hills, complete with the artifice and imported magnificence of an older civilization, lord it over the intervals.

New Birminghams and Lowells, like old monsters, come to drink at the water courses, fill the air with clamor, fire the citizens with the fever of business, and (in the confusion) steal away the beauty of the landscape; and bustling, keen-eyed men, are eager to confound the felony of the theft for *douceurs* of immense bales of merchandises, and warehouses of fabulous wealth. Do I not see cities, spacious, airy, magnificent? Cities of honest comfort and luxury, and not of dishonest splendor; where policemen are incorruptible, where aldermen are upright and not too fond of tea, and where politicians are not burned in effigy, simply because they do not deserve it.

All along the shore of that famous river which bounds it, stand warehouses bursting with the wealth of the interior. And, now, as the night deepens, I am astonished at the fleets of steamers crowding along the levees, and the glare of flambeaux at the water's edge, and the clamor and hurry of traffic so far into the night.

Is it some old mythological stream, where, in all midnights ten thousand Pygmaliions, are yet shipping untold riches to unknown islands? Possibly!

If this delicious land, barren of timber, lies naked to the scorching sun, or the cutting winter winds which sweep its blackened fields, it does not seem so to me. If crystal springs are not often flowing from the hills, and the streams are muddy, sluggish ditches, and even the great Silver River itself, is a shallow, sprawling bed of quicksand, I do not see them so. If cottages and stately mansions, and cities, and bursting warehouses, have lifted themselves into the western clouds, and floated off to yet another unattainable Atlantis, and a region vast, lonely, and for the most part un congenial to the settler, lies before me, I am not aware of it.

It is a circumstance worthy of notice, that thousands of politicians and speculators, and hopeful emigrants, are not aware of it either.

Mr. John Plainer has some very foolish ideas about this new Atlantis, and he made some very common-place observations to me the other morning, as we

rode over the ridges from the Nemaha Mission. Mr. Plainer is an honest, but rather illiterate sort of fellow, and having only been over the territory three or four times, of course, his word cannot be entitled to much credit in opposition to that of those who have read veritable journals of travel, and actually seen maps of the entire country, and for anything I know, seen town plots and diagrams of cities, with copious Croton refreshing them, and parks and cemeteries adjacent, which are (to be) there.

"This Kansas and Nebraska affair," said he to me, "is after all a bad business. It is a great political cheat. I fear that thousands of emigrants will regret the day they were deluded to come here; farmers led to abandon comfortable homes, and mechanics lucrative trades—to give up homes dear to them, society and a settled, peaceable life, and come in search of the promised Eden; to become unquiet and restless, haunted for ever after with dreams of that splendid land beyond them. For that vast nomadic tribe who roam along the western frontier, who live in wagons, and tents, and shift their camps as often as Arabs and as vaguely, there is not much to fear. They will come here, for it is a new promise of bread without labor, but they will be disappointed as they always have been, and they will wander further on, or die here, poor as ever."

"And leave to their children," I interposed, "as a legacy, the will and hope to hunt for ever the farmer's Atlantis."

"Sir," said he, catching at the word, "they'd better go back to the Atlantic at once. Why, sir, except a narrow strip along the confines of the Missouri, and in the Kansas valley, what is there here? I mean, in comparison to the millions of unclaimed acres eastward of the great rivers, acres of land ripe for the plowshare, adjacent to markets and flourishing neighborhoods, and infinitely richer and more beautiful than all the land that is now the pasture of buffaloes and the race-ground of Camanches and Cheyennes.

"Besides, what need had we of it? Or was it necessary to the annual saving of the Union—that feat so patriotically accomplished by causing everybody to forget its present danger in prospect of a new and more imminent peril? Like the old antidote of that zoological amateur who had the 'happy family' in his bowels. I mean the man who sent the cat down to catch the rat that was abrading his vitals. A pretty 'happy

family' we shall have in the bowels of this land directly! In 1850 we sent the cat after the rat of 1844, and now in 1854 we have sent the wolf after the cat.

"However," resumed he, getting down from his metaphorical animal, "one good may come of it. Multitudes of disappointed explorers, if they are not inoculated with the insane desire of a nomadic life, that continually urges us toward the west, will turn back and find homes in the frontier States; and develop splendid farms and thriving towns where centuries of uncontrolled vegetation have been depositing mines of agricultural wealth.

"Kansas and Nebraska indeed! I envy the almanac-maker of the next year. It will be such a source of pride to record opposite their respective dates, with "Washington born," "Burgoyne surrendered," these worthy events, "Kansas and Nebraska Bill passed," "Greytown bombarded, stormed, and finally reduced to ashes," and what other glorious achievements to come, of course, nobody can imagine!"

Thus, Mr. John Plainer was considerably irate, as you see. Yet not without some reason, since we have learned recently that he was ejected from a Post Office yielding him (in round numbers) some \$182 annually, for having expressed his doubts as to the expediency of this very measure.

Doubtless, worthy John's opinion must be taken with many grains of allowance. Much of the new territory is admirable. No doubt, in time, it will become the theatre of an active and wonderful civilization. But toil and trial must prepare its way. Visions of a new Eden will fade away, and many hopes of sudden wealth will be wrecked together with those who trust to them. We hope Mr. Plainer will discourage no resolute emigrants in their purpose of enlarging the honest limits of this Republic, and of building up fortunes and new homes for their descendants. Yet they should know with him that the most immediate prospect for it does not lie beyond the Missouri, and that years of labor and weary waiting will elapse before the delights and refinements of life they leave behind, will gather again about their hearthstones. From tent doors and cabin doors and humble homes, the charming West will yet beckon to the golden lands beyond.

The gentleman, farmer, and sportsman, will hardly combine the excitement of

the elk and buffalo chase about which he dreams, with the rural delights of home about which he dreams also.

If my lady expects to ride away into this new Atlantis in the carriage with the family arms blazing on the panel, and the footman conspicuous behind, and to find the mansion and pleasure-parks made ready by nature for her luxurious ease, I am sorry for my lady.

But she does not. She expects to go in great state on the top of a loaded baggage wain, and on some far-off prairie, there to spread the wagon cover for her house and incipient home. She shows her usual good sense by this modest expectation.

Indeed, we shall all show our good sense if we do not expect too much of this new Congressional bounty. The stout in heart who can dispense with the ease and comfort they have been cradled in, and set their resolute minds to a life of toil, shut out from the refinement of books, and the influences of learned and accomplished social intercourse, may spend an old age in fortune and honor. And the poor day laborer, who envies the broad acres of his neighbor, may go there and become his peer, in a sort of rude independence. But that new Atlantis, promising such wonderful land, such riches, such a new life without labor, such an Elysium in estate, and religion, and morals—let us not be too confident of it. I fear we can none of us buy Elysium on this earth at one dollar and a quarter per acre.

Is there, then, no Atlantis in that far West we long for? I think there is. I am confident it lies only a little beyond that first bank of clouds you see each evening, for there dwell Zenobia and Alice, who were my companions years ago.

Did I ever tell you?

I was told by sunsets and such hints of Atlantis as we all remember, that I should gain there a Zenobia's form and a Lady Jane Grey's heart; have a great mansion and library, troops of friends, lawns and literary leisure, and so with beauty and learning, and music and wit, about me, life would not grow old but only mellow to its close. Long ago these visions faded. No palace rises by the river bank, and no Zenobia comes to live with me. Ah! then, could I live in quiet! There should be a neat cottage by a little village. Would it ever do to ask regal Zenobia to such a humble home? But

sweet Alice should come—sweet Alice in white apparel, and her brown hair pushed back from that pure brow, and only a rose concealing the knot behind—she would come and spread the neat table, she would delight to bring new morning flowers to the desk where I wrote, and while I enriched my stories with pictures of unattainable beauty, and of virtue rarer than beauty, her low, sweet singing, should shade every picture, and soften the diction to its own placid flow. Truth compels me to say that the small cottage does not spring up in any lovely spot whatever, and mild and tractable Alice does not turn her eyes upon me, and will not come to prepare the morning meal, or arrange the morning flowers.

I should not have been as proud of Alice as of Zenobia, and she would not have made the same brilliant figure in society, but I think I should have loved her more, and she would have been more constant, and loved me better.

They, both of them, now live in that far off imperishable land of flowers and fruit, beautiful for ever in my memory, and unattainable. Their bloom and loveliness cannot be touched, though I know that one of them may be the centre of a shining society, and the other of such a home as I dreamed of, and neither dazzling society nor home are mine.

Zenobia I saw (but my eyes did not) when I was but a boy, and saw Dido; and sweet Alice used very often to come and sit by my side in later years and more sober fancy. I have never seen them since. But I still believe in that far Atlantis, and I know they are there, for very often I turn and gaze toward that marble mansion, where Zenobia sits and reads illumined books with the imperishable beauty on her brow; or to that vine-covered cottage where all the sunny days Alice sits at her sewing, and sings old ballads to the children.

Shall I confess to you that I am hardly sorry this new Atlantis is not, after all, the true one? Did we not fear, even while longing for its fabled and complete joy, that it might lie so close at hand? Did we not stand trembling like neophytes at the gate of Epicurean gardens? Enter! The doubt has gone. It is not here, but yonder. It may shift and fade, and grow dim with many a mirage intervening, but the clear eyes of youth and hope can still discern the bloom and perfect excellence of its far-off shore.

HOUSEHOLD SKELETONS.

A MEDITATION.

MY participation in the blessed institution of connubiality has ever been prevented by one reflection. For I know that, no matter how carefully and studiously I might select my companion, some unlooked-for skeleton would be sure, after a few short months, to walk in uninvited, and, for ever, take up his quarters in my cupboard. I refer not now to literal skeletons of human bone, which, occasionally, are said to abound in otherwise respectable quarters, and thus give a fair mansion of brick or marble the unenviable reputation of having been built upon the mouldering remains of some murdered man; but I speak of those household or family annoyances, which skill or strategy cannot drive away, philosophical argument master, or time starve out, and which often thus spread the gangrene of unhappiness over the fairest prospects of life. If, as the proverb asserts, every house has its skeleton, then fortunate are they who, like myself, persist in having no house.

Various are the household skeletons which I have here and there detected. There is one friend of my own who made, what the world called, a successful match; and the world, in its blindness, anticipated for him a life of unalloyed happiness. But his wife, though beautiful, accomplished, and rich, did not like smoking, while he did. It may appear to be a trifling annoyance, but it caused my friend a world of uneasiness. Not a word was said in objection; but still, in an hundred shrewd ways his innocent little pastime was denied him. He passed through the entry with a cigar, and every door was thrown open to let out the scent of the abomination. He retired to a cosy little room of his own, and, from the excitement in the house, the vapor must have come through the keyhole. He passed into the back-yard, and sundry articles of clothing which were there hung out to dry, were immediately dragged in from the infection of the atmosphere. His favorite box of Coloradoes was removed from the closet, for fear lest the china might be perfumed with the unwholesome smell. Still, not a word of remonstrance against his habit was ever uttered; but somehow, my friend now feels obliged to enjoy his pastime at the rooms of his acquaintances; and then only after turning up his hair

under his hat, and removing his coat, cravat, and collar. The skeleton is a small one, but it is, nevertheless, very obtrusive at times.

A larger skeleton besets another dear friend of my own. An uncle of his wife resides with them. The old gentleman has white hair, a respectable gold snuff-box, is rich, and has threatened to make them his heirs. So far, he might seem to be a valuable acquisition. But he has been a sailor in his day, and loves to get before company and spin certain yarns, which are often not of the most genteel character, and are always garnished with oaths and other startling expressions in illustration. Neither my friend nor his wife dares to object, and the consequence is, that they ever dread the arrival of visitors, and studiously decline inviting guests of any description; knowing well, that the old gentlemen will pop down with his marine anecdotes at the most unpropitious period, and thereby fill them with mortification.

I have observed that other houses, where peace and quietness should reign, are filled with their little skeletons of annoyance grinning from every corner. One is unnecessarily the resort of dress-makers; and the lord and master of the premises is perpetually beset by antiquated and vinegar-faced vestals of unknown name, and who help to grace his table whenever he chances to contemplate having friends to dine with him. Another is made the playground of all the neighboring children, who having once, in a freak of politeness, been admitted, cannot now be kept away. Others are tormented by stray dogs which have been compassionately received, and cannot now be unkindly set adrift—or by quarrelsome cooks who will not be turned away—or by charitable committees who sweep the pantry dry in drinking success to their labors.

In fine, I know no house which does not have its skeleton, great or little; and almost all arising from the vagaries of wives, who, before marriage, could never have been supposed capable of submitting to their subsequent idiosyncrasies.

When Sheridan was requested by his father to take a wife, he cordially con-

sented, and inquired whose wife he should take. The anecdote has been handed carefully down, as a specimen of the most pungent wit, and nothing more; but I have often thought that a mere display of wit was far from the thoughts of either at the time, and that they simply intended to enter upon a calm, considerate discussion of a very grave and important subject. For those were days when men frequently took other people's wives; and what is more, they often kept them, too, living very happily with them, and finding their own consequence and reputation in no particular degree diminished by the occurrence. It is possible, then, that the elder Sheridan actually advised, and the other acceded to, the plan of selecting a companion from the many wives in the limits of his observation; judging it more expedient to trust his happiness with one whose domestic qualifications had been proved, and could be narrowly studied, than with one who was yet within the line of girlish celibacy, and whose faults or eccentricities would need the development of time ere they could be plainly known and estimated. In looking upon wives, young Sheridan may have reasoned, he could be sure of exercising a calm and deliberate judgment, being able to study the temper, the skill in housekeeping, the taste in dress, and the social qualities of each; but in looking upon the crowd of young maidens who are each season displayed for the matrimonial competition of single men, he could see but a pretty face or figure, here and there, or a studied and unreal grace, and must trust to future years for the development of all the yet hidden qualities of head and heart. He would be prudent, therefore; he would leave to less cautious men the contest for maidens fair, and would take—a wife.

Times are altered now; and he who would select a companion from among those who are already wives, must do it at the risk of total outlawry from his social position. No more, after a short week, during which the jest and piquant epigram upon the forsaken husband go round society, convulsing its amused perceptions, can the erring and unrepentant souls be received again into their accustomed position, and triumphantly parade their newly-found attachment without a blush. No more can forsaken husbands be gracefully run through with glittering sword, in punish-

ment for their inconsiderate anger; and the slayers, with their spoil hanging smilingly upon their arms, parade through festive saloons, drinking in fulsome compliments upon their dexterity. Instead thereof, he who would take a wife, as Sheridan might have meant to take one, must fly with her to the furthestmost corner of the earth, continually followed by the harsh story of his misdeed, reading in every print the sympathy lavished upon the deserted husband, and fearing lest revenge may overtake him from every wayside bush. This is right, and it is a cheering reflection, that, in one respect, at least, the world has learned to frown when frowns are needed; but to one whose soul longs for companionship, and whose enjoyment therein must consist, not in mere unity of house and goods, but in a sympathy of tastes, of feeling, and of thought, and who has no perceptions sufficient to unveil the future of an unformed mind, the alternative is dreadful. He must select his companion from the crowds of young maidens whose tastes are undeveloped and whose associations are unknown—who are trained for social exhibition after one underrating model—owning to the same accomplishments—murdering the same pieces of music—and invariably cherishing the same manias after particular styles of crochet or worsted work. He can study their features, but can tell nothing about the subsequent development of their inclinations; and when he has made his selection, and taken his companion to his home, he does so, not knowing whether the skeleton, which is sure to follow, will be one whose existence he can abide or not—whether, in fine, it will appear as a ghostly mouse or mastodon.

Walking home the other evening from the opera with a friend, I had hoped that, as my lodgings were a mile off, he would invite me into his house for the night. But instead, he hesitatingly said, as he saw what was passing in my mind:

“I would be glad to do so, but—my wife's mother has been for months imagining herself sick, and sets the whole house in disorder, and it would really be very unpleasant for you.”

Your true man of the world, I have observed, never says “mother-in-law.” There is an individuality about the word

which is far from pleasing, and the wife, who, after all, is the main element, being lost to sight, nothing remains to occupy the mind but images of oppressive interference. But the expression "wife's mother," is liable to no such objection. The first idea presented is that of the partner of one's bosom; and her mother, instead of a principal, becomes a mere accessory, betokening unpleasant things perhaps, but amply atoned for by the sweetness of the wife, upon whose existence her place in the husband's household depends.

"Your wife's mother, then, is your skeleton," I observed.

"Not a bit of it!" my friend answered, misconceiving the true purport of my expression. "Not a bit of it. If she weighs a pound she will go over two hundred. And though she always imagines herself to be in the last stages of consumption, yet she has never been anything but well all her life. Upon my word," he continued, "I sometimes wish that I were dead, my home has become so unpleasant to me. Running for the doctor every day, is bad enough; but it is worse to have one's house smelling like an apothecary's shop. If I try to get out of the camphor down stairs, ten to one I run into herb tea. If I would avoid a stratum of stale toast and water, I find the next room perfumed with a stratum of burnt vinegar. I assure you that the change from one kind of scent to another, as I go up and down stairs, is exceedingly disagreeable. I would as lief live in a cow-stable or next door to a soap-factory. Put your nose to the key-hole, now, and you can smell the last abomination stealing through."

"Burnt alum, I should say," I remarked, as I complied with his directions.

"Precisely; burnt alum. She uses it by the pound. When I first married," he continued, in a gush of confidence, "all went as happy as could be, until about a year ago, when my wife's mother thought that she would come and live with us. And since then, she has turned the house upside-down. She is so confoundedly afraid about her health, that she keeps us cooking up stews and soups for her all the time, though she could eat a peck of green cucumbers and never be hurt by them. She took our room away from us, because, she said, a draught of air came through her own; and now we have to sleep up two-pair back, while she occupies the second-floor front. And

three several times my friends have congratulated me upon having an increase of family, because they saw a doctor's gig before the door; and all the time it was for nothing but her confounded singing-in-the ear."

I could not well help laughing out at this.

"It is no laughing matter," said my friend. "My uncle Ben heard the report once, and sent down a silver mug, stating that he would call as soon as his gout left him, and see the small boy. When he came and found that there was no small boy, he took it into his head that we had been cheating him in order to get the silver mug, and he went off mad, and cut us out of his will. I should not mind it in the least, if the old lady were really sick. But she was never sick in her life. An assurance company would pay a premium to be allowed the privilege of giving her a policy. That's what aggravates me."

"Certainly," I answered.

"Sick, or not," he continued, "she always manifests a decided liking for all the brownest cakes, and most available pieces of steak; while she generally lards her discourse with such commentaries upon her various symptoms, as serve to destroy the appetite of anybody else. I declare to you, that I have often wanted to stick my fork into her throat; and once I was on the point of throwing the butter-plate at her, and was only stopped by an appealing look from my wife."

"Why don't you tell her, right up and down, to go?" I suggested.

"Well, I did hint at the thing once, and she fired up immediately, and said she would not stay in the house a minute after that day. This gave me a little prospective comfort; but the next day she contrived to be sick again, and has continued sick ever since. Now and then she talks about packing up her trunk when she gets well, but she never means to get well. I have sometimes thought of taking her up and setting her out on the sidewalk; but my wife is foolish enough to believe half of what the old lady tells her, and that prevents me from any harsh measures."

"Very naturally," I said.

"I wish, that for once, she would really get sick, and I would put her in such a draught of air, as would effectually finish her. But now, a good breeze rather sets her up. I advised her to go abroad for her health, once,

but she stated that there was no place like home for a sick person. Then I cut my gums, pretended to spit blood, and got a medical friend of mine to advise me to take my wife with me, and spend a year in Naples;—thinking that, to reverse an old saying, if the mountain would not go away from Mahomet, Mahomet must go away from the mountain. But the mountain was up to me there—She concluded that, after all, perhaps Naples would just suit her constitution; and the moment I commenced packing up, she commenced packing up too. So I concluded that I might as well get summarily cured at home. Now, what is a poor fellow to do?"

"I really don't know," I said. "You are unusually afflicted."

"No, not unusually," he responded, flaring up with a touch of self-pride. "Almost any man has some trial or other of the kind. But now that I have told you about the circumstances of the case, suppose you *do* come in and stay a few days with me; and perhaps, by observation, you may hit upon some remedy. It is possible that the lady may talk at you, occasionally, but you will have me to back you, you know."

But I declined the offer, basing my refusal upon the principle of a friend who was one day appointed a steamboat inspector, and who, therefore, took a solemn oath to exercise the requirements of the office to the best of his ability. "Of course," he said, "that only means that I must do everything common decency may require. I shall have no hesitation in walking through muddy streets to the boats, or examining the walking-beams, or even going down into the hold, if it does not smell very badly. But as for expecting me to creep into the boilers, or crawl through greasy cylinders—that is asking a little too much." In like manner I reasoned. Though, for the prosecution of my explorations after different varieties of household anatomy, I was willing to sacrifice any dictates of delicacy, in order to obtain an entrance into the houses of my friends, yet, it was asking a little too much to expect me to remain for days in places where I should not only be obliged to breathe relays of herb-tea, burnt alum, and stale toast-and-water, but, also, be occasionally talked at, as a safety-valve for ill-humor.

"Well, good-by," said my friend, opening the door with his night-key. "It is but little comfort I shall have to-

night, I suppose. She has been feeling her pulse to-day, and has discovered that it is a little faster than usual. What if it be faster!—and besides, her old pewter watch, which she counts by, never goes right, anyhow."

The statutes, by a mistaken policy, have made it murder to put an end to a mother-in-law, even under the most exasperating circumstances, and so my friend is still beset by the family skeleton. Every day I notice that he grows thinner and more careworn, and still there is no hope of relief. And as I reflect, that when he was married, there was no more happy horoscope cast than his, and that it seemed beyond the power of prophecy to detect the approach of his dreadful visitation, I hug myself closer in my little room, and still more fervently congratulate myself upon my prudence in keeping aloof from all temptations of a connubial character.

It must be that I have spoken here and there in regard to my observations upon family troubles, with more freedom than I now remember; for of late, several communications have poured in upon me, many of them from persons whose names, even, I have never heard before, and all detailing their private household grievances and asking advice. These letters are mostly stupid and uninteresting, but from the number I shall select one which may prove instructive. It is written in a cramped, and almost illegible hand, and, as will be perceived, is somewhat ungrammatical in style. Moreover, it was fastened with a broad red wafer, and the postage was unpaid. At first I was inclined to cast the document into the fire, deeming it to be but a mass of trash, too foolish to wade through; but a closer inspection has assured me, that, in spite of its gross errors, it contains a moral which it might profit many better educated writers to peruse. This, then, is the communication:

"*DEAR SIR*—happy for to hear as you Are takin on about the Skeletons of houses and Hope as you will consider mine. For perhaps as it mite do Her some gud & she is such a pest that never was sen before which is the same as all my Friends says as has sen her & no 2 of them nose what she is like myself as has Had to liv with her now seving yrs last ortum.

"Sur, I as is the case with all jolly fellers has jined a millitary corpee as is named the laffey Dragons wh, as you may have sen bein cum through the

street evry month & is calculate for to promote discipline.

"Sur, last week our corpse went out for to target shootin & I by gud shootin got a prise & as did evry ether man since For that there was 20 seving prises 1 four each feller and 3 bein away Sam Jones & tom turner each got 2 prises for to use Up the number. So as thinkin my wife would like for to see the prise as I had got for gud Shootin, I tuk all the corpse home with me so as to spend the nite as is of course proper, and we sot up for to drink til mornin and sang songs & had A hie ole time.

"Sur, the next mornin my wif she begin for to lork & say as I made 2 much noise by wh she could not get to sleep & is almost sick wh is a lie bein as the noise was nearly All singin and must have been very pleasant to my wife as Is fond of music & we sung carry me bak & dan Tukker wh is gud music with twenty-f-f fellers together as was The case & 1 feller sung wat he called normer And lucher & ther bein only cleaving out of the hols as was too drunk to kep time.

"now Sur, wat rite has my wif to tak on so? Aint I to be master Of my own hous? & I an't evry fellers hous his cassel? and how can he get rid Of such a skelleton in it?

"Excuse mistakes for as I have a soar throat.

"Yurs & so fourth."

I suppress my correspondent's name, as he may yet live to be ashamed of himself. The man who can bring twenty-five drunken fellows home with him to pass the night in smoking pipes, drinking brandy, and singing negro choruses thus keeping his poor, little, suffering wife from her natural repose, is a brute; and we are surprised that the neighbors did not bring him before the Police Court, to answer for his dereliction, and also have his house indicted for a nuisance. His wife, as far as can be gathered from his letter, cannot be answerable for bringing in the smallest conceivable skeleton, but he himself has made his house a refuge and resort for skeletons of antediluvian proportions.

There are many such brutes in high life as well as low; for the men who bring their cronies from clubs, to drink champagne all night at their own homes, are just as culpable as those who return from target-excursions to plain brandy-and-water. Such men need not write to me for sympathy; but on the contrary, I shall always pity their unhappy wives who have no refuge from such midnight convivial brutality. In enumerating household skeletons, men should never forget that there are certain species which may come in, solely, because their own reckless selfishness and tyranny may have left open the door.

I had a friend whose naturally smiling

face grew so much longer every week, that I made up mind that his house was the resort of some gigantic skeleton; and I resolved to effect an entrance and view it. When I called at his house, however, he was never there, and I began to believe that his home had become so unpleasant to him, that he never went there when he could help it. And at his place of business I had the same ill-luck, for he had invariably gone out to ship some freight. But, at length, I espied him, and immediately bore down and grappled.

He was standing upon a corner and intently observing the labors of five men, who were cosily pretending to work in a trench which reached from sidewalk to sidewalk. Now and then, four of the men would put themselves in motion and lift a cobble stone, while the fifth would stand by, in preparation, to exchange with the one who first became tired. Then, having dropped the stone five or six feet off, the whole party would sit down for a quiet chat, and one or two of them would light their pipes; and after the smoke was exhausted, they would leisurely rise and chase up another cobble-stone. In the meantime, my friend looked on in admiration.

"This is a great country," he said to me; "and the energy with which, under the system of payment by the day"—

"True," said I. "But I did not come to talk about that. For the fact is, I am in a scrape, and you can help me out of it."

"Well—anything," he answered.

"I have had a quarrel with my landlady and have left her house. I have not found another good boarding-place, as yet; and being a quiet man, I dislike the bustle of hotels. Can you give me a room for a few days, until I can make other arrangements?"

In spite of the smooth face with which I told the story, he immediately suspected I was lying, for I saw in his eye a merry twinkle of incredulity. He deliberated for a moment, and then a quick gleam of intelligence passed across his countenance.

"Aha!" said he. "I have heard of your investigations about household skeletons, and now you want to see mine. Well, well; I do not care. Book her, my boy, book her; and perhaps it will do her some good."

This was certainly liberal, and I thanked him for it.

"Here, however, comes my wife

now," he exclaimed, "and the skeleton with her."

I looked, and saw two females sailing down the street. The one on the outside was tall and pretty, but dressed rather plainly and scantily. The other one, on the contrary, was short and dumpy, and had rather disagreeable features, if freckles and red hair can, in any way, be called features. She wore an elegant French bonnet, and bore upon her shoulders a superb India shawl, the end of which was allowed to draggle gracefully in the mud.

"That is your wife, I suppose," was my imprudent observation, directing my eyes towards the latter.

"That thing? Hang it, man! do you want me to shoot you? No, no; that is the skeleton. The skeleton, I say!"

"But I was certainly with you when you bought that shawl."

"So, you were; and its precious little good my wife gets out of it, for the four hundred dollars. That is where the skeleton comes in. It is my wife's country sister, that has heard that we keep pretty good society; and, having an exalted estimation of its own personal charms, has come down upon us to try to marry itself off to advantage."

"But the shawl?"—

"I am coming to that. To make itself look as little ugly as possible, the skeleton borrows all my wife's best apparel. That is not only my wife's shawl, but also her dress and bonnet too. I wish the thing would lift up the dress a little as it makes that crossing, and then I could tell whether it wears my wife's open-work stockings. I rather suspect it does. It's own are brown cotton, country-dyed, so that I could easily tell."

"But is not your wife to blame for consenting to it all?"

"I see you don't know anything about it. There is a way to get around people, in spite of all they can do to help themselves. You'll find it out some day if ever you marry. It is always 'Do lend me this for a single day,' and 'Just let me take this for an hour, that's a love.' At the same time, it is hardly the thing to ask for them again; since the borrower, always having them on, it would be the same thing as requiring her to undress herself. In that way, the skeleton has boned half the wardrobe of my wife, while she, poor woman, does not like to say anything by way of remonstrance. Once I ventured

to raise an objecting voice; but hardly had I done so, when the skeleton glared upon me like a basilisk, and made some sharp remark about men meddling with things they know nothing about. It quite shut me up. But wearing out my wife's clothes is not the worst of it."

"She does not wear out *your* clothes, does she?"

"Not exactly; but she wears out my patience dreadfully. If I come home for a quiet dinner, half the time I find that some strange fellow has been invited in a social family way, in hopes that he will pay his court to the skeleton. If I anticipate an evening of pleasant reading in any library, ten to one I have to take the whole family to the theatre, simply because some chap, with a few thousand a year, is expected to occupy the next box to us, and perhaps might take a fancy to the skeleton. The other day I had to spend an afternoon at the museum, because the skeleton, in passing, had seen a man go in who it fancied must be rich and might fall in love with it, if he happened to sit near it. The skeleton did not say all that, to be sure, but I could see it thought so. Well, the man came out on the stage as the showman of two monkeys, a poodle, and half a dozen parrots; and when I reached my office again, I found that by my absence I had lost an opportunity to make three hundred dollars. Some of our best friends do not come to see us any more, for fear the skeleton will make a dash at them; and I was forced to invite to dinner my worst enemy, whose sole recommendation consists in a rich old maiden aunt. As for my brother, who used to look in upon us every evening, the skeleton made such a bold attempt upon him that he has not been seen for a fortnight—all very agreeable, is it not?"

"Monstrously," said I.

"But come down to my house, now, and, as you wish, stay with us for a few days. You can then watch the skeleton at your leisure."

"I do not know about that," I answered musingly. "Suppose the skeleton should make a set at me?"

"You are not rich, so it will let you alone. Three thousand a year is its honest valuation upon itself. So come!"

"Still, my dear friend," I retorted, "who knows but that my personal charms, which are not of a despicable order, might induce the skeleton to waive a portion of its pecuniary de-

mands!—The fact is, I—that is—and now I think of it, I made up my quarrel with my landlady just before I came away. How absurd in me to forget that I had done so.—Good-by!”

At this moment I have received another letter, written in a bold, mercantile hand, and highly pleasing to me for its frank, sensible tone. It is as follows:

“Sir,

“My wife is a most sensible woman, of calm and placid temper, and lively and agreeable manners. She is in all things a treasure, understanding her household duties to perfection, ably superintending the culinary department, and at the same time taking excellent care of our children.

“But sir, she has one fault which somewhat annoys me. Having been herself somewhat sickly in youth, she is determined that I shall not come to a sickly old age; and she has consequently taken my health under her supervision. Now, sir, I am as strong as a horse, with the appetite of a wolf, and the digestive powers of an ostrich, but I can never make her believe it. If I come in a little heated, and would like to sit where a cooling breeze may blow upon me, down must go every window; for she says there is nothing more unhealthy for a person than to sit in a draught, while in a perspiration. If I come in from the cold air, and take my place over the furnace, she immediately shuts up the flue, that I may not too suddenly breathe the hot steam, which, she says, is bad for the lungs. I am never allowed to eat any chicken-salad, lobster, or pickled oysters directly before going to bed; and if I ever, at any time, look at a green cucumber, she manifests strong disapprobation. This morning I brought home a remarkably fine large water-melon, a fruit of which I am exceedingly fond; and half an hour ago I saw her very silly roll it out of the area into the gutter, where a corporation pig devoured it with great relish. She will meet me at dinner, I suppose, as innocently as a lamb; and when I inquire after my water-melon and accuse her of her little dereliction, she will laugh off the affair as not only a necessary and salutary movement, but also a capital joke. In fact, she never utters a cross or angry word, so that I cannot find it in my heart to reprove her.

“Now, my good sir, would you number this little annoyance among your list of household skeletons, or not? And if so, how can my wife be cured of her extreme solicitude on my behalf? I do not like to say anything which might hurt her feelings; but I really wish that she could learn to see my lungs and stomach as I myself see them.”

Do I consider such a little annoyance, a household skeleton, my unknown correspondent? Perhaps so, but it is, at the most, the smallest kind of skeleton—a mere limestone fossil, so to speak—whose existence you can afford to laugh at, as a joke, in the spirit of your excellent wife. Take the matter pleasantly, and be thankful for the many comforts

which you are allowed to enjoy without molestation. If your wife occasionally deprives you of a watermelon or cucumber, she doubtless requites you with much pleasant solicitude of other kinds, and, in a manner which will not at all interfere with your comfort. Consider the whole thing as a bargain of which you have a great advantage in gain. By consenting to a few little self-denials, you will add to her happiness and spirits and thus ensure pleasure to both. What is a lobster-salad compared with the bloom of satisfied solicitude in her cheeks, or pickled oysters, compared with her elasticity of soul, as she contemplates your readiness to accede to her precautionary tributes of devotion?

No, my dear sir, this is but one of the many little vexations with which the best of homes is always fraught; and, as such, it is beyond my scope. I do not deal with petty annoyances, but only with wholesale and abominable nuisances. If your wife ever turns your whole house topsy-turvy in search of her own comfort, and thus so directly attempts to rule your conduct that you cannot call your soul your own, then your appeal may receive attention; but as long as you can smoke your cigar where you please, go where you wish without being called to account, associate with all your old bachelor friends without exciting domestic jealousy—and I know by the tune of your letter that you can do all these things, or else you would have mentioned the deprivation among your other grievances—as long, in fact, as your greatest trial is a little undue solicitude about the welfare of lungs or stomach, laugh it off, and be thankful that you are so happily situated.

As I now musingly sit in the evening gloom at the window of my retired apartment, I involuntarily once more read the letter of my last correspondent. I cannot but think that he is a fortunate man, and one who does not rightly estimate his blessings. No one, indeed, can expect to add his lot to that of another, without some surrender of free-will; but, if the loss by that surrender be not equal to his gain in increase of domestic happiness, he should not complain, but should bless the prompting of his lonely heart which has led him into such a pleasant path of acquisition.

I can imagine the evening occupation of my unknown correspondent. I can see him come in, relieved from the cares of business, and meeting a smile of wel-

come. He throws himself down upon the lounge with his feet to the fire, and no objection is made on the score of dusty boots against the chintz covering. His wife may softly suggest the withdrawal of the boots, and the substitution of his prettily worked slippers, but that is all. He lights his cigar, and is pestered by no uneasy glances at the curtains which might retain the smoke; but, on the contrary, she sits beside him, and endeavors like him, to enjoy the aromatic perfume. If he chooses to read to himself she moves softly about, so as not to interrupt him; or, if he would read aloud, she expresses equal delight in listening to romance, theology, poetry, or ethics. He shuts his book, and calls for his pickled salmon; and for the first time, is met with opposition. But why should he repine at that, after so much indulgence? He should be thankful for the tender solicitude, nor dare to breathe a whisper regarding skeletons. Even I, could I only be assured of meeting such a lot, might be tempted to—

Pshaw! Of what am I speaking? Am I not happy now? And why should I not continue so, instead of pining to place myself within the limits of uncertain fates?

And I gaze forth upon the street below, now glooming in the fast settling dusk of evening, and filled with a gay, light-hearted crowd. Laughter and animating conversation swell upon my ears, as the stream sweeps by, and there are some among the throng whom I know. I see my friend of the skeleton mother-in-law, but she is not now with him. There is only his wife by his side, and they are hastening to the opera. They have forgotten their troubles, and are tripping along in wonderful gleesomeness. And next appears my friend of

the skeleton sister-in-law. She, too, has been left at home, and his wife, in her own shawl and bonnet glides along at his side, smiling with excess of pleasure. There are others of my friends, whom, at times, I have marked as beset by skeletons of various magnitude; but it seems as though, in the genial evening air, they have all left their troubles behind them. I envy them, for they now seem to overflow with transports of animating joviality of heart, such as, in my loneliness, I never feel. For me there is quiet serenity and repose; but somehow, there is no such light-hearted social conviviality.

With a pang for which I can scarcely account, I turn from the window. The gloom of evening has rapidly stolen over my walls, and I feel sad and lonely. My dog crouches at my feet, and looks up wistfully into my face; but he is poor company for me, since he lacks the quality of language. My books lie spread out before me; but somehow, the most sublime of the printed thoughts of the dead seem of less interest than would be the idle gossip of a living and loving friend. More rapidly do the evening shadows gather around, and more heavily does my soul sit within me. After all, there can be no skeleton of more gigantic proportions than that which steals about us, while under the morbid influence of isolation from the thoughts and feelings of our fellow-creatures. Who, in the gay, chattering crowd outside, now cares for me? And should I die, who is there in the world who would go to drop a tear upon my grave?

Could I but be assured that the skeleton of my house would not be one of very ample size, or very ferocious disposition, I think that I could dare —

OURSELVES IN A FRENCH MIRROR.*

WE know Monsieur Marmier. We have met him a thousand times, and we will do him the justice to own that whatever the fickleness of his country, there is none in him. He is always the same untaught and unteachable individual, taking Lord Byron in earnest thirty years after date. Who, visiting London, can have missed that melan-

choly bearded figure—a sort of preocious Wandering Jew—soberly measuring the sidewalk of Leicester Square, and the lower end of Regent street, acquiring in his careful study of their *surfaces*, his competency to speak *ex-cathedra*—or what amounts to the same thing, “X. Marmier,” on the character and manners of the English aristocracy? Or

* Lettres sur L'Amérique, par X. MARMIER. Paris, 1854.

who, extending his tour to Paris, has not met him of a summer evening on the Boulevards tapping his leather boots with a sixpenny cane, coldly examining every woman that passes, with a disdainful criticism that has mastered in a glance all her points with horse-jockey exactitude, and looking insufferably disgusted at her and all things in the world, or out of it, but—himself. Yet *there* he is emphatically *at home*: for the Boulevards are for the Marmiers what the flowery meads are for the butterfly. Everywhere else, including his own lodgings in the seventh floor of the Rue —, he is only encamped. But if the sun be down and you would make quite sure of meeting him, look in on some third-rate *soirée* about the Chaussée D'Antin, and survey him, at your leisure, with the same expression of face as ever—vivacious and dull, lively and discontented—the same sort of figure—too angular to be graceful, and too small to be awkward—the same class of opinions—liberal against the *doctrinaires* and doctrinaire against the liberals—the same order of sentiments—contempt of his own government and hate of all others—and the same religious faith—Catholic against the Protestant and Infidel against the priest. We beg the reader not to be surprised at the gentleman's powers of ubiquity, for the identity we are insisting on is not absolutely personal. There are thirty thousand *Marmiers* in France. The class is stereotyped. And if they have not all come from the same father and mother—as to a first view seems probable—what amounts to the same thing, they have all passed through the same grinding machine of government education, and have emerged mentally, and almost physically as like—not as two peas, for *they* have their differences—but as the flour they work to, and which under a microscope is said to defy discrimination.

The X. Marmier, who left his “chers Boulevards,” and the “bienveillante pensée” of the “*belle* Madame E. R. de F—,” to honor us with his personal examination—left them he confesses “*not as he used*” to hope, in former voyages, to encounter extraordinary adventures, and memorable perils, and even make some grand discovery, in the fashion of the celebrated navigators” who had preceded him, but—dreadful falling off!—

as one of Byron's “foot legion” writing travels to book-seller's orders, or as he complaisantly quotes it for us himself:—

“Every fool describes, in these bright days,
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,
And spawns his Quarto and demands your praise.”

He came among us, in short, under the hard necessity of coining us into five franc pieces, through a certain machinery of which European publishers alone possess the secret; but as the animal occupies a lower place in the scale of creation than those described by Byron, he follows, of course, what Buffon calls the descending law of gestation, and instead of spawning a respectable *quarto*, *pullulates* his two corpuscular *octavos*.

He wishes us to believe that, having waded through his hateful *labor* with infinite disgust, he seizes the first occasion to get away from us; but knowing him as we do, we are enabled to ask his pardon on the very best evidence, and to assure him that Americans are not so easily duped. Can he deny this advertisement, published but the other day, is his?

UN FRANÇAIS, POUVANT DISPOSER DE DEUX ou trois heures par jour, desire trouver une famille où en échange de leçons de langue, il puisse avoir bonne table, gîte confortable et société à l'avantage.—S'adresser à C. M. H. au bureau de ce Journal.—Il est inutile de lui écrire si l'on ne demeure pas dans l'Uppertendom et si l'on a moins de quatre domestiques à son service.†

Do we not know his style? *Could* anybody but an X. Marmier, when in search of employment as a French teacher, proclaim that “it is useless for any one to write to him who does not live in the *upper tendom*, and who has not at least *four* servants at his orders.” Besides, does it not appear in the journal declared by himself to be “*the only one in all our northern States comparable even to the meanest sheet published in a French Province*?”‡

Beware then good folks, “*dans l'Uppertendom*, that have at least four servants.” The Marmiers, intent on new octavos, are after you:—

—“Servants who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculators,
Intelligent of our State.”§

We were rather particular in beginning our notice to describe Monsieur Mar-

* Alors je révais sur les mers des aventures extraordinaires, des périls mémorables; bien plus, oserai-je vous l'avouer? quelque grande découverte comme celles des célèbres navigateurs.” Vol. 1, p. 2.

† Courrier des Etats Unis, Dec. 28, 1854.

‡ Vol. 1, page 277.

§ L'Éclair.

mier's face—because one of the first things he does in getting among us is to fall foul of ours:—

"The American is disquieted and sombre, dry and hard in his silence. His face is all point, his movements stiff and angular. His repose is a sort of prostration agitated from time to time by some feverish motion, and his walk is an impetuous race. * * * I will add that of all the denizens of the civilized world, the American is beyond all question the ugliest. Imagine, if you please, a meagre frame with bony wrists, with feet of a size that discredit all gentlemanly pretension, a hat pressed on the back of his head, hair straight, one of his cheeks swelled out, not by any accidental malady, but from morning to night by a lump of tobacco; lips jaundiced by the juice of the plant, a black coat with thread-bare skirts, a shirt all in disorder, grenadier's gloves, loose pantaloons, and you will have—I do affirm it—the exact portrait of a true Yankee! On this face of the Yankee do not expect to find that brilliancy of the eye which announces the play of thought, or that smile which shines as the reflection of an affectionate soul. No! that face is as cold and impassive as a mask or a medal."²

This is very well to begin with; and though we might modestly plead for our infirmities, in Dogberry-fashion, that "we are not responsible for the bounties of Providence," we yet do not think so vilely of ourselves as to dread *showing against* the breed of Marmiers in any cattle fair, or other equally unfitting arena, *he* would kindly indicate as equally fitting for us, while even in referring the important decision to the practised judgment of a jury of matrons, chosen exclusively from his own fair countrywomen. The only preliminary we would stipulate for, would be for a merely moderate usage of his "*beaux yeux*," for in happy contrast to the beclouded vision he immortalizes in us, we gather that they surpass a brilliancy too fitted to mislead a Gallic susceptibility; for he gravely assures us that the stare (*le regard*) of his valiant friend A—, celebrated for its power of fascination, would inevitably fall on us ("dollar effigies" that we are) "like deal arrows on a steel plate," for having tried himself, even *his* was inoperative! "How often," he continues, "have I

tried with the *travelling impudence* that characterizes me, to influence (*d'émouvoir*) these ambulatory and devouring arithmetical figures that we call Americans, to enter into discourse with them, to obtain from their financial lordships one of those pieces of information which the native of France, or any other country, gives a stranger with so much ready courtesy. I have been almost always repelled in my attempts, like the rash assailant of some impregnable fortress. Even a minute ago, after studying the groups dispersed about me, I discover by himself a Yankee, comfortably surveying the banks of the Hudson. I approach him: I ask him politely, too politely perhaps, if the city beginning to show itself in the horizon, be not Albany? He turns round, silently examines me from head to foot, then grinds between his teeth, as if they were nut-crackers, these two monosyllables, 'No, sir,'† and then goes away." Fancy the effect of that "No, sir," on the French Columbus, who had no doubt been peeing out the imperfections of his English "*par la fascination du regard*!" "A chiel" at one's side, taking notes, with vow of printing them, and absolutely brushed off by a masterly monosyllable with "as little remorse" as a buzzing wasp, or "as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter." Unfortunate Americans! little did we think, that day, of the brace of *octaves* that were to rise up to avenge that No. Nothing more dreadful has happened since Æneas said his "No," and turned his back on Dido.

Exoriare aliquis, nostris ex oculis, ulior,
Qui facie Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
Nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore vires.
Illosa litibus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotesque.

The Hannibal is already at our gates, in the shape of this terrible "*Lettres sur l'Amérique*," and for the future, while our philologists set against the virtues of an "if," the woes of a "no," let the rest of us try and use the dangerous little negative with more caution against Frenchmen asking questions from us with "*too much politeness*."

The happy inventive faculties which Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Charles Dickens professionally exercised in our midst, have been of evident use to a nature whose felicity lies rather in the regions

* Vol. 1, 59.

† Vol. 1, 61.

of imitation. We think it would cost but a reference to show the passages in their books which suggested to the Frenchman's penurious imagination the following:

"With a phlegm, by the side of which British phlegm is a lively joviality, the American is, nevertheless, as curious as a savage in ancient times, and the attention I was unable to secure from him by the desire of getting information on the places we passed, I most unhappily for myself, won by the different objects I happened to wear. One of them came and seized without ceremony my watch chain, turned it over and over again between his dirty fingers, and at last, satisfied with his inspection, went away without saying a word. Another who was standing near me, said to me, 'You have a *pariser* hat,' and without more ceremony, he took it off my head, closed in its springs, showed it to one of his neighbors, examined it in his company inside and out, and then replaced it in my hands. A little later, I had the misfortune in paying the restaurant to open my purse—a gem of a purse in the richness of its decorations. At once, of course, there was an American who took a fancy to it, and who, drawing his own frightful piece of knitting out of his pocket, offered it to me in exchange. I laughed in his face: I put by my purse: he pursues me: at last I grinded out in the American fashion a d—, which made him start back a couple of paces."

Excellent! most excellent!

He adds with great gravity: "This is the *récit fidèle* of one of my impressions of American travel!"

Our taciturnity gives Monsieur Marmier a great deal to say. It serves him as one of these *quids* he so fondly dilates on; he turns it about in every fashion, not forgetting, of course, as a genuine Frenchman, to *explain* it:

"Smart American, as he is, he has so many schemes in his head, so many projects budding or ripening into fruit, that in the fear of allowing one of them to reach the knowledge of a rival, he will employ his tongue but to taste his tobacco, and unlock his jaws but to spit. I thought at first that my foreign accent, and barbarous English tried his patience; but as I saw that he indulged the same taciturnity with his fellow-citizens, I felt entitled to conclude that speech was given him but to be most parsimoniously used, and therefore took my resolution accordingly. I enter their long railway

omnibus, I choose the place that suits me, without troubling myself about my neighbor, who takes no more trouble about me; all I try after is, to place my great coat and carpet-bag out of the range of their squirting apparatus, and when all my precautionary combinations are completed, I open a book, I read, and then I observe the scenery. The Americans read nothing, and look at nothing. They silently ruminate on some speculation. That's the only difference between them and their baggage. * * Only one thing can withdraw them out of their immobility—the dinner-bell. At that merry sound, you might fancy you heard the last trump awaking the dead in the valley of Jehosaphat. The Americans rush out of the omnibus pell-mell, run to the dining room, devour as fast as it is possible for a human jaw to devour, drink off in one draught a glass of gin or port-wine, and then relapse into their lethargy. From Buffalo to Albany, during a space of more than a hundred leagues, I affirm without any exaggeration that I did not, among a hundred individuals, hear ten words spoken. * * Even the women are paralyzed by the circle that incloses them. Like the bird whose wings droop under the heat that precedes some tropical storm, their thought droops under the oppressive atmosphere of American character."

He admits that we show marked respect to the gentler sex, but considers that it is "a respect next door to indifference," and affirms that it would be by no means satisfactory to a French beauty, who would prefer the occasional dangers of a gallant contest, to the ennui of a too respectful isolation. In Monsieur Marmier's opinion, the advantage here is all on the side of Europe; and considering the general character of his judgments, we confess we should be very sorry he thought otherwise. The great business of our marriageable maidens is to hunt down a husband. "If she be late in her visits, if she show emotion in some accidental encounter, if she is in the way of catching a husband in her net—that is *her* business. * * But once the expert huntress has run down, in some commercial grotto or elegant drawing-room, the wild bird they call a husband, she is herself caught in the snare she has herself been laying." On the score of beauty, they are just passable; *flowers*—"they are somewhat cold and lifeless; but after all they are flowers

that a Linnæus in human vegetation" (like Monsieur X. Marmier) "cannot avoid including in his classification; and when I see one of them more smiling and attractive than her neighbors, I pity her—do you know why?—because she is tied to the American soil, and it is probable will marry an American—that is to say, that she will every day see him calculate and eat. No, I will not think upon such a picture!"

Ha! ha! ha! But after all, is the picture so much distorted from the plain truth?

That love of money which so remarkably distinguishes us from Londoners, Parisians, and all other metropolitans, wins the customary measure of tourist reprobation:

"Everything here is counted or weighed in the goldsmith's balance. That sea captain has distinguished himself by a voyage of discovery; you are delighted to mention the interesting places he has seen, the remarkable facts he has observed. You are interrupted by the inquiry—What is his pay? This painter has won celebrity, at an exposition, and has received with high commendation a golden medal; the commendations are passed by, and you are asked the weight of the medal. * * With such notions you can understand that literature has no great development. Cooper, Washington Irving, and the learned historian, Prescott, have acquired a higher reputation in Europe than in the States; for there the merit of the works alone is thought of, but here it is gravely noted, that with all their writings, they have not made fortunes." (1) * * "There is here but one mode of estimating things—money; * * every position is here classed according to a given amount of money; * * their Jacob's ladder is a magic edifice where on the ground lies shillings, higher up dollars, and at the top the cherished coins they call 'Eagles.' Success and failures, punishments and rewards—all is tariffed and regulated by sums of money. A crime is satisfied by a fine, a solemn promise of affection is settled by so many dollars. * * O God of bounty! grant that next year cotton rise sixpence a pound, and they will vote three two days of thanksgiving instead of one!"

It is amusing to see how the successions of our European tourists rhapsodize on this subject, as if Americans had

invented the love of lucre, and the *auri sacra fames* were a craving that belonged but to a new society. Why, in Paris, the most artistic, the most literary city in the world, wealth is a talisman a thousand times more potent than even in New York. The *much* that is said, and done, and sacrificed for it here, bears no proportion to the enormous *more* of Paris. The *honest avaris* who said, "Je ne connais que l'argent, je n'aime que l'argent, je ne veux que l'argent"—"I know nothing, love nothing, seek nothing, but money," expressed the *principe* of more than a class, a society, a fact pleasantly enough demonstrated by Proudhon, the Socialist, when he says: "Everything in morals is become amongst us arbitrary and without real value, except one point, which is to live well and amass money. Morality (in Paris) means to have but one wife under legal penalties, but twenty mistresses, if you can pay for them," &c. &c. And we do assure Monsieur Marmier that there have been other great writers of his country and of other countries, of his time and of all times, who have before him observed and flagellated the weakness; that if, unlike him, they have not reached over the sinning shoulders of their countrymen to apply the lash on those of strangers whose hospitality they had been receiving, their chastisements have not therefore been less rigorous or felicitous than his own, and we even think we remember that "*notre cher Horace*" cites as the crowning proof of the mammon influence of his time the very ocean risks avowedly incurred by Monsieur Marmier in the same "sacred" cause.

That the avidity may be, or, at any given time, may have been, greater here than elsewhere, we will not contest. Such a circumstance is but a local or temporary accident, under the general law, and merely proves that among our *sensual* gratifications it is peculiar to that of money, to sharpen the appetite it feeds. Everywhere, we apprehend people warm in their devotion to this greatest of party causes, as their devotion may happen to be amply, or more than amply rewarded. Place a Frenchman "*à la Bourse*" with a stock-jobbing operation, or at the gambling table with a large stake, or in the auction room with an estate in question, and his flushed face and excited gesticulations will

* Compagnons d'un Revolutionnaire.

tell you that he has as feverish a desire for the filthy mineral as the most sordid American, that *his* Jacob's ladder is no more ethereal than our own, and that if he give neither two days nor one "in thanksgiving to Heaven," it is from a less respectable cause than a too philosophical appreciation of the benefits of a financial "*coup*." All we will concede him is a difference in the form of the evil, there being a frank or an insidious development, according as a people are young, enterprising, and free, or timid, effete, and enslaved. But if we *do* earn, achieve, conquer affluence, while there are other places where they attain it by sycophancy, by domestic intrigues, by forged wills, and by poisonings, what then? While gigantic frauds and wholesale defalcations are so notorious in our "financial circles"—tainting even our choicest historical and commercial names—shall we boast of our immaculate honor and incorruptible virtue? In sober earnest, let us be modest on this score.

The funniest part of his book is, perhaps, his description of a travelling American's day; he has evidently worked at it with all the zest and anti-nationality which ever inspires the underbred class of Frenchmen.

"Is it not Brillat-Savarin who, in his page of axioms, says 'elsewhere people eat, it is at Paris only they dine;' if he had seen this country* he would have said 'here people do not eat, they devour.' The word is hardly sufficiently expressive to enable you to understand fully the extent I would give it; have the goodness to recall all that you have read in Buffon under the heads of 'Pike and Shark.' You may thence help to form some notion of an American's voracity. As a general rule, this is the order in which people feed in the United States. Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, a bell or gong, or some other noisy instrument, announces the breakfast.

"The breakfast consists of quarters of roast beef, ox-tongues in their entire proportions, ducks, fowls, and eels, accompanied by dishes of potatoes, bread and butter, and other light comestibles. The Americans precipitate themselves to the table like famishing animals. In truth, I can employ no other comparison.

Without troubling themselves about their neighbor, without thinking for a moment on the common rules of European politeness, each one drags to himself whatever he finds within reach, and piles upon one or two plates monstrous pyramids of meat, butter, and vegetables. Then you may see him working with hands and teeth as if every instant was counted against him, neither speaking, nor breathing, but following with his laggard eye any plate that may happen to be removed from him, and *harpooning* it the moment it comes again within reach, to secure a further provision.

"This first operation being finished, he lights a cigar, goes to the bar-room, drinks, at a draught, a glass of whisky or Madeira wine, and then gives himself to rumination in the expectation of mid-day. But mid-day is still far off, and there are many of them who cannot get through this mortal interval of four hours without making a second or third descent upon the *dear* bar-room—after which they again set about rumination.

"The bell announces luncheon, which consists of a soup, a box of Sardines, cold meat, butter, and a Cheshire cheese, '*boule de Chester*.'

"At three o'clock the *tam-tam* is again heard—and this is the best and the most looked-forward to of the day's signals; it proclaims that dinner is ready, and of which the other meal was only a modest prelude. This time the table is covered from one end to the other with immense dishes, on which display themselves, at the same time, enormous roast joints—sauces immensely spiced, and puddings of the most prodigious proportions. The same appetite as for the breakfast; the same silence in every chair. You hear nothing but the *clash* of knives and forks, and the grinding down of rebellious bones under hungry jaws. The eagerness with which they conclude this best meal is so great, that they cannot clean their knives before dipping them into the salt-cellar, or the butter bowl, and that they discard their napkins, for the evident reason, that its use demands a movement which would consume time. * * *

"The dinner finished, the rest of the day is long; accordingly, about seven o'clock, you hear, for the fourth time, the thrice-blessed signal which invites

* We beg to inform Mr. Marmier that Brillat-Savarin, not only saw, but, for a considerable time, lived in this country. He was for some months attached to the orchestra of one of the New York theatres, and in his celebrated work on gastronomy he pays some graceful compliments to the country, accompanying them with a severe lesson to such travellers as Mr. Marmier, which we have no space to quote.

the inmates to have the goodness to drink a cup of tea or coffee, carefully escorted by a slice of cake and salt meat, after which, they are at liberty to recommence their visits to the bar-room.

"To see these men of business rush in this way to the table, to take in a whole cargo of culinary merchandise in less time than a Spaniard would take to dispose of his cup of chocolate, you might fancy that the minutes they spent in the dining room were so much lost time, and that they are all eagerness to get back to their desk and ledger. Unfortunately, as I have always found them in their egress, with their bodies lazily stretched on a chair—their feet raised to the level of their head on the back of another—smoking, with the greatest coolness, a

cigar, or chewing an ounce of tobacco, I have been obliged to conclude that it was no thought of business, but an unparalleled power of voracity, which thus induced them to convert each meal into a sort of steeple chase, with hot-pudding and roast ducks as the prizes."

There; we think that will do: if we have shown Monsieur Marmier in our mirror, he will see that we are not afraid to look ourselves in his. And, no doubt, he has been expecting an American ship of war in pursuit of him, ever since the publication of his two volumes against us; we cannot but condole with him on the disappointment he must feel at receiving at our hands, as the only return, so unexpected, and let us add it—so *disdainful* a courtesy.

VOICES OF THE WINTER WIND.

(Written for Music.)

TOLL'D minster-bells, just when their tongues are still,
And heavy banner-tones unroll in air,
Far Alpine hymns outpoured from hill to hill,
The last smooth copious strain completed there.

Low Latin dirges, chimed by muffled nuns,
To some tomb'd abbey's hushed sepulchral aisles,
Ghost voices, or the requiem that runs
From arch to arch through Nettle's vista'd piles.

Slow-swaying censers and a psalm of monks
In midnight mass, at some grey Roman shrine—
A forest groaning from a thousand trunks—
A tale of tempest told from pine to pine.

The trembling treble of an old man's prayer—
The piping spasms of an infant's wail—
Madonna's anguish when she plucked her hair—
Her lids all tearless and her lips all pale.

The low, remote, long, monitory moan,
When mother earth takes on her monstrous throes
Ocean's hoarse hail to shore, as stone to stone
Reports the story of wrecked wretches woes.

A host distraught, saluting bloody flags,
Brewing sedition and brute riotry;
The storm-wind charging from beleaguered crags,
Pursuing frantic billows out to sea,
Amid tempestuous drums and trumpetry,
And in mixed terror lost eternally.

NEW ENGLAND SPRING FLOWERS.

SECOND PAPER.

OUR first number* contained descriptions of entirely dissimilar plants, thrown together without any classified arrangement. The object of this lack of order was simply to give variety to the subject, as the descriptions were made in the hope of interesting those who have given no close attention to it. The floral beauties of our woods and fields are too much neglected, even by those who enjoy the products of their gardens and greenhouses. The welcome spring offers many a modest blossom for our admiration, when our gardens are yet covered with their winter protection. How much more can we enjoy the loveliness which we understand as well as enjoy! The commonest of our shrubs and trees have small and often insignificant flowers; yet, when carefully observed, they are found to be as interesting and curious as those of more showy, but less useful plants. In the hopes, therefore, of enticing the reader, uninstructed in botanical detail, to continue the perusal he may have begun, we have continued to place, side by side, plants which would be widely separated in a scientific arrangement. This will break the monotony consequent upon a long sequence of similar forms.

We will commence this number with one of the most charming little flowers of this or any other season. It is one of those whose simplicity and elegance are universally welcomed and admired. It is known under several names in different localities, such as DWARF PINK, BLUETS, INNOCENCE, FAIRY FLAX, QUAKER'S MAID, VENUS'S PRIDE, HOUSTONIA (*Hedyotis corymbosa*, Hook). It grows in thick, turfy clusters when undisturbed, spreading quite extensively over old grass lands and by the roadsides. Sometimes it consists of a single stem and flower; but it generally branches at the base, and forks once or twice above. The lower leaves are clustered near the ground. They are of an oval, spatulate form, tapering into a petiole; the whole being less than half an inch in length. The upper leaves which are narrower, with shorter petioles, are given forth in pairs where the stem forks. The ultimate ones are reduced to a single, narrow bract. The flowers appear in May, upon the ends of the branches. The

calyx is four lobed, not half as long as the tubular corolla, which suddenly expands at the top, and divides into four ovate lobes which terminate in a minute, sharp point. The lobes diverge in a cruciform manner, measuring half an inch across. The tube conceals four stamens and one style with a bi-lobed stigma. The fruiting pod is divided at the summit, many seeded, and surrounded by the persistent calyx lobes. The plant bears, at the same time, both buds, flowers, and fruit, attaining a height of from three to five inches.

There is a singular variation in this and other species, which is opposed to the generally constant proportion of the organs of fructification. In some individuals the style is longer than the stamens, and in others the contrary takes place. It frequently grows so thickly as to make the ground white with its little blossoms. The specific name would imply that its color was blue; but such is not generally the prevailing hue in this region. The bud, at first drooping, becomes gradually erect, unfolding its lobes of a delicate, bluish tint, particularly at the points. These rapidly fade to a clear white, which contrasts beautifully with the yellow spots at their base. Its beauty is by no means evanescent, for a little sod, placed in a shallow cup and fed with water, will continue to blossom, and even form its fruit, in the atmosphere of a parlor.

This little plant is our only early representative of the order RUBIACEÆ, which furnishes man with some of the most useful of all vegetable productions. Madder is the ligneous fibre of the roots of *Rubia tinctoria*. Coffee is the dried seeds of the *Coffea Arabica*, which is a shrub with long, narrow leaves, and axillary, white flowers. The fruit is a red berry containing two seeds which are convex on the outer surface and flat where they are applied to each other. These are the coffee kernels of commerce. We have one other species of *Hedyotis* in the State, flowering later in the year (*H. longifolia* Hook), which has clustered flowers with a tubular corolla.

Among the May flowers there is no one more pure and delicate than the CHICKWEED WINTERGREEN, STAR FLOWER or TRIENTALIS (*Trientalis Americana*,

* May, 1854.

Pursh). It grows in open, low and rather damp woods, spangling the ground with its starry blossoms. The Latin name of Linnaeus, according to Dr. Gray, refers to the height of the plant, meaning "the third part of a foot;" but this is inappropriate as a generic name intending to describe it, for it frequently grows half as large again. From a perennial, stoloniferous root, ascends a straight, simple stem, bearing three or four small, acute, scale-like bracts enlarging upwards. From the apex proceeds a cluster of ovate, lanceolate leaves, tapering to a sharp point above, and to a short petiole below. They are of unequal size, varying from one to three inches in length, smooth, with the veins apparent. From the midst of these leaves spring the flowers, from one to five in number, on very slender stalks more than an inch long. The calyx is cut into about seven sharp, lanceolate segments. The snow-white corolla is sometimes more than half an inch wide, divided into from five to eight segments, which are triangular and acute. The stamens, which vary in number like the parts of the corolla, have long, slender filaments, with anthers which are revolute after shedding their pollen. The style is long and slender, crowning a single-celled pod.

This plant is an instance of the uncertainty of an artificial system, founded on the number of the organs of fructification. It is our only representative of the seventh class, Heptandria, which would imply that it had seven stamens; but the student is liable to be confused in the first step he takes to define its position, for it is frequently found with six and eight stamens, and is equally liable to variation in the divisions of the perianth. Barton, in his "Flora of North America," gives a tolerably correct figure of the plant, and says in his generic character, "Corolla 7-parted." In his description, he says, "supporting each a rotate, white flower, of five acute, flat petals." His figure has two flowers, both of which have eight petals. This variation or duplication of parts, so constant in the vegetable kingdom, may lead astray the follower of an artificial system founded on the number of stamens or pistils. It belongs to the natural Order PRIMULACEÆ. Our *Trientalis* has a prototype in Europe—the *T. Europea*—which it so much resembles, that Michaux considered them identical; but it differs in the shape of the leaves, which,

in the foreign plant are rounded at the end, while, in ours, they are acuminate. The petals of ours are also more acute.

This great similarity between the productions of both continents is certainly remarkable. The differences are often so slight as to incline us to believe that the plants must be identical; yet, trifling though they be, these differences are so constant as to warrant a separation of species. The transformation of these species, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is now believed to have no foundation in reality. Man never was made from a monkey, as the "Vestiges of Creation" seeks to prove; and the *Trientalis Americana* was never the *Trientalis Europea*. In some cases, where no difference can be perceived, the same name is applied as *Linnaea borealis*, which is common to the whole northern temperate and Arctic circle, yet some doubt may arise whether even these species may not spring from the same parent or group of parents. Seeds are transmitted through different agencies to an immense distance; and it may be that in these cases there was a common origin; so that plants, considered indigenous, may have been, at some remote period, introduced into countries not in reality their true homes. A vast number of household and agricultural weeds, brought to this country with grain and in rubbish, have spread broadcast over the land, and seem to find a genial soil and climate, from the extent to which they multiply. Still there is a great resemblance between forms undoubtedly distinct; and it is remarkable to find this apparent identity in the productions of distinct circles of creation. (In the March number of *The American Journal of Science and Arts*, 1854, Art. xxvi., is an excellent paper on the introductory essay in Dr. Hooker's *Flora of New Zealand*, treating of the origin and dissemination of species. It is by Dr. Gray, and is worthy of the attention of botanical students.)

Among the earliest of our forest trees to show signs of life, is the ELM (*Ulmus Americana L.*) which sends out its small blossoms in April; or, if the season is unusually forward, in the latter part of March. Notwithstanding the number of trees growing wild in our woods, and cultivated for shade in our parks, we presume that there are many people who never saw their blossoms. Those who have given no attention to botanical detail, have a vague notion that certain

plants never have any flowers. Their ideas of flowers are associated with something beautiful, like a lily or rose, and it is not strange that the small and early blossoms of the Elm should be unnoticed by these; or that the noble ornament of our parks should be deemed flowerless.

A description of the mode of growth, or a portraiture of the many graceful forms of the American Elm, would be quite superfluous here. A full account of its characteristics, written by one who is a true lover of trees, and who is peculiarly eloquent in describing them, may be found in Mr. Emerson's report. The measurements of the largest trees in Massachusetts are there given, the largest being a tree in Springfield, which at one foot from the ground, was 29 feet 4 inches in girth. We will simply give a description of the flowers. The buds, formed during the previous summer, are distinctly visible all winter long, in a series of brown, conical points on the young branchlets, which abruptly diverge from the main branch at a right angle. Some weeks before the leaves appear, these scales are forced open by the expanding flowers, which hang in clusters of from ten to twenty, on slender pedicels about half an inch long. The flower consists of a thin, wrinkled, brownish calyx, somewhat one-sided, cut into irregular and wavy lobes. The stamens are longer than the calyx, and of a brown color; they are about eight in number, standing in front of the calyx lobes, and giving a fringe-like character to the cluster of flowers. The pistil is a flattened, two-celled ovary, downy on the edges and tipped with two diverging stigmas. As the germ grows to maturity, one of the ovules increases at the expense of the other, which disappears, leaving a single ovule hanging from the top of a single cell. The margin, at first narrow, expands into a thin, hairy, membranaceous border, notched at the apex. These little, thin, light, green nutlets, called samaras, ripen and fall off very early and simultaneously, covering our walks with a vernal decay.

The leaves spring from separate buds, which produce no flowers. The inequality of their lobes at the base, is peculiar to the genus, and is even more prominent in other species. The Elms typify the order to which they belong, *Ulmaceæ*.

THE ENGLISH ELM (*U. campestris* L.) is quite commonly cultivated in and around Boston. There are several fine

specimens in the walls, easily distinguished from our native species by the oak-like strength and uprightness of their growth. The flowers are on shorter pedicels, and the leaves appear earlier and remain longer. The samaras are rounder and quite smooth. In the fall of the year, the foliage of the American Elm turns to a rich yellow, and falls away early. The English Elm retains its leaves until the autumn is far advanced, and is sometimes clothed in a still living green, when the frosts have stripped all its brethren bare.

We have one other native species of Elm, not so common in the east, but more or less abundant west and south—the SLIPPERY ELM (*U. flexa* Mx.) It resembles the White Elm, though it is a smaller tree. The young branchlets are clothed with a thick, bristly hair, which extends to the leaf stalks and veins. The scales covering the flower clusters are edged with a dense, rust-colored down, distinguishing it at once from the other species. The flowers are nearly sessile, and the fruit, which is almost round, is downy on the seedvessel itself, but smooth on the membranaceous border. The leaves are larger, thicker and much rougher than those of the White Elm, with larger teeth more coarsely serrated. The inequality of the lobes is more strongly marked, and they vary considerably in outline, being sometimes acuminate, with an abrupt toothed point, and sometimes obovate with scarcely any point at all.

But the distinguishing characteristic of this species, which gives its common name, is the aromatic fragrance and mucilaginous properties of its inner bark, which has long been used in diseases of the throat and lungs. The fragrance is very agreeable, remaining sometimes for years in dried specimens. Michaux states that the wood is superior to that of the *U. Americana*.

Among the most beautiful of all the spring flowers, is one which, from time immemorial, has won the admiration of the whole world. Its simplicity, beauty, modesty and sweetness have formed the theme of many a poet's song, and its name is that of one of Shakespeare's most beautiful creations—*VIOLA*. It is a household plant; a familiar form of Nature's loveliness which never becomes so common as to lose its charm, and be neglected. Florists have always loved to try their powers of increase upon its many varieties; and how willingly it

lends itself to their efforts, the magnified and many colored pansies of our gardens can testify. These large and richly colored forms spring from an European species, *V. tricolor*, L. which is more extensively cultivated than any other. In this country, the species are all known under the name of VIOLET; but in England, this one has been called in various places Heart's Ease, Wild Pansy, Herb Trinity, Three faces under a hood, Call me to you, and Love-in-Idleness. This last one is the name given to it by Shakespeare in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where Oberon wishes it to put upon Titania's eyes.

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white; now, purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee
once;
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees."

ACT II., SCENE 2.

The name of Pansy is a corruption of the French word *pensée*, which is given to it in France. It also means a thought, and it is a very pretty conceit to consider so charming a flower as one of Dame Nature's brightest thoughts. The most fragrant of all, and the one most cultivated for this quality, is another European species, *V. odorata* L., which far exceeds all others in sweetness. It is to this that Shakespeare refers in the often quoted lines from Twelfth Night, spoken by the Duke:

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor."

ACT I., SCENE 1.

It is rather singular that the violets of Europe, particularly those cultivated so extensively here, should not have become naturalized in this country. The *tricolor* has indeed spread to a certain extent; but it has depauperated here, and has, in some localities, so far departed from the normal type, as to have been considered distinct and indigenous. It was called *V. bicolor* by Pursh, *V. arvensis* by Elliott, and *V. tenella* by Muhlenberg. The other European species have never found a home here; although plants growing in the same situations have been introduced in many ways.

We have fifteen species of violets in

New England. They all blossom early in the year, though some of them cannot properly be termed *spring* flowers, as they attain their prime in June. The earliest of all is the YELLOW or ROUND LEAVED VIOLET (*V. rotundifolia*, Mx.) which is found in cold woods throughout the Northern States. It is our only yellow one without a proper stem. Before the woods put on their summer dress, and even before the snow of winter has quite departed, it sends up its delicate blossoms under the leafless trees. The leaves are nearly round and crenate toothed, with a heart-shaped base, whose lobes are approximate. They are closely appressed to the ground, and change considerably in texture and size as the season advances. In early spring, they are upon short petioles, not an inch wide nor unusually thick; but by the end of summer, they become somewhat coriaceous, two or three inches in diameter, upon petioles three or four inches long. The flowers are small, upon slender, leafless scapes, an inch or two high. The sepals are lanceolate and obtuse. The petals are ovate, of a light straw color, and almost destitute of the spurred appendage peculiar to the genus.

It is to this species that Bryant, who, of all our poets, expresses the most genial love of nature, has addressed the beautiful lines beginning:

"When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell,
Peeps from the last year's leaves below."

One of the most common species is the little blue one which appears upon dry hills early in May—the ARROW LEAVED VIOLET (*V. sagittata* Ait.) It varies much in size according to the soil and season. At first it is not much over an inch in height and quite covered with down; but it continues to increase until it sometimes reaches five or six inches. The stem is thickened below the ground and ends abruptly, giving forth numerous long, fibrous roots. The leaves vary much in shape according to the situation. In dry spots they are simply ovate, crenate toothed, heart-shaped at base, and covered with down more or less dense. Their stipules are long and lanceolate. In richer or damper soil, the petioles elongate, and the leaves become narrower or more pointed, with their lobes cut into more or less prominent teeth at the base. The whole plant is then generally smoother. The pe-

duncles about equal the leaves in length, bearing a medium-sized, deep blue flower, whose five ovate petals are paler near their insertion with the lateral ones bearded. The spur is short and blunt. This appendage, which constitutes one of the prominent characteristics of the genus, is formed by the prolongation of the lower petal into a hollow tube, into which corresponding projections on two of the anthers extend. The calyx is divided into five narrow, lanceolate sepals. The stamens have also a generic peculiarity, which is an extension of the filaments beyond the anthers, of a triangular form. The ovary is surmounted by a club-shaped style, which turns to one side at the apex, bearing some resemblance to a leg and foot. The fruit is a dry, three-celled pod which opens to the base, exposing numerous yellow seeds.

This species is so liable to change by situation and circumstance, that its varieties have been raised into species by different botanists. According to Torrey and Gray's Flora of North America, the species *sagittata* now includes *V. ovata* of Nutt., *V. primulifolia* of Pursh, and *V. alleghaniensis* of Wm. and Schult., all given to the villous forms; and *V. emarginata* of Nutt. and *V. dentata* of Pursh, applied to a smoother variety with emarginate petals. It grows broadcast over all the United States.

Another equally common and variable species is the HOOD LEAVED VIOLET (*V. cucullata* Ait.) which is one of the first flowers to appear in moist places. The leaves are on long petioles rising from a thickened rootstock. They are broadly ovate, heart-shaped at base, with a deep sinus, and serrate with rounded teeth. The lobes are generally rolled loosely inwards at the base, closing the sinus and forming a sort of cup. They vary extremely in outline, and have thus given rise, like the preceding one, to several nominal species. *V. papilionacea* of Pursh *V. obliqua* of Ait., *V. affinis* and *congener* of Leconte, and *V. sororia* of Willd. are now considered identical with the *cucullata* of Ait. It is sometimes very villous, but generally quite smooth. The leaves vary from an acute ovate to a broad reniform shape, with lobes sometimes meeting and at others widely diverging. The flower stems are from two inches to eight inches high, and generally longer than the leaves. The flowers vary from light to deep blue, and are occasionally white. The sepals are broadly lanceolate; the petals are

obovate and large, with a beard upon the lateral ones. The spur is short and blunt.

It is oftenest found in moist situations, where it attains its greatest height, and is then smooth. The hairy forms appear in drier soils.

Nearly allied to the last, and appearing somewhat later in the year, is the PALMATE VIOLET (*V. palmata* L.) The whole plant is somewhat pubescent, though, in moist situations, it becomes smooth, in accordance with a very general law throughout the vegetable world. The young leaves, and even all of those which grow in dry soils, are nearly entire; but when fully developed they have long petioles, and are cut at the base into large, and diverging variously toothed lobes. The flowers resemble those of the *cucullata*.

A small and distinct species belonging to this group, called the GREAT SPURRED VIOLET (*V. Selkirkii, Goldie*) is found sparingly along our western border, and also in New York. The leaves are round, with a heart-shaped base and deep sinus. They are serrate with rounded teeth, on petioles an inch or two long, growing in little tufts. The flowers are smaller than those of the *cucullata*, but large in proportion to the size of the plant. They are of a pale blue color, on peduncles shorter than the leaves. The spur is quite prominent, equalling the petals in length, with a somewhat swollen apex. The antler spurs are also large in proportion.

The species is not sufficiently common to be familiarly known.

But rarer still is the MARSH VIOLET (*V. palustris* L.) which is found only on the alpine regions of the White Mountains. Its slender and creeping rootstock is jointed, with a scaly border at each articulation. The leaves are reniform or heart-shaped, remotely and obtusely serrate, thin, and smooth. The flowers resemble those of the *cucullata*, except that they are smaller and of a pale lilac hue. The spur is short and blunt. This slender and delicate species is found on the mountains of our Pacific shore, and also in Great Britain and Europe.

Of all the different violets, perhaps no one is better known or more universally admired than the PEDATE or BIRD'S-FOOT VIOLET (*V. pedata* L.) It springs up in great abundance in the month of May, tinging our fields and open woods with a brilliant blue. It is the largest and

most showy of all, sometimes covering the ground so thickly as to make it appear one vast bed of its bright flowers. The large rhizoma is abruptly truncated at the base, giving forth stout roots all around. The leaf-stalks have two long, linear, hairy stipules; the leaves are cut into from five to seven lanceolate segments, that are regularly divided into three main divisions, which are themselves deeply cut, except the central one, which is generally entire. The divisions are sometimes entire, and sometimes cut into laciniate teeth. The flowers rise above the leaves on peduncles from four to six inches long. The calyx lobes are long and acute. The petals are obovate, perfectly smooth, of a peculiarly bright metallic blue, and abruptly spreading within the calyx lobes, presenting a flatter surface than any other species. The spur is remarkably short. The points of the filaments which project beyond the anthers are of a rounded form and reddish brown color. They are prominent in the throat of the approximate petals, giving a dark eye to the centre of the flower. The large stigma is visible in the middle of these points.

The whole plant is quite smooth, except the stipules, the petals exhibiting none of the beard which most other species possess. It grows in abundance over the whole country, and is everywhere distinct. The color frequently varies from dark to light; bunches of almost white flowers being often seen amid the general blue. In the country west of the Mississippi, a kindred form (*V. delphinifolia*, Nutt.) seems to take its place. It has the same brilliancy of color, with leaves much more divided.

The species hitherto described are all stemless. The first was yellow, the rest blue and three more remain which are all white.

The commonest of these is the **SPEAR LEAVED or LANCE LEAVED VIOLET** (*V. lanceolata* L.), which makes its appearance quite early in the soaking meadows and swampy places. The leaves are of an oval-lanceolate form, tapering into long petioles, with obscure, rounded teeth. The flowers are smaller than any of the preceding species, of a pure white color, except on the lower petal and sometimes the lateral ones, which are marked with dark lines. The spur is quite short and obtuse. The height is generally from two to four inches, and although it grows plentifully all over the

country, it is subject to less variety than any other species.

The **PRIMROSE LEAVED VIOLET** (*V. primulaefolia*, L.) is not so common as the preceding, but it grows in similar situations. The leaves are more ovate and pointed, and the base is not so gradually attenuated towards the petiole. The flower stalks are somewhat longer than the leaves, bearing longer bracts than any other species. The petals are more acute than any others, and the lateral ones are smooth. The northern form is minutely described by Bigelow under the name of *V. acuta*. The species extends over the whole country, and in the South, where it attains its greatest size, it is remarkably distinct from the *lanceolata*. The leaves there are decidedly cordate and two or three inches long. Bigelow called the northern form our smallest native violet; but in the South it reaches nearly a foot in height. As the leaves increase in length, the cordate lobes grow to the petiole in such a way as to form a winged margin, while the base of the leaves becomes truncate and almost wedge-shaped.

The third white violet is a small and delicate species, which is called, from its fragrance, the **SWEET SCENTED WHITE VIOLET** (*V. blanda* Willd.). It grows in damp soils everywhere, resembling the *lanceolata* in its flowers, though not in its leaves. These are round, heart-shaped, thin and of a delicate texture. The sinus is short and rounded, and the margins have obscurely serrate appressed teeth. The flowers, like those of all our white violets, are small in proportion to the size of the plant, which ranges from two to six inches high. The lower and lateral petals are strongly marked with violet lines and entirely smooth. Pursh made a new species, *V. clandestina*, of one of its forms which exhibits a peculiarity of all the acaulescent species. From the crown of the subterranean stem, little shoots spring forth late in the season, bearing flowers without petals, but otherwise perfect and fertile.

The other species have leafy and branching stems. They appear later in the year, but to complete our description of the genus we will detail their distinctive particularities.

The **CANADA VIOLET** (*V. Canadensis* L.) grows in shady woods, but is not common. The radical leaves are on petioles sometimes six inches long. The stems are either single or two to three together from the same root, bearing large, ovate,

acuminate, alternate leaves on long petioles. They are serrate with rounded teeth, larger than in any other species. The stipules vary from broad to narrow lanceolate. The flowers spring from the axils of the upper leaves on slender peduncles from one to three inches long. The petals are rounded, of a pale tint above, and violet beneath. The lateral ones are bearded and the spur is short. This is our largest species reaching sometimes the height of nearly two feet.

One of the most distinct species is the LONG SPURRED or BEAKED VIOLET (*V. rostrata Pursh*). It is distinguished at once by its remarkably long spur, which is sometimes twice the length of the petals. The general aspect is that of a small *Canadensis*, from which it differs in the spur and the fringed stipules, cut into slender, very narrow teeth at the base. The leaves are ovate, cordate, sometimes acuminate and bluntly toothed, on long petioles. The flowers are rather large, pale, and veined, with bluntly pointed petals without a beard. The spur is more than half an inch long, including the anther spurs, which are proportionately increased. The species is nowhere common, but it is found from Canada to Virginia, and westward to Ohio. It grows on moist, shady, rocky hill-sides.

The most abundant of the caulescent forms is the SPREADING VIOLET (*V. Muhlenbergii, Torr.*), which grows in moist, low woods. It sends out numerous stems from four to six inches long, which spread in every direction over the ground, sometimes resting on it and becoming geniculated. The leaves are small, round and heart-shaped; the lower ones have long petioles with their lobes curling inwards in the manner of the *ovculata*. The stipules are large and, like the last, cut into lacinate teeth. The flowers are of medium size, light blue, and marked with pale lines,

with a spur about half as long as the petals. According to Torrey and Gray, this is the *V. debilis* of Pursh and Bigelow, but not of Michaux.

There is another species, nearly related to this, which grows westward and southward, and has been in a few instances found in our borders, but it is not so common as to be familiar even to those who seek for our floral varieties. It is the PALE VIOLET (*V. striata Ait.*). It is erect, with leaves pointed and very regularly serrate, with rounded teeth and large stipules, cut-toothed like the garden species. The flowers are on long peduncles, of a very light yellow color, with prominent veins. Some forms of it approach the *Canadensis* in habit.

The last species for us to describe is the YELLOW VIOLET (*V. pubescens Ait.*). The stem is from six to twelve inches high, leafless below, giving out three or four broad, heart-shaped, acuminate, serrate leaves at the summit. A single, ovate, obtuse bract springs from the naked portion of the stem and, similar ones accompany each leaf. The lobes are sometimes cucullate. The flowers appear in the axils of the upper leaves on long peduncles with two small, subulate bracts in the middle. They are of medium size, yellow and elegantly striated, with a very short and slightly swollen spur. The whole plant is generally clothed with a soft pubescence, extending to the seed-vessel, which is covered with a woolly down. This is one of the handsomest species, frequenting the woodlands and extending over the whole country. There is a smoother and greener variety to which Schweinitz gave the name of *scabriuscula*.

The Violets are the type of the order to which they belong, VIOLACEÆ. There are but two other genera in North America; *Solea* and *Ionidium*.

THE POETS.

YES, theirs be "blessings and eternal praise,"
 The poets of all time! Yet not alone
 For the high song of old resounding tone,
 The solemn chant of earth's heroic days,
 Or passion's pleading voice—the fiery lays,
 Which make the world's heart one; glorious are these,
 Yet are there sweeter, dearer melodies—
 Old homelike songs around the fireside blaze,
 With a known music to the kindred soul
 Tuned, and familiar utterance; clouds, that roll
 Through the dark hour they pierce; the mood, that weighs
 On the wrung heart, they lift, with sweet control,
 And, deep beneath the burdened waste of years,
 Unseal anew the fount of childhood's freshening tears.

THE DOUBLE VEIL.

"MY dear sir," said a pale gentleman in a well-fitting black suit, touching my elbow and addressing me abruptly, as I stood looking over the taffrail of the Stonington steamer—"My dear sir, *never*, on any account, buy food of old people, nor practice impositions on cats."

"Why," I answered, laughing, "I don't intend to practice impositions either on cats or men; but I see no reason why edibles vended by an old person, should not be as savory and as properly salable as others."

"Especially if you are peddling," continued my new friend, with a smile—"especially if you are peddling. I'll tell you the reason, if you like, and I think it will please you; for there is really a good deal of truth in this advice of mine."

It is a good plan to tolerate all manner of queer self-introductions. I have gathered many singular stories, and much useful information and new truth, from fellow-travellers of easy manners and a *cacothies loquendi*. So I answered that I should be extremely happy to listen to the account which my friend seemed prepared to furnish, whereupon he proceeded to narrate the following:

"While I was engaged in the peddling business, ten or fifteen years ago, in the rough country including those portions of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, which are nearest each other, I was in the habit of putting up at a solitary frame-house, on the mountains in East Tennessee. It was inhabited by two poor creatures, a man and his wife; old, decrepit, and scarcely able to crawl. They had a small garden, and an enormous tom-cat; in both of which they took very great pride. They raised a little corn, and a few vegetables; but for other housekeeping comforts and necessities, they depended upon chance passengers; peddlers, emigrants, hunters, &c. The house was full twenty miles from any other on the road, either way, and the route was extremely rough. How these two feeble old mortals should ever have settled there, or how they should dare to stay so long, I'm sure I can't imagine. Their nearest neighbors used to tell queer stories about the old place, as if it had formerly been the haunt of horse-thieves, negro-stealers, counterfeiters, and that riff-raff of miscel-

laneous miscreants that gathers now and then in the West and South; and as if the old man and his old wife had been implicated in many dark deeds, and lived there, by a retributive imprisonment, in the place of their ancient crimes. But of all this, I never saw any indications. I repeatedly passed the night there in safety, even when having property and money to a considerable amount with me. The old folks, to be sure, were 'as cross as two sticks;' but they served me as well as they could. Besides, I was pretty well used to serve myself; and it was one good sign, that they evidently loved their enormous old tom-cat as if it had been an only child. There was only one thing about them which positively displeased me, and that was their terrible avarice. I always paid them well, for they were poor, and needed the money. And the grin and clutch with which they seized the cash, and the gloating delight which they felt, seemingly, even in handling the coins, were ugly and hateful to see.

"Well, I always used to put up there, because it was almost necessarily my stopping-place, in getting across one of the twisted combinations of mountain ranges that shut off the western part of North Carolina from Tennessee. These visits occurred at irregular intervals during several years, while I was on my circuit in that section of country. I could see that the old couple grew weaker and weaker, and their horrid avarice stronger and stronger. They even used to give way, latterly, to unpleasant demonstrations of maudlin affection at my coming, apparently for no other reason than that they expected handsome payment for my board and lodgings. And the great old cat, though coy at first, ultimately took up a cattish and freaky liking to me; rubbing himself against my boot, purring and looking up and winking slowly at me with his big, green eyes, and even scrambling up into my lap to go to sleep, and lying and kneading and digging his sharp claws into me, as a token of amity, after the fashion of amicable cats.

"I had stopped there one night, towards the end of the summer; and after partaking of an unusually meagre supper and breakfast, departed, leaving the poor old man and his wife mumbling and grinning to each other over a dollar

or two which I gave them, as much in charity as in payment.

"I mused much, as I went, upon the unaccountable change in the behavior of the old cat. He had forgotten all his feline blandishments, and of my caresses and attentions he would none; spitting and swelling up in a manner very ugly to behold, developing his great yellow tail into a cylindrical brush almost as large as his body, arching his back and striking spitefully at me with his claws out at full length, whenever I tried to be friendly. The old woman scolded, and the old man swore; until finally he threw a couple of old boots and a broom at Tom, who evacuated the kitchen, went out and perched on the woodpile, and commenced a horrid and persistent grand solo cat's-concert, calculated to dismay the boldest heart. He wailed and miauled all the evening. He carried on imaginary conflicts with intrusive rivals, and amorous coolings—if one may imagine a tom-cat to coo—with lady-lovers; and he kept me awake nearly all night, in spite of the expenditure of all the missiles I could muster in my crack-lit attic bedroom.

"Nor was he improved in the morning. His unmelodious notes seemed to have been aggravated by his serenading—singing in the night, you know, is very trying to the voice—and I fancy he must have caught a cold in the head, from sitting undressed on a damp log; for his eyes were considerably inflamed, and were now horribly red and fiery, and his vile crowing and screeching was as hoarse and harsh as a sick Shanghai's. All the time that I was eating my scanty breakfast and harnessing my horse, he sat on his log, kneading and clawing, flitting his abominable tail, and cursing and swearing at me after his cattish sort, with an expression of face perfectly diabolical.

"Upon all these savage demonstrations I meditated a good deal; but at last concluded that they must be charged to the changeable character of the beast. He had first liked me, and then hated me without any particular reason; for I had made no advances towards him, either friendly or hostile. I however considered that I might lightly endure the enmity of a yellow tom-cat, even of the largest dimensions, and so dismissed the matter from my mind.

"A few weeks afterwards, while I was in Nashville, and had nearly sold out my stock, I received a letter from a firm in

Charleston with whom I had transacted some business, requesting me to come immediately thither, and make arrangements to undertake an agency further south, in their employment. I made preparations to start next morning, for their terms were liberal, and at that time I cared little what or where was my occupation, if only I could rove enough. A day's notice would have sufficed me for a voyage around the world.

"As I lay in bed next morning waiting for the breakfast bell, the recollection of old Mr. and Mrs. Graves, and their enormous and fickle pussy came into my mind. The strange behavior of that respectable quadruped had served to impress the occurrences of my last visit deeply on my memory; and by spontaneous mental operation, I now remembered a circumstance which had before escaped me. During my last breakfast at the mountain tavern, the old lady remarked to her husband, as I finished the rag end of a lean scrap of bacon, and a crust of corn bread, that she didn't know what on earth they should do for dinner, unless they should kill Tom; for there wasn't another mouthful of anything on the place. Now, thought I to myself, what could the miserable old creatures do if they should actually get out of provisions? For they could not possibly travel to any other house, in either direction. They had told me that once or twice already they had been reduced to great straits by the non-arrival of any passengers, at times when their own stores had failed. But there was the garden? Yes; but as it happened, there was also nothing in it; for an unprecedentedly long and late drought had that season destroyed nearly all the summer crops, and even many of the forest trees, in the drier parts of that high, mountainous region. And their Western improvidence would prevent them from actual preparation for an emergency of the kind I was contemplating, since 'they had done well enough so far.' Now, I continued, could that frightful yellow cat have foreseen, by some inscrutable animal intuition, such as dogs and horses have often been supposed to possess, that a famine was impending over the household, and that I was consuming the last portion of food, and leaving only useless, inedible specie in return? And was it *that* foreboding which made him so savage and persistent in his wrath and his vociferations?

"I very soon, however, got rid of these

unpromising speculations in the bustle of breakfast and of preparing for my long ride. For there was no public conveyance by my old route, which, as the shortest, I proposed to take, and having disposed of my team, I purchased a saddle-horse, took provisions and a double-barrelled pistol, and set out.

"But as I rode along through solitary woods, or on the unfrequented paths among plantations, the odd notions that had perplexed me in the morning unaccountably rose up again in my mind. Suppose the old people *should* have got entirely out of food? Suppose that rascally old tom-cat did really have the "second sight," and had been shrieking out like a feline and fuscous Cassandra, a true and unregarded prophecy of woe? What a miserable and unhappy end of their lonely, forgotten lives, to starve in their solitary home on the mountains, alone! To feel their impotence, and wait in helpless, hopeless weakness, for passengers who did not come—to see the shadows shorten on the floor in the morning, and lengthen again in the slanting sunbeams of afternoon, and to hear no approaching step—and then suddenly I remembered wild stories of attacks made by cats upon babes or the helpless sick, or even upon unwatched corpses of the dead. I was active and young; yet these horrid fancies clustered continually about me, despite my endeavors to drive them away, and filled me full of foolish fears to approach the solitary frame house. I argued the whole case over and over; and repeatedly and uselessly convicted myself of nervousness, of folly, of silly dreaming. But as soon as the procession of the reasoning had passed by, and even before, up jumped again the pallid ghosts of the mountain couple. At last, quite out of patience, I drove my horse to his utmost capacity; hurrying, since I could do no better, to dispel, by close encounter, and familiar experience of the aged faces and tottering forms of the old man and woman, the uncomfortable phantoms that haunted me, and that crowded and plagued me more and more every hour.

"After several days' hard travel, I approached the old house. I watched the road earnestly for traces of footsteps, or horse or carriage tracks; but I could see only the half-effaced remains of old ones, washed out by rain, or filled with wind-driven dust. Yet this afforded only a faint presumption; and how absurd did the idea seem that two people,

in a habitable house on a public road, should starve in solitude for lack of provision!

"I crossed the summit of a ridge, from which I could look down as from the rim of a basin, upon the bottom and sides of the wide valley in the higher region of the Cumberland Mountains, in the middle of which the old home stood. The low rays of the western sun, in the floods of the thick yellow light which is the peculiar illumination of the middle and latter half of the golden afternoon, poured over all the amphitheatre, and seemed even to concentrate in still and flaming glories upon the bare old house and within the small clearing around it. Utter and doleful silence slept over all the region. The heat was intense; and, neither did breeze stir the woodlands, nor did bird or beast move or speak in the forest. I reined up and looked forward with the indistinct yet intense volition which we exercise when upon the margin of some undetermined revelation, as if a strong and earnest wish might suffice to show us what we desire to know. Slowly and hesitatingly I set forward again. I met none. I saw none but old tracks. I heard nothing except the reduplicating tramp of my weary horse as I urged him on at a quick walk, his panting, the creaking of his accoutrements. Forward, forward; nearer and nearer to the vortex of these most gratuitous and absurd, but now involuntary and almost unendurable terrors of mine.

"I came suddenly out from beneath the shadowing branches of the high forest trees upon the open ground before the house. The hot yellow light struck me almost faint. The doors and windows were closed. Dust and silence possessed all the outer portions of the homestead. The rusty axe lay upon the chips before the door; an old bucket stood upon the steps; a squirrel skittered across the front of the building and ran squeaking into the rickety garden fence; and an inarticulate moaning noise was heard, and something was feebly dropped against the kitchen window from within. Doubtless, that was the voice and the hand of one of the ancient inmates, fallen near the window, while looking in vain, with dim and dimming eyes, for help that did not come.

"I was just in season, then, to relieve the poor old couple from perishing. In a half expectation of such a case, I had stored my saddle-bags with food. I

leaped from the saddle, hastily fastened my horse, snatched the saddle-bags, drew my pistol, for fear of any surprise, and hurried to the window. But quicker yet, I recoiled. That hideous beast, crouched upon the breast of his dead mistress, cowering there, a gaunt and bony fiend, but with red and angry eyes and *bloody jaws*, recognized me; sprang with renewed and demoniac strength against the dusty window, through which, in a sort of fear to open the door, I had first peered in upon the secrets of the fearful house. In utter abandonment of frantic anger he flung himself, and flew sideways, with impotent and wide extended fangs and talons, and a shrill and direful cry, against the window, so that the thin glass cracked and shivered, and the hateful thing dashed, but for the transparent film, right in my face.

"My momentary glance within showed me that my speculations had been well-founded. They were co-existent with some fearful chance, or God had chosen to make me an instrument of death to the two wretched old beings there. For if not, should I not have hastened back to them with food on the day I left them last?

"The old man lay dead upon the bed, and his wife upon the floor. * * *

* * * But such was the debilitating effect of my previous cogitations, and of the recognition and fiendish virulence of the enormous cat, that my courage was utterly shattered. I fired with unsteady hand upon the beast as he lay kicking on the floor; wounded him; fled straightway to my horse, stumbling in sheer blind affright, and strove to unfasten him.

"But awful yells from the imprisoned cat paralyzed my fingers. Again and again the frightful thing sprang against the window. The weak panes shattered; the hateful yellow beast caught upon the broken fragments left in the sash; tore himself, and bled; scrambled furiously through; flew across the narrow yard; and just as I was mounting, as well as my miserable fear would allow me, sprang at me, caught me by the leg and bit and bit, with an agonising and

malevolent energy which could only have been inspired by fangs; relaxed his hold, and fell dying to the ground.

"In utter and unimaginable rapture of terror, I set spurs to my horse, screamed to him, whipped him frantically; and so fled far away from the ghastly place.

"But the creature had bitten me with poisonous teeth. And ever since, he is close behind me, and every little while he yells and screams in my ears until I rave. I won't bear it any longer," screamed my gentlemanly friend, looking quickly behind him, and then bending upon me wild eyes, whose increasingly unsteady glitter I had uneasily marked during all the latter portion of this incoherent story — "There he is again! Don't you see him? He'll bite you, too! Let's jump overboard; he can't get us there!"

And before I could do more than cry out once, he gripped me, lifted me from the deck, and sprang with me, out and down into the white shadowy horror of boiling foam that hissed and gurgled, and wallowed, in the twilight under the great steamer's stern.

The cold water awakened me. I lay floundering on the state-room floor, amalgamated with a broken basin and pitcher, the water thence proceeding, a chair, my trunk and my boots. And a baby was squalling fearfully in the next state-room, not a foot from the berth where I had been sleeping. The vehement shouts of this innocent had furnished the squalls of the cat, around which, as a nucleus, the other circumstances of my dream had grouped themselves, in the rapid crystallization of spontaneous mental action.

"Hence, we view " that

1. Lunatics generalize upon insufficient deductions.

2. Lunatics should not travel unrestrained in public conveyances.

3. Babies should not travel *at all* in public conveyances, unless they (the babies) are *hermetically sealed*.

TWICE MARRIED.

[Continued from page 390.]

CHAPTER II.

THE father of Mrs. Manners had been, in his generation, one of the richest farmers in Walbury. Her only brother, John Dashleigh, her senior by several years, did not inherit the thrifty habits of his worthy parent, but grew up to be a handsome, careless, jovial, curly-pated fellow, as averse to hard labor as he was fond of riding about the country on his father's best mare, to cattle shows and turkey-shoots, and of attending all the dances, quiltings, sleigh-rides, and other junkettings that were held within a circuit of thirty miles. His father's sudden and accidental death, the cares consequent upon his accession to the paternal estate, and above all the gentle influence of a pretty, newly-wedded wife sobered and steadied him for a while; but having been unfortunately appointed by the high sheriff as one of his deputies, he was frequently called away from home to perform the duties of his office, and began to neglect his farm and the toilsome business of husbandry. Another misfortune befell him in the flattering guise of an election to the command of a troop of horse in the militia. He was proud of this distinction, and the sums that he expended at training and muster days increased from year to year, until they consumed the greater portion of the shrinking income of his farm. His horses soon outnumbered his kine, and his dogs—the gossiping neighbor-wives said—were sometimes better fed than his children. His debts increased as his means of payment diminished. Creditors began to press him, and he had more writs served upon him, than he, as deputy sheriff, served upon other people. From time to time he borrowed of his brother-in-law, until at last, the good colonel, not then so rich as he afterwards became, was obliged to mortgage his wife's outlands to raise the money to lend him. Finally, one evil day, while away from home at a cattle-show, and half intoxicated, he suffered the time to slip by at which it was his duty (put off till the last moment and then forgotten), to return his writs to a term of court. By this negligence several plaintiffs, the attaching creditors of an insolvent corporation, lost the secu-

rity for their claims to which they otherwise would have been entitled. Sheriff Dashleigh was a ruined man. The remnant of his estate but half sufficed to pay the damages recovered against him by the exasperated creditors. His bondsmen, Colonel Manners and Deacon Joab Sweeny, were obliged to pay the heavy balance. The high sheriff removed his delinquent deputy from office. After that day John Dashleigh never held up his head; and six months afterwards the neighbors bore his broken heart to his grave. Poor Dashleigh had never forgiven himself for the misfortune that he had brought upon his family and his friends. But with all his big heart did Colonel Manners accord a full pardon to the brother of his wife, as he stood by his dying-bed, and pressed his hand and bade him die in peace. The payment of the large sums required to satisfy the claims of the creditors, injured by John Dashleigh's *laches*, had wrought a woful diminution of the value of the colonel's worldly estate; but, for all that, most freely did he give to the widow the price of his well-beloved span of grey colts, the pride of his heart, when with her children she set out to seek a home, under her father's roof, in the far distant Genesee country to to which he had emigrated. But Deacon Joab Sweeny never forgave the man whose default had cost him five thousand dollars. He never forgot the chagrin of that heavy loss, although afterwards, his brother-in-law, the colonel, repaid him both principal and interest, because, as he said, it had been at his request that the Deacon joined with him in signing the bond.

"Good Lud, sister Axy," said he, rather testily to the deacon's wife, who improved this occasion to reproach him for ever having had anything to do with "that shiftless cretur," as she had always called John Dashleigh; "Good Lud, ef I be a fool, as you say, I dunno ez its any o' your business, by gracious! The deacon's got his pay, haint he? and, as for me, I believe I've got enough left to live on a spell, anyhow, without comin' opto the town, and ef you don't believe it I'm willing to compare with anybody in Walbury. Taint alwus them as pinches a nimepunce till it squeals that

gets the most forehanded, mum, and 'twont do you a mite o' hurt to hear so nuther."

Quite variant and somewhat characteristic were the reflections and remarks made by the several parties and witnesses to this last-mentioned transaction, immediately after the departure of Colonel Manners from Deacon Sweeny's house.

"I'm a fool, eh?" muttered the colonel to himself, as he unhitched his horse from the post at the gate. "Well, maybe I be," he continued, when he got into his wagon, gathered up his reins, and started homewards; "maybe I be; but all money's good for is to use, and ef I haint made a good investment to-night, then I never did—in my judgment. In the first place I've stopped Axy's everlastin' jaw about John Dashleigh; that's worth a thousand dollars at the least kalkilation. I'm able to look the deacon straight in the eye agin without feelin as if he was a thinkin about my askin him to put his name to that are bond; and that's worth another thousand. Then I've pleased my wife, and under sich circumstances I can't call that less than another thousand, and finally I've suited myself and had my own way, and that makes up the balance; and, by gracious!" pursued the colonel, laughing outright in the dark all to himself, and whipping his old horse in his glee; "and the best on't is it's all clear gain, for the deacon 'll save every soomarkes on't for the children, and that's jest what I should ha' done, and all the difference is, he's got the trouble of takin keer on't, and I haint."

"There, deacon, what have I alwus told ye?" cried Mrs. Sweeny, turning from the window as her brother drove away, and choosing to forget the prophecies of coming upon the town for the lack of the money, just repaid, to which she had given almost daily utterance for the past five years. "Ah! I don't wonder you don't want to look up. I should think you'd feel like sinkin' right into the airth before me, when you think how often you've blamed me for speakin' my mind to Starr, and sayin' I'd make him mad by tellin' him jest what I thought of his conduct, a-gettin' you into that awful scrape, all for the sake of that wicked, shiftless cretur, which you see it has come out jest as I alwus knew it would, in my own mind, if I only kep a bearin' my witness agin' it. I knew, and you might, too, if you'd only had an atom of my sense. I think

I've talked to some purpose, hey, haint I? Sixty-five hundred dollars don't grow on every bush, Deacon Sweeny, and ain't to be got nor saved by talking every day, by a good deal. You'd have to talk till your tongue dropped off before you'd save sixty-five hundred dollars by it. I've talked to as good purpose as the lawyers, I guess. Good Land! I wonder what you'd come to if it wan't for me?"

The deacon, who was so accustomed to the din of his wife's scolding that he scarcely ever gave it any heed, sat meanwhile with his chin upon his breast, silently meditating upon the recent event. "It's raaly a very handsome thing in Starr," thought he, "though after all, 'twan't no more'n his bounden dooty in conscience, and every one or't to do their dooty without expectin' to be praised for't. I've hoped and prayed that he might be led to see it, and I've had purty strong faith that my prayers would be answered. I or't to be thankful, and so I am. I'll give—le's see—I'll give twenty dollars towards new shinglin' the meetin'-house—that's purty near a third o' one per cent., and actilly that's handsome—and all the rest 'll seem like clear gain. 'Penny saved is a penny airt,' Poor Richard says. I know jest where I can put the money out and have it tickin' to good advantage. Here was Jim Sparks, only last night, a-wantin' to borrow two thousand on his farm, and I couldn't let him have it. Now I can accommodate him, and ef he goes on for three year to come as he has for three year back, the farm 'll be mine and for half its raal vally; and the balance of the money I know where I can put it out and have it airm me as good as twelve per cent., and as safe, too, as Harford Bank stock. I declare, it rally seems as ef I could behold the finger of Providence in this here purty plain."

"What a pile of money!" thought young Joab, who, before his uncle's visit had been sitting at the table, solving problems in compound interest from Daboll, in preparation for the morrow's lesson at school. "I wish it was mine, and, by jingo, it will be when 'pa dies, if he ever does;" and then, having estimated the number of years his parent would be likely to survive according to the usual course of nature, he proceeded to apply the rule of compound interest to the case in hand, and experienced a deal of satisfaction in finding how large a sum the money just paid, with inter-

est upon interest, would amount to at the end of twenty years.

"Sixty-five hundred dollars!" thought Sally Blake, the kitchen help, who sat at the chimney-corner paring apples for drying. "If I had it, I'd give the most on't to Andrew to buy a farm and stock of cattle, and with the balance I'd get furniture and clothes, and we'd be married next Thanksgiving;" and absorbed in the pleasing fancies to which these reflections gave rise, poor Sally forgot what she was about, and actually paused in her labor, her hands, holding a half-peeled pippin, resting on the tray in her lap, until young Joab called his mother's attention to this circumstance, whereupon Mrs. Sweeny administered to her help a sharp reproof, and told her she wasn't worth her salt; Joab chuckled, and made faces, looking up with a hateful grin at Sally, as he spit on his slate, and rubbed out his sum with his cuff, while Sally herself, roused from a reverie just as she was choosing a name for the first baby, blushed till her pretty face was red as scarlet, and then with a fluttering sigh resumed her task.

But, as Mrs. Sweeny correctly remarked, sixty-five hundred dollars don't grow on every bush, and the shrubs are rare from which but half the sum can be picked; and so it happened that five years elapsed before Andrew Bunn, the Colonel's waggish head-man, and Sally Blake had earned and saved enough to make it prudent for them to marry each other, to buy the Jim Sparks farm which, sure enough, the Deacon by that time had for sale, and to set up in the world for themselves. But the five years came and went, leaving crow's feet at the corners of Andrew's eyes, and tracing faint wrinkles on Sally's forehead, and at last the farm was bought, and half paid for, and the other half secured by a mortgage back, and the joyful Thanksgiving-day arrived, to which, it must be confessed, Sally, subject to the rigorous discipline of Mrs. Sweeny's household rule, had looked forward with greater impatience than even her lover, who, meanwhile, as Colonel Manners' head farm-hand, had been his own master. They had a very nice wedding at Deacon Sweeny's (for Sally was an orphan whom Mrs. Sweeny had taken to bring up), the expense of which was deducted from the sum due to Sally for wages. It was at this wedding that Lucy—who was at home for Thanksgiving week—conceived a feeling of hearty,

active dislike for her cousin Joab, for the reason only that he ventured, upon this occasion, for the first time in his life, to allude to the fact, well understood by both, that they were to marry each other. "I say, Lucy," said he in a whisper, with a sheepish look, "we'll have a weddin' of our own bimeby. I guess by about next Thanksgivin', a year from now, it'll be you and I." At this Lucy blushed violently, and then turned deadly pale, to the great delight of her aunt Sweeny, who had, in fact, invented the speech, and had been at great pains in encouraging her son to repeat it, and had watched closely to notice the effect produced thereby. That sometime in the future, she was to marry Joab, Lucy had always been told, and believed without thinking much about it; but she had always disliked Joab, and this unwonted effort of gallantry on the part of her awkward cousin, at such a time, shocked her like a death-warning, and served to show her very vividly how extremely distasteful to her was the idea of her intended fate.

The next day the newly-married pair took up their abode in a little cottage belonging to the colonel, which stood over against his own house, on the other side of the way, where they were to reside during the winter, until the time should come for them to enter into possession of the Jim Sparks farm.

To find a proper person to fill the post of manager on his farm, which Andrew Bunn had so long and so worthily occupied, caused Colonel Manners a vast amount of vexation and trouble. The homestead was a very large farm; besides which there were several outland fields and lots, and though he by no means neglected to superintend his business when at home, and sometimes used even to labor with his own hands at raking hay, mending fence, and jobs of the like sort, the colonel had long before ceased to head in person his troop of farm hands, or to exercise over their operations that constant supervision which a good farmer is apt to consider essential to profitable husbandry. This position had long been filled by Andrew, and was soon to become vacant. Several candidates offered themselves, but none were found to suit the colonel, who was, it must be confessed, somewhat fastidious and hypercritical, although one of the rejected missed obtaining the desirable situation by a hair's breadth only. "How do you contrive about

getting bean-poles for the garden?" asks the colonel as a final and test question. "Why," replies the man, "afore it comes time to pole the beans, I send the boys to the swamp, and hev 'em out, and haul home a load with the waggin."

"Very well; very well," cries the colonel; "that'll do—good day! A man that don't know how to provide bean-poles for a garden, ain't the man to oversee my farm."

It was the very morning when the colonel was again disappointed in the manner just related, that a letter was received from John Dashleigh's widow, who was still living in the Genesee country. Her father was dead, and gone to a better world, she wrote, and having sold out her interest in the estate he left behind him, to her brothers, she wished to come and end her days among the scenes of her earlier and happier life, at Walbury, where there was no fever and ague, nor Indians, nor wild beasts, but everything was quiet and orderly, and there was a good school for her little girl, and the stated preaching of the gospel, and other Christian privileges for herself; but John, her oldest child, now a full-grown man of twenty-one years of age, had expressed a strong desire to emigrate to Ohio, and buy wild land there, and clear a farm, and grow up with the country, as he called it, a project which, it was evident, the widow herself regarded with apprehension and dislike. Still, she said that she should do, after all, as John thought best; for, though she said it, that shouldn't say it, he was as good a son as there was in the world, and for his age his judgment was excellent, and that she depended on him for advice as much as she ever had on his father; which, without doubt, she did indeed, and more too, for that matter, as Mrs. Manners said aloud in a parenthesis when she read the letter to her husband. And though John was a good scholar (the widow's letter continued), and amazingly fond of reading and books, there wasn't a better farmer in the whole Genesee country for his age, as all the neighbors for ten miles round—those who knew him best—had been heard to say time and time again.

"How I should like to see him," quoth Mrs. Manners, wiping her spectacles and folding up the letter when she had finished reading it aloud.

"What a comfort he must be to his ma. Jest think on't, husband, of his looking so much like his poor father,

only taller. What a handsome young fellow he must be?"

"I don't believe much in that Ohio," remarked the colonel, shaking his head. "They talk a good deal on't, but it'll never be much of a place. It's too fur off."

"I do hope and pray they wont make up their minds to go there;" added his wife.

"She'd get fever'n-egg and Ingins enough out to Ohio," resumed the colonel, "and bears and painters too, I tell ye."

"Massy! me!" cried Mrs. Manners, with a little scream; "I wouldn't go for the world. How fur off is it colonel?"

"Well; le's see," replied the colonel, rubbing his head; which, by the by, contained no very clear idea concerning the territory in question. "You see the distance varies accordin' as which way you go—some's nearer and some's fuder."

"Say the nighest way," pursued Mrs. Manners.

"Well, I should say more'n a thousand mild," replied the colonel, hazarding a guess; which was, like most Yankee guesses, as near the truth as the positive assertions of many other people.

"Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Manners, apparently quite aghast. "It's a good ways beyond the Genesee country, then."

"Law," said the colonel, with a knowing air, "the Genesee country ain't half-way. Why, its beyond the Alleghany Mountains."

The same night, when this worthy couple had retired to their own room, the lady, for a purpose of her own, continued to bring up the subject of the Widow Dashleigh's letter, and again, with a shudder, expressed her horror at the notion of her sister-in-law's emigration to such a howling wilderness as Ohio. "She's too fur along in life to think of such a thing," said Mrs. Manners, "and for my part, I should suppose John would rather settle in this part of the country, now his gran'ther's dead, than to go to such a wild place."

"I expect the syle is purty fertile, though," remarked the colonel.

"No wonder, if they find room to bury all them that dies with the fever'n-egg, and the wild cretars don't dig up the corpses," said his wife.

"I wouldn't want to live there myself, that's a fact. Ugh!" exclaimed the

colonel, shivering as he jumped into bed.

"Why can't he come and lay out what money they've got in a farm here?" pursued Mrs. Manners. "If he's as good a farmer as Sally says, he'd contrive to pay up in a little while, even if he was obliged to run in debt some. There's Andrew now," she continued, "how long will it be before he'll be clear of the world and forehanded?"

"And speaking of Andrew," she added presently, after a pause, during which she toasted her little feet at the fire, put on her nightcap and slyly watched her husband's face, "what on earth, Judge, are you going to do for a man to take his place?"

"I dunno, I'm sure," said the colonel. Now, whenever Mrs. Manners called her husband "Judge," to his face, it was a pretty sure sign that she wished to make him good-natured if inclined to be a little cross, or to keep him in good humor if already so. Howbeit, the colonel was not aware of this, though he never failed to take notice whenever he was addressed by this title.

"The first thing, you know, it'll be time to go to ploughing," said Mrs. Manners.

"I declare," cried the colonel, suddenly starting up in bed. "Betsy, I wonder if young John Dashleigh now wouldn't be just the man!"

"Good Land! how you skeert me!" exclaimed Mrs. Manners; "I didn't know but what you was took in a fit or something. What was it you said about John Dashleigh?"

"I wonder if he wouldn't be just the feller to come and take Andrew's place," said the colonel, lying down again.

"Well, if I ever!" cried the lady, blowing out the light and laughing to herself in the dark. "What a quick witted creetur you be, Judge. Who'd ha' thought o' him now, but you, when he's five hundred miles away, and we hain't seen him for I don't know how many years?"

It would be manifestly improper to relate to the world the conversation of this good couple after they were all nicely tucked up for the night. Let it suffice to say, that the colonel found no great difficulty in convincing his wife that the plan he had so ingeniously thought of was a very good one indeed, and successfully overthrew a few feeble objections to it which she started. It was finally agreed, however, at her sug-

gestion, to sleep on the project over night. But the next morning, finding it all the better for having been slept on, the colonel accordingly dispatched a letter to the Genesee country, proposing to the widow Dashleigh to come forthwith to Walbury, and take up her abode in the little cottage over the way, as soon as Andrew and his wife should go to their farm, and also offering the post of overseer and manager on the homestead to her son John.

CHAPTER III.

It was a warm and beautiful afternoon in the month of March, that the stage-coach from Albany, which had been delayed by the muddy roads for many hours behind its time, at last arrived and drew up in front of Morgan's Tavern, commonly called the Stage House, in State Street, in the ancient town of Hartford. Among the weary passengers that alighted from it, were the widow Dashleigh and her two children, on their way from the Genesee country to their old home in the Niptuck Valley. The Providence coach, which used to pass within a few miles of Walbury, had been gone since four o'clock in the morning, and the widow (who was not very strong) and her little daughter were not sorry for the opportunity afforded them to rest for the remainder of the day and night, before starting upon the last stage of their long and weary journey. So, after a late dinner, the two women went to bed, to regain the sleep of which they had been cheated by their night stage-ride, while John Dashleigh, whose vigor had been sufficiently restored by a hearty meal, sought his chamber only for the purpose of arranging his disordered and travel-stained dress, and then sallied forth to have a look at the sights of the city.

But except the beautiful ladies—for whom Hartford was as justly famous in those days as it is now—there was nothing in the whole town so well worth the looking at as John Dashleigh himself. For, though it must be confessed that his apparel, in spite of the pains he had just bestowed upon it, still betrayed the marks of wear and travel, as well as its origin in the backwoods, his form was tall, so well-shaped and stately, that it needed but slight embellishment by the skill of the tailor. A man who, like

John Dashleigh, is more than six feet in height, and well-proportioned withal, need give little thought to the fashion of his raiment. Then John's face—though by no means strictly handsome—was a very pleasant one even for a stranger to see, and there was a noble, manly, and yet gentle expression in his blue eyes, that—if I were a lady—I should rather my lover would possess than the most polished manners and address, or ever so large an estate. Besides, there was a merry, roguish, good-humored look about his face, that lurked in every feature, and which was heightened by the appearance of his curly brown hair; and as he walked, he carried himself as erect and graceful as any Indian chief. So it is not wonderful that as he sauntered along the main street, gazing curiously to the right and left at whatsoever chanced to arrest his attention, a great many bright glances were directed towards him, which John erred greatly in suspecting were attracted solely by the odd appearance of his coonskin cap and buckskin leggins and hunting-shirt.

If there had been men only to encounter, our hero would have cared little for their gazing; but when groups of ladies, of a beauty quite awful to behold, met him and passed by, rustling in their silken gowns, casting quick, sidelong glances at him from their bright, flashing eyes, and almost always turning their heads to look after him, he began to be sorely dismayed, though, doubtless, if he had happened to overhear the remarks that many of these fair dames made to each other concerning him, his brown cheeks would have reddened with modesty and pleasurable confusion, instead of diffidence and shame; for John, like every other true man and gallant gentleman, regarded women with the utmost respect and reverence, and set a very high value upon their good opinion and praise.

At last, in a by-street, whither he had fled for refuge from curious eyes, he saw coming towards him a little throng of young women, who were talking and laughing together, until one of them happening to espy him, they suddenly became silent, and each endeavored to assume an air of decorous gravity. John heard them whispering together as they cast forward stealthy looks of observation at him from beneath their downcast eyelids, his ear, sharpened by suspicion, caught the sound of a tittering laugh. He was afraid that the whole bevy of

blooming young girls were making sport of his uncouth garb and rude appearance, and with burning cheeks he anticipated the moment of meeting them. As they approached still nearer, he raised, with an effort, his bashful eyes, and his unsteady glance rested upon a single face in the centre of the group. At once he forgot his dress, he forgot his rustic looks, he forgot himself; nay, all the world was forgotten except that fair young face; and while the train of demure damsels tripped primly by, in becoming silence, unbroken except by a roguish little cough from a slim young witch with a gipsy hat and mischievous black eyes, he stood, cap in hand, in an attitude so full of unstudied grace, and so expressive of profound and respectful admiration, that there was not of them who did not forgive with all her heart the scandalous offence of a salute from an utter stranger, notwithstanding the reproving severity of aspect that each one thought it proper to assume.

As for John Dashleigh, he remained standing in the same place, still uncovered, with his eyes fixed upon one form in the retreating group, until it was eclipsed by the corner of a house at an angle of the street. Then all at once he gave a little start, looked around with the manner of one waking from a dream, put his cap on his head and started, walking rapidly, towards the point at which the young women had vanished from his sight. When he reached the place, however, there was nothing to be seen of them. The street around the corner was full of people, and though he looked in every direction, up and down the street and upon both sides of the way, he failed to discover what he so eagerly sought; and after walking about, looking everywhere as he went, until the sun was set and the shops began to be lighted, he gave up the quest and turned his steps towards the inn.

There are many very good and sensible people (if I dare hope that such will read my story) who will, I fear, be disposed to disbelieve this portion of it, or else to set down John Dashleigh as a very weak, silly young fellow, because he suffered himself to fall suddenly and violently in love with a girl whom he saw only for an instant, as she was passing him in the street, and of whose name, rank, and circumstances, he was utterly ignorant. I trust, however, that other persons, of equal good sense and greater experience, will perceive nothing in-

credible in what I have related. It is not always a matter of option whether one will fall in love or no. The pure and unsophisticated youthful heart is sometimes like the tablet of the chemist, which, when exposed to the presence of a beautiful face, will instantly receive an impression as delicate as the bloom upon the grape, but capable of being rendered as ineffaceable and enduring as graven steel or sculptured marble. And that coarse, rough obtuse natures are not susceptible to this gentle influence, by no means proves that others are not more impressible. For my part, like Falstaff, I entertain a great respect for instinct, and I firmly believe, not only that there is such a thing as love at first sight, but that such a love being an instinctive emotion, is a very safe guide to follow in the choice of a husband or wife.

I once read a touching story of a poor fellow, who, in his youth, while walking in the crowded street of a populous city, saw, for the duration of a single glance, the features of a beautiful lady with whom he at once fell madly in love. He turned to follow her, but she had mingled with the throng of passengers and was lost from his sight. And though day after day he thenceforth haunted the spot where he had met her, until weeks lengthened into months, and months grew to be years, he never saw the lady again. His youth was spent and his manhood's prime wasted in the fruitless quest, yet, when extreme old age had come upon him, he was still accustomed to take his stand each morning, in rain or shine, in cold or heat, upon the long-frequented spot, and carefully attired in the style of fifty years bygone, to peer eagerly at the faces of the young and fair as they passed by him, still seeking among them, the original of the picture cherished for so many weary years in his faithful, constant heart; sighing heavily at each new disappointment, and pressing his feeble palms together with a gesture of subdued impatience.

I repeat this story, not because I think John Dashleigh ever would or could have been guilty of a folly like that of this poor heart-blighted creature. Indeed, as we shall presently see, he turned his back upon Hartford, and went on his way towards Walbury the very next morning after his meeting with the beautiful unknown young lady, without having, in the meantime, seen her again, or obtained the least clue by which he might trace out her identity. But my

purpose is to show, by a well authenticated instance, that an enduring love, evidenced by unequalled devotion and fidelity, may be kindled by a single glance.

I am not able to tell (I must confess) with any more certainty than the most sensible and matter-of-fact person in the world, what would have been the effect upon John Dashleigh's future life, if he had never beheld the beautiful unknown again. I think, however, that he himself came very near the truth, as he sat upon the coach-box, with the driver, the next morning, thinking soberly of this very matter, and at the same time looking back towards the steeples of Hartford, piercing through the mist that had risen from the river, and catching on their sharp pinnacles the first ruddy gleams of the early dawn. "The chances are," said John to himself, "that I shall never see her again;" and with this he felt a twinge of the heart-ache, which required all his fortitude to endure and to conceal; "and even if I should," he continued, still to himself, "a beautiful, delicate creature like this, some very rich man's daughter, probably, would be so far above me, that I could never hope to win her. I know that I could love her as I can never love any one else, but I must not let myself love, though I never can forget her. We shall never be to each other more than two fellow-mortals, living separate and apart in the world, and unknown to each other. But she is the very one of whom I've dreamed sometimes. Indeed, it seems as if I must have seen her before; but that can't be. I know I never have, and yet there's a look about her, that she gave me for a single instant, which seemed as familiar as my mother's smile. And how handsome she was! how perfectly lovely! If I could have all the women in the world to choose a wife from, I know, though I've had but one look at her, that she's the one I'd pick out. But it never can be. It's a great misfortune to me too; for though I may be happy without her—working for mother and Ellen and trying to make them happy—yet I'm sure I can never be so completely, perfectly happy as I might have been, if fate had ordered it otherwise. However, it's a man's duty to bear the misfortunes that fall to his lot, and it would be folly to fret and repine at this, when it isn't going to change anything or do the least good."

Having come to this wise conclusion,

our hero gave a fluttering, sobbing sigh of intense regret, that seemed to come from the very bottom of his heart, and which he was fain to disguise by a shiver, as if he were a-cold; and then, buttoning his coarse blanket over-coat closely to his throat, he rubbed his hands, settled himself in his seat, and tried to look forward at the road, and at the future before him, with a cheerful face and spirit. Nevertheless, there was perceptible to his mental vision, a rose-tint in the dull, grey canopy of mist that overhung the distant city, that he failed to discern among the resplendent hues of dawn with which the eastern sky was all aglow.

I heartily despise all claptrap, especially of that sort which can be easily detected and seen through, and the reader will bear me witness that the purpose for which the narrative set forth in the present chapter has been related, was formally and frankly avowed at the very beginning thereof. I hope, therefore, that I shall not be unjustly suspected of a shallow attempt to surprise the reader by what is to appear in the conclusion.

Some six weeks had elapsed since the arrival of the widow Dashleigh and her children at Walbury. In the meantime, Andrew and his rejoicing helpmeet had entered and possessed themselves of that promised land from which the unfortunate Canaanite, Jim Sparks, had been ejected, and the widow had been established in the little cottage over the way. John had sustained, in a most satisfactory manner, an examination touching his qualifications as a farmer, and had been duly installed into office as the headman and overseer upon the farm. His method of providing bean-poles for the kitchen garden—by saving suitable sticks for that purpose from the woodpile, and laying them by, from time to time, as they came to hand during the course of chopping the supply of fuel for the summer's fire—was found to be in accordance with the colonel's own thrifty custom. The stained snow-banks remaining on the shady side of stone walls and fences, had dwindled day by day in the sun, and had finally vanished from the sight. The Niptuck had celebrated its emancipation from the stern and icy bonds of winter, by a saturnalian frolic, and then returned quietly to its accustomed channel. Where the shallow pools, left in the hollows by the retiring flood, had shrunk and dried away, the

springing herbage had grown more rapidly than elsewhere; though over all the surface of the interval meadows, the grass had spread its mantle of brilliant green, spangled with dandelions and early wild flowers. The drooping willows on the river banks had put forth, first of all the trees, their slender, silvery leaves, and strewn the ground beneath them with down as light as gossamer. The alders and osiers had hung out their tasseled catkins, and the birchen woods, first attiring their white limbs in the rusty-looking suits of ruddy swelling buds with which they are wont to be clothed in the early spring, had suddenly changed them for a more comely apparel, composed of tender, glossy green leaves, that, for ever quivering, even in the faintest breeze, reveal their delicate silver linings to the sun. In the moist lowlands, and by the brookside, the woolly-headed polly-pods had feathered out into fragrant brakes, and the bright-eyed blossoms of the cowslip shone out like stars from among its dark green leaves. The frogs, awakened from their long winter's slumber, had at first tried their voices each for himself, croaking hoarsely, and startling the lonely traveller at night, with strange, uncouth, guttural noises, and fearful mutterings; but now they had learned once more to sing in chorus, and filled the misty evening air with shrill and piercing cries, that smote upon the ear like the confused jangling of millions of sharp-toned sleigh-bells. The white blossoms of the swamp-willow had given the welcome token of the approach and advent of that mighty host of fat and luscious shad, which annually invades the coasts and rivers of Connecticut, and leave the bones of myriads of their number upon the trenchers of the people of the land. The fattening calves were left the sole tenants of the deserted stables, while their mammas, the kine, went forth once more to revisit their summer pastures in the huckleberry swamps, and on the hill-sides, and their uncles, the patient oxen, with lolling tongues, toiled in the fields hard by. The hollow spaces of the empty barns resounded all the mornings with clamorous cacklings of triumphant pullets, and in snug corners of the mangers, and sly nooks and burrows in the shrunken hay-mow, the setting hens brooded upon their hoards of eggs, and winked and dozed in quiet through the period of incubation, secure from all disturbance. The governor and

council, and the representatives of the people of Connecticut, in general court assembled, had convened at Hartford for the purpose of devouring dragon oysters and fresh shad, and enacting laws for the public weal. Colonel Manners, having signified his will to continue in the service of the State, to his fellows of the little clique of village magnates that controlled the political affairs of the town, and having been, of course, elected, as usual, one of the members for the ancient town of Walbury, had gone up with his wife, in a one-horse chaise, to the capital, from whence, at the end of the election week, Mrs. Manners intended to return home, bringing with her Lucy, her daughter; that young lady having finished her education at the Misses Primbers' seminary, and drank to the very dregs of that celebrated fountain of useful knowledge. In a word, it was a warm, bright, sunshiny day near the middle of the delightful month of May, and John Dashleigh and his mother, who had been left joint regents of the Manners' homestead, were awaiting the return of the mistress and heiress apparent of the little realm.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when John—who was at work pruning in the top of the great pear-tree which stood by the garden gate, across the lane from the south porch—saw in the distance the hood-top of a carriage, which was coming up to the further side of the little hill in the Hartford road. Presently a horse's head bobbed up in the middle of the path, and at length both horse and carriage came into full view, upon the summit of the acclivity, and proved to be old Bob and the expected chaise. The vehicle contained two ladies, as John could plainly see. So, according to previous arrangement, he called to his mother, who sat knitting in the porch, to tell her that the chaise was in sight and to put the tea-kettle over, and then prepared to descend from his perch. But while he was putting his tools into the basket, and lowering it to the ground by means of a cord attached to its handle, the chaise had reached the mouth of the lane. As Old Bob came trotting briskly up the drive towards the house, John glanced downwards with eager curiosity to catch a sight of his old play-fellow and cousin Lucy, and came within an ace of tumbling headlong after his tool-basket, when he beheld, seated by the side of his aunt Betsey, the charming

young girl whom he had seen in the street at Hartford!

CHAPTER IV.

THE chaise stopped at the stepping-stones of the south porch, and in a twinkling, Lucy Manners (for she it was that sat with Mrs. Manners), jumped out with one bound, not minding the steps at all, and running up to the widow Dashleigh, who stood in the porch with little Ellen standing bashfully almost behind her, she embraced them both with great ardor, kissing them two or three times apiece, and crying out that she knew they were her dear aunt Polly, and her darling little cousin Nelly, and then she stooped and hugged Boatswain, the big watchdog, about his neck, and, I believe, kissed him too. After that she stamped her pretty feet several times, and shook the dust from her skirts, holding them out wide-spread in front, and slightly stooping, looked first at the toe of one of her slim gaiter boots, and then at the other, as she raised them alternately, displaying no inconsiderable portion of her taper ankles; and finally this position being, I suppose, suggestive of dancing, she took two or three steps on the porch floor, and declared, to the air of the Soldier's Dream, that she was never so happy before in all the days of her life, and that during the remainder of her existence upon this planet she intended to do just as she pleased, and never to look into any book whatsoever, unless it should be a romance or book of poems; and in conclusion she appealed to the dog to say whether he would not himself be of like mind under similar circumstances; whereto Bose straightway replied with three short, emphatic, affirmative barks, and signified his hearty approval of his young mistress' opinions by thumping applause on the door-step with his tail.

Meanwhile John, recovering from a stupor of astonishment and delight, had been peeping through the lofty covert of leaves and blossoms in which he was hidden, at Lucy's graceful frolics and vivacious extravagances. He did not fail to mark the elegance of her figure, and took especial note of the tapering symmetry of her ankles. The tones of her voice, singing, laughing, and talking all in a breath, seemed to his enraptured ears far sweeter music than the melo-

dious trills and quavers of a bob-a-link, warbling in the meadow hard by; and her face — if it had appeared lovely when he had seen it six weeks before in Hartford, with every feature striving to assume as prim and demure an expression as might be, now that it was all aglow with delight, pleasure, and excitement, it was so bewilderingly beautiful that it fairly dazzled him! Heavens! what a change had come to pass within the last few minutes. It was less than an hour since, in spite of himself, he had been thinking pensively of the beautiful unknown, wondering who and where she might be, and what she might then happen to be doing or saying, and then, rousing from a reverie, murmuring to himself that he must forget her, and there was no use in being a fool; that she was far above him, moving in a higher and distant sphere, and that he should never see her again in the world; but that, of course, some time she would marry some rich and splendid gentleman; at which last-mentioned fancy his heart, in spite of himself, would seem to die within him, poor fellow, and a great lump would rise in his throat that couldn't well be swallowed again without tears to moisten it — and now — why! here she was, his own cousin Lucy Manners, with whom, when they were both little children, he had played a thousand times; who had written home from Hartford that she remembered Cousin John Dashleigh, and about his going away, and had sent him her love and a kiss for the sake of old times! His heart leaped to his throat, as after five minutes' effort he fairly comprehended the truth and its extent, and probable consequences. What a pleasant world it was! he thought. How bright seemed the future that but just now had appeared so dreary! Though the limb of the pear-tree on which John sat was less than a score of feet above the earth, he seemed to be more than half the way to heaven! Now, the reason was apparent why it was that he had been so suddenly and irresistibly attracted by the sweet face of his cousin, and why her image had seemed so strangely familiar to him, that he had been used to wonder whether it were not true, that in some previous state of existence, the soul of the beautiful stranger and his own spirit had known and dearly loved each other.

"But where on earth's John?" at length asked Mrs. Manners, looking

about her. "I expected he'd be the first one to meet us, and somebody ought to untackle Old Bob, and turn him into the pasture."

"To be sure," cried Lucy, who had been kissing Susan Peet, the kitchen help, a former class-mate of hers at the district school. "Sure enough, where is cousin John? I long to kiss him!"

Gracious Goodness! How John, in the top of the pear tree, blushed, till the white blossoms nearest to his face turned rosy red in the reflection.

"Why!" said the widow, "I wonder where he's gone to! He knows you're come, for he was in the garden just now, and hallooed to me that you had come in sight."

"In the garden? Let's go and find him," cried Lucy, putting her arm round Ellen's waist.

As the two girls came running across the lane towards the garden gate, John once more prepared to descend, but in so doing he did not have the luck of Zachæus of old; for placing his hand upon a branch of the tree, by which to swing himself down, he happened to clasp, not only the branch itself, but also a blossom containing a wasp. The insect, feeling the fatal pressure, had time, before it was crushed to death, to dart its venomous sting; at which John, with an involuntary cry of pain, unloosened his grasp, and the slight twig by which he held with his other hand, not being able to bear his weight, down he came through the cracking branches, plump upon the greensward at Lucy's feet, just as she opened the garden wicket! Lucy screamed, as well she might, for it's a somewhat startling thing for a young maiden to behold a strange man, of twelve stone weight, drop into her path from the clouds. Ellen, though sorely scared, hastened to assist her prostrate brother as soon as ever he came to the ground, while Boatwain, who evidently jumped at once to the conclusion that John Dashleigh was some wild beast, like a panther — to his shame be it spoken — put his tail between his legs, yelped, and fled amain. The three women in the porch uttered loud exclamations of alarm, and Old Bob, frightened out of his wonted propriety by the loud snapping and rustling of the breaking boughs and the uproar that followed, started and ran into the back yard, where, after a circuit about the well, he finally brought up against the leach-hoghead and upset the chaise upon

the wood-pile. And all these terrors and mishaps were caused by the tiny sting of an insignificant little wasp, not half so large as the point of the finest cambric needle, just as it often happens that the slim and supple tongue of some gossiping old maid will set a neighborhood by the ears, and create commotions, heart-burnings, and disturbances throughout a whole village.

John, though a little shaken by his fall, was not otherwise injured, and indeed was far more alarmed at the terror depicted in Lucy's pale face than he had been at the accident which caused it. He feared that she was going to faint, and bounding up from the ground, and putting Ellen aside hastily, he ran to his cousin, as she was tottering towards the fence, clasped her round the waist, and cried out lustily for somebody to bring water.

"Why—who—who are you?" cried Lucy, struggling a little. "It's John, Lucy," said Ellen. "He won't hurt you." "Oh-ho!" cried Lucy, as naturally as could be, which John took to be an expression of pain or faintness. "Get some water, Ellen," said he. "No, no; cousin John," cried Lucy, shaking her curls, "I don't need any water—and—and—let me go, sir—or—why don't you kiss me, cousin John?"

It was no mere cousinly kiss that John, not having time to grow bashful, at once pressed upon Lucy's saucy lips; and though she had never been kissed in that fervent manner before, she felt instinctively that it was the passion of a lover which made that first kiss such a long, ardent, clinging caress. She struggled feebly, and though she had been pale a minute before, she was rosy enough, I warrant you, when, as John released her, she looked into his glittering eyes, and recognized the handsome face of the tall young backwoodsman that she had seen in the street at Hartford, whom the other girls had thought so good-looking, and talked about so much, calling him by various names and titles, as "Robin Hood," and "The Handsome Forester," and who—she had guessed at the time—had been so smitten by her beauty.

I don't know but that John would have kept on kissing his pretty cousin until this time, if it had not been for the remonstrances of Ellen, who protested, with great vivacity, against the prolonged duration of the salute. As for Lucy herself, I must confess that she did not

offer a word by way of rebuke or expostulation, for the reason—as she afterwards privately explained to Ellen and Susan—that she could not get breath to do so: the which still further illustrates the length and vehemence of John Dashleigh's kiss. But just as he came to his senses again, his mother, Mrs. Manners, and Susan arrived, all together, at the garden gate, bringing, the one a camphor bottle, another a vial of hartshorn, and the third a basin of water. The three were accompanied by Boatswain, who had perceived from afar, John's assault upon the person of Lucy, and who immediately laid hold of the hinder portion of the offender's pantaloons, and tugged away with great apparent fierceness, no doubt hoping thereby to retrieve his reputation for fidelity and courage, which had, to be sure, suffered greatly by his recent sudden retreat.

"Who's hurt?" cried Mrs. Manners, looking about her.

"Get out, Bose!" said Susan, observing John's inattention to the attack in his rear. "Law! kick him, John! he'll tear your trowsees all to rags!"

Poor widow Dashleigh glanced at the flushed faces of her son and niece, and felt ready to sink into the ground; fearing that John might have offended the heiress by the strange rudeness of which she had witnessed a part. "For shame, John!" said she; "you musn't think young ladies in New England like to be kissed and touzled about like the backwoods girls at a huskin'!"

"Pooh! pooh! Polly," cried Mrs. Manners, corking up the camphor bottle again, and smiling with a shrewd expression; "girls are very much the same wherever you find 'em. Besides, John and Lucy are cousins, and hain't seen each other since they were children."

"That's true," said the widow, much relieved.

"Kiss her again, John!" said Mrs. Manners.

"Thank you, no!" cried Lucy, stepping back.

"Come, sister Polly," said Mrs. Manners, with the same shrewd smile. "There's been more scare than harm done, I guess. Let's leave 'em to make up, and do you, John, as soon as you can, come and look after old Bob and the shay."

"Massy sakes!" cried Susan, when the two elder ladies had departed. "I expected to find somebody e'enamored dead."

"Humph! I am nearly smothered!" said Lucy, pouting, and arranging her disordered collar and bonnet. "You must have learned to kiss from the bears and Indians in the Genesee country, cousin John. Indeed, sir, I never saw such a rude fellow."

At this speech, and the look of feigned displeasure which accompanied it, John, who, whatever he might have been taught in the Genesee country with respect to the manner of kissing, had had but few opportunities to learn there all the ways of women; John, I say, was so extremely disconcerted, and discomfited, and experienced such shame and distress, that his countenance, which was always a truthful index of his thoughts, betrayed plainly the anguish of his soul; so that Lucy could not help feeling a violent pity for him.

"Well, well, cousin John," said she, in the kindest tone, and smiling as she extended her hand; "there's no harm done, after all, unless you've broken your neck tumbling out of the pear-tree."

John humbly took the little white hand that was held out to him, and shook it awkwardly, but did not dare to kiss it, as Lucy supposed he would. Indeed, it didn't come into his head to do so, for he had been taught, with respect to the matter of kissing, to proceed at once to the cheeks and lips, according to the rude fashion prevailing at that time in the Genesee country. However, Lucy, the little witch, knew as well as that she was a beauty, that her tall, well-favored cousin was her lover, and, as big as he was, the slave of her merest whim and caprice. Even gentle little Ellen, standing by, wonderingly guessed the truth, and blushed at her thoughts; while Susan Peet, whose suspicions, new-born as they were, had suddenly matured into firm convictions, smiled mischievously; though, at the same time, she smothered a faint pang of regret at the destruction of a vague hope, which, till then, she had not discovered was alive in her heart. "I ain't wanted no more," said she, rather plaintively; "so I'll go, I believe. But, John," she added, as she opened the garden gate, "you'd better come pretty soon, for Old Bob's tipped the shay over onto the

wood-pile, and upset it, and Miss Manners and Miss Dashleigh are tryin' to onhitch him."

At hearing of this disaster, John hastily inquired of his cousin whether she felt strong enough to walk to the house with Ellen's assistance; and upon being assured by Lucy of her ability to walk without any aid whatever, he repaired to the back-yard, where he found his mother, Mrs. Manners, and Susan, endeavoring to extricate Old Bub from the shafts of the unfortunate chaise, which lay on its beam ends upon the wood-pile. The performance of this task he forthwith took upon himself, and the women retired into the house. Having unharnessed the horse and turned him into the lane to roll, righted the chaise and run it under the shed, he unstrapped Lucy's trunk and carried it into the hall; though, by this time, his hand began to smart and swell. However, when he saw Lucy's face in a halo of bright curls, as she stooped over the banisters of the staircase, and heard her thank him for a dear, good, cousin John, and ask if he wouldn't please bring the trunk up into her room, he forgot all about the pain, and rejecting Susan's proffers of assistance, he mounted the stairs with his burden, which he would have set down at the door of Lucy's room; for he was too modest to enter that sacred apartment without further invitation; but Lucy came and held open the door, smiling so pleasantly all the while, and so he passed in by her, and finally, at her direction, placed the trunk at the foot of the little white bed. Then he took off his hat and went out, on tiptoe, without saying a word, for there was an atmosphere of purity and innocence in the place that it seemed to him would be disturbed by the sound of his voice. When he got down into the kitchen again, Susan bathed his hand in harte-horn, and told him to hurry and get ready for tea. So he went over to his mother's house across the way, washed his face and hands, combed his hair, and put on his coat, and then returned to the big house, where, as soon as he made his appearance, everybody sat down to the tea-table, and fell a-talking of old times, and how he and Lucy and Ellen had grown.

(To be continued.)

TOLLIWOTTE'S GHOST.

A REMINISCENCE OF BEARBROOK.

I LOVE an old house. There is something soothing and friendly in its very decay. The dampness that hangs about the parlors, the cracks twisting through the yellow ceiling, and the fearless mice that scratch and scamper behind the wainscot, afford me a satisfaction I never feel in the modern monuments of newly-acquired wealth and vulgar taste, which are fast superseding the solid, comfortable mansions of the last century.

To fulfill its whole duty, your old house must have a ghost and a pretty woman to live in it. But alas, for the back-sliding of the present! We may moan as we will, over the weak eyes and pulmonary disorders that beset men and women—but the degeneration of ghosts is a *real* affliction.

I knew what would come of it when *spectres* took to Webster, and spelt their final syllable *t-e-r*. Who would be afraid of such a spectre as that—or what could he have to communicate that would be at all worth hearing! We should naturally expect such a fellow to exhibit himself for fifty cents (private sittings one dollar), and then deluge us with his awkward flattery and commonplace morality.

But a good honest ghost, who lives in a sober way in a quiet house in the country, commands my entire respect. He has positively no connection with these vagrant apparitions who are flying about the land—visiting “circles” here and there—making their ghastly jokes, preaching their feeble homilies, and blowing their tin fish-horns into the ears of skeptics. No, no, our old-fashioned aristocratic ghost (that it does a man good to believe in) has a hearty contempt for these nomadic impostors. There he lives in his little windy attic, or mopes about his damp cellar, and dreams of the good old times when he used to clank his chain about the house, and frighten the straggler who went up stairs to get a book, or make the little group in the parlor stir the fire and draw more closely together as they heard his solemn tramp in the hall. What thrilling interest gathered about his communications when, after years of awful suspense, he deigned to indicate the old well where he had sunk his treasure, or

revealed (in the strictest confidence) the precise individual who had defrauded you out of your rightful inheritance, and the steps that should be taken for its recovery.

Such a ghost as that was worth knowing. Give me one old fashioned, scholarly phantom, who must be talked to in Latin, who appears at the canonical hour of midnight, and, above all, who is content to remain a permanent fixture in your house—and I will resign right, title, and interest, in all and singular tippers, rappers, and trumpeters, that new revelation or old imposture can conjure up.

I believe that Major Wherrey values the highly respectable Shade who is said to haunt those queer old attic passages that twist in and out under the roof of the Bearbrook mansion, quite as much as any of his more tangible possessions.

“My dear Tom,” he used to say to me, “at the present day I know of but one criterion by which to examine the claims of our fashionable neighbors to the social position which they claim. The time was, to be sure, when if a man kept a carriage with his arms painted on the door, and a sober coachman to drive him about town, you might have known he was of gentle descent, and had a goodly company of ancestors to vouch for him. But now everything is changed—carriages are kept by people whose fathers drove them, and arms have their market value, and may be purchased of any engraver. There is, however, one thing the rogues cannot counterfeit. So, when you have any doubt of the antiquity and consequent respectability of a dashing family, ask, not if they keep their groom or their *coupé*, but, whether they keep their *ghost*;—and if they don’t, depend upon it they are not what they pretend to be.”

The last time that my uncle thus delivered himself was a year ago last fast-day. Mr. Barnard, Kate, and myself, were lounging easily before the fire (we had just come in damp and sleepy from a lyceum lecture) listening to the strange murmurs of the wind as it rattled the tin spout that passed under the eaves, or wandering about the large chimneys, groaned its solemn requiem over all the

glowing hearths and sunny faces that had once beamed upon the oak panneling of the parlor where we sat—and then passed out into the darkness.

"I think we must have another back-log," remarked Mr. Barnard, who was standing in a "gentlemanly attitude" before the fire, and gazing out into the room with his usual complacency. "I don't feel like going to bed after that strong coffee that Mrs. Wherrey made for the Sunday-school children."

"Not for the children but for their teachers," interposed my aunt in correction. "I don't know why it is that Doctor Drachma's sewing circle should drink their tea and coffee so very strong; but as long as they get it at other places, I must have it so here."

"The old excuse that would continue every evil in the world," rejoined Barnard. "How fortunate it is there are some people brave enough to act up to their notions of right, without reference to the dicta of the little community with whom fortune has thrown them. Old absurdities, aye, and old iniquities too, linger on the scene when the world is really tired of them, merely because no one has the courage to rise up and push them off."

"But this hardly applies to the use of stimulants or narcotics."

"Perhaps not—even if we include in the latter class the lecture we have listened to this evening—the world has not yet outgrown coffee or lyceums, and we may vainly look for such millennium. But there are, nevertheless, many things in which we are prepared for reform, if some one would only begin it. Take, for instance, this very Sunday-school system whose practical workings have been exhibited this afternoon. What possible good can come of such questions as this (I take the first one I see on opening the text-book)—For what are the rats of the East famous?"

"For-the-length-of-*their*-tails-and-the-speed-of-*their*-running,"—responded my aunt, admirably mimicking the false emphasis and hurried utterance with which children rattle off the information they have learned by rote.

"Very well," said Barnard, "now if I were to vary the question a little, and ask you what eastern animal was celebrated for speed and tail, the chances are that you would be utterly perplexed, and complain that there was no such question in the book. Indeed I tried the experiment this afternoon by puzzling a

poor little girl who—before Doctor Drachma could well pronounce the question—What has the camel sometimes been called?—fluently responded—The ship of the desert. But when I asked her what animal had sometimes been called the ship of the desert, the dear little thing was terribly confused, began to cry, and rather thought it was an eastern rat."

"I cannot think Sunday-schools particularly desirable for the class of children to be found in Doctor Drachma's congregation," remarked the major. "They are made to supersede that home instruction and example, which the parents are fully able to give, and without which all public teaching seems a very empty pretence. Of course for the children of the poor and illiterate, it is a very different matter. I always subscribe most heartily to any plan for dispensing religious instruction among *them*—and tried my best to persuade Kate to teach in one of the ragged schools during our last winter in New York."

"Good!" said Mr. Barnard, "I wish you better success next year; though if you use Drachma's catechism I should certainly advise some additions by way of appendix. Why, I should like to know, is it necessary to keep the rising generation posted up concerning eastern rats, to the exclusion of eastern cranberries. Let us hear how some oriental Sir Joseph Banks undertook to grow cranberries in Palestine, and how inferior they were to those produced by Major Wherrey at Bearbrook."

As a joke touching the precious vegetable production, to the cultivation of which my uncle had devoted so much time and study, was seldom well received—my aunt judged it best to prevent a reply, by sending me into the hall to bring in the back-log that Mr. Barnard had coveted. "I told John he might go and see his cousin at Picoochee to-night," she remarked in explanation, "and as to-morrow is my washing-day the women have gone to bed long ago—so we must help ourselves."

"I am most happy to be of service," said I, advancing to the door, "though I must question John's devotion to his cousin, for his cow-hide boots have certainly been wandering about the entry ever since we came home."

"And by the uncertainty of their movement I should say that John had been drowning his loves or his sorrows in some of his master's punch," drily observed Mr. Barnard.

As I passed out of the room, we all heard a heavy sound, as of some one falling at full length upon the painted canvas floor-cloth;—but nothing was to be seen. The great hall stove threw its dull red light on nothing save the picture of old Judge Wherrey in his wig and gown, and the stiff chair, glittering bravely with its brass-headed nails, that he used to sit upon when on earth.

"John! John!" exclaimed my aunt hurrying after me, and peering upon every square inch of the floor, as if John was a beetle that she feared to crush—"Why, bless me, major, the man is not here!"

"No," said my uncle very calmly, "I *knew* he wasn't there. I could have told you what it was at once—only I was afraid we should offend it, and it would go off. This is very pleasant. I am really much gratified."

"And who or what in the name of wonder do all these *its* refer to," exclaimed Barnard. "Is it a dog or a monkey that has been making himself so audible?"

"Oh! neither," said my uncle very quietly, "it is only—old Tolliwotte's ghost."

"A ghost!" screamed my aunt, and threw herself into my arms for protection—"Oh! you horrid abominable major—to bring me to this haunted old rat-trap, and then invite ghosts to board, and say you're glad when they come. Oh! dear, dear, where shall I go?"

Upon consideration it struck Mrs. Kate that she might as well stay where she was—a decision to which I had no manner of objection. Indeed my faith waxed strong in a spiritual manifestation which could give such a comfortable proof of its reality. Dick Horripitts says (although rather more coarsely) that it is good fun to support a pretty girl while dancing the German; but, for my part, I think it is much better fun to do it standing still. And I earnestly counsel those whose business it is to look after such matters, to consider whether a *new figure* introducing this slight improvement might not be generally popular.

We hurried back into the parlor—I, with a log under each arm, and Kate (being or pretending to be very much frightened) clinging to my skirts—or rather to the garment that fulfils their purpose in a masculine wardrobe. There is surely nothing more taking than to see

a pretty woman feign excessive timidity; but then she must be *really pretty* to carry it off—and I cannot recommend one who is not to try so doubtful an experiment. My aunt, however, is quite handsome enough to do as she pleases in this and all other respects—and I am sure you would have fanned, and *salted*, and soothed her, quite as zealously as Barnard and I did, had you happened in at the crisis.

"And who was old Tolliwotte, and what business has his ghost here?" inquired Barnard, when our fair patient was in a condition approaching convalescence.

"Colonel Tolliwotte"—responded my uncle, in the precise and measured tone of a man who has a story to tell—and who knows it—"Colonel Tolliwotte was the ancestor of Captain Simon Tolliwotte, who owns the farm just over the river. He is described by one of his contemporaries as 'a man who did pick out a way to thrive in grace, and had much power of godliness to the fattening of lean churches.' He is also mentioned as 'one who loved well Our New England Ordinances, and ever veered his tongue against foreign ladies, ape-headed pullets, and all fashions.' These unprofitable classes of society he seems to have dosed with a composition the old chronicler calls 'syrrupe of reformation;' but his most famous exploits were against the Indians, of whom it is related that 'he did often kill as many as six after supper, and was greatly disciplined in grace.' It can hardly be surprising that a gentleman of such singular accomplishment should have captivated the affections of Dorcas Wherrie, the daughter of old Retribution Wherrie, who built this house. I have never been able to ascertain any particulars concerning their courtship; but the melancholy event that brought it to a conclusion is vividly depicted by contemporaneous authority. It seems that poor Tolliwotte went out one evening to take his customary diversion with the Indians—and promised to call upon Dorcas on his way home. He *did* call; but the hapless lady never had so unwelcome a visitor. In fact, the savages had at last got the better of him, and he entered the house scalped (that was no great matter, for he wore a wig), and pierced with several disagreeable instruments in several vital parts of his body. He staggered about the hall for some time—just as we have heard those mysterious

boots do this evening—and finally fell with a crash—just such a crash, Tom, as we heard when you opened the door—and lay bathed in blood at the feet of his own Dorcas.”

My uncle paused for a moment, to give due effect to this dismal picture, and thus continued:—

“Ever since that day there has been a tradition in our family that the colonel was in the habit of returning to earth to rehearse the painful scene with which his life terminated. Indeed the truth of this story was placed beyond a doubt by the testimony of my grandfather, who, upon returning one evening from a supper-party at the tavern, actually surprised the colonel, Miss Dorcas, and old Retribution, going through their affecting exhibition in the front entry. Of late years, since the house has been more opened to the world, I regret to say that this interesting party have been forced to hold their meetings in the attic, where they have much annoyed my cooks—who cannot be made to understand the great privilege of entertaining such aristocratic company. But the little event of this evening gives me good hopes that they have returned to the original scene of their sufferings, and that they will continue to repeat their satisfactory, though somewhat melancholy, performances every evening during the season.”

“It seems strange,” observed Barnard, “that these ghosts should always wish to go over their most painful experiences when on earth. One would certainly suppose that the colonel would prefer to repeat the felicitous moment, when he rose from his knees the accepted lover of Dorcas, or when he had the luck to bag a brace of Indians at a shot. But this seems to be characteristic of all manifestations, ancient and modern. I have seen mediums thrown into all sorts of convulsions to represent the final moments of the spirit who professed to animate them.”

“I think it is almost sacrilege,” said my uncle, “to mention these authentic and respectable apparitions in the same breath with an imposture so transparent and silly as modern spiritualism.”

“You speak like one who has not examined the matter, but is ready to take up the cry of the street or press about a subject of which he is wholly uninformed,” retorted Mr. Barnard. “Spiritualism may be, and in my opinion is, a delusion; but an imposture it certainly is not. The alleged phenomena, though

in many cases exaggerated and distorted, do undoubtedly take place. And we have no right to call our neighbor weak or silly, because his mind is convinced by evidence that fails to satisfy our own. I am acquainted with many spiritualists, as I am with many Catholics and Calvinists, whose peculiar tenets of faith I can by no means accept, yet upon whose judgment and information in indifferent matters I have the greatest reliance. Nay, more; I can feel the highest respect for men who are brave enough to advocate what they conceive to be the truth, undeterred by loss of social caste, or the jeers and mockery with which the world always receives those who seek its improvement in any novel or unauthorized way.”

“Well! I shall hear of you as a confirmed believer in all these signs and wonders. When people begin to talk as about it, they soon come boldly up to the mark, and swallow any absurdity a diseased imagination can invent.”

“I will not say that I shall never be converted to spiritualism, because, with a certain amount of evidence, I believe I could be converted to that, or anything else. But I will say this—that after having carefully read every book of any note devoted to the advocacy of the new revelation—after having done a goodly amount of that “investigating” for which spiritualists clamor so loudly—I am infinitely further from believing, than I was before beginning my inquiries. And this is not because I have not seen many instances of that clairvoyant thought-reading which must be accepted as an established fact, but— Well, it is not worth while to detail all my reasons just now, and just here, so they shall be kept for some long morning, when you ask for them.”

“It is very strange we have not had the spirits here yet,” said my uncle. “They had a great run at South Wexford and Ponksussett; but they seem to have skipped Bearbrook.”

“They will be upon you some time or other when you least expect them,” rejoined Barnard. “The whole town will be thrown into a state of furious excitement. People will abandon their business and their pleasure and *tip the tables* from morning to night. Doctor Drachma will preach a series of sermons against it, and five or six families will become indignant and sell their pews. One or two people may possibly become insane from over-excitement—and then the epi-

demic will gradually pass off like the small-pox or yellow-fever, and the world will go on very much as before. I have seen matters take precisely this course in more places than one."

"Well, well, all is, whenever we are favored, I shall expect you and Tom to come down here. Your experience will be of infinite use in interrogating our visitors."

We both promised the major that we would certainly come, and were about to expatiate on the satisfaction we should take in such a visit, when my aunt, with an exclamation of terror, called our attention to a mysterious *singing*, that appeared to come from the cellar immediately beneath us.

"Doubtless it is one of the men chopping wood," said the major.

"It can be no *man*," exclaimed my aunt, "for I locked the cellar-door and have the key in my pocket. I knew that John would be out to-night and did not think it was best to leave it open."

"It can surely be no ghost," said Barnard, "for I never heard of one who sang, except the *ombre di Nino* in *Semiramide*."

"Be still a minute, and let us try to distinguish the words," urged the major. "If it has any connection with the apparitions of this evening, it will doubtless be some old Gregorian chant."

"Du dar, du dar," sang the voice beneath, "I went to the-race with a pocket full of tin, but soon come back with my hat knocked in. Oh, du dar da."

"Why, good gracious, it's old Netleswing," cried my aunt. "He must have been locked up there all the afternoon. Why doesn't he knock to get out?"

"Du dar, du dar," ascended in reply.

"Somebody ought to go and let him up," said Kate—and she looked hard at me. "I'm sure I can never go through that entry again!"

"And I can never find the cellar-door alone," I responded. "Among all those queer, dark passages that lead out of the kitchen, I should not discover the right one in a twelvemonth."

"Suppose we all go in a body," advised Barnard, "we shall then be able to defy Tolliwotte, even if he brings all his Indians along with him."

The major thought the suggestion a good one, and volunteered to lead the forlorn hope as bearer of the astral lamp. Barnard and myself marched as *aide-de-camp* to my aunt; and in this order we passed into the entry.

"I don't see any blood," said my uncle, pausing to examine the pattern of the floor-cloth. "It would have been very satisfactory if Tolliwotte could have left a few drops—just to show that it was really him."

"Perhaps he is coming back to supply the omission," said Barnard. "There is certainly a most extraordinary blowing and scraping at the other end of the entry."

We stood aghast as the mysterious sounds alluded to struck our ears; and my aunt very nearly fainted, as a square portion of the floor a few feet from where we stood rose from its place, and admitted a bushel basket of cranberries into the hall. The cranberries were followed by the head and shoulders of Mr. Netleswing, who was gradually continued, until we surveyed a pair of cow-hide boots, very similar to those Colonel Tolliwotte must have had on during his last interview with Dorcas.

"Well, now, who would ha' thought o' this?" said Netleswing, rather startled at finding so many spectators to his ascent. "Why, Lord bless me, I thought you'd all gone to lectur' and carr'd off the cellar key, so I've been tuggin' at this pesky old trap-door that hasn't been used for mor'n twenty year, just to get at them cranberries, that wanted pickin' over like all time. Cranberries I s'pose you know, Mr. Tom, when they're just a little mite touched and can't keep, is about the most fattenin' thing for hogs there is a-going. Why, them sars'ges sent down to you last November were made out o' cranberry-fed pork, and they were *just*—well, I'll say they couldn't be beat, nohow!"

The mysterious steps, the crash (possibly the trap-door as it descended over the head of Mr. Netleswing), admit a certain sort of explanation. But if the reader is willing to accept that explanation, and give up Dorcas and her lover, and old Retribution, for Netleswing and a basket of cranberries—he is not the man I take him to be. When Barnard attempted to account for the curious phenomena of the evening in some such manner, we treated him with the contempt he deserved.

A gentleman interested in spiritual literature borrowed my uncle's notebook, and prepared and published an elaborate account of the whole matter; though I feel it my duty to correct two slight errors that have crept into his otherwise authentic narrative, by assur-

ing the reader that at no period of the evening was the major sustained in the atmosphere, and, that Barnard did *not* mount a table, and gallop furiously about the room. In every other respect, I am

most happy to corroborate the little work in question, and so commend it to the perusal of all candid inquirers. You will find it pleasant reading for the first day of this present month of April.*

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Children in Town and Country—A Mistake about a Lady—The Menagerie! Amusement for Children—Winter Scenery—Another Amusement for Children—Sucker Fishing—General Washington.

IT is a good thing to have children in the country. Children in the country are regular old-fashioned boys and girls, not pocket editions of men and women as they are in town. In the metropolis there is no representation of our species in the tadpole state. The word "lad" has become obsolete. Fast young men and fast young women repudiate the existence of that respectable, antique institution, childhood. It is different in the country. My eldest does not call me "Governor," but simply Father; and although in his ninth year, still treats his mother with some show of respect.

Our next boy (turned seven) has prematurely given up smoking rattan; and our four-year-old girl is destitute both of affectation and dyspepsia. As for the present baby, his character is not yet fully developed, but having observed no symptoms of incipient depravity in him up to this time, we begin to believe the country is a good place for children. One thing about it is certain, children in the country get an immense deal of open-air-training that is utterly impracticable in town. A boy, a girl brought up "under glass" (to use a horticultural phrase) is apt to "blow" prematurely, but, although it is rather rough culture, still I think the influence of rocks, rivers, leaves, trees, buds, blossoms, birds, fresh air, and blue sky, better, upon the undeveloped mind of a child,

than that of a French nurse, no matter how experienced she may be. I think so, and so does Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

There is one thing, however, that is mortifying about it. When our friends come up from town with their young ones, our boys and girl look so fat and gross beside them, that we have to blush at the visible contrast. Mrs. Peppergrass, our respected relation, brought up her little girl the other day, a perfect French *finbow* so far as dress went, and there they sat—the *petite*, pale Parisienne of four years, and the broad chested, chubby, red-cheeked rustic of the same age, with a frock only diversified by the holes scratched in it, and a clean dimity apron just put on, with a gorget of fruit marks on the breast that spoke plainly of last summer—there they sat, side by side, cousins both, and who would have known it. "My dear," said I, to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, after our respected relative had departed, "did you observe the difference between those children? one was a perfect little lady, and the other?"—"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "I did; and if I had had a child behave in that way, I would be ashamed to go anywhere. That child did nothing but fret, and tease her mother for cake, from the time she came in the house till she went out of it. Yes, indeed, our Louise was, as you say, a real little lady beside her."

* Speaking of this present month of April, reminds me of the past month of March, and that reminds me that I meant to say a word of a great injustice that was done me (or possibly somebody else) in the last number of this periodical. I sent Mr. Putnam a little account of a cranberry-party down in these parts, which made its appearance hand in hand with another little account of a Thanksgiving party, apparently by some old gentleman who contributes to the Magazine. How the mistake occurred, I could not conceive, until I learned that both the papers had been mailed from Bearbrook, and that upon the supposition that they were forwarded by the same individual, they had been placed together. To tell the truth, I think the first must have been by Barnard (he is the only person down here at all likely to write such a thing), and as I have no wish to run off with his fame, or pocket his cheque, I beg to declare that the papers were in no wise connected, and should have been printed separately.

Finding that I had been misunderstood, I kept silent. I do not know anything so sure to prevent controversy as silence, especially in the country.

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."

There is one institution, which, in a child's-eye point of view, possesses a majesty and beauty in the country altogether unappreciable in a large city. I allude to the *Menagerie*! For weeks, juvenile curiosity has been stimulated by pictorial representations at the Dépôt and Post-office. There is the likeness of the man who goes into the cage with the wild beasts, holding out two immense lions at arms' length. There is the giraffe with his neck reaching above a lofty palm tree, and the boa constrictor with a yawning tiger in his convoluted embrace. If you observe the countenances of the small fry collected in front of a bill of this description in the rural districts, you will see in each and all, a remarkable enlargement of the eye, expressive of wonder.

"Conjecture, expectation, and surmise,"

are children's bedfellows, and the infantile pulse reaches fever heat long before the arrival of the elephant. At last he comes, the "Aleph"* of the procession! swinging his long cartilaginous shillelah in solemn concord with the music. Then follow wagons bearing the savage animals in boxes with red panels; then a pair of cloven-footed camels; then other wagons all mystery and red panels; then pie-bald horses and ponies, and then the rear guard of the caravan drags its slow length along. "My dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "we must take the children and go to the menagerie." This seemed a reasonable request, and of course we went. When we approached the big tent we heard the music of wind instruments, the sound of a gong, and the roaring of lions. This divided our juvenile party at once, one half wanted to go in, and the other half wanted to keep out; Mrs. Sparrowgrass joined the seceders, and in consequence, we separated at the entrance of the canvas edifice. When we got in we heard that the lion tamer had finished his performance, and that the elephant had been around, but there was a great deal of sport going on in the ring—the mon-

key was riding on his pony. At this announcement the young ones were immensely excited, and tried to get a peep at it, but, although I held them up at arms' length, they could see neither monkey nor pony. Then I tried to work a passage for them to the front, but the ring being invested with a border of country people thirteen deep, this was out of the question. So I concluded to wait until the crowd dispersed, and to keep the young Sparrowgrasses in good humor, I held them up and let them read the signs on the top of the cages. "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER," "BLACK LION FROM NUBIA," "YELLOW ASIATIC LION," "THE GNU," "WHITE POLAR BEAR," &c., &c. By and by the clapping of hands announced the close of the performance, and the dense mass of people became detached, so we made our way through the crowd towards the elephant. All of a sudden, we saw a general rush towards us, and we heard somebody say that, "something had broke loose!" Not being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I did not ask what it was, but at once retired under a wagon load of pelicans, and put the young Sparrowgrasses through a door which I made in the side of the tent with my pruning knife. The people poured out of the big door and from under the edges of the tent, but they had not run far before they stopped, and proceeded to make inquiries. Some said it was the polar bear, whereupon, several respectable looking men suddenly climbed over a fence; others said it was a monkey, at which all the boys set up a shout. The intrepid conduct of the cash-taker had much to do with restoring confidence. He stood there, at the entrance of the tent, smoking a cigar with imperturbable firmness. So we all concluded to go back again and see the rest of the show. When we got to the door we found the entrance fee was twenty-five cents. We represented that we had been in before. "That may be," replied the cash-taker, "but we don't sell season tickets at our establishment."

Finding the discussion was likely to be violent upon this point, I retired, with some suspicions of having been slightly swindled. When I got home, Mrs. S. asked me "if I had seen the elephant?" I told her the whole story. "Well," said she, "that's just the way I thought it would be. I'm glad I did not go in."

* *Aleph*, the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Probably the elephant was the first thing Adam saw, and hence, the name *Aleph-ant*.

It seems to me the country is marvelously beautiful in winter time. The number of bright days and moonlight nights is surprising. The sky is not less blue in January than in June, nor is a winter landscape without its charms. The lost verdure of the woods is compensated by the fine frost-work woven in the delicate tracery of the trees. To see a noble forest wreathed in icy gems, is one of the transcendental glories of creation. You look through long arcades of iridescent light, and the vision has an awful majesty, compared with which, the most brilliant cathedral windows pale their ineffectual fires. It is the crystal palace of Jehovah! Within its sounding aisles a thought even of the city seems irreverent. We begin to love the country more and more.

"Its dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
With sunset, and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;
And autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And winter, robing with pure snow and crowns
Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs;
And spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses."

Here you begin to apprehend the wonderful order of creation, the lengthening days after the winter solstice; all the phenomena of meteoric machinery, every change in the wind, every change in the temperature; in the leafless trees you see a surprising variety of forms. The maple, the oak, the chestnut, the hickory, the beech, have each an architecture as distinct as those of the five orders. Then the spring is tardy in town, but if you have a hot-bed in the country, you see its young green firstlings bursting from the rich mould long before the city has shaken off the thralldom of winter.

One day in the month of March I heard there was to be some sport on the Nepperhan in the way of fishing, so I took my young ones to see it. The Nepperhan is a historical river—the Tiber of Yonkers. It runs in a straight line for about forty yards from the Hudson, then curves to the right, then curves to the left, and in fact exhibits all the peculiarities of the Mississippi without its turbulence and monotony. It was a cold day in spring, the air was chill, the sky grey, the Palisades still ribbed with snow. As we approached the stream we saw that a crowd had collected on the deck of a wrecked coal-barge moored close to the bank, and on the side of the bank opposite to the barge, a man was standing, with one

boot in the water, holding up the end of a net stretched across the tide. The other end of the net was fastened to the barge, and the bight, as the sailors say, was in the water. In the middle of the crowd there stood upright a fair, portly-looking man of good presence. His face looked like a weather-beaten, sign-board portrait of General Washington with white whiskers. He was looking up the stream, which from this point made a rush for the south for about one hundred feet, then gave it up, and turned off due east, around a clump of bushes. What particular animosity General Washington had to this part of the stream I could not imagine, but he was damning that clump of bushes with a zeal worthy of a better cause. I never heard such imprecations. The oaths flew from his lips, up stream, as the sparks fly from an express locomotive at midnight. Dr. Slop's remarks concerning the knots in the string of the green bag of surgical instruments, beside them, was like tender pity. Such ill-natured, uncharitable, unamiable, mordacious, malignant, pitiless, ruthless, fell, cruel, ferocious, proscriptive, sanguinary, unkind execrations were never fulminated against a clump of bushes before. By-and-by a flat-boat, filled with men, turned the corner and came broadside down stream. The men were splashing the water on every side of the flat-boat to drive the fish towards the net! They had oars, sticks, boards, boughs, and branches. Then I understood General Washington. He had been offended because the flat-boat was behind time.

Now it was all right: I saw a placid expression spreading over his weather-beaten countenance, as a drop of oil will spread over rough water, and mollify its turbulent features. The flat-boat, or scow, was long enough to stretch almost from shore to shore. The shouts and splashes were frightening the fish, and below us, in the water, we could occasionally see a spectral sucker darting hither and thither. I looked again at General Washington. He had untied the end of the net, and was holding it in his hand. His face expressed intense inward satisfaction—deep—not vain-glorious. Near and nearer swept the broadside of the boat, down stream was the net, between both the accumulating fish. General Washington's hand trembled—he was getting excited. Here it comes, close upon us, and then, by the whiskers of the Great Mogul one end of the

scow grounded on the opposite bank, the bow rounded to, and cat fish, perch, bull-head, and sucker, darted through the gap, and made tracks for the most secluded parts of the Nepperhan! But he who held the net was equal to the emergency—he cursed the boat out at right angles in instant—a small minority of the fish still remained, and these were driven into the net. General Washington, with an impulse like that of a Titan rooting up an oak, pulled up his end, the net split, and every specimen of ichthyology slipped through the rent, and made a bee-line for the Hudson!

“Nary fish!” said an innocent bystander. General Washington turned

an eye upon him that was like a Drummond light, dropped the net, took off his hat, and then proceeded to give that individual such an account of his birth, parentage and family connections from the earliest settlement of Westchester County to the present time, that a parental regard for the ears of the young Sparrowgrassii, induced me to hurry them off the coal-barge in the quickest kind of time. But long after the scene was out of sight, I could hear rolling along the face of the rocky Palisades, the reverberations of the big oaths, the resonant shadows of the huge anathemas, that had been the running accompaniments to the sucker fishing on the Nepperhan!

ABBOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

THE career of Napoleon Bonaparte is not only one of those inexhaustible themes which will ever interest the human mind, but is a subject which demands, on the part of the historian, the highest intellectual and moral qualifications. Any man, especially in these times, is presumptuous who undertakes the task of portraying the deeds and influence of Napoleon, who is not sustained by such attainments; and he who does not make a real contribution to this field of inquiry—who does not add to our positive knowledge of his subject, has failed, whatever may be said of the interest he excites among ordinary readers.

Mr. Abbott, in his recent work, has attained a high degree of popularity among a certain class of readers, and he has, therefore, earned the fame of success. And whatever questionable opinions he has advanced, he cannot probably be accused of insincerity. He has done his best, and made a very readable book; since his style is fair, and his pages are filled with entertaining anecdotes.

Nevertheless, of all the popular works which have recently come from the American press, we believe that Mr. Abbott's history of Napoleon is one of the least creditable as an intellectual production, and one of the most exceptionable on moral grounds. He has not only pandered to popular prejudices, but has shown a singular obtuseness to great

moral distinctions. We thought the day was past for idolatry of military successes, and mere Titanic strength without reference to the objects to which it may be directed. But Mr. Abbott has made a demi-god of a man whom the enlightened part of the French nation regards as the overturner of constitutional freedom, and whom the Christians of other countries have been taught to consider as great in evil as he was in good. He has undertaken to remove our English prejudices, and enlighten us as to the faultless excellence of a man who kept the civilized world in commotion and fear for nearly a quarter of a century. Napoleon, according to him, neither committed blunders nor crimes. All he did was philanthropic, useful, good, designed to benefit mankind, and contribute to human happiness. He was a sort of Providence on the earth, dispensing favors, and punishing injustice, and bringing good out of evil. He was an incarnation of all goodness, eagerly seeking to promote peace and good will to men. Never have we read such an uninterrupted strain of fulsome panegyric of any mortal from the beginning to the close of his career—defying all the laws of historical criticism, insulting our understandings, and making a mockery of our moral sense. The blackest atrocities are palliated and excused; nor, in the whole history, do we find a single line of downright, earnest reprobation of any

act of the warrior whom he has taken for his idol. We know of no human being whom philosophical history can speak of in unmitigated praise or censure; but it seems from Mr. Abbott, that *one* faultless and beneficent mortal did arise in the last generation to bring about the reign of peace and justice upon the earth.

Our author begins with tracing back, as idolators generally do, the descent of his hero from the illustrious men of the middle ages, and enumerates the early anecdotes of his filial piety as well as the indications of his future fame. "There were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature," though he loved to mimic war, and "delighted, in fancy, to sweep away the embattled host with discharges of grape shot, and witness the dying and the dead covering the ground." There was nothing wrong in his childhood, and he spends his days in sylvan solitudes, revelling in "the visions which arose before the expanding energies of his wonderful mind," or—

"Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nemra's hair."

At last the pensive boy, who had formed a romantic attachment to a fair-haired maiden that nothing could eradicate or divert, is sent to a military school, where, snubbed by aristocratic companions, he acquires a heroic disdain of rank. The amiable youth, in whose bosom were "no malignant passions," says, at the age of ten, "I hate those French, and will do them all the mischief in my power." Thus was engendered his "early love for republican institutions"—a love which seems to have pursued him in after life, not merely under the torrid skies of Egypt, but amid the frozen snows of Russia, where, in his republican zeal, he would chastise the Czar.

However, at this military-school of Brienne, the young Napoleon was a prodigy of attainments and industry as well as a faultless model of reproachless chivalry, cherishing in an infidel age "the spirit of humanity and just conceptions of right and wrong." He is also a marvel of eloquence, both in writing and speaking, so that his words, reminding one "of flaming missiles ejected from a volcano," captivate both veteran officers and aristocratic ladies. Even the Abbé Raynal listens, entranced, to the "brilliant powers of his masculine imagination." At last, he receives the appoint-

ment of second-lieutenant in a regiment of artillery, and, although "his fine head was developed disproportionably with his small stature," yet "his feminine proportions, when arrayed in uniform, cause witty ladies to declare that he resembled nothing so much as 'Puss in boots.'" But the magnanimous young officer is not offended, and he presents to the mirthful maidens "an elegantly bound copy of Puss in Boots." In such anecdotes, the admiring author, with the critical sagacity of a Niebuhr, sees the presages of his future fame.

We do not want to detract from the creditable and promising character of Napoleon as a youth, nor, at this time, to enter upon a discussion respecting his genius and exploits. We admit, upon the outset, his marvellous talents, and still more marvellous successes—his greatness in war and in peace—his brilliant services to the State, and his just claims to fame. Our limits forbid a dissertation on Napoleon. It is our object, in this connection, to show only the way in which Mr. Abbott presents this greatness, these services, and this fame. We place Napoleon very high in the scale of great men; we only object to unmitigated panegyric, and would like to see some approximation to critical analysis, on the part of his biographers.

We cannot follow Mr. Abbott in all the stages of his hero's progress from the school of Brienne to the siege of Toulon, where he first distinguished himself in military affairs. His talents were early developed and rewarded; and, partly from a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, and partly from the knowledge of his abilities, he is entrusted with the charge of defending the National Convention when this body was menaced by a Parisian mob. The republican ardor of the young soldier, it seems, had been somewhat damped by the tempestuous excesses of the Revolution, of which he was an eye-witness, and he becomes the advocate of law and order. Nor had his services at Toulon received so speedy a reward as the impatient philanthropist had expected, so that he had resigned his commission, had returned to Paris, was disgusted with human nature, "looked like a madman," perhaps as his nephew looked in London, during the reign of Louis Philippe, and "abandoned himself to the expulsive power of a new affection."

At last a chance was offered to this unhappy philanthropist, pining away in

his desire to do good, and he succeeds with grape-shot, and restores the reign of law. This *was* a service, and we take pleasure in making honorable mention of it, since by his energy he had saved the convention and rolled back the waves of anarchy. This service was the true commencement of his great career, and laid the foundation of his fortune. But Mr. Abbott mildly observes that "Napoleon never ceased to *regret* the occurrence, and tried to forget, and have others forget, that he had ever deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Frenchmen." No indignant invectives escape from Mr. Abbott in view of the massacre of Jaffa, or the butcheries of Borodino; but when Napoleon really rendered a service to the cause of order and constitutional freedom, he discourses with all the mock humanity of a Socialist, and could make us believe that Napoleon regretted an act which was not only a duty but a good fortune.

For this splendid service Napoleon obtained the command of the army of Italy, and gloriously triumphed over the enemies who had contemplated the invasion of the soil of France, when France was struggling for the rights of man. He returns to Paris, covered with glory, as the conqueror of Italy, and the savior of his country, and *we* sympathize with his success, for he had proved himself a genius and a benefactor.

For this second great service he is rewarded with a new army for the invasion of Egypt. How does Mr. Abbott treat this third labor of the modern Hercules?

Was the invasion of Egypt a political necessity? Did Egypt menace the liberties of France or of Europe? Was it necessary even to gain possession of that country in order to ward off any attack of England in that quarter of the world? Or, was the invasion an act of ambition and desire of territorial aggrandizement? Was it not prompted by lust of conquest, to extend French influence in the East, and rival England in colonial acquisitions, and only to be justified by the same argument as Alexander could urge for pushing his conquests into India? Napoleon himself, wearied with his life in Paris, said, "We must go to the East, where there are six hundred millions of men."

The desire to conquer Oriental monarchies and rear up a gigantic empire in the East, was his earliest and most cherished dream. Nearly all historians

speak of this Egyptian expedition as a most ambitious adventure—not merely to extend French conquests, but to head off England herself.

Mr. Abbott says, "the expedition of Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever achieved," in order "to establish in India governments which would respect the rights and promote the happiness of the people." In proof of this he quotes one of Napoleon's bulletins, "People of Egypt, I am come to restore your rights, and revive the *true* worship of Mohammed," and Mr. Abbott adds, with all the philosophical calmness of a Hallam, "It was an interesting peculiarity in the character of Napoleon that he respected all religions as necessities of the human mind." Such even is his faith in Napoleon's beneficence that he continues, "had he but succeeded in his designs, it is probable that Egypt would have been a civilized and prosperous land, with villas of elegance and refinement embellishing the meadows of the Nile, and the shores of the Red Sea would have echoed with the hum of happy industry, and opulent cities would have sprung up where the roving Bedouin now meets only desolation and gloom." Now if this is not, to say the least, most utterly wild and unfounded speculation, then we do not know what the English language means. Alas, for the cause of humanity! Napoleon failed, and the poor benighted and oppressed heathen of the Oriental world are still in their bonds and superstitions!

We do not so much object to the puerilities of Mr. Abbott—these are good for children—his book is professedly written for the young—as we do to his disregard for the principles of right and wrong. We do not like to see the career of unscrupulous ambition held up to admiration, or disguised under the veil of philanthropy and love for republican institutions. We prefer to call things by their right names—ambition we like to call ambition, and hypocrisy, hypocrisy; and we do violence to our moral feelings, and disregard the higher interests of truth, when we endorse such absurdities as Mr. Abbott presents as an excuse for the invasion of Egypt.

Napoleon returns to Paris, having almost miraculously escaped the English cruisers, covered with new glory as the conqueror of Egypt, thanks to those mendacious and audacious bulletins from which the venders of trashy novels in

these times might learn a lesson in the art of puffing. We will not comment on the balls, the *fêtes*, the illuminations, the ringing of bells, the roar of cannon, the rejoicings—the delirium of joy with which the hero of Aboukir was greeted by the people of France. These are the rewards of conquerors to stifle the accusing voices of conscience. These are the devices which the demon of war has ever made use of to blind the infatuated idolators of military heroes. The “conquest of Egypt” paved the way for the dictatorship; or, as Mr. Abbott asserts, for the hero “to rescue France from anarchy,” when there was no other anarchy than rival factions seeking to monopolize power. The empire was the prey of the strongest, perhaps, and as the strongest *ought* to rule,” according to Mr. Carlyle, Napoleon was justified for overturning the constitution which the representatives of the nation had framed, and the nation itself had accepted.

“Napoleon,” says Mr. Abbott, “formed no conspiracy against the Constitution.” He never, surely, would rob France of her Revolution. He was too conscientious to intrigue for the sovereign power. Yet even our author goes on to relate how he bribed Lefebvre—the commandant of the guard of the legislative bodies, by a present of the sword he wore at the battle of the Pyramids, how he intrigued with the various heads of parties; how he contrived that the leading military chieftains should pay their court to him at the same hour on the famous 9th of November; and how the *coup-d'état* placed him on a dictator's throne by the name of First Consul. There was no conspiracy here—amiable and charitable historian that thou art—all the deeds of that day were black, but the chief actor of those deeds was white—he was innocent as a child; *his* fraud was simplicity, *his* treason was benevolence, and all for the good of France.

Thus Napoleon saved his country again, and carried everything before him by the fascinating charm of military renown. O! thou clear-sighted and impartial critic, verily thou art a second Daniel, to reveal justice and moral wisdom. Step out, O learned judge, and receive the plaudits of the Cæsars and Cromwells of the world—of all tyrants who have overturned constitutions on the plea of revolutionary necessity. True, the nation approved of the usurpation, and voted it, *after* it had taken

place. Would it not have been more in accordance with *our* notions of republicanism, if the nation had voted the consulate *before* Napoleon decreed it, and before the representatives of the law were shut up in a dungeon when protest would have been madness. Since power and empires belong to the strongest, perhaps the usurpation of Napoleon III. was equally justifiable. The giddy crowd cried amen in view of their own degradation, yet, nevertheless, freedom gave one piercing cry to heaven for vengeance, and expired amid the blaze of *fêtes* and illuminations. The usurper took up his residence in the old palace of the Bourbons, and commenced his reign as the autocrat of France—or as Mr. Abbott would say, as the defender of republican institutions.

We have no censure to pass on Napoleon as a sovereign ruler, until he became intoxicated by his victories, and the enormous elevation he had reached. He did seek, doubtless, to develop the resources of France, to make roads, build monuments, repair fortifications, restore credit, employ talent, reward genius, compile laws, and adorn his capital. He sought to add the laurels of Augustus to the more dazzling fame of Julius. He wished to reign, surrounded like Louis XIV., with artists, philosophers, and scholars, adoring representatives of rank and learning, who should burn before his throne their perpetual incense. Like many other despots, he was kind to all who did not defy his power. He rewarded his idolators magnificently, and it must be confessed, reigned wisely and firmly. He also wished for peace, certainly until he had consolidated his power. And it would have been wise for England to have let him alone. Providence would have taken care of the results of the Revolution.

But did he continue to be the guardian angel of the best interests of France? Did his consulate satisfy him, even after his brilliant Italian campaign, the passage over the Alps, the victory of Marengo, the recovery of Italy, the humiliation of his foes? What shall we say of his second usurpation, the seizure of an imperial crown, and, with it, the revival of those antiquated pageantries which the Revolution had repudiated?

What has Mr. Abbott said in justification of the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the repudiation of his wife, the subversion of ancient monarchies, the insults he heaped on other poten-

tates, the invasions of Spain and Russia, and the ambitious resolution of establishing on the banks of the Seine a universal military monarchy? Christendom has pronounced these to be great crimes, and we must have cogent arguments to wipe away their disgrace. We do not want any pretty anecdotes here, how he gave smiles to ruined courtiers, and gold to broken-hearted widows. Humanity demands some convincing and overpowering reasons for these monstrous evils. It is not enough that he conferred blessings, if these were cancelled by subsequent calamities. We cannot forgive a man who has inflicted on our cause an irreparable wound, simply because he was once our friend. The verdicts of enlightened reason will never be in his favor.

What are the arguments of Mr. Abbott, in relation to the heartless and treacherous murder of one of the most irreproachable of the fallen Bourbons, which occurred during the Consulate? He maintains that he meditated a conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. But where is the evidence? Does Mr. Abbott bring forward anything to prove it? Can he prove more than that Napoleon suspected such a crime? The truth is, he hated and feared the Bourbons, and determined to root them out of Europe, as if he were an oriental despot. And the heir of the Condés was the only one whom he could seize, and him only by invading a neutral territory, and tearing him from his home as men kidnap slaves. And him Napoleon kidnapped, and executed like a malefactor.

The only expression we can find in the history condemnatory of this act is this:—"The spirit is saddened in recording these terrible deeds of violence and blood;" but he immediately adds, that "it is surprising that Napoleon could have passed through a career so wonderful and so full of temptation, with a character so seldom sullied by blemishes of despotic injustice." And with these philosophical remarks, one of the most inexcusable of all crimes, that of murder, is summarily dismissed. Nothing indignant escapes the author, and in the lenity of his sentence, we are reminded of the ancient Roman Senator, who, on hearing that one of his slaves had committed a willful murder, mildly remarked that he should surely be punished if he repeated the offence!

The alleged conspiracy of the Bour-

bons against the life of Napoleon, "roused," says Mr. Abbott, "*republican* France, to increased efforts to consolidate the new government." So Napoleon, in order to gratify republican France, consented, though with reluctance, to place upon his brow the imperial diadem, as if his life would be more free from the danger of assassination as Emperor than as Consul! If such an interpretation is meant for children, we protest against the falsehood; if it is meant for intelligent readers, it is an insult. Who does not know that the Senate, which decreed that Napoleon Bonaparte be named emperor, was composed of his creatures, and that the people and the army to whom he appealed for the confirmation of this act, were his idolators and slaves! And did not Napoleon know that other crowned heads would not consent to this, and that it would be the signal of new wars which must deluge Europe in the blood of millions? Where was his republican zeal, or his benevolence, or his patriotism, in wading to a throne through seas of blood? True, it was no concern of England, Austria, or Russia, that he should assume any title which the French were ready to grant. But the penalty was before him for the gratification of his vanity—wars, conflagrations, and ultimate ruin. He took the risk, and reaped the penalty, but not until the victories of Jena, Austerlitz, and Eylau, wafted his fame to the ends of the earth. Mr. Abbott, however, in the abundance of his charity, put this construction on the motives of Napoleon: "he hoped that Europe would be conciliated by the change, since the allied monarchs entertained apprehensions that *republican principles* might extend through their dominions." We are tempted to lay down our pen and laugh at this superlative nonsense. Europe feared Napoleon as the apostle of republicanism, and Napoleon, to silence the fears, became himself an emperor! As well might Brutus kill Cæsar, because he feared Cæsar's influence in promoting democracy! Neither Cæsar nor Napoleon was ambitious!

No sooner had the peace of Tilsit given the emperor leisure to prosecute his plans of universal empire, than he cast his greedy eyes upon the Spanish monarchy, and resolved to annex it to his sway. The unhappy dissensions between the old king Charles IV. and his children, favored his designs. French

armies, under various pretences, invaded Spain, and the royal family, seduced to Bayonne, found themselves the prisoners of Napoleon, and they preferred luxury and self-indulgence to the dangers incident to warfare. Joseph Bonaparte became king of Spain, and the exasperated and indignant Spaniards, aided by England, commenced that desolating insurrection, which did not end until the armies of Wellington had given the first great check to him who, in his Nebuchadnezzar arrogance, had said, "that it was a proof of the weakness of the human understanding for any one to dream of resisting me." He himself, at St. Helena, admitted the blunder he had made, and remarked to Las Casas "that it was the first cause of the calamities of France." "Perhaps," says Alison, "there is not, in the whole annals of the world, blackened as they are by deeds of wickedness, to be found a more atrocious system of perfidy, fraud, and dissimulation, than that by which Napoleon won the kingdoms of the Spanish Peninsula." But an Englishman is prejudiced. Alison is a bigoted old fogey. Only an American is capable of sitting as umpire in this matter, or as Mr. Abbott says, "only in America can an impartial history be written." Not even a Frenchman is fitted for the task; but Mr. Abbott has a cloudless reason, and such varied and extensive literary attainments, that he alone is capable to write the history of Napoleon—he alone has the qualities of a judge and critic—he alone can see things as they are—he alone has had the means of investigating these dark and complicated historical questions! And what is the response of the American oracle? "If Napoleon had decided to sustain the claims of Ferdinand, he would have been grossly recreant to his own principles in upholding one of the most bigoted despotisms earth has ever known. Standing before the world as the *advocate of freedom*, he would have left a stigma on his name which could never have been effaced. In self-defence he took from the Bourbons that power which they were striving to use for his own destruction, and the regeneration of the Peninsula commenced." To such potent arguments no response is necessary. What a pity that so noble a scheme as the regeneration of Spain should have failed!

But since Mr. Abbott sees nothing in Napoleon but benevolence, and love of freedom, and personal disinterestedness,

how does he get over the repudiation of his wife, the noble and generous Josephine, who was the maker of his fortunes, and who loved her husband with a fidelity and intensity, of which no one has ever spoken but in the strongest language of admiration. True, he appreciated this love, and honored the character of the empress, caused the Pope to celebrate the nuptials a second time, and even consented to her coronation, wrote her perpetually the most affectionate letters, and gave all the proof which so selfish a man could, of the warmth of his own affections. Yet on this glorious and accomplished woman he inflicted the most heart-rending of all cruelties, and prevailed upon her to consent publicly to the ruin of her hopes, and the wreck of her happiness, the greatest sacrifice which mortal woman has ever triumphantly passed through.

Mr. Abbott admits that "it was a violation of the immutable laws of God, and, like all wrong-doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, promoted final disaster and woe." But why add that "Napoleon unquestionably felt that he did right." Can a man, instructed in Christianity, violate those laws which it pronounces to be immutable as those of God, and feel that he is doing right? Is this a doctrine to teach the young? And why take pains to quote all the miserable apologies of French writers for this blasting infamy? Napoleon wanted an heir, did he? Why not select one of his hopeful nephews? No, he must repudiate the woman, sprung like him from humble origin, and ally himself with an imperial family. His pride and devouring ambition must be more fully gratified, and Josephine becomes his victim, and dies of a broken heart. Surely, "in America alone can an impartial history of Napoleon be written!"

We now come to consider Mr. Abbott's treatment of the most gigantic of all Napoleon's crimes—the invasion of Russia. This "*great democratic chief*" is represented as being forced into the war with Russia, in consequence of the gold and intrigues of England, a country upon which the author vents all the bitterness that seems to exist in his loving and charitable nature. "It was," says he, "the struggle of liberty against oppression." "It was the struggle of the friends of *popular rights* against the partisans of the old feudal aristocracy." Therefore, "calling together his allies, Prussia, Austria, Italy," &c., among

whom of course were no friends of feudalism, aristocracy, or despotism, "the king of the commons" "found himself at the head of 500,000 men, all ready to follow his guidance with enthusiasm"—to proclaim liberty, we suppose, to the serfs of Russia, and plant colonies of emancipated Cossacks on the plains of Moscow. He, the friend of the people, a sort of Robespierre, clothed with the armor of an Alexander, was only warring against despotism, and to preserve the balance of power, deranged by the encroachments of Russia. Had he but succeeded, the reign of peace and justice would have commenced, the lion and the lamb would have been seen side by side lying down together, and the great consummation of human happiness would have been accomplished.

"For," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "Paris then would have been the capital of the world, and my old age would have been consecrated in visiting every corner of my empire—in receiving complaints, redressing wrongs, founding monuments, and doing good."

Thus, Napoleon himself admits his own boundless ambition to revive, on the banks of the Seine, the recollection of Rome. "This," said he, was my dream." And a pretty innocent dream it was—to head an army of more than half a million of men, gathered out of all the continental nations whom he had subdued, and to lead them over frozen snows to victory and plunder, until no enemy should be left in Europe capable of withstanding him. The invading hosts, however, smitten by the hand of God, only served to dye the rivers with their blood, and whiten the soil with their bones.

Nothing, however, escapes from the pen of Mr. Abbott derogatory to the fame or character of his hero, even in the prosecution of this most astonishing scheme of maddened ambition. This horrible campaign, which no true-minded man can contemplate to the end of time without a shudder, is only a benevolent mission to give liberty to Poland, equal rights to Cossacks, and moral grandeur to the French nation.

But we *cannot* pursue this subject further. We are filled with feelings of mingled disgust, pity, and indignation. We have no heart to follow our author in his chapters on Napoleon's fall, exile, death, and burial, nor on the restoration of his remains to the banks of the Seine, "which he loved so well," and where he

now lies—where he will probably for centuries lie, in granite and in marble vaults, in comparison with whose magnificence, the tombs of the Cæsars are as mounds of clay.

Our concern is not with Napoleon. His history vindicates his fame. We have to do with a biographer who has endorsed his worst acts, palliated his treacheries and cruelties, excused his blunders, and glorified his name in every variety of undignified panegyric. The ambition of Napoleon was philanthropy, his heartlessness the dictate of a comprehensive policy, and his selfishness the result of enlarged political wisdom. No great moral truths are enforced in view of mistakes and crimes. The fears and injured dignity of nations are denounced as selfish desires to preserve feudal and aristocratic distinctions, and their final rising to vindicate their wounded honor and restore their cherished nationalities, are painted with the single view of showing their revengeful fury in crushing a man, when misfortune had overtaken him, who was a benefactor of his race, and the name of all names of which humanity has the greatest reason to be proud.

And, throughout the work, England comes in for an exhaustless subject of abuse, as if all the depravity, since the original transgression, were centered in those aristocratic families who were among the bitter enemies of Napoleon. England has *her* faults—and we would not shield them. England, too, was punished for the interference she assumed in the struggle of the Revolution. England still has the misfortune to preserve many of the injustices of feudal ages. But it is a mistake to suppose that England is the foe of the liberties of Europe. In her lovely retreats are still sheltered those patriots whom France will not tolerate on her soil. She is still the asylum of persecuted exiles who could not live in any other country in Europe. With all her feudalities and aristocracies, let it be remembered that, in England, there is no imperial despotism—no army of spies, no system of passports, no shackles on the press, no inquisitorial police, no alliance with Jesuits, no religious persecution, no preponderance of military power. We have spent happy years both in England and France, but we have no hesitation in saying that in all the substantial elements of liberty, of truthfulness, of progress, and of moral elevation,

England stands as far ahead of France, although the shade of Napoleon still hangs as a spell over the land, as the ancient Puritans surpassed the Jesuits in all those qualities which ennoble man, or support the cause of Christian civilization.

In regard to the style and literary merits of Mr. Abbott's history, we have a few closing words to add. The book is attractive to ordinary readers, for it abounds in anecdotes and stories, and never soars beyond popular appreciation. It is written in language that all children can understand. It is as full of agreeable twaddle as an egg is full of meat. As written originally for a popular magazine, such light reading should not be too severely criticised. But since he aspires to republish his work for another class of readers he has made a mistake. Literary fame is not perpetuated by children, or the unreflecting people to whose prejudices he has yielded, and to whose tastes he has pandered. Nor can the people themselves read over again the pleasant puerilities which amused their vacant hours, when the chapters only periodically appeared. In two large volumes there is rather too much of sweet things. Even children may nauseate after too bountiful a feast of sugar candy, just as older people turn away from milk and water, or ginger pop. True, the history never descends to vulgarity or coarseness. There is even a sort of mock refinement about it. It gossips pleasantly, though in diluted language, those frivolous anecdotes which forgotten authors detailed to a former generation. It discourses, flippantly, yet mildly, as if to a class of girls whose tender training forbids the appreciation of other than very *easy* lessons. No harshness, no savage invective, no scornful sarcasm, escapes from the punctilious author. The book cannot be censured for bitterness or spleen, except against British aggression. It is full rather of ecstatic admiration—a sort of pedantic admiration of strength and heroism—a kind of womanly panegyric of masculine energy. There is nothing about it which is rude, or low, or vulgar, except in its prejudices. There is not an expression in which a delicate young lady, from the pretentious families of ignorance and imbecility, may not, with propriety repeat, as from her mamma. All is as decorous, as if it were a discourse in a pulpit eulogizing the majesty

of Satan, not indeed in Miltonic language, but in attractive baby talk to Sunday school children. Nor are there in it dry words that burn. It is not redeemed even by fire, or strength.

But it is popular, and therefore it becomes us to be discreet. Well, let it have its day. We have done our duty. We have discharged an unpleasant task, because we think it is time to utter our indignant protest against the pernicious moralities of our unshackled press. We have no ill feeling against the author personally, since we are not honored with his acquaintance. We simply have endeavored to expose, what we honestly believe to be the dangerous influence of the book on those for whom it is professedly designed. On the minds of *men* we have no fear of its insidious poison. Its effect on that progressive and enterprising personage, known as Young America, deserves a more careful and severe consideration.

We do not like to close this review of Mr. Abbott's History, without offering a few observations on the career of that remarkable man whom he has so extravagantly eulogized, since we do not wish to be understood as detracting from his greatness and merits. Because Napoleon has been put too high, we would not put him too low. He was a great genius, and rendered great services, in spite of his defects and blunders.

Yet in no country has it been the fashion to exalt him so generally as in the United States; and one proof of this assertion, is the popularity of Mr. Abbott's book—fulsome and adulatory as it is. One would suppose, in a Republic like ours, where constitutional liberty is so highly valued, and where peaceful virtues and callings are the basis of our civilization—a country populated with farmers, merchants, and manufactures—a country which is protected by an army of only 12,000 men—a country whose institutions are pre-eminently pacific, and whose international policy is noncommittal, that such a man as Napoleon would be no favorite. But it is one of our strange inconsistencies to love him, just as we hate England—the country of all countries we ought to cherish, after our own, because England is the land of our fathers, and its institutions are those of freedom, and are more kindred to those which we prize than any which exist in other lands, to say nothing of the noble and generous character of its

people, ever ready to make sacrifices when prompted by honor or duty.

But we will not quarrel with popular predilections. It is useless to argue against these. Nor do we seek for reasons why Napoleon is an object of popular idolatry among our citizens. We love instinctively the heroic and the grand. We worship success. We bow down to strength. This is vulgar, but it is natural. The many *are not* discriminating, and never were, and never will be. We might croak, if we felt inclined, in view of the bad taste of majorities, but no good would come. We should be considered as "old fogies," who are not in very good repute in Young America, whose oracles are not the old, or experienced, or wise. We scarcely tolerate a judge, or a clergyman, or a statesman, when he has grown grey in services which in other countries are valued in proportion as men are experienced. If Napoleon had lived to be a moderate and wise monarch, we should lose sympathy with his character. But he was a meteor—blazing on the battle-field, heroic in action and strife, and we cannot resist the fascination of his deeds.

We are not disinclined to praise Napoleon until he was intoxicated with his successes and with the adulation he everywhere received. Until after the peace of Tilsit, his career, though stained by some crimes, was, on the whole, honorable as well as glorious. He was wonderful even as a youth, and early gave indications of future fame. He was not an amiable and loving youth, but he was studious, industrious, indefatigable, and unseduced by the ordinary follies of his companions. He was simply ambitious and aspiring, and consequently cold and calculating, although he had the tact to veil his selfishness with the mantle of occasional generosity. He never was sordid—never valued money except as a means to an end. Nor was he forgetful of favors. He remembered and rewarded his early benefactors. Mr. Abbott has enumerated many interesting anecdotes in proof of his generosity and kindness, the truth of which we do not question.

Nor was Napoleon ever a "sanguinary man," delighting in cruelty and bloodshed for their own sake. We even palliate the massacre of Jaffa, on the grounds of military necessity, of which Napoleon must be supposed to have been a judge. He knew his circumstances better than we possibly can know. It is very shal-

low to sit in judgment on the military policy of the great masters of war. We would no more condemn Napoleon for the measures which he pursued in his extremities, than we would Cromwell for his cruelties in Ireland. We do not think very highly of the wisdom of those Dutch deputies who undertook to lecture the great Marlborough on the art of war. The defence of war, if defence there be, is on the grounds of expediency. We cannot find many abstract truths from the gospel in its defence. Yet we believe in its lawfulness, when we consider the constitution of human society, and the nature of man. We do believe in the necessity for the confederation of the weak against the encroachments of the strong. We believe in the imperative duty of rulers and of governments to maintain law and order. Nor can we see how the strong are to be repelled, and evil doers punished, without resort to other weapons than that of love. The doctrine of non-resistance is fitting for an ideal state of society, such as never has been and never will be on our earth until the lion shall lie down with the lamb.

Hence we admire the early victories of Napoleon, since they were obtained against the enemies of his country—enemies who sought to invade its soil, and root out all reforming principles of government. We have admitted the stern necessity of the "whiff of grape-shot," that potent argument which Napoleon used to silence the disorganizing mob who sought to destroy the constituted authorities which France had, as a nation, decreed. He saved the convention, and restored order in a distracted country. This was a great service, and deserved a great reward.

And the Italian campaign was also a brilliant achievement, perhaps one of the most so in the history of war—a pure triumph of genius and praiseworthy enthusiasm—a truly glorious victory over tyrannical powers. Napoleon humbled an ancient monarchy, when that monarchy sought to suppress useful reforms in another country, and to make a mockery of human rights. Nor were his victories stained with cruelties. He secured the respect even of the vanquished, and the admiration of neutral nations. It was natural that the French, threatened with overwhelming dangers from foreign enemies, should honor their deliverer. The laurels which encircled the brow of the conqueror of Italy were

fairly won. It would be mean and unjust to withhold from the youthful victor the honors he had earned.

But the campaign in Egypt should not be spoken of with such exalted praise. Here the *cause* was questionable. It was not a necessary war. It was dictated by lust of conquest. It was undertaken to head off England in her aggressions in the East. Napoleon sought to possess himself of oriental empires. We cannot praise any war which has for its object merely territorial aggrandizement. France did not need such conquests in the East. France was right in resisting those enemies who sought to invade her soil, or interfere with her revolution; but she was not right in seeking to add the Eastern world to her already extensive domains. No boasted interests of commerce can justify such an invasion as Napoleon projected. Nor did Providence smile on his undertaking. It is seldom that any enterprises signally unjust have, in these modern times, been permitted to thrive. Napoleon was prospered as the avenger of his nation's wrongs; and only such.

Again, it must be confessed, there were many palliations for his usurpation of sovereign power; but they are only palliations after all. We urge for him the same excuses that we do for Cromwell when he overturned the government which he professed to serve. France, perhaps, was not fit for liberty, and Napoleon knew it. He believed that he was the only man who could rule France. Therefore he seized what, constitutionally, he had no right to claim. His only plea was that of revolutionary necessity. But even this is disputed. It is not certain that France was not fit for self-government. If she was not, her great revolution was a mockery and a blunder. Yet her revolution is the most glorious event in her history, and was productive of permanent blessings which even Napoleon could not pervert or take away. The horrid atrocities of that revolution are only one side of the question—a partial and incomplete view of the picture. Robespierre and Danton were not the heroes of that wonderful rising. The true heroes were the insulted millions, clamoring for justice. Those who demolished the Bastille, who formed the first National Assembly, who abolished the old feudal distinctions, and the unequal privileges of the aristocracy, and the *régime* of priests, were the heroes.

Napoleon did not seek to destroy the work of the Reformers. He rather sanctioned and perpetuated it in his "code" and in his various regulations. As First Consul, his reign was beneficent. We need not enumerate his great works as a legislator, and as the restorer of domestic tranquillity. His enlightened mind perceived the necessities of France, and he devoted his energies for the public good, by works of internal improvement, and various schemes to develop the resources of his country. And he probably desired peace. He wished to reign as an imperial benefactor, arbitrarily, it is true, and by military force, still with a view of making France powerful and prosperous.

But the nations would not allow him to prosecute his work. They combined against him. They were jealous of him, and they detested the ideas of his government. They sought the restoration of the Bourbons, and the reign of legitimacy.

Then followed a great military career as supreme leader of the armies of France. Again he gained glorious victories, again humbled his adversaries—again taught useful lessons to the old tyrants of mankind. The second conquest of Italy was more brilliant than the first. The battle of Marengo was the greatest of the successes he had gained in war. He became the arbiter of Europe.

Then he seized the imperial crown, and sought to establish a new dynasty of princes, and to erect a proud monarchy on the ruins of the other states of Europe. We cannot tolerate this increased ambition. We cannot excuse this new usurpation. He now insulted the nation he had saved: he was a traitor to the great cause which he had early espoused; he became a Nebuchadnezzar, unapproachable from pride, a second Louis XIV., whom he now resembled. Intoxicated with success and flattery, he not only aspired at universal dominion, but made great blunders. The invasion of Russia, and his seizure of the Spanish monarchy, were crimes of such magnitude that they infuriated the nations of Europe.

Had it not been for these two blunders, he might have perpetuated his power, and left his magnificent empire to his heirs. But for these, all Europe could not have contended against him, with any hope of success.

But Providence baffled his schemes.

His armies were buried amid the snows of Russia, and could not be restored. France lost her gallant defender. The sturdy veterans of Jena and Ansterlitz and Eylau had perished, and there were none to take their place. The mighty usurper was defenceless. He lost the game in which were staked his hopes of universal empire.

Then the nations rose a second time, and this time they were successful, for they fought a crippled hero, whom the elements, not man, had beaten. The battles of Dresden and Waterloo finished the military career of Napoleon, and he was sent to a lonely rock in the ocean—to meditate and to die. The greatness of his fortunes was only exceeded by the bitterness of his humiliation. Never before, in the history of mankind, has mortal climbed so high, never before did hero fall so low. Yet he died, a proud pharisee, justifying his courses, without recognizing the arm which had visited him with its chastising rod.

"A single step into the right had made
This man the Washington of worlds betrayed;
A single step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven."

It is, however, one of the virtues of

our humanity to forget injuries and remember services. Thus we palliate those great mistakes and crimes which Napoleon, intoxicated by unparalleled successes, committed against society in his latter days, and dwell on those early and magnificent feats of heroism which restored the glory of an afflicted nation.

Napoleon, as a great man, claims to be judged by his services, not by his defects and faults. The question for us to solve is, whether his undoubted services should counterbalance the great crimes which must be laid at his door. And when we have settled this hard and knotty point, we may indulge in a few reflections such as philosophical history suggests.

Napoleon's career teaches the vanity of military glory, when warfare is not carried on in defence of the great permanent rights of mankind, and also speaks volumes of the retributive justice of the overruling Power. But we will not dwell on these truths. The verdict of enlightened humanity is yet to be given, although we think that this verdict must have been anticipated by the lonely exile at St. Helena, when the curses of widows and orphans were wafted over oceans and continents to the rock on which he was chained.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CURSIVE AND DISCURSIVE.

DICKENS once described us as "a tongue-y people." The phrase was expressive. Our American Democracy is a gift of tongues. Our whole company prophecies in a Pentecostal outburst of intellectual freedom which is quite inconceivable to the European mind, over-ridden as it is with despotism in government, fashion, intellect and business. Accordingly, everybody writes. In newspapers, magazines, or books, an astonishingly large proportion of the entire population aspires to speak to his or her fellow-men with the presumed emphasis of set publication; inasmuch that print now being almost the rule, publication is not emphatic. Ninety in the hundred of books now published are such as do actually require to be read with strict

watchfulness *against* remembering either their matter or their manner. There is a frightful eruption of literary humors upon us. Every person who has indited words enough to make a book, straightway *makes* a book. The thoughts may already have fluttered before the public eye, upon the wings of a magazine, or the more transient pinions of a newspaper. Perhaps the material is so rapid or so ragged that the author stultifies himself by broadly avowing carelessness or incompetence in his preface. Even farragos of disjointed newspaper paragraphs, with no more coherence or significance than the sandy ridges which the Scottish wizard set his troublesome servant-fiend to twist into ropes, must needs be concatenated into a book. If the words have been *written*, they must be worth printing. It would not do at all to have written them out for

nothing. Therefore away they go to the printer.

A literary friend had prepared for publication a short pamphlet, discussing the matter of which we complain, which, however, we persuaded him to withhold. We apprehended ill results to our friend's literary success, if he should be recognized as the utterer of such virulent and unjustifiable truths against literary men and literary things. Yet our friend spoke truth; except that he spoke it too bluntly. We have his permission to extract a few paragraphs, which we cull from the milder and more genial portions of his diatribe:

"American literature is degenerating into a vast stream of milk and water. A Great Literary Apostasy is demoralizing it. Authors write, not because they have a true or a beautiful word to say, and because the *æstrus* of their conception drives them to speak, but because they see with the sharp little eyes of business men that the popular throat is agape for such or such a morsel, and that they can prepare the morsel. A whole book to proclaim the Apotheosis of Humbug! A whole book whose staple is the unblushing narrative, by a discarded suitor, of the details of his chase! What a culmination of literary immorality!

"It is no impertinent inquiry, whether publishers are justifiable in introducing such works to the public. Shall it be claimed that the question of morality is for the author to settle, and not for the publisher? No, indeed. If there is only one question for the publisher to ask (namely, 'Will it sell?'), then there is no other for any man to ask; and poison or rum, or printed filth may be manufactured and vended, provided only that somebody will buy.

"The men who criticise books are the third person of this unlucky trinity. Read a criticism upon a book. Can you presume that the critic has read the book? Remember the recantations that set back in an absurd reaction, down the laudatory throats of great and small the critics who praised 'Hot Corn.' Never, in this world, were so many words eaten before in so small a time. There are publishers who prepare notices after their own hearts—not generally very condemnatory—for their own books, and have them inserted bodily in compliant columns. Sometimes the gentleman upon the strength of whose recommendations a book was printed, has

the privilege of writing the notices of it in an influential paper. These notices are usually not unfavorable. If a publisher spies an adverse verdict upon some work of his issuing, his first question—according to the trade—instinct—is, not whether the man criticised honestly, and what are his abilities, but, what was his motive for criticising unfavorably? What personal spite has he? How have we slighted him? What rival has hired him? What favor does he want? I proclaim to all the inhabitants of the land that they cannot trust to what the periodicals say of new books. Instead of being able by reading the criticism to judge of the book, it is now necessary to read the book in order to judge of the criticism.

"Perhaps I may not unreasonably give a sly kick to another, but now dying imposition. This is the great blast of advertisements with which every successive book is driven forth to life; as if shot out of a prodigious wind-gun. Every book is The Greatest Book of the Age. Twenty Thousand Copies are Ordered in Advance of Publication. Fifty Thousand Copies are Sold in Two Weeks after Publication. There is a Tremendous Excitement. Everybody is Talking About It.

"Newspapers manufacture the peculiar little epigrammatic remarks that appear well in quotation; such as A Great Book; Full of true Genius; The most Delightful Thing we ever Read; Should be on Every Table; Drawn with a Master Hand; and the like lingo. These pin-wheels of adulation, again, are worked off in the advertisements, and the 'pensive public' buys, whether it list or list not.

"This factitious excitement is arranged somewhat as follows. First, 'advance copies' are sent to the papers. From among their notices, the available ones are picked out as above mentioned. Sometimes mysterious little announcements have been received in advance, to tickle curiosity. Then come the regular advertisements, blazing with recommendations. These little machinations usually secure a fair amount of orders. The advertisements immediately announce that, owing to enormous pressure of orders, publication day is unavoidably postponed. Country booksellers, hereupon, say to themselves, 'Must be something rich. Great book, undoubtedly. Must have some.' And they send new orders, or enlarge the old. Then, after the

publication, this torrent of orders, so artificially raised and dammed, is let loose all at once, and glorified by the disingenuous brag that so many Thousand Copies were sold in a week. This again tends to make all the outsiders believe in the book, and again the orders come in.

"Thus it appears that the writers and publishers of books are leagued in a great company, who for their own selfish ends are cramming all sorts of trash into the public mouth, only provided that the foolish purchaser will pay for it. They do not hesitate to break down whatever of healthy tone remains in the American mind, or to degrade still further its already sufficiently low standard of morals. The sole and single desideratum is money.

"And the equally disgraceful complementary truth must be stated; that the nation is not honest enough nor intelligent enough to choose between the good and the bad; even to that extent that a certain percentage of the claims of the advertisements, of overwhelming demand, are actually true.

"For these evils, perhaps there is no remedy. It may be that men of pure hearts and high aspirations must stand still and see their country-men and country-women go sliding down the gutter into which the authors and "the trade" have been decoying them. One is almost tempted to invoke the majestic interference of the law; to wish that the publication of a useless or ill-written book might be made a high misdemeanor against the State, and that a smart fine and imprisonment should be meted out to all concerned. That a Board of Censors should be appointed from among the *facile principes* of American literature, who should have heavy salaries, and much honor, as entrusted with the charge of the American intellect and morals; and who should make thorough prelibation of all compositions intended for publication, and give the exclusive authorization of such publication; any book published without it to subject the parties to condign punishment under the law."

Our pamphleteering friend goes on to vary and amplify his statements and arguments in a manner much too spicy for our use. Yet no honest man can deny that there is a very large share of truth in what he says. He is quixotic, of course, and impracticable. As for his Board of Censors and his legislation, we might as well

have the Czar imported at once, with his knout in his pocket. We cannot legislate against Balderdash. Nor is he wiser in his invectives against advertisements. People who fight against windmills have ever been overthrown, from Don Quixote downwards. Suppose advertisements do offer unreliable statements? The more brazen-faced the humbug, the more danger to the brain-pan of him who runs his head against it. He who begins thus, would soon be found absorbed in the useful task of strenuously refuting those popular legends which one may decry on fences and sidewalks, and which put forth the groundless claim that "We all use Sniddicker's Liver Pills and Worm Syrup." Yet there is a body of doctrine, a *Corpus Juris*, a system of ethics concerned about literature. We may properly venture a few suggestions towards it, although it may be long before any theory of Literary Ethics shall be established and recognized.

"Thought is free," ever since the days of Caliban, that down-trodden man and brother. By the way, has any one investigated the morals of the relations between the foreign Prospero and his native subjects? Is not the Tempest the Epic of "Sam?"

Speech is free, also, in our Democratic country, at least to any man who fears neither enmity nor contempt, and who seeks neither office nor influence. Perhaps we have as much free speech as heart could wish. For literary utterances, properly so called, we have. Yet it does by no means follow that every man has a right, by fair means or foul, with indiscriminate unscrupulosity, to gather other people's dollars for his words, or to waste their time in the examination of them. Consider the "poets of America"—that vast and undistinguishable throng. How many men and women are there who might write prose, both true and good; but who *will* aspire to rise into that high imaginative sphere, the bright poet-kingdom of the *Vates*, and who thereupon only utter nonsense. They can talk fair common sense; but they endeavor, with frantic efforts, to chant in the choir of the poets; but their effusions compare with the songs of the "bards sublime," as the nauseous contortions and gibberings of a high-tragedy rage, with the still and awful fire, the great waves of divine inspiration, and the mighty utterances, of the older and the later prophets. It is in vain to

assert the Democracy of Genius, and to claim that because "all men are born free and equal," in some sense, that therefore they are free of the poets' guild, and equal in songful power. They may as well claim that they each have as much property as anybody. How useless! We know, because we see with our own eyes, that they have it not. If it has descended to them, or if they have earned it, they have it, and they are acknowledged to have it. Possession and use are the only evidence. Assertion is needless with them, and without them. So of the crowd of rhymers in the land. If the heritage of power has descended upon them, or if intense labor has lifted them to the possession of it, be it so. But if not, why will they so baselessly assert it?

And there is a word which needs to be said to *all* authors, poets or prosemen.

If the Author opens before the eye of his readers, old or young, the present strength or the future hope of our nation, a volume of extenuations of lying or cheating—if he or (shameful even to think of!) she opens before those eyes gaudy pictures of guilt or impurity—if he shall praise folly, or laugh the laughter of fools over a funny or a profitable wickedness, or a mean trick—then such author shoulders a burden which will one day gather a crushing weight, when responsibility for tainted souls and rotten lives shall be accumulated therein.

It needs no long argument to exhibit *that* point. Argument would be misplaced with those who deny it. But there follows another, whose assertion may seem superfluous or useless, but which is, nevertheless, as true as the first.

Literature should be cream.

We have enough and to spare, of new milk and skim-milk, and buttermilk and white-oak cheese. What a mass of printed matter there is in the land! By what hundreds of tons is it yearly increased! Handbills, circulars, dailies, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, annuals, pamphlets, books. For how many hundred years have the strongest thinkers indited the best of their thoughts on every subject within the field of human investigation—and out of it—and left them in print! Who has read a fraction of what is already printed, and worth reading? Not the enormously omnivorous bookworm Magliabecchi; not the athletic scholarly strength of Sir William Hamilton; not the indefatigable explorer

Thomas De Quincey. How much less any "mere miscellaneous person!"

Not 'that we would have no good new books. We have no desire to gag any living thinker or writer, foremost or hindmost, unless some good not anti-democratic gag could be found for the hindmost! Nor do we advise any one to refrain from reading new books until he is through with the old.

Not any obstruction from without do we desire to impose upon written speech; we desire no Statute for the Prevention of Trash, nor the appointment of an intellectual Excise Board of Censors. We only demand that whatever is said shall be significant of something; and of something not bad. We only appeal to the consciences of the authorial band. To them only we cry. Perhaps, indeed, we might as well cry to everybody; for who knows how many in every village in the country, and in the solitary houses too—as from Henry Thoreau's seven dollar palace in the woods—have already written to publishers; or have by them, in secret nook, piles of scratched paper, their tickets for immortality—or at the very least are meditating, *altd sub mente repdātum*, what the coming years shall make known?

Oh, eager friend! Have you, truly, anything to say? Be sure—quite sure; and if not, exercise the very utmost of your talent for silence. If you are not *very* sure that you have plenty of silver words for us, give us the golden silence which everybody has.

But, if yea—and we most gladly admit that very many souls, in our bounding and superabounding American freedom, *have* a word to say—if yea, *Give us the CREAM*. There is an enormous pile of good matter to read. The thoughtful are wearied and discouraged at the mass. And oh, friend! do not superinject thereon any more of dilute value. Is it not already wretched enough to see so many who might be gathering golden crowns of thought from books of lofty beauty and truth, grubbing and scratching about among the muck below? *Will* you swell the turbid stream? Think, if you think at all, clearly and carefully. Speak, if you must speak, clearly and briefly. And as you have in your soul one single mustard seed of truth or self-respect, don't buzz out before us and cry—nor let your publisher buzz and cry for you—Behold The Greatest Book of the Age!

Unless false pretences and exaggeration are legitimate helps in selling horses, dry-goods and real estate, they cannot be legitimate helps in selling books. Therefore it is right that publishers should be limited by public opinion to a fair and honorable statement of the merits of their books. Nor can a publisher be justified in issuing an unworthy publication as valuable, any more than a jockey in selling a spavined horse as sound.

Lastly: The critic, by supposition, stands as an impartial judge, between the book and the reading community. His business is either to state the contents of the book, or to state the merits of the book, or (as we believe) to state both. We need not say more than that his work ought to be done honestly. He ought to *read the book*, and then tell what it is, and what is its value, honestly. That is all.

CORRESPONDENCE.—A lady complains to us as follows:—

* * * "Perhaps mortals, and especially men, have a dispensation to be inconsistent. But Major Wherrey, who was horrified at Horripts and grieved at the *German*, and nevertheless could find it in his heart to lade out strong punch to his friends, and to swig and tippie all the remainder of the bowl, in company with his anti-Teutonic sympathiser, Mr. Barnard, appears to me to transcend the allowable limits even of male aberrations. Is dancing worse than drinking? Is the dissiness of the waits more wicked than the dissiness which our two old, masculine prudes discovered in the dregs of their liquor? Or was Major Wherrey vexed because Bessy Wackilestead and the narrator 'polked on his boots,' and was he covering his wrath in hypocrisy? My dear sir, do you propose in this tacit way to sanction, and even to recommend the everlasting and disgusting punch bowl, which reeks in the middle of Dickens' stories? It seems to me that our American writers, if they *must* copy, could select some better study than this. Punch and cigars are behind the age. We do not want any medieval follies in *Putnam*." * * *

Far be it from us to endorse punch or punch-bowls; we ingenuously confess that we have no sufficient answer to the lady's complaint. Perhaps Major Wherrey, or Tom, will put in a plea in the case.

We heard an enthusiastic young Englishman describe Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, the South African ramrod-Nimrod. Said he, "If you could only see what a noble arm he has!"

We became affected with secret grief. For, on careful reflection, we could not remember to have heard any American exult or admire at the physical strength or manly beauty of any other American, except the eulogist were a farmer, a mechanic, a boxing-master or a boy in a gymnasium.

Thinking further, we failed to recollect that any of our leading intellects, this side of the Atlantic, have been enthroned in notably noble bodies. John Neal is, or was, we believe, athletic and active, and skillful at manly exercise. Theodore D. Weld, at one time well known as an energetic anti-slavery lecturer, was, until injured by an accident, one of the most herculean men in the United States. The incident, although it has been told before, will bear repeating, as an instance of great endurance. Mr. Weld was travelling in Ohio, during the winter, when, either by the upsetting of a coach, or by the stumbling of his horse, he was thrown, at midnight, into a torrent of ice, snow and water, of unknown depth and width. Down this he floated, swimming at right angles to the stream, and shouting for aid, until at last, but not before his hands were too helpless to permit him to climb, he reached a tree, by whose branches he just held his chin above water during *an hour and a half*, until help came. When taken out he was stiff and nearly senseless, and only recovered after a long and severe illness. Very few men would have been able to breast such an ice-flood, or to stir a muscle, or even whisper, after fifteen minutes immersion.

But neither of these can be ranked among our leading writers.

Over the water, people are stronger. Christopher North was one of the best wrestlers, boxers, runners and leapers in Great Britain. William Cobbett was as strong as a bull. Wordsworth was as good a walker as any man in England. Sir William Hamilton has been a man of most remarkable physical strength. Walter Scott was an uncommonly vigorous walker and rider. Lord Byron's powers of physical exertion and endurance are well known, although, like Sir Walter Scott, he was slightly deformed in one foot.

Now there is a great truth in the old heroic notion of pride in physical strength and beauty. There is a positive and actual pleasure in the mere quiet consciousness of possessing a strong arm, a strong leg and a powerful chest. What man would not take

pride in being able to outrun the fleetest, just as Achilles did? Who does not revel in Scott's descriptions of the massive strength of Richard the Lion Hearted, whether he batters down the postern of Torquilstone, or cleaves the steel mace-handle in Saldin's tent?

And, aside from any such instinctive pleasure as this, physical strength is the basis of intellectual strength. Of two men of the same mental calibre and cultivation, he also who can hold a fifty-six at arm's length, who can run a mile at the top of his speed without getting out of breath, who can row a boat fifty miles in eight hours, can write more and better prose or poetry than his slender soft-meated compeer, to whom the grasshopper is a burden—who would almost be consumed by the breath of a "great Burlybumbo" of the Anakim, from the mountains of East Tennessee, as one would blow away a "daddy-long-legs."

We would by no means have every literary man worship Hercules Pisticuff, and make a prize-fighter of himself. But we wish our band of American authors weighed more, on an average, than they do, and every man could shoulder his barrel of flour—if he has one—and march off, *expeditus*.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN—*Wolfert's Roost*, by WASHINGTON IRVING, is a collection of short tales and sketches, published uniformly with the complete edition of his works. *Wolfert's Roost* was the old name of the author's residence, on the banks of the Hudson; and the first portion of the book consists of chronicles relating to the old house and its neighborhood. The gems of the book are the powerful narrative of *The Grand Prior of Minorca*, and the delightful dreamy descriptions in "*The Adelantado of the Seven Cities*," and in the chronicles of the *Roost*. We transcribe a single passage from the history of the wars of the sachem of Sing Sing. The feud of this sachem, with a certain wizard chief of the neighborhood, having been related, its result is thus told:—

"Suffice it is to say that the wizard chieftain was at length victorious, though his victory is attributed, in Indian tradition, to a great medicine, or charm, by which he laid the sachem of Sing Sing, and his warriors asleep among the rocks and recesses of the

valley, where they remain asleep to the present day, with their bows and war-clubs beside them. This was the origin of that potent and drowsy spell which still prevails over the valley of the Pocantico, and which has gained it the well-merited appellation of *Sleepy Hollow*. Often, in secluded and quiet parts of that valley, where the stream is overhung by dark woods and rocks, the ploughman, on some calm and sunny day, as he shouts to his oxen, is surprised at hearing faint shouts from the hill-sides in reply; being, it is said, the spell-bound warriors, who half start from their rocky couches and grasp their weapons, but sink to sleep again."

In this musical and delicious description is the subject for a truly American picture, as striking as Kaulbach's "*Hunnenschlacht*," and abundantly more beautiful. *Wolfert's Roost* well maintains its author's fame. It is marked by the delicate purity of style, the quiet humor, the beautiful imagination, the lucid narrative, and the spirited description, which have so long charmed Mr. IRVING's multitudinous readers. It is delightful, among the crowd of "popular" works—the undistinguishable throng of books with little character and less merit, which daily appear, to recognize this work of a master, and of a master faithful to his fame and to the proper literary integrity of the true author.

—*The Coquette: or the History of Eliza Wharton*, originally written by Mrs HANNAH FOSTER; and now edited with a preface, by Mrs. JANE E. LOCKE, is quite interesting as a specimen of a style of composition now antiquated, but which, at its first appearance, attracted, perhaps, almost as much attention as that of the *Waverley Novels*. The story is founded upon actual facts, well known in Connecticut and Massachusetts at the time of their occurrence, and is full of melancholy interest. *Eliza Wharton*, a young lady of uncommon beauty of person and intellectual capacity and attractiveness, is sought in marriage by a young clergyman; but his sober wooing is disturbed and frustrated by the brilliant conversation of Major Sandford, an officer, who ultimately ruins his victim, and at the same time destroys the peace of his own life. It is told in a series of letters passing among the characters of the book, after the manner of Richardson; and, although written in the precise and formal style of New England, three-quarters of a century ago, the story is developed with considerable skill.

— *Miranda Elliot ; Or the Voice of the Spirit*. By S. H. M. This is a very confused story of Southern life. It commences as if intended to be a biography of Miranda Elliot; but as the narrative progresses, a mingled crowd of characters is promiscuously introduced, and disconnected incidents heaped together in so miscellaneous a style as to break up the connection and intelligibility of the whole. There are incidents enough and people enough in the book to furnish several stories. If the writer had been careful to select one clear and precise thread of narration, and to move steadily on with that, Miranda Elliot would have been a respectable novel.

— *The Bells: A Collection of Chimes*. By T. B. A. The enterprise of most modern poets is a mysterious gift. While reading their verses we ask, How *could* he publish? How *could* he expect to be sold or to be read? The poet or his friends must, we believe, usually expect to secure the publisher against loss on his investment. Consciousness of unappreciable genius must usually be the consolation of the author, in view of the unsold edition, and the "little bill." Yet the tuneful band daily deploys before the public, each undismayed by the fate of his front rank man, as indefatigably as those migratory caterpillars which perish by millions, yet never halt while alive, in crossing fire or water on their line of march. The little volume above named, is scarcely to be excepted from our rule. If, indeed, in this hurrying, every-day, money-making life of the United States, the author can be supposed to command leisure for the deep study and deeper thought which only can form a poet, we might hope much from the beauty of many of his conceptions, and the clear and unitary character of the impression usually left by each poem. But without the expenditure of such thought and study, his productions will be very much too crude and rugged to command praise or popularity.

The following stanzas may serve for a specimen of the less pretentious and more truthful portions of the book.

THE TWO CITIES.

" 'Twas dusk, and from my window
Upon the street below
I saw the people passing
Like shadows, to and fro.

" And faintly, very faintly,
I heard the ceasing din;

And like the dusk without me,
There was a dusk within.

" And thoughts with eager footsteps,
Dim thoughts of joy and pain,
Filled all the streets and by-ways of
The city in my brain.

" A passing light, and holy,
Like that which softly falls
Through open gates in cloudlets
Upon cathedral walls,

" Fell down upon the towers of
The city in my mind;
My inward sight grew clearer,
My outward vision blind."

The thought, though possibly unconsciously suggested by Longfellow, as, indeed, many of the thoughts and expressions in the book seem to have been, is a very poetical and beautiful one, and so far very sweetly presented. We omit the other verses, which, indeed, do not succeed in adequately completing the analogy between the cities of outer and inner life—of men in life and thoughts in the mind.

— *The Sons of the Sires, by an American*, professes to give a history, not only of the rise and progress, but likewise of the *destiny*, of the "American party;" together with which is given an answer to Hon. H. A. Wise's letter upon the Know-Nothings. At least two different hands have been engaged in the work. The first two chapters are introductory, and pompously and foolishly written. The style of the remainder is better; but the work will not elevate the reputation of Know-Nothing literature; which seems generally by some fatality to be flashy, pretentious, and vapid in narration, and sophistical and silly in argument. The main portion of the work is an exposition of the necessity for an "American Party," and a justification of its secret means and illiberal ends. The calibre of its logic may be calculated from the fact that a leading point made is, that the success of the Know-Nothings is a proof of the honesty and necessity of their enterprise. This is the Jesuitical dogma that "the end justifies the means," and identifies the principles of this new secret tyranny, with those of the old Jesuitical secret tyranny which furnishes almost all the capital for the denunciations and machinations of "Sam." Thus the argument is a stultification of the reasoner; and if it were not, it is based upon a false assumption. The "American party" has been terribly beaten in the most important of its undertakings; and the

revelations attendant upon its struggles and punishments have laid open a scene of irresponsible despotism, secret swindling, and savage intolerance, which must efficiently destroy the further progress of an organization so odious to all freemen, and so repugnant to all the truths and traditions of our country.

—*Professor BARNARD's Report on a Proposition to modify the Plan of Instruction in the University of Alabama*, is a well compacted argument, in favor of the established custom of founding the collegiate course of study upon thorough instruction in Greek, Latin and Mathematics; and in favor of making at least the material portion of the course compulsory upon all students. It must be confessed that neither the optional departments, nor the so-called "Scientific departments" hitherto attempted to be annexed to our colleges, have at all answered the expectations of their projectors; yet it cannot be denied that there is a decided and increasing public demand for some institutional instruction, preparatory to scientific or scientific-mechanical life, of a grade corresponding with the "professional" educations now attainable. We anticipate still further modifications of existing collegiate institutions, or the alternative establishment of rival schools of Art and Mechanics; but meanwhile, publications like the present, show that the conservative party will keep as tight a rein as possible upon rampant reformers. This is as it should be; the educational centres of the country are the worst possible fields for any but the most carefully considered and safest experiments.

—*Professor YOUNG'S Chemical Atlas* is not only a good class-book for schools, but a valuable and pleasant book for all untechnical people to own and to read. It gives very clear explanations of the principal chemical facts, and renders them still clearer, by the tangible and unmistakable method of ocular demonstration. Professor YOUNG'S large Chemical Charts are well known, and are most useful adjuncts to the usual courses of instruction. Reduced copies of them are given in this work. They illustrate the atomic theory of the chemical combinations of metals and metalloids by the varied juxtaposition of squares colored in such a way as to suggest a characteristic of each element, and of such sizes as to show at a glance the proportions of combination.

—*Dr. JOHN H. GRISCOM's Anniversary Discourse before the New York Academy of Medicine*, discusses the relations between the people and the science of medicine. Without any inappropriate attempts at profundity or display of technics and technical wisdom, Dr. Griscom has published some quite startling facts as to the yearly expenditure by the profession and the public for curing the sick poor, and some valuable suggestions on public hygiene and prophylactics.

REPUBLICATIONS.—We have received the last two numbers of *The Chemistry of Common Life*, by JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON. It is one of the clearest and most interestingly written treatises upon the science of every-day matters, that we have ever seen. The ordinary processes of life and the means of supporting life are very entertainingly explained, while with the main discussion very many valuable and curious facts are collaterally given. This present number discusses the subjects of respiration and digestion, gives an analysis of the general structure of the body, and explains the great circulations of inorganic matter in and upon the earth.

—*Examination of the Principles of Biblical Interpretation of Ernesti, Ammon, Stuart, and other philologists*. By ALEXANDER CARSON, LL.D. This work is little more than a disparaging review of the philological rules of the authors named on the title-page. The jet of the discussions is to expose the illogical and unphilosophical character of the principles or pretended principles of Ernesti, of his commentator Ammon, and more exceptionally of Stuart, Gill, and other commentators on the Bible; in which Dr. Carson certainly succeeds. But so far as he has attempted any positive operations he has not accomplished any very great results. He earnestly urges the importance of spiritual knowledge, as an indispensable qualification for hermeneutical investigation, yet he cannot, any more than the men whose canons he attacks, avoid erecting rules for those investigations which are solely and simply the results of human philosophy. Dr. Carson, like many other theologians and religious writers, dead and living, has displayed in his writings a dictatorial arrogance altogether unlike his personal deportment; and no insignificant infusion of this quality appears upon the pages of the present work. He is profuse

in his application of hard names and hard epithets; and in particular he seems to consider an argument irrefutably clinched when he has called his adversary a neologist. This word, indeed, is with him a sort of universal synonym for everything disingenuous and unreliable in argument, and wrong in faith and practice. He inquires, about that careful thinker, Professor Stuart, "Did ever the extravagance of fanaticism utter anything more frenzied than this?" And he customarily serves out to his opponents similar imputations. The time for such insults is gone. It is unfortunate that the folly of Scloppins and Salmasius must be repeated by modern divines, in the midst of the Christian light of this century. It will damage no man's argument to allow, tacitly at least, that his adversaries are honest, and to confine himself to the lucid exposition of their errors. No other mode of discussion will at this day accomplish any permanent good.—*A Treatise on the Figures of Speech*, and another on the *Right and Duty of all men to read the Scriptures*, are added. Of this last not much need be said; as it is calculated for an audience of Irish Protestants; and has little appropriateness on this side the Atlantic. Of the *Treatise on the Figures of Speech*, portions are valuable. The general views of the laws of language, so far as developed, are sound. Many of the distinctions and definitions are valuable; but the treatise, as a whole, is wanting in order, lucidity and distinctness, and evidently demanded careful and thorough revision to make it properly ready for publication.

TRANSLATIONS.—*General History of the Christian Religion and Church*. From the German of Dr. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the Last Edition. By JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. In five volumes. Volume Fifth. Published from the Posthumous Papers by K. F. Th. Schneider. Boston: Crocker & Brewster, 1854.

We welcome from the hands of an eminent American scholar this translation of the closing volume of Neander's noble history of Christianity and the Church. Prof. Torrey's undertaking has been justified by its success as well as by its motive, and the reception of this author by American readers and students, is proof of a decided affinity between the spirit of the

History and the spirit of our rising theology. Church history has been too often a dismal task both to writer and reader, a fruitless chase after truth through labyrinths of dogmatic disputation, or a suffocating excavation among catacombs of antiquarian formalism. Our age, in its passage from the dynasty of dogma and of form to the sphere of practical life, has asked to have the past interpreted in this freer spirit, and the indefatigable student of Berlin, among the dusty tomes of his library, felt himself refreshed by the living sympathy of a great host of readers, as he received witness upon witness to convince him that our century, instead of rejecting Christianity, asks rather to see it in its own home, free from the masks that have been fastened to its features. The preface to the first volume indicates the author's point of view, where he says that the "chief aim of his life, from an early period, was to represent the history of the Church of Christ as a speaking proof of the divine power of Christianity, as a school of Christian experience, and a voice sounding through all ages, of edification and warning for all who are willing to listen."

Written in this temper, it is obvious that the history of the Church must be the history of humanity itself, in the most central and enduring of its developments under the Providence of God. The Christian Religion embodied in itself the essence of the Oriental Spirit, under divine illumination, and in its westward march subdued to its power all the empires of the West, even now busying itself with planting its cross upon the Pacific shores, and preparing to complete the circle of its dominion by invading Asia on her eastern coast. All arts, sciences, letters and forms of civilization, have more or less been stamped by its mark, so that the record of the Church, when generously interpreted, is the record of human culture in its broadest and highest attainments. Privileged indeed, is the scholar who can give his life to the subject in this liberal spirit, and write the history of divine faith in the temper of a large humanity. We cannot, by any means say that Neander has wholly succeeded in his task, although he has never been false to the purpose with which he started. We can justly give him the credit of steering clear of the *odium theologicum* that has been the bitterness and the blindness of so many of his predecessors. To him Christi-

anity always presents itself as the life of faith and love, imparted to the soul through Christ and the spirit; and when interpreted by him thus, every age presents noble specimens of this family type. But he is very much lacking in colloquial grace of style and in artistic grouping of subjects. He is not very interesting to readers who wait to be charmed down the current of flowery periods along banks of picturesque scenery. He who reads for solid instruction will find himself rewarded abundantly, and may be sure of having the pith of every controversy and the turning point of every revolution distinctly laid before him. In this defect and in this excellence, Neander but follows the peculiar genius of his nation, for we are not aware of any profound German scholar who brings to this heavy work the peculiar grace so frequent with the French and not rare with English scholars. If, however, he could have studied style in the school of Herder, or caught something of literary elegance from Karl Hase, his work might have charmed the general reader as much as it now rewards the attention of the professional student. The volume now before us equals in interest any of its predecessors, excepting, perhaps, the second volume which treats of men and opinions in that age of the Milne Fathers, which gave law for ages to Christendom. It goes over more than a century, from the height of the papal prerogative under Boniface VIII., A. D. 1300, to the Council of Constance, 1414; and the execution of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who by their martyrdom more than their writings, sowed the seed of the Protestant Reformation which rose up to honor by its birth the next centennial of their death. To us, as mainly descendants of the English race, the chapter on the life and thought of Wickliffe are most interesting; and fragmentary and impoverished as it is, it gives enough of the author's somewhat original view of this stout precursor of Luther to make us regret that the sketch could not be completed. The philosophical system of Wickliffe is very inadequately described, although enough is said to prove that he had far more in his mind than the simple

reproduction of the letter of Scripture as an antidote to the reigning priestcraft. The volume ends somewhat abruptly with the discussion of the movements among that interesting and elevated class of mystics, the "Friends of God" in the 14th century. There was something quite expressive in the fact that Neander's pen was stopped by the hand of death in this field of his labors, for his position towards our age is very much like that of these "Friends of God" towards their own age. Like them he embodies the Christian temper and spiritual experience, that are to win men to a new and better comprehension of religion, more than he represents the philosophic clearness and persuasive eloquence that can satisfy the intellectual demands and fascinate the restless attention of this keen, defiant and excitable generation. We end our notice of these noble volumes, by commending to the faithful translator's notice, the learned and attractive Biographical work of Bohringer, which aims to teach Church history through the lives of the heroes of Christian thought and action, as a fit task for his scholarly and accomplished pen, and as quite likely to reward his labor.

ENGLISH.—*Cain*, by CHARLES BOKER, is no improvement on BYRON'S *Cain*; and, we apprehend, hardly superior to GESSNER'S *Death of Abel*. It is a poem in blank verse, which so works up the slender story in Genesis, as to make it appear that Cain slew his brother by accident, merely by pushing him over; that his wandering was a *rest*, appointed to him by God; and that Adam and Eve had no other children than these two. This is apparently as quiet a way of representing the story as could well be imagined; nor is the unimpassioned character of the plot relieved by any splendor of diction or power of thought. Neither the narrative, the descriptions, nor the dialogue, ever rise above a decorous tameness, even in the fiercest struggle after a desperate insanity of expression, where Cain is threatening Abel with punishment for persisting in the attempt to engage his gloomy brother in a joint sacrifice.

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THE LAST WORD OF GEOLOGY.*

ABOUT a year since we took occasion, in a brief article in this Magazine, to glance at the general principles on which modern Geology is founded, and to notice very cursorily the important work of Professor Hall, yet in progress under the patronage of the State of New York. The appearance of the two other standard books cited below, one containing the most thorough examination of a particular group of fossil relics ever made within a limited district, the other a general survey and resumé of the facts collected by geologists working in the older rocks over the whole hitherto explored area of our globe, forms a fair occasion for a second paper on a subject in which an intelligent interest is more widely felt every year.

The Silurian system is now understood to embrace all the strata containing relics of organic life, from the first traces of animated existences on our planet up to a certain, or rather an uncertain limit, defined most distinctly as that at which the remains of fishes begin to occur in considerable abundance. At this point it merges into and is covered by the strata of the second great period, during which fishes abounded, land plants became common, and reptiles made their appearance. This "Devonian system" (embracing within it the old red sandstone) is covered and succeeded by the carboniferous system,

containing most of the known beds of coal. To these succeed the yet later series of strata which geologists have conventionally divided into the Permian, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary systems, each, wherever found, lying above its predecessors, and the contained fossils of each later formation showing an advance more and more towards that condition of things which, in the upper and newer Tertiary, merges into the historical period of Man, and connects itself with the present.

Left, as we are, without trustworthy data by which to estimate, even approximately, the duration of the periods during which these great piles of matter, with their organic contents, were formed in the old ocean beds, our geological chronology is but a rude one; and its periods, like the dynasties of old Egypt, may be imagined indefinitely longer or shorter; though there is no doubt of their real existence, and any reasonable restriction of their limits must leave on the mind the vague impression of enormous cycles. We can only speak of them indefinitely, as in human history we allude to the dark ages, to the period of Roman empire, the epoch of early Egyptian civilization, the centuries of Celtic or Pictish barbarism. The antiquary can refer the relics which he finds, generally to some such period, yet he often knows not, within many centuries, the lapse of time since their

* *Système Silurien de Bohême.* Par J. BARRANDE. Vol. I. Trilobites. Prague, 1853. — *Siluria.* The History of the oldest known Rocks containing Organic Remains. By SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON. London, 1854. — *Paleontology of New York.* By JAMES HALL. Vols I. and II. Albany, 1847, 1852.

fabrication. The dates of some historical events seem to oscillate for a thousand or two thousand years, now appearing quite within the light of thirty centuries, now sinking back into the dim and indefinite shadows of the dawn of history, which prevent even a random estimate of the distance from which their ghostly outlines loom and flicker on our vision. Thus it is with geological periods. No one can say whether the epoch of the coal formation dates back one million of our years, or seven, or seventy millions. These epochs are like the distances of the stars, and all we know is that some are far more distant than others, and that the nearer, though infinitely remote, seem close at hand compared with those which lie on the limits of our perception.*

The reader may therefore assume any lapse of time which pleases him, since the old Silurian strata were laid down, particle by particle, by the primal ocean. We have only to say that there appears to be a bottom to the Great Cemetery, a geological *ne plus ultra*, below which no relics of organic life are found, at which the geologic record begins. The previous leaves of "the stone book" are blank, and these first decipherable inscriptions commence the chapter of the Silurian system. It

is thus written on the successive layers of a series of slate, sandstone, shale, and limestone strata, piled to the thickness of from four thousand to twenty thousand feet, and its characters are the fragments of the living forms of its parent sea.

Since its formation, it has been in many places covered by newer deposits, so as to be buried far below our reach. In many places the ocean still rests upon it. In many places where it has been raised above water and bared of more modern masses, it has been so baked and changed by the earth's internal heat, so doubled up and distorted by the crumpling of our globe's crust, or so worn away by the action of the elements, and swept seaward to form newer systems of strata, that it is only here and there that we find portions of it well preserved for our examination. In England and Wales it is sadly distorted and broken up, though distinctly traceable both in its stratification and its fossils; it is well seen in Scandinavia; and extensively developed in North Russia, though concealed by wide plains of alluvial earth; in France, Spain, and on the Rhine, it has been successfully traced and studied. Hitherto, however, its best exposures are in the northern United States, and in Bohemia.†

* Efforts have been made to obtain some idea of the actual amount of time elapsed during the geological history. One means of calculation has been drawn from the belief that the plants of the coal formation must have required a temperature of 22° Reaumur. The mean temperature of the coal districts being now only 8° Reaumur, it is considered that the earth has lost 14° of heat by cooling since the carboniferous epoch. By such experiments as have been made in regard to the cooling of rock, and the radiation of heat, M. Unger has calculated that for the earth to lose 14° of Reaumur would require nine millions of years. M. Hibert reduces this to five millions. But supposing the whole earth once to have been in a melted state, the time which must have elapsed, in its cooling to its present condition, is fixed at the liberal allowance of three hundred and fifty millions of years.

Another form of calculation occurs to us. Wherever strata are formed, it must be from the waste of existing land. Consequently, an average deposit of one foot of rock (supposing the sea and land to be equal in area) implies an average reduction in the height of the continents of an equal amount. Thus if we know how fast the continents have been worn down, we can tell approximately how fast the sea has filled up. Now the Mississippi is estimated by Mr. Lyell to discharge annually 3700 millions of cubic feet of earthy matter, which is an average waste from its basin of about one million square miles. A little calculation shows that this amount of waste implies an annual reduction of the surface of this basin to the amount of about 1-7.534 of a foot, or one foot in about 7,500 years. At this rate, to form an average deposit of ten thousand feet of fossiliferous strata over the globe (which is, perhaps, a fair random estimate of its real thickness), would have required seventy-five millions of years, which would thus be the age of the lower Silurian strata. Other estimates of the discharge of solid matter by the Mississippi vary from that we have quoted. Some are one third less, which would give a slower rate of wear to the continent, and increase our seventy-five millions to one hundred. The highest estimate makes the sediment of the river seven times greater than that adopted above, and would reduce our seventy-five millions to only ten. On the other hand, the sediment of the river is only half the weight and solidity of ordinary rock, and it would require two cubic feet of it, when condensed, to form one of such as the old strata. Moreover, if the proportion of land to sea be estimated as it now is, only one to three, this supposition would require three feet of waste from the land to fill the sea one foot, and thus would extend our estimate of time threefold. Our figures therefore stand at 10, 20, 60, 75, or 100 millions of years for the age of the oldest trilobites and fossil shells; and if this calculation proves nothing else, it shows the vagueness of all attempts to reduce to our measures of time the vast but indefinite periods of geology.

† The appreciation which is now bestowed on our remarkable development of the older rocks, and the labors among them of American geologists, is fairly stated in an article on Sir R. Murchison's book in the *London Quarterly Review* for October last. It is understood to be from the pen of one of the first authorities, Prof. Edward Forbes, whose untimely death has lately disappointed so many hopes, and called forth so many tributes of regret in Europe and America. We extract a few sentences:—

"North America might almost be said to be the head quarters of Silurianism. A glance at the excel-

The traveler who turns aside from his forty-mile-an-hour race through New York, at Utica, to spend an afternoon at Trenton Falls, visits a spot where some of the most interesting layers of this old deposit are laid open to our view. The West Canada Creek has not only removed the beds of gravel and clay which usually conceal the rocks, but has worn a deep and precipitous chasm through the hard strata, exposing their edges in all to the depth of two or three hundred feet. Some seventy or eighty feet of this thickness lie between the head of the staircase and the black, foam-streaked pool below, every successive layer older than that above it, and each one formed by the gradual accumulation of many years. Past the fern-draped and moss-covered edges of these layers the visitor descends, step by step, lower and lower into the records of the past, until, reaching the broad, level platforms of rock which extend along the brink of the swift amber current, he can sit down, and, closely examining the water-worn black limestone, see in it the dead and petrified shells and corals and trilobites which lived in the old Silurian days. No pleasanter hours are within our remembrance than those spent on these rocky ledges, where the mind alternates from the mystical interest of the past to the fresh beauty of the present; where the monotonous roar of the torrent mingles with your reverie until it seems the murmur of the old Silurian ocean itself; until, raising your eyes, suddenly appear the gray precipice, the solemn hemlocks, and the white sheet of the cascade, and you are recalled to the living charms of a spot which is left with most regret after the longest familiarity.

This is one locality of the Silurian strata, one point where the oldest tombs of the Great Cemetery lie open, and where its remains are abundant. Yet the visitor who expects to gather a large collection of fossils in a few hours or

days will be disappointed. Here the shells and corals lie, not as on the coast of Cuba, where in half a day we may examine miles of beach, where at a glance the eye can sweep over many yards, and where the soft sand permits us to pick from it with the fingers whatever object may attract our attention. No. These relics are not so easy of collection. Those which, like the trilobites, were composed of many pieces, nine times out of ten before they were buried, decayed and fell into fragments. The shells and corals also suffered more or less from decomposition, some of the larger shells being almost unknown in an entire state. And then with what an iron gripe does the rock hold them—penetrating every pore and cavity, adhering to every roughness of the surface, enveloping closely every spine or projection. The collector is tantalized by the sight of so many a fossil which is beyond his hope, projecting from some obstinate pile of layers, of many ruined by the wear of the elements, and of those which he attempts to secure he sees the greater portion fall into fragments under his hammer. A day of hard labor enables him to break up only a few cubic feet of rock, and but a small proportion of its contents will be secured in any tolerable condition.

When in addition to this difficulty in collecting, we remember that it is only in limited localities, quarries, cliffs, or ravines, miles asunder, that these old deposits are accessible to us; that probably not one square yard of an hundred thousand can be seen at all, we may wonder that so much has been accomplished in their examination, and that Mr. Hall has been able to recognize and describe three hundred different species of fossils from the lowest one-third of our Silurian strata. It is only by years of constant devotion to the pursuit, that so great a portion of these old-world relics have been recovered, and so much learned of

lent map appended to Sir Charles Lyell's travels will show how vast are the regions there occupied, even superficially, by Silurian deposits. Exceedingly prolific in organic remains and varied in mineral character, these beds have furnished the subjects of some of the most excellent geological treatises that have appeared during the last ten years. They are too numerous to be cited. It certainly is one of the most striking features of the science of the United States, that geology has taken root there deeply, and has flourished, perhaps, beyond any of the sister sciences. The American geologists have gained a world-wide fame, and deservedly. Their works are text-books in Europe, and standard members of our scientific libraries. A considerable number of these excellent monographs have been published at the cost of different States of the Union, whose local governments have thus shown an advanced and enlightened spirit, and a just appreciation of the advantages that must accrue to their citizens through the timely development of the resources of the land. We have much yet to hope from the onward-striding pace of American geology."

their nature and relationship to living forms.

The results of such labors in remote portions of the globe are now being connected into one great system. The work of Sir R. Murchison gives a *coup d'œil* of the present state of knowledge of the Silurian rocks throughout the world, traced out and identified as they have been by the peculiar character of their fossil remains. The same families of shells, corals, crustaceans, and encrinurites characterize them in all regions yet explored, and more especially do the trilobites mark and define these strata. It is true that these fossils vary considerably in remote districts, yet their general correspondence is well marked. As we find at the present day, that in comparing the living shells of the British and American coasts of the Atlantic, about one-third are identical on both shores, while of the remainder a large proportion are of analogous or corresponding forms, and but few are widely different; so among the fossils left by an earlier ocean in remote districts, we find some identical throughout, being species which lived in all parts of the ancient sea; many others more restricted in their extension, but represented beyond their own limits by very similar or related forms; others still, very peculiar and confined to narrow localities. Thus, when we find a large proportion of the fossils of one rock in America identical, or closely similar to those of another in England—especially if a similar correspondence is traceable between the succeeding or preceding also—we are warranted in concluding that these rocks are nearly cotemporary in date. Such a correspondence is evident between our Niagara limestone and shale and the Wenlock limestone and shale of England. The identity of many of their fossils proves that when these masses were forming at the ocean bottom, three thousand miles asunder, the same billows rolled and the same living forms inhabited them in the remote regions where are now the fertile plains of western New York and the green hills of Shropshire.

We have not room to follow out this subject, but we have said enough to indicate the manner in which the cotemporary age of strata is traced in different countries and continents, and to show how we recognize the old Silurian

formations, wherever portions of them remain accessible to our scrutiny. Thus it is, that, in North and South America, Europe, Asia, Australia and Africa, the stony records of the first period of organic life on our planet have been found, and, to a considerable degree, connected and identified with each other.

We know, by such investigations, the comparative ages of continents. The Alps and Himalayas being made up of rocks not older than the Jurassic period, while Northern New York appears never to have been covered with newer deposits than the Silurian; we may know that the former have been raised during comparatively modern times, being geological parvenues, while our Adirondacks are of the very first families of mountains, a relic of the earliest dry land of the older world. Their heads have been kept above water from the most ancient period; the trilobites crawled round their subaqueous slopes, while the Trenton limestone was beginning to settle from the sea; and since then, they have seen the whole series formed, carboniferous, secondary, tertiary and all. No wonder that they are deeply furrowed and worn. Thousands of feet of their hard granite have been washed away by rain and storm, and Mount Tahawus is now but the mere stump, the remaining core or nucleus of the pile which once stood there, overlooking the primal ocean.

Tennyson, in finally disposing of his sleeping beauty and her prince, recognizes the superior antiquity of this part of our planet:

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
As round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went,
In that New World which is the Old."

This poetical use of a geological fact comes appropriately from an author, who, in his *Princess*, tells us of his heroine, how she one day

"— rode to take
The dip of certain strata to the North,"

and saw, projecting from the sheer edge of the cliff,

"The bones of some huge bulk that lived and
roared
Before Man was——."

He, too, not only ornaments the walls of his ideal hall with the customary ar-

mor and antlers, but spreads round its pavement, among the

"Carved stones of the Abbey ruin in the park,
Huge ammonites, and the first bones of Time."

We subterranean philosophers owe a special debt of gratitude to Tennyson, who has introduced us to the best literary society, so that the hammer and basket may be borne even on the slopes of Parnassus.

But we have not yet spoken of M. Barrande's book, which lies before us in its full bulk of nearly one thousand quarto pages, accompanied by fifty plates; all admirably printed and engraved at the ancient city of Prague. We have shown that it is only by the most energetic and persevering research that the relics of Siluria have been collected and illustrated. Mr. Hall's book is an instance of this, being the fruit of fifteen or twenty years' study under the patronage of an enlightened State. This book of M. Barrande's is another, the result of twenty years' exploration in Bohemia, under the patronage of an enlightened prince, the Comte de Chambord, formerly M. Barrande's pupil. Private purses are rarely deep enough to enable their owners to go far with such enterprises, and it is equally honorable to the patron and the explorer, when the union of means to scientific zeal and ability is thus made to subserve the noble object of the acquisition of knowledge, and its diffusion among men.

M. Barrande's book is devoted entirely to the trilobites of Bohemia, other fossils being postponed to future volumes, and it certainly seems to be an exhaustion of the subject. The Silurian rocks of Bohemia (considering only the fossiliferous strata apart from the lower masses which are barren of organic remains) extend nearly N. E. and S. W., with a length of about fifty miles and a width of fifteen, the capital city of Prague lying within their north-eastern limit. The strata are, in the lower part, slates and sandstones; in the upper portion, limestone prevails extensively. Volcanic agencies have mingled among the layers large masses of trap rock, and the strata are so tilted up from their originally level position as to form a sort of basin, the strata dipping towards the centre, at an angle of from 30° to 45°, sometimes as steep as 70°,

and in some instances standing on edge, perpendicularly.

In these features of small extent, isolated position, and steep inclination of the strata, the Bohemian Siluria contrasts strongly with ours. In New York, the rocks of equivalent age lie nearly horizontal, as when first deposited, and spread away in vast unbroken sheets, hundreds of miles within the limits of this State, and many hundreds beyond, through Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Canada, traceable to the Mississippi on one side, and to the lonely island of Anticosti on the other. The same fossils may be found in them through all this extent, and the strata cover each other in unmistakable succession, undisturbed by faults or uplifts. These features give the greatest value and trustworthiness to observations here made, rendering them free from the errors into which the student is often led in disturbed regions.

The Silurian basin of Bohemia has not these advantages, but they are compensated by the abundance of its fossils, especially its trilobites, which render it, in the words of M. Barrande, "a Silurian California." Its limited extent has enabled him to explore it most thoroughly. We quote his own account of the manner in which he has reaped his harvest.

"We have devoted many years to the exploration of the surface of this field, in order to establish the extent of its fossiliferous portion. During this time, we have collected and noted everywhere—in quarries, in ravines, in all localities where the rocks are laid bare—all traces of organic remains which came under our observation. Having thus formed an opinion as to which strata and localities promised us a harvest of fossils, we organized, since 1840, a systematic exploration to make up for the insufficiency of our own arm and hammer. In different districts we successively established workmen, either singly or associated together, according to the difficulty of the task, to excavate the rocks and to open and explore quarries. These workmen, supplied with all necessary implements, and practically instructed by working for some time in our own company, soon acquired the skill necessary to distinguish, at first sight, any trace of the organic remains which were the object of our studies. We have often had occasion to admire the intel-

ligence of these Bohemians, many of them coming from the most humble class. Some of them, in ten or twelve years' experience, acquired a remarkable skill and facility in searching for fossils. They were habituated to collect and reunite the smallest fragments of specimens broken in opening the rock, aided themselves by the lens in detecting the obscure traces of the minutest embryos, and recognized at once the novelty of any unknown form which they might find. A kind of nomenclature in the Bohemian tongue formed among themselves, served to distinguish the species and strata. During many years we never ceased to keep among these workmen, and constantly to traverse our field to direct the excavations and to collect their products; and since the cares of publication confined us at Prague, some one has come every week to bring us the collections made, and to receive our instructions."

It is to this perseverance in exploration even more than to the abundance of fossils in Bohemia, that M. Barrande attributes the extent and richness of his collections. Could such a system be carried out in our own region, no doubt the fullness and variety of our American Palæontology would be much increased beyond the results of the limited and uncertain means hitherto employed. M. Barrande gives an example, showing how much time and pains have been necessary to obtain specimens for the complete illustration even of a common form.

The remains of one trilobite (*Dalmanites socialis*) are found scattered abundantly through certain strata, but usually in fragments, heads, joints, and tails separated and scattered asunder. It was only after years of search that certain layers were found to contain entire individuals; but they were too much defaced to serve as good specimens. Later, a locality was discovered in which they were complete, and in good preservation. Hitherto, however, they were found only in an extended form, but in continuing some excavations, they were found coiled up or contracted, proving their possession of this faculty, before not established. Eight years had passed, and though multitudes of adult specimens had been found, it was not until 1850 that a new explorer detected in slaty strata, previously examined by others without

success, specimens of minute size, which enabled M. Barrande to trace their growth and mode of development, and to complete the natural history of the species.

In thus tracing the changes of form which some trilobites underwent during their growth, M. Barrande has added entirely new facts to our knowledge of these old crustaceans. He has noticed one species (*Sao hirsuta*), when no larger than a pin's head, consisting, in that stage, of a head plate and a segment or two of body; and followed its development to its full size of an inch in length with nineteen segments. The different forms of this trilobite had previously so far misled M. Barrande, that he had formed four different species of this one; and another naturalist, M. Corda, had actually made of its varying appearances no less than eighteen species, referred to ten different genera!

But our author, not satisfied with finding these trilobites of such minute size, believes that he has even discovered their petrified eggs, in some tiny black spheroids found in the same layers which contain their disjointed remains! We may hesitate at giving our faith to this—yet it may be as genuine a discovery as many others which, questioned or rejected at their first announcement, have afterwards been fully established.

The labor of publishing the result of M. Barrande's researches thus far, has occupied six years. The plates are not ordinary lithographs, but engravings on stone, sharp and distinct in every line, as if on steel, and remarkable for the care and minuteness of their execution, from the large paradoxides and asaphus which fill the quarto page, down to the tiny forms whose structure is shown only under the magnifier.

As new and better specimens were often discovered after the first drawing of the species had been engraved, the author has not hesitated to efface and reengrave many figures, and even a considerable number of entire plates, in order that the work should possess all possible completeness and accuracy. The letter-press has also been revised and modified, in order to embrace, as far as possible, every discovery up to the last moment; so that, besides less extensive alterations, 250 pages have been entirely re-printed. No care has been spared to make the work a reliable

authority, and it lies before us a monument of patience, industry, and scientific zeal.

The entire number of trilobites described in it is about 250, being, probably, four times as many as are yet known in the equivalent rocks of New York. The future volumes will describe about 850 species of other fossils, shells, corals, encrinurites, etc., etc., as M. Barrande has collected from all the Silurian strata of Bohemia the relics of over 1,100 different species of once-living forms. This aggregate will not very greatly exceed the number obtained by Professor Hall, from the Silurian rocks of New York, for though our crustaceans and some other organic remains are less abundant, our corals and encrinurites are more numerous and varied than those of Bohemia.

M. Barrande considers that he has remains proving the existence of only a single species of fish at the top of the Silurian system. The case is similar in England and in this country, for though the British geological surveyors thought they had found fish-bones in the lower Silurian rocks of Wales, and Mr. Hall, at one time, supposed certain fossils of the Niagara group to be of the same character, these relics are now admitted to be fragments of crustaceans. The Silurian system, therefore, appears to be the record of a period when no higher form of life than that of the trilobite existed, so that, apart from the peculiar form and nature of these fossils, they have a preëminent interest as having been, in Hugh Miller's phrase, "the master-existences" of the epoch when they lived.

The different genera of trilobites characterize, with much regularity, the successive portions of the Silurian system. Some forms are peculiar to the lower strata, and being almost, or quite, unknown in New York, M. Barrande suggests that they belong to a period prior to that at which our earliest strata were formed; the second group of Bohemian trilobites corresponding with our first, found in the Chazy and Trenton limestones. If so, the Silurian chapter, as found in Bohemia, has a few pages of earlier history than ours. The genera characterizing this group disappear, and, with one exception, are not known in any higher position, but other forms appear to have been created to replace them. Every portion of the pile of strata is characterized by its peculiar

fossils of this family—some of which seem to have enjoyed a comparatively brief existence, being found only in a few contiguous layers, others extending through a long succession of strata. One species, the remains of which are found at intervals through a series of rocks not less than 6,000 feet in depth, must have endured on earth during an immense lapse of time.

Not only are they limited in their perpendicular range through the strata, but in their horizontal extension. Some appear to have been endowed with hardihood and powers of locomotion which enabled them to spread over thousands of miles; others, stationary in their habits, or able to exist only in particularly favorable localities, have left their remains within but narrow limits. Some species of bronteus are found only in a single locality a mile or two in extent; while the *Calymene Blumenbachii* is known in Bohemia, in England, and in America, from the Hudson River to Cincinnati.

Following the development of this interesting tribe, we find them at their greatest abundance about the middle of the Silurian system; thence they gradually diminish, few being found in the Devonian strata, and the last two or three species becoming extinct in the carboniferous system. Since then, they have been unknown.

A new feature in Palæontology, which we must not pass unnoticed, though it is not easy to state it clearly and briefly, is introduced by M. Barrande in his theory of "colonies." He finds, among the lower Silurian mica-slates, insulated masses of rock of an entirely different character, but of the same mineral composition and fossils with upper Silurian strata. From the latter they are separated by 3,600 feet of over-lying mica-slate rock, in all its mineral and fossil characters like that which lies below them. They thus appear to be calcareous upper Silurian strata and fossils found far below their regular position; or, local formations anticipatory of the general prevalence of similar strata which was afterwards to occur.

M. Barrande believes that these interpolated strata were formed as it were parenthetically, during a temporary suspension in the deposit of the mica-slate, and that the change was caused by a change or reversal of marine cur-

rents. These, coming temporarily from a direction opposite to that whence the sediment of the mica-slate was derived, might have arrested the deposit of the latter, and brought instead, from another quarter, a calcareous deposit and a different group of organic forms. Then, the return of the currents to their former direction might have restored the slaty sediment and its appropriate living tenants, until one more change caused the calcareous deposit and its peculiar fauna to prevail permanently, or through a large part of the upper Silurian period. Comparing this process to the temporary invasion by a foreign population of a region in which it was eventually to prevail, M. Barrande gives to these interpolated strata with their fossils the name of "colonies."

The facts stated seem to form an exception to previous geological observations, and to shake our confidence in fossils as an accurate test of the comparative antiquity of strata. If we admit that forms which have been considered characteristic of different epochs were existing at one time in adjoining seas, and that a mere change of currents could cause distinct lower and upper Silurian deposits and fossils to alternate, it would much confuse our investigations. It seems almost impossible that a change so produced could be so total as that described by M. Barrande. Some of the previously-existing species would, we should expect, continue to inhabit the same spot, even though the sediment were changed; and some of the new settlers or colonists introduced by the change of currents would remain as permanent residents after the causes which brought them ceased. The living forms of the two adjoining regions would become mingled, and it seems impossible that their entire extirpation could occur, so as to form such entirely distinct alternate groups of fossils.

The precise identity of the fossils of the "colonies" with those of the upper Silurian; the precise similarity of these strata in mineral character, even to their nodules and sparry veins; the fact, if we correctly understand it, that these "colonial" masses have been found only locally, and not traced as extensive strata; and that they are as-

sociated with eruptive masses of trap in a disturbed basin, all impel us, in spite of M. Barrande's opinion, to suspect that these colonies may be only detached fragments or outliers of the upper Silurian rocks, separated from their original associations, and apparently mingled with older strata by faults, uplifts, denudation, or like causes. No such phenomena as M. Barrande describes are to be found here, where the strata are undisturbed and free from distortion or confusion. The change from one rock to another is permanent, and entire masses of strata with complete groups of fossils never alternate. Some old fossils, indeed, reappear in higher positions, and the recurrence of strata of similar composition is accompanied by the recurrence of very similar groups of fossils. But there is no general identity between the relics of two separate formations; on the contrary, the great proportion are perfectly distinct.

The question thus raised is an important one, and its final decision will be awaited with much interest. We can but think, that while our geologists will be much aided in the study of Silurian fossils by European researches, still doubts and difficulties, as to the order and succession of the older strata and their organic remains, are to be decided by the explorers of the broad and undisturbed geological field of the northern United States.

The union of effort, and the mutual assistance rendered by students of nature of different nations, in remote regions, is a pleasant thing to contemplate, and this union is yet to lead to great results in the comparatively clear and certain knowledge of many subjects as yet but dimly comprehended. We must wish all success to these earnest explorers, and await with hope and patience the time expected by M. Barrande, when, to use his own words, "some future man of genius, combining and generalizing from the great mass of facts which the present age seems destined to collect, shall diffuse on the science of the earth all the light which Newton, furnished with the observations of previous ages, was enabled to cast on the science of the heavens."

OLIVER BASSELIN.

IN the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone
These words alone,
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighboring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed,
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and reveled in his line.

From the ale-house and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells,
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill
In the Valley of the Vire.

THE COMPENSATION OFFICE.

"Compensations furnished here, at the lowest prices."

SUCH was the legend over a dim little shop, within whose narrow bounds a quiet old gentleman awaited customers. In sitting at my window opposite, during a few weeks while the old gentleman occupied his stand, I had observed with curiosity the numbers of people who resorted thither in the dusk of the evening, as if seeking to escape observation. The few whose entry and exit I had noticed during daylight, had also attracted my attention, inasmuch as they had departed, not with the satisfied mien of those having made a good bargain, but as if dissatisfied or surprised.

Now, I surmised at first that the old gentleman was a humbug—a fellow-craftsman to the impostors who vend, for one dollar received by mail, post-paid, "receipts for making an easy living by work to be done during the afternoon, by any lady or gentleman at their own house." Yet the departing customers did not seem indignant, but rather perplexed and doubtful. Neither, after all, could I find it in my heart to attribute the character of a swindler to so respectable-looking an old man as the compensation merchant. He somehow wore, in my eyes, the aspect of an *emeritus* missionary; of a single-hearted militant Christian, who, having expended his youth and strength in benignant and much-enduring labors of love among naked Hottentots or wild Indians, had come home to expend the remainder of his years, his enlarged wisdom and benevolence, his increased spiritual power, on a retiring pension of nothing *per annum* among his own people. His thick, short, white hair, his somewhat bent form, his embrowned face, his quiet, peaceful mouth and chin, his still, half-humorous, bright black eyes, his whole person and atmosphere were lovely and reverend. And I always ended my meditations in the conviction that he could not be a swindler.

But it was evidently impossible for a philosophical man like myself, to refrain from investigating a phenomenon so noticeable and suggestive as this. So, without many words, I easily introduced myself to the old gentleman, and, with the plea of want of occupation, solicit-

ed permission to occupy a remote and obscure corner in his dark little shop during the afternoon.

The old shopman granted my petition as soon as asked, with a sequent readiness which impressed upon me an indistinct notion that he had expected me to make precisely that request; and I was moreover somewhat discomposed by the very penetrating look and quiet, intelligent smile with which he regarded me as I spoke. Yet, with proper philosophic imperturbation, I next morning assumed my seat, which was in a corner so dark as to put me almost in the situation of a spy, since only a very keen eye, or a close investigation would serve to distinguish my black dress and brown hair in the dim atmosphere of my corner, and among the old garments which hung just by me.

Nobody came to buy compensations for a long time. So I scrutinized the shop and the shopman. Old garments, as I said, hung near me—apparently cast-off clothes, for they seemed not even valuable enough to tempt the buyers of second-hand raiment. The room was fitted with one counter, on one side; for it was too small to afford room for more; and behind the counter and before it were the usual rows of shelves for goods. On these shelves, therefore, I looked to see what was the curiously named merchandise of the old man. But for the most part they were empty. Here and there, dusty and torn, stood an old pasteboard box, labelled "Jefferson Ties," and with the illustrative addition of the silhouette of a low-quartered shoe. Upon the upper shelf were also sundry boxes with dingy glass show-fronts, displaying stratified deposits of varicolored sugars, as if to answer at once by the lusciousness of the material and the learned arrangement, so like the colors on a geological chart, the demands of the sensual and the scientific customer. Behind the counter were small drawers with little wooden knobs, superscribed with dimly-lettered words on tin signs, the titles of divers spices and rare drugs and dyes, as cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, alum, saleratus, indigo, and the like, such as one might imagine to have been stolen by the chief baggage-eunuch of the

Queen of Sheba, running away to set up for himself in trade in a free country, and stealing the labels of her packages, for convenience, along with the precious commodities themselves.

There was also a can, suggestive of the black art—for what more natural than to suppose that for an art so named, Cornelius Agrippa, or Michael Scott, or Virgilius, who is so curiously reported the prince of all the wizards, should have invented and left in his tomb, to be found by the light of the everburning sepulchral lamp, and secretly used by Day and Martin, or transatlantic Thompson, the recipe for composing the celebrated Oil Paste Blacking?

There were many other queer old articles in the little shop, such as might be the remnants of the outfit in trade of some old wizened grocer who had never renewed stock since he first set up his business in youth, and who had died, leaving everything untouched, to his successor, the Compensation Merchant. But if I should stop to recount all of them, I should not have time to speak of that very respectable old gentleman himself, nor of his traffic; so let them go—the blacking to dry up into hard, cracked, stony lumps; the spices to waste their sweetness on the desert air of the old drawers, and the geological candy to await some terrific disruption which in the coming ages shall accomplish the upheaval and confusion of its strata, to the perplexity of all scientific confectionery students.

The old merchant himself next underwent an examination. But besides the characteristics, which I have already mentioned, of his outward man and reverend aspect, there was little to observe. He said nothing to me, but was apparently occupied either in adjusting his accounts in certain business-like leather-backed ledgers and day-books which lay before him, or in meditations.

After a proper Baconian process of induction of phenomena, classification, and generalized statement, I sought in vain for a result which should throw light on the problem of this Compensation business. There seemed to be nothing to sell; for nobody could want the musty commodities left in the depositories of my hypothetical wizened old grocer; and a suspicion of knavery again began to creep upon my mind, but so faint and timid that it straightway fled before the benignant and yet

keenly-intelligent smile which just then the old man directed toward me in my dark corner. I half thought again that he knew what I was thinking, so apposite was the gesture and the expression to the thoughts then in my mind.

I was upon the point of beseeching him to tell me what was the true nature of his mysterious employment, when the lower half-door of the old shop—the upper one having been left open for air and light—was hastily pushed inward, and a lady stepped hurriedly within.

"I wish, sir," said she, advancing without pause to the counter, and bending over it with eagerness, "for one of your fullest compensations, if you have any such thing. I was told that you furnished such an article; but I do not believe it. However, if you are a cheat, the police will expose you; so you need not try to practice any imposition on me. My husband is a well-known and influential man, and will take care of anything of that sort."

The old man looked up calmly at the end of this injurious speech, and answered, without reference to the implications of probable dishonesty therein, saying,

"You are acquainted with the regulations of this establishment, are you, madam?"

"Sir? No, sir. I only came to purchase your commodities; I don't know anything of your regulations."

"Ah!" answered the precise old gentleman. "I fear you may not have seen our circular, either; nor our advertisements. Allow me to hand you a circular, madam."

So saying, he presented to the lady a document printed upon a small square piece of white paper; one of those little fitting messengers which city tradesmen, concert-givers, and all persons whose business operations are conducted by the sonorous sounding of paper trumpets, are accustomed to insert in keyholes, to send up and down in newspapers, to leave on door-mats, to thrust into the hand of any transient person whom they or their emissaries can possess thereof, and in any and every possible way to bring within the notice of that long-eared auditor, The Public.

The lady read the contents of the paper very quickly, and looked upon the old man in anger; but he prevented her by saying, in his quiet way,

"We are obliged to keep a very full register of the business we do, after the manner of life insurance companies, in order that the tabulated results of our operations may enable us both to trace their success, and to render our terms as accommodating as possible, so that the business may increase."

"But," answered the lady, "what security have I that you will not publish my name, and expose to the world the nature of the business on which I have come?"

"The same security," said the merchant, "that all customers have whose names their tradesmen know—the interest of the seller. But"—and here it seemed to me that the old gentleman's eyes showed the same sort of deep, self-relying intelligence which had impressed me with the belief that he expected my visit—"you need not give your real name or residence. That is not necessary to our purposes. Those, if you notice, are not required by the terms of the circular. We should readily discover you if we should desire to see you on business. Our facilities in that line are, perhaps, unusually great. The only necessary record, if you will be so good as to observe, is that of the occupation of the applicant, and the circumstances causing the application."

As the lady made no answer to this statement, the old gentleman threw open a weighty volume which lay upon the counter, as hotel registers do, with the foot of the page turned outside, for the convenience of customers. Quickly turning over the leaves, nearly to the end of the book, he dipped his pen in ink, and offered it to her. She hesitated a moment, but accepted it, and wrote a few lines in the register. Then the old gentlemen, having read the record after her, said,

"I shall be unable to answer the application to-day, madam, as our manufactory is at a great distance, and I happen to be left with no assortment. But if you will be so good as to call to-morrow, at the eleventh hour, I shall be prepared to furnish you."

The lady seemed surprised at the calm and independent manner in which the old gentleman waited upon her. Perhaps she was astonished by his dissimilarity to the smirking clerks whom she had usually seen jumping over the counters, and running against one another, in the dry goods stores, in their

haste to "accommodate." Perhaps she had perceived, as I had, the strange self-possession and apparent consciousness of superiority in the merchant's demeanor. At any rate, she did not remonstrate against this delay, although evidently disappointed, but departed very much more slowly than she had entered, and in a puzzled state of mind.

During the remainder of that day, there entered other customers, all of whom were put off by the merchant, in like manner, to the next morning, at times, successively, half an hour apart, after the hour of eleven. They all acquiesced in the formula of registration and in the delay, with little or no opposition, except one fat, red-faced old gentleman, who somehow impressed me with the idea that he was president of a bank and of a railroad company, and worth about two millions of dollars. He waddled importantly in, brushed up his gray whiskers in a pompous manner, and, with a thick and grumpy voice, made demand of the old merchant for one of his very best compensations; throwing, also, upon the counter, by way of demonstrating his ability to pay for what he ordered, a great, over-gorged wallet, which had swallowed so many notes and bills, and evidences of money due, as to have become bloated into an unhealthy rotundity, and to look in singular likeness to its master, as if its girths could hardly hold it together.

The old merchant then made known to his red-faced friend the conditions of the application, whereupon he straightway affirmed that the concern was a humbug and fraudulent; that the design of the delay was to enable the merchant to secure the funds paid over, and to depart at night in the manner of swindlers.

The old merchant, with an animation which I had not expected him to show, replied, promptly, that no one was obliged to trade at that counter, who was dissatisfied with the terms of sale; that these terms had been fairly advertised; that the accusation of swindling had rarely been brought against him—and here his bright black eyes resumed that singularly keen and far-seeing expression which I have mentioned—except by some one whose estimate of other men was based upon his opinion of his own character; and then, he unceremoniously asked the fat man if the

causes of his application for compensation were not such that he was ashamed to write them down, even in a register of so confidential a character as that of the Compensation Shop?

The red face of the rotund applicant became quite empurpled with wrath, for a few seconds; but he soothed himself, rather to my astonishment, and speedily re-addressed the old merchant, in a very bland and sly way, winking at him, withal, in signification that he was a bird of the same feather.

"Well, well, my boy," said he; "all right, all right. No use in being musty about it. Always like to see if I can trade, you know. Fact is, I've just been looking at that circular of yours. Now, I think I could help you to an increase of capital, if we can agree on the terms. I haven't any money myself; times is precious hard, just now; but there's a friend of mine that I s'pose would let me have a little, to accommodate, you know. Don't look as if you had any *too* much invested," continued the red-faced old gentleman, laughing a thick *kekling* laugh—as if it were done up in cotton—and peering about the dark, dusty shop.

"Well, sir," said the merchant, steadily; "what proposal would you make?"

The old railroad president—if such he were—proceeded to develop a shrewdly contrived and comprehensive plan for inflating the existing stock of the concern to a high rate of value, together with a large addition to it—which he showed would be easy, inasmuch as the enterprise was of a kind easily recommended, especially to people in moderate circumstances—of issuing very many compensations, without the present restrictions; and, at last, of engineering matters so that the stock might suddenly be "beared" in the market, all bought in by those in the secret, at a merely nominal rate, and then either retained in their hands as a bait for fat dividends, or used to accomplish the immediate winding up of the business, with no less gain to the operators.

"I take it," asked the old merchant, gravely, when the President had ended, "that this is an enterprise of precisely such a character as is daily contrived, and often successfully carried through, in the Exchange?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the solid

man, "I salted fifty thousand, not two weeks ago, by just such a little dodge."

"My dear sir," said the old man, "I assure you that the company of which I am agent is based upon the principle of giving every man a fair return for his money, and of discouraging all vain speculation and over-trading."

"Exactly, exactly," replied the capitalist, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "That's just the ticket, for soup, as the beggar said. You've got it to a dot. I always say just the same, to the outsiders. There couldn't be a safer way of putting it. And perhaps it's just as well to say so, for the sake of being all straight, now. But between you and me, you know, that's all in a horn, of course. Honor bright, though; isn't that a good little programme? Worked that out in half-an-hour, on my word. You'll go it, I see. Just say the word, and I'll draw my check for any amount, short of three hundred thousand. I know it can't fail."

"My friend," replied the compensation merchant, with a strong and angry sternness of voice and of eye, which held the red-faced respectability as still as if he had been thrust through with a dart, "I will have neither part nor lot in your slimy villainy. I told you the truth. Your eyes are so rotten with swindling, that you cannot see honesty when it stands square before you. If you suggest another word of your devilish plot against widows and orphans, and industrious poor men, I will blow your reputation sky-high to-morrow."

The solid man fairly choked with surprise and rage. Recovering, he defied the old shopman, reviling him with all manner of choice epithets of reproach, and threatening him in turn with suits and exposure; which being accomplished, without discomposing the old merchant, the irate man of money marched out of the shop.

Those who registered their names, during that day, in my presence, beside the lady who had been the first customer, were a fair and slender girl, a middle-aged man in black, apparently a clergyman, and another younger man, whose occupation I could by no means determine from his appearance, but whose face was at once energetic and thoughtful, and whose step was quick and firm.

I departed early in the evening, to keep an appointment elsewhere; having

first ascertained from the old gentleman that the regulations of his establishment would not prevent him from permitting me to occupy my quiet corner, during the day, to the end that I might observe the results of the applications whose registration I had witnessed.

I came in accordingly, some time before eleven o'clock, next morning, in order that I might resume my hidden observatory, in season to avoid embarrassing any customer, and thus restricting those elucidatory conversations which I expected to overhear, upon the subject of the transactions in the shop.

A few minutes before eleven, the lady whose visit had been appointed at that hour, entered the door.

"I have come, sir," she said, in the same assured and somewhat peremptory tone which she had used the day before, "to conclude the transaction which we commenced yesterday."

"Very well, madam," answered the old gentleman. "But before I can make you an entirely definite answer, I shall be obliged to put a few questions to you, in order to certify myself of the state of your case. You have entered, in the register, your occupation, as 'a leading lawyer's wife;' and the circumstance occasioning your application, as 'an unhappy home;' but these items are so indefinite, that I hope you will excuse me, for requesting some supplementary details."

"Is this species of information as to my private affairs entirely indispensable?" inquired the lady, with some asperity. "I shall be well pleased to bargain with you, but I do not choose to enter into confidential communications with an entire stranger."

"I will ask, if you please, such questions as I wish," returned the old merchant, "and you will of course be enabled to decline replying, at your pleasure. 'An unhappy home,' you say. Why unhappy?"

The lady's proud face flushed with anger; but reflecting a few moments, she restrained herself beneath the old man's steady look, and answered him:

"I am alone, and lonely. My husband is absent all day, in the prosecution of a large and gainful business in the courts. When, therefore, he is at home, whether at the end of the day or the end of the week, he is too utterly tired to hold any communion with me, other than what is absolutely necessary.

It has been so ever since we were married. And thus I, who have a loving heart, and a busy mind withal, am cruelly shut off from the happiness which I sought in marriage. For I expected happy progress in my husband's company, in studies and accomplishments which we both like, and in love and the comparison of experience and observation. And I remain alone in life, and am eating up my heart in my sorrow."

"Have you no children?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, four. But they are away at school. And besides, I have no help in training and governing them, and they are strong and self-willed; and I almost dread their presence in their home, though I love them well."

"Have you faithfully endeavored," said this inquisitive merchant, "to nourish in your loneliness, with the helps which are provided for the lonely, over-brimming fountains of love in your heart, and to cherish your husband, and to guide, and attract, and instruct your children, and so to make their home the centre, and yourself its queen and beloved source of their happiness?"

This inquiry first perplexed and then vexed the customer. Whatever love might in former days have been in her heart, it did not now beam at all within her haughty eyes. She must have been supposing the regretful remembrance of it to be the possession of it. So she answered, with some confusion,

"How could I keep love alive in my heart, when I was left alone for years by the man who had promised to love and cherish me? How could I help becoming cold and distant myself, when the only human being who was bound to love me left me alone."

"I regret to perceive, madam," said the compensation merchant, "that you did not, after all, observe the terms of our circular. Your record and explanations do not bring you within the class of persons with whom our charter permits us to deal. I am exceedingly sorry,—"

He was interrupted by the voice of the haughty lady, who observed, in a very cold manner, and yet evidently with wrath only suppressed, that she had all along been without much confidence in his professions, and that now she was sure he was an impostor.

Without waiting a reply, she hastily left the little shop.

A few minutes afterwards the clerical man, who had registered his name the day before, came wearily in. He sat down upon an old stool in front of the counter, and, leaning his head on one hand, inquired of the merchant whether the answer to his application was ready.

The old gentleman opened his register, and, turning over the pages, read from yesterday's leaf: "Occupation, pastor in a great city; cause of application, fruitless labor."

"It is necessary," said he, looking upon the clergyman with a kind smile, "to make the statement of the cause of application rather fuller. How is it that your labor is fruitless?"

"I have poured out my life," said the pale and weary minister, while a light arose in his eyes, and a faint flush spread over his cheek, "I have poured forth my life upon my flock, if haply by the lavish expenditure of it I might buy them for God. My heart is consumed with anxieties spent in my pastorate, and my brain is dry with thought spent in my sermons. Yet they go all to their merchandise and their handicraft, assenting to my doctrine, and praising my work and my life; but I cannot lift a soul to look up as I look up. I cannot raise one into the atmosphere wherein I live. I cannot feel that they understand my work or my aspirations; their life or their needs; or any one of the great central truths which are the food of my own soul. I am weary and heart-sick, in despite of prayer. I must have a helping hope or I shall die. I *must* have a compensation."

"My dear sir," said the merchant, "allow me to make one additional inquiry. Since you have found it impossible to lift your parishioners heavenward into the sphere which you, the student and philosophic thinker, inhabit, have you tried, in pure faith and trust, to lower yourself into the grosser sphere of their lives, and there to shed abroad streams of pure light, like a lamp in a noisome cavern? Can you say, that although they do not understand *your* life, yet that you fully comprehend *theirs*—their conceptions of business, of money, of labor? Do you know, by placing yourself in their situation, by looking through their eyes,

how life looks to them, that so you may divert their thoughts by natural transitions into diviner and diviner channels? Have you in that way, as Christ did, striven to mingle intimately the current of your life with the muddy stream of theirs? Or, have you not withstood them, meeting them angrily, as one breasts the billows of the attacking sea, and striving in antagonism to thrust them hastily to the right-about?"

"How could I," answered the clergyman, despondingly, "defile the beauty and loveliness with which God had blessed my reveries with the glutinous mud of the trafficking street—with the vile clinging dust of the money-grubbers?"

"My dear friend," said the compensation merchant, seriously, "I regret that you did not more carefully read our circular. You would have observed that you are not one of the class of persons with whom alone our charter permits us to transact business. It is absolutely out of my power to furnish you a compensation. But will you not consider the inquiries which I put to you?"

The venerable man spoke with such an apostolical air of benignity, yet of authority, that the poor wearied clergyman seemed too much impressed for remonstrance.

"I will endeavor," said he, with a sad humility, "to profit by your advice. I am so spiritless and shaken that I cannot contend with you, nor complain. And I think your questions significant and appropriate to my needs. In answering them, I may possibly find the compensation which I cannot obtain from you."

And he departed, with the same tired and unelastic step with which he had entered.

In a little while there entered the young man whose occupation was not indicated by his exterior. He walked promptly to the counter, and asked for an answer to his application. The old merchant read, as usual, from the register, "Occupation, a thinker and speaker; cause of application, disgust." "Disgust?" repeated he, questioningly, "disgust? That is not a sufficiently full specification of the occasion, my young friend. Will you have the goodness to explain yourself a little more at length?"

Then the young man impetuously

flung back the brown hair from his high forehead, and rapidly told his troubles to the old merchant.

"I have," said he, "no purpose in living; and no pleasure or complacency in it. I tried the business of the law; but it was full of pettifoggery and drudgery. I became an artist; but the artists had each his bagful of little spites, and art was full of drudgery. I would have been a teacher of youth, for teaching was the profession of Christ on this earth, and now that he is gone it is yet the noblest occupation for men; but I had not enough divinity in me to maintain me under the burden of the work, and it is full of terrible drudgery. Then I became an editor; but the detail and daily recurrence of the drudgery quickly discouraged me; besides that, my honesty was flung back at me as falsehood, by my lying fellow-editors, and even my subscribers dropped off in a direct ratio to the amount of truth I told. Then, I would have become a merchant; but, from the very first day, I was crushed beneath the mindlessness of the drudgery in figures and accounts, and angered by the swindling and falsehood which passed current as shrewdness and far-sighted speculation. So, at last, I have cast aside all those things—have, above all, given up my noble aspiration to teach, and so to live for the good of others, and have fallen back upon the purpose of evolving my own thoughts. I am only a literary vagabond now. I write tales, articles, paragraphs, letters, and sell them wherever I can. I earn money enough, and perhaps I have much pleasure in the expression of my own thoughts in my own way. Yet I am deeply disgusted. I accomplish nothing. I reach forward with an agonizing grasp, to draw myself upwards, but I find no hold. I would fain be a voice, loudly heard in favor of all that is good; but my feeble cries are smothered in the apathetic silence, or the brassy clatter of trade. I would fain make my life a long and strenuous effort in some single noble direction, and thus do worthily some one great work; but the cruel force of daily pressures, and, of late, especially, this disappointing and disgusting sorrow that is enclouding me, hem me in as with a ring of spears; and I am either frantic or stupefied, and in either case helpless and useless. That is my disgust. Is your compensation ready? For a com-

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pensation, I would not grudge ten times the highest market price."

"Let me make one inquiry of you," said the old merchant; "have you ever set yourself steadfastly to understand what work is in truth and right fully, demanded of every man how far he *may* follow his pleasure, and how far he *must* merely labor; and have you faithfully endeavored to live the life that was thus indicated to you?"

The young man considered for a moment, and then replied, yet with an air of surprise,

"I cannot bear to waste my strength in mere labor, where no beauty or truth is the result. I have striven to do what should be lovely and noble in itself; and so to increase my own powers and perceptions about the lovely and the beautiful."

"I regret," answered the old gentleman, "to be obliged to say that our charter, as you would have perceived upon a careful perusal of our circular, prohibits us from transacting business except with persons who come under certain descriptions to which you do not answer. I shall therefore be under the disagreeable necessity of declining to supply you with the compensation which you require. But will you allow me to urge you to make some additional investigations, and to favor us with another call?"

The young man's face exhibited anger as the merchant spoke; and he answered with hasty brevity, "I don't know whether I will or not; but it appears to me that if I fulfill the requirements implied in your question, I shall be in a position very independent of any gentleman in your line of business."

"In that case," rejoined the merchant, with another of his singularly intelligent looks, "you would both save your money and enjoy the pleasure of independent philosophizing."

The youth made no answer to this remark, but left the little shop quite thoughtfully, as if the old gentleman had told him something worth considering.

Within a little while there next entered the young girl who had recorded her name the day before in the register. She was slender and graceful, but pale, and with a sad expression upon her delicate oval face. She inquired in low and musical tones for the answer to her application. The old man read from

his book: "Occupation, seamstress; cause of application, sorrow." He looked kindly at the fragile figure of his customer, and said:

"That is a good and sufficient cause for application, if I understand the case correctly; but I must request a fuller specification from you, my young friend. Some sorrows are such as not to admit of compensation."

"Are they?" questioned the girl, "What sorrows?"

"Perhaps," said the merchant, "I should say that they cannot be compensated under our rules of proceeding. I mean sorrows self-imposed and self-sustained."

"I have no such," said the slender girl. "I have no objection to tell you, however, what my circumstances are. I sew, for my living, all day, and often much of the night. Except for the Sabbaths, I have no time to read, to sing, to play, to exercise, or to write; yet I am educated, and even accomplished. I was brought up in wealth, but singular afflictions have destroyed all my friends, until I—whose family circle was never large, but yet the dearer for that—am quite alone in the world; and I have no prospect except of a short, gloomy, and laborious life. I should so love to be singing or playing beautiful music; or to be sketching amongst the scenes of the bright free country; or careering about the fields and lanes on my pony; or rambling in the shady woods or along the breezy hillsides; yet I am only able to live from day to day by stitching in a little close dreary room. I have borne it very well for three or four years, and have eaten the bread earned with my own hands. But yesterday, my employer used harsh and bitter words to me, and defrauded me of a few shillings. And suddenly, as I meditated upon the injustice, a great shadow of agony fell down over me, for I asked whether I must then waste away all the life and happiness which I feel myself able to enjoy. Is there to be no end? I hardly seem to have thought of it before, for I have worked steadily, and refreshed myself, on each Sabbath, for the alternating week. Still, I am wasting and, being stunted in mind and body. Is there to be no end, no happiness, no freedom, ever anywhere again?" She wept quietly as she said the last words, laying her head upon the counter.

The old merchant looked upon her, much moved. "My daughter," he said, "do you live quite alone?"

"Yes; I came with my parents, who were without relatives, from across the sea; and we were very happy for a time. But I lived at home and there only; and when they died I had no friends left. I have labored too hard for friendship; and where was I to find friends of my own degree? I am quite alone."

"But how have you endured so long?"

"I have refreshed my life from the Sabbaths. They have kept me alive; with the faint glow of their peace which shone onward and backward into the weary week, I have endured. But I think I can endure no longer. I must have a compensation for so many years of my sweet youth, all gone."

"But do you love less to think upon the far light and pleasant life of heaven than formerly?"

"Oh, no, no, indeed! but very much more."

"But," continued the old man, "do you think that the same compensation that has abundantly repaid for fifty years of successful and wasting labor, among savages not at last one single point humanized; for wife and children speared alive by them; for years of learned toil, whose results they burnt; for many, many other disappointments; for an old age, in short, of poverty and solitary weakness, coming after a long life of earnest and honest labor—do you think that such a compensation would serve one who is daily losing all the beauty and pleasure which you know you *could* enjoy?"

As the old man sketched this short outline of a life, she lifted her head from the counter and looked up at him. She seemed to gather strength from the loving kindness of the smile which he bent upon her. The same mysterious, searching glance which had seemed more or less to discomfit her predecessors, did not put her at fault. She gazed up at his venerable face with a faint and sad answering smile, saying:

"I think so. Oh! yes; I am sure of it. Give it to me, I beg of you, speedily. I shall die for want of it."

The old man continued again speaking, however, rather to himself than to the golden-haired young girl.

"Yes! A peace that enables one to walk above the world, as if sustained

by golden chains dropt down to him out of heaven! Would a mere consciousness of that kind, which fellow-beings could seldom understand, and would seldom admit or value—would *that* repay one for years of loneliness and weary toil, either past or future?"

"Oh! yes; oh! yes," said the sad applicant. "Give me peace, give me peace, or something which may fortify me from the fearful shapes which of late crowd thronging around my poor worn heart. Give it me."

And she stretched out her hands, and bent forward in unconscious eagerness.

"You lack not so very much, my daughter," said the merchant. "Does it not comfort you, in some small measure, to know that even a helpless old man like me understands your grief, and has felt the like, and that he suffers yours with you?"

"Yes," said she; "I am sure it does."

"For the rest," he continued, "I will name your compensation. And lest you forget it, I will write the name for you. Young people do not always remember what is only told to them."

So he wrote a single word upon a slip of paper, and put it into the young girl's hand.

"My daughter," said he, "it is FAITH. Your deliverance will surely come. Do you not know it?"

It was with a beautiful and quiet intensity of utterance that he bent slightly towards his fair interlocutor, and spoke. The depth of his emotion caused his piercing eyes to become dimmed with tears, and his face flushed, and a slight tremor or agitation fled through his aged frame, as if he had named some name of mysterious power. It was almost as if an inspiration had descended upon him; and I thought I could see the reflection of it in the brighter smile which played across the thin and delicate face of the maiden, as she looked and listened.

"Yes, yes," she answered. "Faith. Still, I had it before. It had only departed from me for a season. Works have long been my portion. For renewed faith, my dear sir, I have to thank you. And what am I to pay for my compensation?"

"Oh," answered the merchant, "you need not be uneasy about that. Some time, you may, if you wish, transfer a

portion of your acquisition to some one as much in need as you were. That will recompense me."

The young girl departed with a much lighter step than that with which she had entered. Having, as before, business which called me to another part of the city, I now requested the old merchant to favor me with one of those circulars to which he referred so often; with which demand he readily complied. "I fear, however," said he, as he handed me the document, "that you will not find it a very successful effort in its peculiar department of literature. It is an experiment of my own, and I have not at all satisfied myself by my combinations of capitals, exclamation points, and shopman-English. I suspect I should have made a much better puff if I had paid the grocer at the corner, or the printer's devil, to compose it for me."

I did not haunt the compensation merchant's little shop any more. Indeed, if I remember rightly, his establishment was shortly after closed. Whether he was forced by a tide of business prosperity to remove to one of several new marble-fronted stores, which were about that time erected near the business center of the city, or whether he was obliged to suspend operations by finding that his wares were not suited to that market, I cannot say. The circular which he gave me contained a business-like statement of the objects of the company for which he was acting as general agent—their charter from the central government, and some rose-colored exemplifications of the probable pecuniary prospects of the concern, which latter vaticinations, from my observations upon the old merchant, I fully believe, and am consequently of opinion that sundry large fortunes have been made by leading stockholders. If any one recollects some person who appears to command large amounts of money, and whose sources of income are unknown, I recommend him, if curious, to inquire whether such wealthy person was not connected with the Compensation Company.

The circular I had fully intended to transcribe in full, as a fitting termination to this short account, and likewise as a conclusion, which, being ready made, would save me the trouble of composing any formal peroration, but I regret to state that I am unable to find it. I re-

collect, that upon a hurried application for a proper envelope, for some toy or confectionery intended as a gift, I delivered over sundry scraps of paper, among which it must have gone. I cannot trust myself to replace the statements of the circular from mere memory, lest I do injustice to its careful

provisions; and I experience so much mortification at the loss, and the consequent unavoidable lameness of my narrative, that I find myself totally unable to compose such a peroration as I mentioned. My story, therefore, must apparently conclude here, without any end.

THE ALPS.

AS the traveler approaches the city of Berne from Basle, the whole range of the Bernese Alps, including Mont Blanc, breaks upon his view. The effect is startling. There they stand, those mighty and famous Alps, even as in the ancient days and in the generations of old; huge giants clothed in garments of white, looking down upon successive races and rolling centuries. Thus they stood when Joseph lay in an Egyptian prison and when the Son of Man hung upon the cross at Golgotha. They have beheld Hannibal, Caesar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, with all their hosts and banners, appear and disappear upon their respective destinies. With a kind of inexpressible fascination, the glance leaps from peak to peak, and measures those broken, inaccessible slopes, those polar regions of rock and ice, towering into the pure, cold, upper air, above the flight of the eagle and the floating cloud. There they lie for ever, huge blocks of parian marble, banks of new-fallen snow, drifted up amid the stars; piles of spotless, dazzling clouds resting on the horizon, or battlements of burnished silver. One feels like Christian, upon the top of the high hill called Clear, gazing, at last, upon the gates of the Celestial City.

Many thoughts and emotions throng upon the mind; souvenirs of history, glimpses of armies, battles, and heroes; Cimbrian hosts and Roman legions; an oppressive sense of the insignificance of man, the fleetingness of life and the glory of Him who "laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy."

The tourist, fortunate enough to catch this passing view on a clear summer day, returns to his country with an idea that

he has seen the Alps. He has, however, but glanced at one page, in an endless volume. An air of Haydn, a passage of Shakspeare would almost furnish as adequate an idea of *their* deep and ever-varying splendors. Only long familiarity can enable him to appreciate how completely they surpass in magnificence even the apparently glorified representations by poets and painters. I have enjoyed the privilege of studying them about eighteen months. No scenery on earth can compare with them in power over the imagination. They are never the same and never at rest. Magical changes float over them perpetually. Each play of light, each modification of the atmosphere, each advancing hour, the shadow of every cloud, works its soft, slow marvels of grace and splendor. How often have I been struck, mute and spell-bound, by the sudden bursting upon me of this resplendent spectacle, through an opening in the forest, on turning a precipice, or mounting a hill. It is not only that, at each new sight of them, the mind better understands their immensity; but they appear in some unexpected variety, according to the season, day, hour, or point from which they are viewed. They amaze by their exquisite beauty, and overwhelm by their sublimity. Like a grand oratorio or mighty poem, they are full of unexpected discoveries, and sweet surprises which ravish the soul more and more as we understand them better.

The walks about Berne are numberless and perfectly beautiful, but this towering and almost unearthly phenomenon crowns them all with a new and ineffable glory, deeply suggestive of devotional feeling. They recall the land of Beulah, and one seems nearer God in presence of these revelations of his

power. It is as if we perceive the breadth of the earth and enter into the treasures of the snow. "Lift up your eyes to the heavens and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner, but my salvation shall be forever and my righteousness shall not be abolished."

The hour of sunset offers the greatest enchantment. The town and environs are full of chosen points of view. From the belvederes of the principal hotels, from the balconies to the various platforms, overhanging the edge of the precipice on which the city rises; from the terrace of the observatory which peeps down into the streets; or from the tower of the minster as from a balloon, groups of travelers stand gazing for hours. Let us mount the eminence called the Euge, overlooking the valley of the Aar, about fifteen minutes from the gate, and take our place beneath this avenue of ancient elms. We are on the edge of a precipice. About a hundred feet beneath, the green, limpid river rushes between its close high banks. From the surface of the water, the eye measures with a new impression the stupendous stature of each giant pinnacle. The old town, close built, of massive stone, with its antique walls and towers, its steeples, cathedral and beautiful belfry, is built upon precipitous heights, and shines and sparkles in the afternoon sunshine. It recalls Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives, as seen by Him who would have gathered its inhabitants as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings and they would not. The surrounding landscape, sometimes abruptly swelling into quite lofty hills, has the blue range of the Jura on the north, and on the south a rich mass of mountains and precipices looking in the two lakes of Thun and Brienz, themselves invisible, but their presence betrayed by that aerial softness which hangs over distant waters. The landscape is bathed in mellow sunshine, and above rise those fairy snow-realms with their ice-palaces, lately of pure silver, but, as the day draws to its close, steeped in a deeper and ever-deepening hue, almost impossible to describe. From an exquisite rose-tint, it passes to an ensanguined stain, and then to a burning crimson.

The scene below undergoes a gradual transformation. Prismatic hues blend softly into the wide landscape. An ethereal vapor floats over it. The purple hills and azure rocks melt together into the sombre evening shadows. The earth grows darker and darker. But the towering walls and broken pinnacles above become more radiant, and deepen with intenser brightness, as if unaware that the lower earth has yielded to the embrace of night. Their illumined sides reflect a kind of dusky moonlight. The wrapt spectator gazes in profound silence. The damp night shadows steal slowly up. So death creeps upon some majestic victim still contending, but in vain, against his mighty hand. Now their lower portion is dimmed, while the summits are yet kindling with triumphant splendor; when suddenly the warm glow completely relapses into a bluish, ghastly white, as if a human soul had just taken its departure.

I remember to have once taken a friend, who had been but a few hours in Berne, to the terrace of the observatory for a view at sunset. It was too late,—to his great disappointment. We had caught some glimpses of those shining tops, as we went, glowing as if in the bloody light of a furnace; but, when we reached the observatory, the solemn giants lay cold and dead in the damp night-mists. We waited awhile, to watch their gloomy outlines disappear in the thickening shadows, when suddenly they were overspread with a warm blush, and their extinguished tops kindled again into rosy fire. For one or two minutes we watched the not unusual phenomenon.

This is only one of the many optical effects. Sometimes the setting sun sheds over them only the most delicate rose-coloring, and sometimes steepens them in a broad golden illumination. I have seen them reflect the lurid glare of domes and steeples in the red light of a midnight conflagration. Perhaps no two sunsets were ever the same. Then comes the enchantment of the morning, the transformations of moon and the wonderful magnificence cast about them by clouds. It is when half revealed that they most astonish. Here the soul acknowledges the sweetness of the divine artist. Sometimes in my walks they are entirely invisible. The landscape is half veiled by sunshine mist. I look in vain for the stupen-

dous spectacle, and almost forget, as we are apt to do, great spiritual truths, the eternal grandeur and beauty so often revealed. As the soft vapor rises from river and hill, I pause again, for the hundredth time, incredulous, overwhelmed, and amazed at that broad world built up above our world, as if, in its ample silver sides, I caught glimpses of some other planet, gleaming slopes and shining mountains, leaning far upwards into heaven, not having the least apparent connection with our earth.

These wonderful snow-peaks, forever above the clouds, are nature's grand work-halls. Here she forms and pours, to remote coasts and oceans, the great rivers of Europe: the Po, the Tessino, the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Danube. Here she fabricates those lovely lakes, whose shores fill the mind with a sense of beauty, and in whose transparent depths populations find the means of life. In those mysterious solitudes the daring traveler has scaled the frozen heights which nature seems to have formed impregnable, and amid those defiles, from precipice to precipice, and torrent to torrent, science has cast the solid road; ambition has led proud armies, and religion has built the hospitable convent. How many a weary pilgrim, overtaken by the snow-storm, has left his nameless bones beneath yonder colossal monument; how many an eager hunter has fallen into a bottomless chasm; or, by a fatal misstep, plunged headlong down a precipice, such as, says John Miller, sometimes turns giddy the head of the wild beast.

The effect of the Alps is, I think, heightened by a mental illusion. It is well known that the increased apparent size of the moon, at the period of her rising, is an error of the reason. To the eye, she really appears no larger on the horizon than in the zenith. The belief in her expanded orb, is formed by an unconscious process of the mind. This fact any man of science will explain. On the same principle, the Alpine range appears much more stupendous to the imagination than to the eye. A daguerreotype view, merely carrying out the rules of perspective, would afford no adequate idea of the impression received from nature. In order to produce that impression, an artist ought to magnify their real dimensions upon the canvas, as the only mode of satisfying those who have studied them. They

really seem to grow and expand after frequent observation, and continually assume more astonishing proportions, bearing away the mind beyond the sober reality, vast as that is. This contributes to render them a perpetual source of wonder and delight, something unfathomable and magical.

There are periods of bad weather, during which they entirely disappear for weeks, so that the eye becomes accustomed to the delightful and magnificent landscape, without this, its mightiest feature. It captivates by elements of the richest scenery. The inferior mountains in the foreground rise majestically into the sky, and those far loftier which form the shores of the lakes Thun and Brienz, strike with all the grandeur of an Alpine range. When the weather clears, leaving only some masses of opaque blue cloud upon the horizon, the eye measures the nearer summits, the Niesen and Stockhorn, believing it has discovered in them the monarchs of the earth themselves, when lo! as the heavy vapor slowly sinks or breaks apart, above its black edge, at a height apparently impossible, projects a pointed image—a silvery fragment, cutting the blue sky too sharply with its broken outline to be a cloud, and yet too near the stars to belong to our lower earth. You gaze some moments, lost in doubt and struck with wonder, as at a miracle. Noiselessly and imperceptibly the heavy thick cloud-veil falls away, and with a slow grand movement, one after the other, pinnacle and pyramid of solid silver rise into view, the Wetterhorn, or Storm Peak; the Finsteraarhorn, the dark Aar Peak, the gloomy father of a beautiful daughter, the river Aar; the Schreckhorn, or the Peak of Terror; the Jungfrau, or the Virgin, and the Blumlialp, or the Flower Peak.

At Berne, of course, these mountains are the prominent objects of earth and heaven. They are always gleaming upon you at some unexpected place or moment, and in an aspect surprisingly new, or ravishingly beautiful and grand. Now they lie engulfed in one solid mass of azure clouds, whose upper perfectly horizontal outline resembles the surface of an ocean. From its tranquil and level bosom rise only the tops of each peak. This beautiful appearance recalls the period of the deluge, or, perhaps, the anterior primeval ages of the earth before man became an inhabitant of it,

when the present continents formed the bottom of an universal flood, nine thousand feet in depth, and yonder summits were actually islands. Now they look down into the streets of the old medieval town, far overtopping the summit of the Minster tower, and now float, like a vision of glory, over sweeps of forest foliage. Now they open upon you from a tender mist, as if the Creator's hand had, at that moment, first called forth their ethereal tops of soft, rosy fire. Now their base dissolved and lost in vapor, they seem suspended above, like "that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God."

Their effulgent beauty derives a new interest from its association with the idea of liberty. It is singular how the hand of poetry and history has crowned Switzerland with this halo, and how she has maintained it through a long series of centuries, amid the wars, revolutions, and selfish diplomatic territorial arrangements of Europe. Even the iron heart of Napoleon softened towards her. After his downfall, when the Holy Alliance had everything in its own hands, a certain liberty was still left to Switzerland. The great attempt of the people, in 1848, to break from their tutelage, and commenced by Switzerland. Her hand first struck the chord which vibrated through the continent. For a moment, Europe proclaimed the principle that no governmental power can be legitimate which does not flow from the people, but in 1854, Switzerland is the only country where the republic really exists. Liberty appears to be her birth-right, and her de-

termination. Is it not remarkable that, in the centre of Europe, without sea-coasts, fleets, or colonies, locked in by powerful military monarchies, where the word liberty would be treason, she should have founded a constitution, modeled upon the ideas of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton; that she should maintain a perfectly free press in three languages, that she should be in the full enjoyment of those rights of man, with which the Almighty invested every human being, and of which none can be deprived without a violation of his laws and the introduction of confusion and discord into the plan of Providence—in short, that she should keep the banner of the Republic, floating broadly on the breeze, upon the very pinnacle of the European continent?

"Liberté c'est ton jour, ce sol est ton empire;
Là nulle ambition sous tes traites ne conspire
D'un peuple pauvre et fier toi seule armes les
mains;
Sur ces pics sourcilleux, vierges de pas humains,
L'aigle au vol indompté semble te rendre hom-
mage,
Le bleu miroir des lacs réfléchir ta beauté,
Et le bruit des torrents dire à l'écho sauvage :
Liberté! Liberté!

"Héritier de ces biens, toi qui les abandonnes,
Et soutiens à prix d'or les lointaines couronnes,
D'où vient qu'aux premiers sons d'un air mélo-
dieux,
J'ai vu des pleurs furtifs s'échapper de tes yeux?
Sans doute, en l'écoutant tu révais ta patrie,
Et des vallons natales l'agreste majesté;
Sans doute il murmurait à ton âme attendrie;
Liberté! Liberté!"

* These celebrated lines, by Mad. Tastu, deserve, and have very likely received, a better translation than the following:

Liberty, it is thy day, this soil is thy empire;
No ambition here conspires, disguised beneath thy form;
Thou alone armet the hands of a people poor and proud;
Upon those cloud-capped peaks, untrod by human feet,
The indomitable eagle seems to render thee homage;
The blue mirror of the lakes reflect thy beauty,
And to the savage echo, the thundering torrents shout,
Liberty! Liberty!

Heir of this treasure! thou who abandonest it,
To defend, for gold, distant thrones,
Whence the tears which, at some melodious air,
I have seen steal in secret from thine eyes?
Ah! with those strains came images of thy country,
The rural majesty of thy native valleys;
Ah! to thy saddened soul rose the murmured cry,
Liberty! Liberty!

THE DAMES OF VIRGINIA.

THE cocked-hat gentry have had precedence in these pages, but not justly. Those fascinating figures which filled with such rare life and beauty, hall and bower, in the former days, should surely have been first described:—the pompous, arrogant, and worthy old planter, and his eldest son, should have given place—mere potter's clay and rusty iron as they were, compared with the beautiful vases of porcelain and gold, with which they floated along on the stream of Time. To rectify the error, now,—*place aux dames!*

See them enter in a long dazzling line, with bright, smiling faces, and musical laughter, and soft voices, like a rippling stream of sound, the "very echo to the seat where love is throned." But what singular dresses! you say: how oddly the hair is decorated; what a laughable sight the patches on their faces, and how high the red heel of the little shoe, which peeps out from the silken skirt! Yet there is so much grace beneath this singularity of dress, that you cannot turn away, but find yourself unconsciously applying to the gay pageant of so many lovely faces and fair forms, that beautiful description of the Princess Ida and her maidens:

—"by them went

The enamored air sighing, and on their curls,
From the high tree the blossom, wavering, fell;
And over them the tremulous isles of light
Slided, they moving under shade!"

What wonder that those fair ladies made our brave grandfathers kneel to them, and pay them homage! What possible match was the stalwart cavalier, the courtly gentleman, with sword, musketoon, pistol, and all manner of warlike insignia, for one of those little tender personages, whose more death-dealing weapon was a fan, whose more fatal fire-arms were a pair of eyes, that blinded the poor cavalier with their soft mimic lightnings? Who could for a moment compare the strength of the strongest arm that ever grappled with the soldier, breast to breast, and throat to throat, with the all-conquering puissance of the small, tender hand, laid on his sleeve, or given him to kiss? Was it wonderful, that our forefathers knelt to them, and set them up on the high places in their hearts, and almost worshipped them?

You explain the undeniable fact of that lofty consideration, by asserting that the times were chivalric—still tinged with the dying radiance of the knightly age. Such, it is true, was the character of the epoch; the men were chivalric, but is it not plain that the ladies were the cause of it? Gilded by their bright smiles, the world was no longer a cold reality, rather a fairy land of poetry and romance, and those fairies grown to human stature, stamped upon it the impress of their own individuality: it was the graces and conspicuous attractions, personal and mental, of the ladies,

"That lent the knee desire to kneel, and shook
The pulses"

of those giants, as the world now calls them, our worthy and strong-hearted grandsires.

But to bring to an end this epic chant of fairies and giants,—substituting description for rhapsody, the object of the writer is to furnish some account, however slight and inadequate, of the daily lives of the women of Virginia, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, together with a few hasty reflections upon their peculiarities of character and costume.

And first of the Virginia wife:—after speaking as is proper of the matron first, we shall pass on to the maidens. The wife of the Virginia planter was an important personage, and occupied no insignificant position in the everyday life as well as in the affections of her lord and master. Her husband had not married her by lottery, as is the usage to our own day in some other lands; or by command of his family, as was so frequently the case under the ancient régime in England and on the continent. He had simply fallen in love with her when he was a boy of sixteen summers, and, "dallying with the innocence of love," dreamed his days away like an honest fellow over little favors from her—flowers or other trifles, but worth kingdoms to him. He had ridden on his fine hunter beside the window of her father's old lumbering chariot, prancing gallantly to display his horsemanship—leaping fearlessly every obstacle to retain his position, and making his noble charger seriously doubt the sanity of

the individual who bestrode him. He had danced blissful minuets with her to enchanted music on golden floors of Calif-palaces in Bagdat—and ridden with his young queen through Fairy land, which undiscovered country lay between her father's mansion and the paternal dwelling. He had worn her glove under his brocade waistcoat—stolen her miniature for nightly reverie and rapt meditation—and done many other things affording full proof of Shakspeare's maxim that love and folly are inseparable companions. Then he had gone with dreadful heaviness of heart to England to learn the art of constructing Latin and Greek verses at Oxford, where, among his select friends at wine parties, he gave mysterious toasts in honor of "the fairest of the fair," and commiserated the unhappy youths whose eyes had never feasted on her face. In the dazzling glitter of a London season the image of his faithful Virginia maiden might have been for a time lost sight of, but once more on the wharf at Yorktown, he felt that inane splendor fall from him, and the tender form again take its place. She had been faithful to him and so they were married, and when the old folks were gathered to their fathers—with love and blessings for the little daughter-in-law who had brought into the mansion so much sunlight—the honest young fellow and his maiden wife reigned in the family homestead, the same faithful lovers always.

As she grew older, the now buxom mother of a growing flock eschewed minuets and all gewgaws of dress or decoration—wearing her hair in a tower scarcely a foot in height, and using shoes alarmingly low-heeled. She became an oracle in all matters appertaining to the household, and, indeed, spent much the larger portion of her time in keeping everything neat and orderly—in laying up supplies of pickle, and preserves, and every imaginable delicacy for her lord, and family, and guests. She arrayed her forces in the kitchen and store-room with the precision of a veteran commander, and the army—light and heavy troops—moved under her guidance with a spirit and method fatal to the city of Idleness which she stormed and took, and demolished to the foundation. Grown older, the good lady took extreme delight in discoursing at great length on all the ills that flesh

is heir to:—no description of bodily ailment was unknown to her, and for all she had an infallible remedy. She ferreted out sickness among her neighbors, and sent panaceas to them: she silently encouraged the indolent negroes to report themselves "on the sick list," by sending them, or rather having carried with her on her visits to the quarters, huge platesful of warm toast, and full cans of nourishing and invigorating drinks. She rejoiced in a case of sickness in black or white, as a general rejoices in finding the enemy offer battle with enormously disproportioned forces; and it is simple justice to say that in many cases her system of therapeutics, founded as it was on long experience, met in practice with eminent success.

Then, grown older still, the good dame took to wearing glasses, and would sit plying her busy needle in the comfortable chair by the corner of the fire; and discuss, pleasantly gossiping, the affairs of the neighborhood—the deaths, and births, and marriages—her sons and daughters around her in a merry group, and the portly planter, her erewhile boy-husband, for whom she had never ceased to feel, an admiring, changeless, profound affection, sitting with his feet upon the fender, reading, opposite to her. When the true-hearted lady dies, be sure that not her household alone will weep for her: a gloom will fall on every countenance when the countryside hears of it; and all will feel that a true, tender, loving nature, kind to the poor, and faithful to her God and neighbor, has gone from them.

The planter and his family in the old chariot, with white handkerchiefs to their eyes, will not be the only mourners who follow to the tomb, in the old churchyard she passed through to church so regularly, the mortal remains of the pure-hearted lady. The distance, rather, shall alone blot out and swallow up the long line of carriages dragged slowly on by horses with drooping heads—and gentlemen who rein in their animals to the dead-march gait—and plainly-clad pedestrians, male and female, who whisper to each other, with moist eyes and subdued voices, all the virtues of the good lady who has passed from them. She lived long, and was surrounded at her death with all that makes old age comfortable, "as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;" but it is hard to lose her, even to see her

leave them for the better land to which all feel she has gone—Heaven.

The fine old lady was quite as remarkable for her aristocratic prejudices as the planter, her husband; her attachment to the Established Church; her blindness for all the abuses of the system, were just as striking as her lord's. But how can I have the heart to utter one single harsh word of the noble-minded woman! Her truth and devotion and open-handed charity would freeze my utterance. Let her rest now as she rested then, after a long, well-spent life, her name and memory coupled only with respect and love!

Let us now pass on to the younger generation, the fairer portion, of course, inasmuch as the lords of creation, old and young, have already received at our hands as much attention as, in a comparative point of view, they deserve. I have elsewhere spoken of the portraits that remain to us of those fair young dames. They are the most accurate authorities remaining of the picturesque costumes and whole outward semblance of Virginia maidens a century and a half ago. I have often mused over them, and been carried back almost in veritable reality, to the times which their originals illustrated and adorned. Fair faces! hanging high up on the carved oak wainscot, cannot we fancy them moved often to displeasure, a charming bright-eyed anger looking down on the stiff fashions of to-day—on their fair descendants twisting their lovely locks into a lame imitation of the Grecian knot, and placing their tender feet, innocent of shoes with heels, upon the common earth? Does it not move them sometimes to a dainty scorn, this mode, we, their male descendants, have of covering ourselves, not dressing, contrasted as it is, so completely, with the ruffles and powder and embroidery of the courtly cavaliers of former days? If they do really feel that displeasure, and are affected by that dainty scorn, who shall say that they are altogether wrong? Let me not, however, enter into a comparison of the past with the present; that is not now my theme; still such comparison may be silently made, with such result as pleases him, by the reader; and to supply this food for thought, let the old portraits tell the fashions of their times.

Here they hang in the quiet light of evening, which seems to dwell on them

with pensive pleasure, as we gaze wistfully and in silence on the miniatures of old acquaintances and loves. Let us, perforce, by the power of imagination, bid the portraits come down from their places where they have so long reposed quietly; or, better still, we may see the frames with all their antique carving disappear, wreathed with dim clouds—the trees through the windows in the background wave—and lo! the picture is no longer a mere thing of paint and canvas, but a lovely maiden, for all the world just what she was in her bright Virginia home, a century and a half ago!

She is surrounded by many attractive objects, but she herself is more attractive by far than all of them. The beautiful hair is trained back from the serene temples and arranged in some mysterious manner behind the ears, so as to present everywhere a roundness of outline—the veritable “line of beauty.” It is not a wig, be sure of that;—those abominable perukes are for the time out of fashion, and towers of lace above the forehead also. Those glossy curls hanging down by the sparkling eyes are natural curls, as that delicate rose tint in the cheek is not due to art at all. It is the result of the morning walk the fair girl of nineteen summers took to-day, as the sun rose above the forest—that early walk which none but herself and her sick “mammy” at the quarters knew the object of, as none but those two personages knew what she carried in the small basket on her arm, as she went silently in her plain gown and hood to find the old servant in her cabin.

She is now in full dress, for the family go out to dine to-day, and certainly the critic must have been hard to please who could have found fault with the “general effect.” Next to the bright hair—brushed back much after the fashion now styled *Pompadour*, and it must be confessed, covered with a quantity of snowy powder, the lace around the throat, called *point de Venise*, attracted the attention. This was not white, as lace is now, but a pale yellow, then the fashion, colored, indeed, very much like sunset clouds in August, if the chronicler may for a moment yield his stylus to the poet. Next came the bodice—*stays*, as they called them then—of cherry-colored silk, trimmed with blue and silver, the upper

edge fringed with a long line of foam again. The sleeves were large and full, falling down from the snowy arm, and richly embroidered in white and gold :—the “underskirt,” of flowered satin, rather long than otherwise; and the gown, properly so called, looped completely back and falling in large furberows almost to the small feet cased in their delicate high-heeled slippers. Add a number of rich bracelets, rings, and jeweled brooches, and the portrait is complete—complete, that is to say, as far as it is in the power of the present chronicler to make it, aided by the lights of history and the result of observation. In sketching it, he has sought to imitate the simplicity and plainness of those worthy authors who elucidate by comment the fashions of to-day in the illustrated magazines: this seemed to him better than treating the subject in that jesting, irreverent spirit which dictated the sketch of young Master Hopeful. How could he, indeed, jest with anything appertaining to that frank maiden with so much tenderness and kindness in her serene eyes, with such a winning smile on her parted rosy lips, as she sits there in the bright morning, more than a century ago!

She is smiling absently at the playful romping of the children—her little brother and sister only nine or ten years old—on whom she looks down with elderly affection from her huge altitude of nineteen summers. Let us not imitate her careless glance, but while the chariot is getting ready, pay our respects to those children—looking first at the little maiden, with her bright hair yet unpowdered and hanging in profuse curls upon her shoulders. Do not turn from her slightly, good reader—that is your venerated grandmother, whose portrait hangs up in the hall. She has not yet arrived at that exalted station, and romps with a vivacity which you can scarcely believe the good old lady ever to have been guilty of. She wears a little something which is half frock, half coat—I say half coat, because the garment in question opens in front, displaying a figured under-vest, marvelously like a modern waistcoat, and reaches scarcely beyond the knees, where the scarlet silk stockings with their blue clocks meet it. Slippers of yellow leather, with orange-colored heels not quite two inches high, complete the costume—a costume which re-

mained nearly unchanged down to the time of the Revolution.

Her little companion's dress is not very dissimilar: the hair, however, is much shorter, and the rosetted shoes have the advantage of being vastly larger, as becomes the sex of the distinguished gentleman who will hang in his turn—all ruffled and be-powdered, with his long ribbon-decorated queue—upon the wall, and be called “grandpa” when the time has come, and look with his age-dimmed eyes on the smoke of the Revolution—perhaps assist that Revolution with his arm, and see the New World inaugurate itself at Yorktown. At present, the worthy gentleman and prospective warrior and statesman, is amusing himself by punching holes all over the pretty colored fan he has taken from the little girl, and the future grand-mamma is endeavoring to wrest it from his Vandal grasp, and save the noble Corydons and Phillises which ornament it, from the mortal wounds their bodies are receiving, appealing loudly all this time to her elder sister, who is smiling at her comic contortions. That young lady interposes, and order is restored, and then the chariot rolls up slowly, and the planter and his wife and daughter enter, and are driven quietly to their neighbor's mansion.

They have a grand formal dinner there, and afterwards, what in our day we call a “party,” not a late party, to which the guests come at midnight, but an honest evening festival, illuminated equally by the sunset and the tall lights in the bright silver sconces. The waltz and polka and schottisch had the misfortune not to have been then invented: the gavotte, minuet, and reel were danced instead—above all, the minuet. It suited our ancestors the best of all, with its slow stately courtesies and bows, and pompous, cerimonious evolutions—it pleased the Master Hopefuls even, a class of worthy gentlemen who in our day affect the polka and schottisch. Master Hopeful is there, and leads forth the fair lady whose toilette we have vainly endeavored to describe. See how like a swan on some placid lake she moves, “ruffling her pure white plumes;” how graceful her low courtesy; the beautiful head gently bent toward the bosom; the knee almost to the floor; the slipper peering from the wide rustling skirt, a spectacle not witnessed in our day any more than that other spec-

tacle of Master Hopeful making profound bows, his cocked hat pressed meanwhile devotedly on the left side of his waistcoat, and his Hyperion head, with its ambrosial curls and rapt grimace, reposing gently on his shoulder.

The music is supplied by the tall, white-haired Ethiopian Emperor in the corner there, who plays upon his melodious violin the piece which his august majesty Louis XIV. delighted to honor with his royal nod of approbation—the old court minuet. Strange music! which now sounds like a harmony from the far land of dreams, played by a spirit on a ghostly violin for midnight shadows moving noiselessly! but what bright shadows! brighter far than all the material forms now around us.

The entertainment ends—following an immemorial custom—with the Virginia reel; that is to say, with a diversion in which fun took its revenge on ceremony—*abandon* reigned triumphant over stateliness. How those dames got through a veritable Virginia reel, with their furbelows and flounces, and long puffed-out skirts, the present chronicler is at a loss to understand; but there is no reasonable ground to doubt that the reel, with all its rapid crossings and re-crossings, its changing, turning, twisting, and galloping up and back again, was honestly performed. So, with rosy faces and dancing eyes the reel ended, showering down an imperceptible snow of perfumed powder from the perukes of cavaliers and locks of ladies fair. How fortunate a circumstance for the right shoulders of the cavaliers that waltzes and polkas were not invented, for that powder and pomatum on the heads of ladies would have played destruction with their rich doublets!

The present writer cannot follow the young ladies of that pleasant time through the various pursuits of their tranquil, happy lives. Did not space fail him, he would carefully new nib his pen and attempt a sketch of their careering gaily on their spirited horses with their attendant cavaliers through summer forests, their graceful figures enveloped in a costume nearly similar to that of their male companions; their riding hats of white fur, for all the world like those worn then by gentlemen, and their erewhile carefully tucked-up hair falling in long curling locks upon their shoulders, and gathered into queues, secured by gay streaming scarlet rib-

bon. Or, he would follow them upon the bright waters of the broad river, some soft sunny day, and listen to their pretty cries of fright when the boat rocked like a sea-gull on the waves; or, better still, steal quietly to their bowers and gaze upon them, busily sewing at good useful household articles, or wasting hours pleasantly over some wondrous landscape in embroidery, or reading to each other the delightful new serial, edited by Mr. Joseph Addison, whose style was becoming vastly popular—laughing heartily, let it be understood, at the reports of causes heard and determined in the Sheer-lane "Court of Honor," Judge Isaac Bickerstaffe presiding.

We might spend a moment pleasantly in watching the taper fingers caressing some little ill-tempered lap dog, resting discontentedly on the silken lap, or listening to the soft voice singing with the harpsichord accompaniment, some sweet Scottish ballad, even then popular, or an air from *Dioclesian*, or *King Arthur*; or, in looking on the fair maiden, decked out in a thousand fatal graces, seated in the drawing-room, surrounded by her gallant cavaliers and slaying them with her bright, merry glances! The fair lady has been painted in this latter attitude by two "distinguished names," whose verses, circulated in Williamsburgh about the time of the Revolution, express very well, with a pleasant mixture of gallantry and mythology, the old courtly feeling which we find in the not dissimilar verses of the accomplished Earl of Dorset. To such leaves of the past I must refer the reader; he may yet realize by their assistance some of the picturesque habitudes and figures of the old time. Behold again "in the mind's eye," if not with the actual vision, that long line of tender forms and faces which now beam on us, set like so many stars in the slowly-dying sunset of the past. To me, those gay eyes and smiling lips are very interesting; those pictures, whose originals I seem to have known, are a bright gallery in which I wander with an idle, pensive pleasure, that I cannot describe.

Serene, tender dames! with your powdered golden hair, and floating laces around snowy shoulders, and fair arms that decorate your diamond bracelets; with heads poised like so many graceful fawns, and brilliant eyes, and lips that

shower down golden smiles!—beautiful maidens, with so much of delicacy, and dainty thought, and sweetness in your mild faces!—if painters tried in vain to reproduce your bloom and freshness, what can I, a poor penman, accomplish without taking refuge in pure rhapsody? Placid and mild, there is still something bright and ardent in your eyes, like the creamy foam of the sea, now cresting the wild surges, then subsiding into rest. Your forms are not material bodies, but fairy figures of moonlight, without weight or size, light as a shadow or a dream!

“Pretty bud!

Lily of the vale, half-opened bell of the woods!”

what queen of Faëry sent you into this cold material world, to soil your hands with common toils and duties, to clog your heart with dislikes or affections for those old be-powdered gallants hanging by you on the wall, in long queues, and most preposterous ruffles, and faces browned by so much sun and wind!—Pretty painted butterflies!—why was it not always summer for you—why were your fragile bodies subjected to the cold of the snowy winter, your variegated wings beaten by the chill storm-winds of this wicked world? True you vindicated, as far as lay in your power, that *haute noblesse* of origin I have accorded to you by a good, wholesome, aristocratic contempt for all men not born “gentlemen”—turning from all such with pretty disdain in your lovely eyes, and a tranquil sensation of superiority in your little hearts.

Bright creatures! how can we blame you for the tone of voice, the expression of eye and lip which plunged a venomous dagger into the breast of some noble nature, not born “gentleman,” and vainly endeavoring to rise, perforce of the god-given majesty of truth and honor, from the low estate imprisoning the wide wings of his great soul? You could not know that such nobleness was there: a hearing was not granted to the criminal: his very name condemned him. You could not listen, even, to a man of his description, much less accord your smiles to him. You were of the *sangre azula*, he but an ordinary man: you derived your blood from a long line of gentry, he was but a member of the commons. How could you place upon a level with yourself, a man whom the old planter, your father, viewed with

well-bred condescension—how give your delicate hand to one whose hands were brown and hard with toil, however noble and honest?

Here see again the operation of that shameful arrogance of rank in the old cavalier. Not only did it corrupt itself, but everything which approached and came in contact with it was subdued to its own color, “like the dyer’s hand.” Not only did the planter patronize—as we now say—all beneath him in social position, but his whole household caught the infection. His sons and daughters—the very little children, even—demeaned themselves with this kind air of superiority toward some noble, stalwart soul, to whose arms they would have flown for shelter, had peril, that stern leveler of distinctions, visited their soft, easy lives. But let us not blame them too harshly for being apt scholars, and taking their mental shape and moulding from that father so loved and revered for his many noble traits of mind and heart, and deep affection for them. If anything palliates the unchristian prejudice in the strong man, does it not apply with fourfold force to the tender woman, who, living in and breathing everyday the home-atmosphere, has her life and character perforce stamped by it?

Let us not dwell on this ungracious subject, but rather turn our eyes on the noble courage and all-embracing tenderness of the women of the past—on the noble, true-souled dames of revolutionary days, fit mates for our brave grandfathers, periling their all for Liberty:—or, further back, the race true to its splendid instincts everywhere and in all times, on Major Cheeseman’s wife on her knees before the royal governor, begging and praying as a boon of priceless value, with tears and sobs, and words that would have melted any heart but that of the dishonored Berkeley—not her husband’s pardon for joining the rebellion, his naked pardon for the love of humanity and mercy—but that she, the instigator of his treason, might in his place be sacrificed! That weeping woman on her knees, and remaining there, spite of the dastardly insult offered to her by that obscene vulture, his Excellency Sir William Berkeley—that weeping woman, praying, sobbing, asking as a favor she would bless him for, her own destruction—but her husband’s life—this is a figure which for

me shines with so pure, so heavenly a radiance through all the past, that all power of criticising further those Virginia women abandons me, and I have for them no longer any sentiment but love, respect, and admiration. And this is not a solitary instance; a dozen others might be mentioned did space permit it. Let us rather turn for a moment, in conclusion, to that phase of the home life of maid and matron which was brightest of all—the care and kindness they expended on the sick servants.

This plainly dressed figure going quietly along in the healthy morning or fresh evening, with a basket on the arm and a book in the hand, is that beautiful girl who last night dazzled so many courtly gentlemen with the imperial light of her proud eyes. One would have said then that a palace was not rich enough for her—velvet not soft enough for her feet—air not pure enough for the “fine creature” to respire. Here is the reverse of the picture. See her enter the cabin of her old sick nurse, and hear the old sick woman’s joyful expression of voice, as she welcomes “her child”—hear the

kind, loving voice of that “child” asking all about how she spent the night, and if everything was comfortable, and what she would like to have more than the little basket she had brought contained. Then see the subdued face bent down over the Bible—listen to the simple earnest voice repeating to the old woman the teachings of our Saviour:—and then see her leave the room with a child-like good-by, full of fondness and affection. This simple and touching spectacle which was, and still may be, seen every day in Virginia, should make us respect and love, in spite of all their faults, those fair ladies whose portraits speak to us from the antique frames so eloquently to-day.

They are gone—many a long day ago—and only these fading canvas memories remain to us, with the familiar names and some wandering, vague report of grace and loveliness;—their failings are lost sight of, and no longer dwell in living recollection. Let them so remain, bright images gilded by the sunlight of the past, and clad in all their tender beauty—with nothing hidden by the distance but their human imperfections.

THE TURKS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

OF Master Henry Blount, the author of the book of travels named below, (a small quarto of a hundred pages,) Anthony Wood, in his *Oxford Writers*, informs us, that he was the third son of Sir Henry Pope Blount, of Tettinhing, in Hertfordshire, knight. Born Dec. 15th, 1602, he was educated at the Free School of St. Albans. After he had taken one degree in arts, he removed to Grey’s Inn, where he studied the law, after which he became a traveler both in Christian Europe, and, what in those times was a very rare thing, in the Turkish dominions. He informs us in his introductory paragraphs, that, desirous of extending his knowledge of mankind by observing

people whose institutions differed from those of England, he had traveled in Italy, France, and Spain; but those being “countries of Christian institution,” did but “represent, under a little different dress,” effects with which he had been familiar at home. He therefore turned his attention towards the Turks, as the “only modern people great in action,”—so different was the relative position of the Ottoman empire then and now. Under the idea that he, “who would behold the times in their greatest glory, could not find a better scene than Turkey,” and with a view of testing by his own observation the commonly received and not very favorable accounts of that remarkable people, he

* *A Voyage into the Levant*. A brief Relation of a Journey lately performed by Master H. B. (HENRY BLOUNT) from England by way of Venice, into Dalmatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Hungary, Macedonia, Thessaly, Thrace, Rhodes, Egypt, into Grand Cairo; with particular Observations concerning the Modern Condition of the Turks, and other People under that Empire. London, 1636.

undertook a journey very common now, but, at that time, full of difficulty and danger. Having agreed with a Janizary, whom he met with at Venice, to find him diet and transportation as far as Constantinople, he embarked on the 7th of May, 1634, in a Venetian galley with a caravan of Turks and Jews, he being the only Christian in the company. Crossing the Adriatic, the galley arrived in twenty-four hours at Roveno, a Venetian city in Istria, a hundred miles from Venice. Thence it proceeded down the coast to Zara, in Dalmatia, and from that place, which Byron has made familiar, still further down the coast to Spalatro, which at that time, though a very bad harbor, was the principal emporium of trade between Venice and Turkey. The journey from Spalatro to the Turkish capital, including many detours for the convenience of the caravan, employed fifty-two days, besides as many more consumed in stoppages; and so destitute was the country of all accommodations, except within the cities, that our traveler had to lodge every night on the ground, and generally in the open fields.

It was a great object with him to see GRAND CAIRO, reputed at that time to be the most populous city in the world; and after staying but five days at Constantinople, he availed himself of an opportunity to embark for Egypt, along with a Frenchman and a Fleming, whom he had met there, and whom he found desirous to make the same voyage. The three embarked together on board the admiral galleon of the Black Sea fleet, just then sailing for Egypt, having hired of two renegade Italians, who were gunners of the galleon, the exclusive use of their cabin. Coasting along among the islands of the Archipelago, in eleven days they reached Rhodes. In three days more they arrived at Alexandria, whence our travelers passed by land forty miles through the desert to Rosetta, the western mouth of the Nile, where they hired a boat for Cairo, three hundred and sixty miles distant. As the river was at the height of its inundation, the current was very strong; but the northwest wind blew so much stronger as to carry them up in five days. The Englishman, after a stay of three months, during which he visited the pyramids, returned by Rosetta to Alexandria, designing to embark for Jerusalem; but his curiosity in examining the fortifications of Alexandria having

brought him under suspicion, he made haste to get on board a French bark about to sail for Sicily. Reaching Palermo, he proceeded to Naples; and thence by Rome, Florence, and Bologna to Venice, which he reached again the eleventh month after his departure.

Having thus given us a sketch of his journey, our traveler proceeds to what is the most curious part of his book,—his observations on the institutions, religion, and manners of the Turks.

The institution of the Turkish armies was naturally the first object of his attention, since it was exclusively to their military prowess that the Turks owed the position which they held in the world. The infantry he found to consist of two sorts. In time of war, every city and district was called upon to furnish its quota, greater or smaller, according to the urgency of the occasion, their ability, and their distance from, or nearness to, the scene of action. Of these levies many were Christians. After having been trained and exercised for a month or so, they were sent forth better equipped in arms and clothing than was then customary in the armies of Christian Europe. These troops, however, were a sort of militia, and not greatly depended upon. In fact, it was customary, when they were brought into action, to place bodies of horse behind them, to keep them from running away. The standing infantry force of the empire, and that upon which its military strength principally depended, was the celebrated body of Janizaries, consisting of forty-four thousand men. It was, indeed, to this singular military order, established by the second or third prince of the Ottoman line, evidently in imitation of the Egyptian Mamelukes, that the extension and permanency of the Turkish empire was mainly to be ascribed.

Originally, the Janizaries were recruited, not at all from the Turkish, but entirely from the Christian population. Officers sent out for that purpose into all the provinces, but especially into the northern ones, selected from among the subject Christians, and sent to Constantinople, such children as they saw fit. After being taught the Turkish language, and thoroughly indoctrinated in the Mahometan faith, the greater part were distributed abroad, to earn their living by hard labor till they were twenty-two years of age, when they were brought back, instruct-

ed in the use of arms, and enrolled among the Janizaries. Such as seemed unfit for soldiers, were employed, some as sailors, and others as laborers, in the drudgery of the sultan's household and gardens. Those who had given signs of superior intelligence, were carefully instructed in the Koran and the Arabic language, in schools for that purpose, attached to the sultan's palaces at Broussa, Constantinople and Adrianople; and it was from this source that many of the chief officers of the empire were drawn. Their pay was perpetual in peace as well as in war, and more or less according to their personal merit, a graduation which operated as a stimulus to exertion. They were never cast off, but, when old or maimed, were kept in garrison. "These," says our author, "though the sons of Christians, hate that name above all others, and are found (as I have seen some of them) without any natural affection to their parents, as it were transplanted, acknowledging themselves the creatures of the Ottoman family; so much are the present engagements of life too strong for all ties of blood." This choice and education of persons, he adds, "apt to each use, must needs make it excellently performed, as being more natural than the course of Christendom, where princes put arms into the hands of men, neither by spirit nor education martial, and entrust their chief employments with respect to birth, riches and friends, which, to the service intended, are qualities not so proper as those personal abilities which prevail in the Turkish election."

Already, however, in the time of our traveler, this remarkable military order had deviated considerably from its original institution. Instead of the Janizaries being all drawn from among the Christians—thus made to strengthen the Turkish stock by having their children engrafted into it, while they were themselves weakened by the loss of their choicest youth—Christians were permitted, for money, to excuse their children, and Mahometans to purchase the admission of theirs into an order so respectable, opening the way, as it did, to the highest offices. Contrary to the original usage, many of the Janizaries married, and others engaged in merchandise. It was, as we have seen, under the protection of one of these trading Janizaries, that our traveler had journeyed through Turkey. When the

army left Belgrade, a proclamation had been issued that all Janizaries who lingered behind should be hanged; and yet, as we have seen, our traveler's Janizary contrived to evade the service, as did many others, by the payment of money. While the military spirit of the order thus began to decline, the Janizaries had, at the same time, attained to an inconvenient consciousness of their importance. Already they gave signs of that insubordination which subsequently rendered them more formidable at home than abroad, and led at last to their dissolution by the father of the now reigning sultan. Some few years before our author's visit to Turkey, they had put one sultan to death, and had first deposed, and then reinstated, another. But Amurath IV., the sultan then reigning, seemed to have again grasped the reins of power with a firm hand.

The cavalry of the Turkish armies, for which they were still more celebrated than for their infantry, consisted of the great body of the Turkish nation, among whom, as military tenants of the sultan, the lands of the conquered provinces had been distributed, which lands, under these new lords, were cultivated by Christian serfs or slaves. These *Spahies*, or *Spahy Timarists* as they were called, answered precisely, except that the fiefs or *Timarres* were not hereditary, but held for life only, to the military tenants of feudal Europe. Thus the Turks added to the standing infantry of the Janizaries a feudal army of horse, ready to be called into service whenever the exigencies of war required it. It was, no doubt, the inferior light in which service on foot used to be regarded, which had caused the Janizaries to be originally recruited from the Christian population, the Turks in that particular agreeing in opinion with the chivalry of Europe, and, indeed, with the old Romans, among whom those serving on horseback had originally constituted a superior order in the state. These *Spahies*, besides their service in war, had also another important use—that of keeping the conquered provinces in subjection; for which purpose it was necessary that, in all expeditions, many of them should be left at home.

There was, however, in addition to this feudal force, a standing body of horse, specially attached to the person of the sultan, known as *Spahyglans*.

In time of war, the Turkish armies were still further reinforced by a great body of volunteer horsemen, some of whom served in hopes of meriting a *Timarre* (of which, by the deaths of the tenants, there was a constant supply at the sultan's disposal), and others in the fanatical expectation of gaining paradise by dying in the Mahometan cause. These volunteers, especially those of the latter class, constituted, in our traveler's time, by no means the least formidable part of a Turkish army; and, to judge by what we hear of the present Turkish army employed against the Russians, this spirit of religious volunteering is yet by no means extinct. The Tartar auxiliaries, drawn from the northern shores of the Black Sea, were to the Turkish armies what the Cossacks are now to those of Russia.

The strength of the Turks at sea was at this time inconsiderable, being chiefly that of the piratical African States, which, though they acknowledged the supremacy of the sultan, yet claimed and enjoyed the privilege of carrying on, for their own profit, perpetual war against all Christian nations. The sailors were chiefly renegade Christians, and the best Turkish vessels, prizes from the Dutch, whom they encouraged to surrender, by a rule of allowing personal liberty to the crews of all vessels which struck without firing, whereas, if taken after resistance, they were reduced to slavery. The knights of Malta kept these pirates somewhat in check, but were not strong enough to drive them from the seas. They were not very forward, so our author states, to attack English vessels; for not only were the crews apt to make a desperate resistance, but the vessels themselves, which constituted with these corsairs no inconsiderable part of the booty, were such dull sailers, being built exclusively for burden, as to be of little use as cruisers.

What tended—and it still tends—not a little to enhance the authority, and support the absolute power, of the sultan, was the position which he enjoyed as the head of the national religion. The caliphs who reigned at Bagdad had continued, long after their loss of temporal power, to claim and to enjoy a certain spiritual authority, as the descendants and representatives of Mahomet. But after the Turkish conquest of Egypt, in which country, among the

Mamelukes, the caliphs had been driven to seek shelter, they had been induced to cede to the conquering sultan the high position of Commander of the Faithful. The policy of the sultans in this respect was afterwards imitated by Peter the Great of Russia, in constituting himself the head of the Russian Church, and the same thing, indeed, has been more or less attempted, though with inferior success, by all the potentates of Europe.

But, however this union of spiritual with temporal authority might strengthen the sultans at home, it raised up for them, or at least embittered, not only Christian foes, but a formidable Mahometan enemy also on their eastern frontier. The Persians were not inclined to acknowledge, as their spiritual head, the sovereignty of a rival nation. They evaded the claim of the Ottoman sultan to spiritual supremacy, by denying that the caliphs of Bagdad were the true representatives of the Prophet—that representation having descended, as they alleged, in the line of Ali, the husband of Fatima, and the Mahometan schism, which had lain dormant since the extinction of the Fatimite dynasty of Egypt, thus revived, gave to the national rivalry of the Turks and Persians the added virus of a bitter religious hostility.

The sultan's authority as Commander of the Faithful was, and still is, exercised through the chief mufti, whom he appoints and removes at pleasure, and whose office it is to decide in an authoritative manner all questions growing out of the interpretation of the Koran. In all Mahometan countries the Koran serves as the highest authority in jurisprudence as well as in theology, so that the authority of the chief mufti and his subordinates is no less judicial than ecclesiastical. These offices of judicature form, indeed, the only preferment of the Mahometan priesthood, "wherewith," says our author, "the priest and the judge, being maintained in the same person, two gaps are stopt with one bush, without causing any part of the land to lie dead in the hands of the clergy, or otherwise impoverishing the people with tithes."

Of the Turkish administration of justice, he gives the following curious account.

"There are divers orders of judges, especially two, the *cadi*, and over him the *moulacadi*, like a lord chief-justice.

The supreme head of judicature is the mufti. His decrees the emperor himself will not question, for, indeed, they are secretly guided by his assent, and the grand vizier's. These judges are all, except the mufti, limited to set precincts, and, when convicted of corruption, they are made horrid examples of. The main points wherein Turkish justice differs from that of other nations are three. It is more severe, more speedy, and more arbitrary. They hold the foundation of all empire to consist in exact obedience, and that to depend upon exemplary severity, which is undeniable in all the world, but more notable in their state, made up of several people, different in blood, sect, and interest. The second point, wherein their justice excels, is that of quick dispatch. If the business be present matter of fact, then upon the least complaint the parties and witnesses are taken, and suddenly brought before the judge by certain Janizaries, who with great staves guard each street, as our night-watchmen with halberds at London. The cause is even in less than two hours dispatched, and execution instantly performed, unless it appear a cause so important that an appeal to the moulacadi is allowed, where also it is as speedily decided. If it be matter of title or right, the parties name their witnesses, who shall presently be forced to come in, for they have no old deeds nor any other reckonings beyond the memory of man. In such cases possession and modern right carry it, without that odious course of looking too far backward. This expedition avoids confusion, and clears the court; whereby it becomes sufficient for many causes, and so, for a great people. As for the particular person, though sometimes he seem disadvantaged by the haste, which may make judgment rash, yet that haste not being passionate, it happens not often, nor then likely is his damage greater than with us, where, after the suspense, delay, and charge of suit, the oversight of a lawyer may with error of pleading cost a good cause, so that after a man hath been miserably detained, to such disadvantage of his other affairs that he had better have lost suit at first, then doth it finally depend not so much on its own bare right as upon the advocate's sufficiency. The last notable point of their judicature is, they have little fixed law, and therewith flourishing make good that saying

of Tacitus, *In pessima republica plurimæ leges*. Yet they pretend to judge by the Alcoran, whereby the opinion of divine authority does countenance those arbitrary decisions which, without some authentic law to justify them, would hardly be endured. This Alcoran is manifestly no book of particular law cases, wherefore they pretend its study does not inform the judge literally, but by way of illumination, which, not being given to secular persons, does neatly put losers off from referring themselves to the text."

"One custom in their justice I have found, which confutes our vulgar maxim, that says 'no commerce can be maintained without fidelity of oath;' for all Turkey is but a miscellany of people, whose religions have little effect upon the conscience, and that drowned in faction against each other. Some of them, as the *Zingare* (Gipsies), do not so much as pretend to any God. In this case an oath were of too slender credit for matters of importance; for he who will commit testimony to oath, must be sure to uphold in the people an awful and tender sense of divine power, or else, in trusting oaths, he exalts knavery in the oppression of truth. Wherefore, they put not the witnesses to oath, but examine them apart, wherein some wise Daniels may have such art of questions so unexpected, and of such secret consequence, as no premeditated agreement can prevent. A false witness endures what the accused should have done had he been guilty. The word of a known Turk upon the faith of a Mussulman, bears down all other testimony unless relieved by strong circumstances. *Three women make but one witness.*"

One of the very latest Turkish reforms consists in the issue of a firman, by which, other things being equal, Christian is put upon a level with Turkish testimony. Upon what ground at present female testimony stands, we are not informed, though, among the many other changes at Constantinople, the doctrine of women's rights is evidently making a certain progress.

Respecting the tenure and descent of property, our author makes the following statements:—"When any man dies, the land in most parts of Turkey is in the emperor's gift, who also hath the tenth of his movables. The rest first pays the widows their jointure agreed and enrolled, then what remains is

equally divided among his children. The son of any great commander neither inherits his father's dignities nor is admitted to new. Thus are both riches and honor hindered from continuing in a family, whereby none hath any credit with the people but as instruments to the Grand-Seignior, who, being sole giver of all, every man fits himself to his employments, without possibility of any greatness un-serviceable, independent, or dangerous to the crown." But whatever might be the political results of this democratical system, in enhancing the authority of the sultans, preventing the growth of a landed aristocracy, and in giving permanency and stability to the Turkish empire, in its economical effects it has proved highly ruinous. No man will spend much in the improvement of a property in which he has only a life estate; and the stationary and in many parts declining condition of Turkey, made more striking by the rapid development, during the last two centuries, of the industry of the North and West of Europe, may be chiefly ascribed to this want of any fixed tenure of landed property. It is from a change in this respect that the regeneration of the Turkish empire is principally to be expected; and without referring to this necessary consequence of a system, which, like most other of the Turkish institutions, he seems a little too much disposed to admire, our author incidentally observes some facts which go to illustrate it. "The Turkish houses," he tells us, "are generally made of brick dried in the sun, poor and low, that they may not be worth taking from the son when the father dies." And he noted while at Cairo, that, as the older and more substantial buildings fell to decay, the new began to be "after the Turkish fashion, poor, low, and made of mud and timber."

Yet while the private dwellings were thus mean, Turkey was well provided with magnificent bridges, highways, caravansaries, mosques, and public bathing houses, in which for less than two pence every person might enjoy a luxurious bath. These public buildings were erected not by the government, but for the most part by private individuals. One great motive to their erection was furnished by the Mahometan religion—for though the Koran guaranteed all believers against the pains of hell, which were exclusively reserved for infidels,

Mussulmans were not entirely released from the salutary dread of a future retribution. They were exposed to a purgatory to be enacted in the grave, the pain to be inflicted by a bad angel, whose violence, however, was supposed to be counteracted by a good one in proportion to the good deeds performed by the party while alive; and among these good deeds, Mahomet had given a high place to acts of charity and benevolence, by which, not particular individuals alone, but the public at large, were benefited. To this religious motive another of a more worldly character was added. Provincial governors, whose rapacity had made them rich and noted, would often expend a portion of their ill-acquired wealth upon those works of public benefit, not only hoping thus to acquire a character for piety such as might baffle accusers, but by this disengagement to appear to have made themselves too poor to promise much to the sultan in the way of confiscation.

The low price of provisions, though much vaunted by our author, was still another proof of the low ebb at which the industry of the country stood. In most of the towns, bread enough to serve two or three men for a meal would be bought for a halfpenny. Fat mutton stewed with rice, and served up with a dressing of sour milk, was the favorite dish of the Turks, and one which the abundance of mutton enabled them to indulge in very freely. Large tracts of territory were occupied by shepherds, with flocks of two or three thousand sheep, feeding from city to city. Wine also was much cheaper than anywhere in Christendom, yet, as a prohibited article, not everywhere to be had. "For though," says our author, "in that point Mahomet's wise order suffers violence, yet with the better part it prevails, and makes some drink wine with scruple, others with danger. The baser sort, when taken drunk, are often bastinadoed on the bare feet; and I have seen some, after a fit of drunkenness, lie a whole night crying and praying to Mahomet for intercession, so that I could not sleep near them." Among other drinks employed as a substitute for wine, the following description is given of a beverage unknown in England when this book was published, and for many years after, but to us sufficiently familiar. "They have another drink, not good at meat, called

cauphe, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace and beat to powder, of a soot color, in taste a little bitterish, that they seethe and drink as hot as may be endured. It is good all hours of the day, but especially morning and evening, when to that purpose they entertain themselves two or three hours in *cauphe*-houses, which in all Turkey abound more than inns and ale-houses with us. It is thought to be the old black broth used so much by the Lacedemonians, and dryeth ill humors in the stomach, comforteth the brain, never causes drunkenness or any other surfeit, and is a harmless entertainment of good fellowship; for there, upon scaffolds half a yard high, and covered with mats, they sit cross-legged after the Turkish manner, many times two or three hundred together, talking, and likely with some poor music passing up and down." But of their music our traveler does not appear to think much, as he insists that he heard but one tune all the time he was in Turkey.

We have room for only one more extract, curious in itself, and showing in one respect, at least, a great improvement in the manners of the Turks of our day over those of two hundred years ago.

"The only beastly piece of injustice I found among the Turks was, their confidence to catch or buy up for slaves any Christians they find in the country; nor can he escape unless he be a settled known merchant, or go with some protector. I met with many who, in such voyages as mine, had fallen short, and prophesied the like to me. I have divers times been put to defend myself with my knife, from being shoved into houses by those who would have kept me slave; and scarce any day passed but some or other cheapened me with the Janizary, who, if he had sold me, I had no remedy beside what disdain of life might have presented. This I held the worst part of my danger, and against which there is no preparation of assurance, but in a final resolution." It was ransom, however, quite as much as service, that was looked to in these seizures; and to diminish as much as possible the temptation in his case, our traveler gave out when questioned, as he often was, as to his condition and the object of his travels, that, though born rich, he had fallen to poverty, that his friends were all dead, and that, having no ability for gain, he had wa-

gered the small remnant of his fortune upon a visit to Constantinople and Grand Cairo, and a safe return. Nor was he content with thus appealing to the pride and sympathies of the Turks, while at the same time he quieted their avarice by exhibiting himself as a person for whom no ransom was to be expected. He took the further precaution, by giving wine to some and money to others, to secure at all times some friend in the caravan who understood the language and kept him informed of what was going on; and wherever he stopped he was careful to gain the acquaintance of some renegado (Christian, that is, who had turned Turk), and so to secure his friendship that in case of danger his assistance might be relied upon. This securing himself against being seized for a slave, he found the most expensive and disquieting part of his enterprise. Apart from this, the Turkish disposition proved in general "loving and honest." If a Turk made a promise with his hand on his breast, beard, or head, and especially if he broke bread with you, his word might be implicitly relied upon. They exhibited, indeed, a haughty insolence, the natural result of the position which they occupied, and of the greatness of their empire. Between Christendom and Persia they had all the world against them; but they still looked either way with proud defiance, intent not merely on defense, but conquest; and this national characteristic was abundantly displayed in the bearing and conduct of individuals. Yet, by submissiveness and flattery they might easily be managed and kept in good humor; and our traveler seems greatly to pride himself on his adroitness in this particular, by means of which, after a little experience, he never doubted of success, except when in company with drunkards, of whom he appears to have met with many, or volunteer soldiers going to merit Paradise by killing Christians, from whom there was no escape except by fleeing their company.

If Christian strangers in Turkey could guard themselves against violence and insults only by the most studied humility, and from being seized and held as slaves only by perpetual vigilance, no great degree of tenderness was to be expected from the Turks towards their own Christian subjects. It was their policy, in those countries of which they obtained complete possession, to destroy all the native nobility, and having dis-

tributed the lands to temporary Turkish proprietors as Timarres or military fiefs, to reduce the mass of the native population to the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water. But it was not Christians only who were the victims of this harsh policy, for it was carried out with just as much severity against the Arab-Mahometan population of Egypt, as against the Christians of Bosnia, Hungary, and Macedonia.

The Christians themselves, divided and distracted by theological quarrels—those of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches, being irreconcilable enemies—contributed, by their jealousy and hatred of each other, to maintain the authority of the Turks. The Austrians and Poles,

being Roman Catholics, had nothing to expect, in their wars with Turkey, from the Greek Christians. In this respect, as in many others, the position of Turkey has undergone a great change. The faith of the Greek Church, professed by Russia, gives her an influence with the mass of the Christian population of Turkey, such as no other nation ever had, thus making the maintenance of the Ottoman ascendancy a very dubious thing, unless sustained by the Western Christians out of enmity to Russians.

Our author adds some very curious and interesting details concerning the Jews, in whose hands the trade of Turkey principally was; but for these we have no room.

THE NIGHT CHASE

FROM CRANSTOUN CASTLE TO EARN'S TOWER.

DARKLY the stormy night
Threw its shade o'er me,
Giving no gleam of light
One step before me,
While o'er the castle wall,
Past the bright banquet hall,
Where the Earl feasted all,
Daring love bore me.

Then to her balustrade
Silently springing,
Soon the true-hearted maid,
Round my neck clinging,
Whispered of love a word,
Trembling, poor frightened bird,
When from the hall we heard
Laughter loud ringing.

While round the feasting Earl
Revel grew madder,
Lightly I bore the girl
Down the weak ladder.
Then from her turret tall,
Past the bright banquet hall,
Over the castle wall
Quickly I had her.

Now on my gallant roan
Hurriedly leaping,
Ida before me thrown,
On my breast weeping,—

Shunning both bridge and boat,
On I dashed through the moat,
Closely my wide surcoat
Over her keeping.

Thus from the chilling stream
Trying to guard her,
Lights on my armor gleam,
Loud blows the warder.
Scarce had we touched the shore
When rose their gath'ring roar.—
Ida clung hard before,
Now she clung harder.

Orson, my trusty steed,
Thus richly loaded,
True to his master's need,
Sped on ungoaded.
Soon the hot chase was out,
And the wild swelling shout,
Borne from the riding rout,
Fierce struggle boded.

We through the roaring wood
Headlong were dashing,
Fast from our rugged road
Pebbles flew flashing;
While on the night wind chill
Heard we helm, lance, and bill
Down the steep castle hill
Fitfully clashing.

On through the darkness, on
Orson went tramping,
Fleet as he bore but one,
White with his champing,
Making, with eager bound,
As his hoof tore the ground,
Mountains and rocks around
Echo his stamping.

Now through the valley's shade
Densely they thunder;
Now, though the forest glade
Keeps them asunder,
Dash through the narrow way,
Heedless as if 'twere day,
Making the branches sway
As they ride under.

High on the raging blast
Torn clouds were streaming;
While, as they hurried past,
Moonlight shot gleaming
Down where we galloped through
Black shadowed oak and yew,
Startling the birds that flew
Dolefully screaming.

And, as from far was borne,
O'er the storm's howling,
Horse-tramp and sound of horn
To the wolf prowling,—
Thinking the hunt again
Swept through the dismal glen,
He to his secret den
Slunk by us, growling.

From the dark wood we dashed
To the light heather.
When in the moonlight flashed
My casque and feather,
And, by her kirtle's sheen
Ida's loved form was seen,
Cranstoun and all his men
Shouted together.

On through the moonlight, on
Orson went speeding,
Small strength or spirit gone,
No spur yet needing.
Now comes the chase so near,
Plainly we see and hear
One knight, by sign and cheer,
All the rout leading.

While in the wood they were
We passed the river;
They struck the bridge or ere
It ceased to shiver;
And the tumultuous throng,
Sweeping its length along,
Made piers and arches strong
To their bed quiver.

Steaming, with nostril wide,
Yet nothing daunted,
Up the steep mountain side
Orson now panted;
Bending his reaching neck,
Spotted with many a fleck,
'Gainst the loose bridle check,
Firm steps he planted.

Where amid awful gloom
Giant cliffs lower,
Standing like guards of some
Terror-girt power,
Shrouded in torrent's spray,
Darksome in brightest day,
Then wound a secret way
On to Earn's Tower.

Few ever ventured there
Save my wood rangers;
Not e'en the bravest dare,
To its paths strangers.

Here had we safety won,
But that the chase held one
Whom Love and Hate spurred on,
Daring all dangers.

Norman La Torge—my name
In each endeavor,
Ladies' love, tourney's fame,
Rivaled his, ever.
Leaving the frightened train,
Now he dashed on amain,
Ida and revenge to gain,
That night or never.

Though through this fearful place
Our way was hollowed,
On in his headlong race
Madly he followed;
Yet far behind was left,
As by a gaping cleft
Deep in the mountain reft,
He saw us swallowed.

Here, I, beneath a rock,
Left *Ida* lying,
Safe from the coming shock ;—
Then met him, crying,
"Turn thee now *de la Torge*,
Back, back, or by St. George,
Headlong adown the gorge
I'll send thee flying."

On in his reckless wrath,
Mad with love's fever,
Came he along that path,
Bent to achieve her.
And in defiance he,
Casting his bridle free
As he bore down on me,
Threw up his beaver.

So I his face could see,
Pallid with passion,
Which an old blow from me
Left a red gash on.—
Such was his fiendish mood:
Such the dread solitude:
Never was deadly feud
Fought in such fashion.

Orson for onset neighed,
No whit dejected;
But his career I stayed
Where shelves projected
Out from the mountain's side,
Making the passage wide.
Here *Norman's* charge to bide,
I sat erected.

Onward he galloped as
O'er a lawn shaven.
Caitiff although he was,
He was no craven.
Fiercely exulted he,
E'en in the thought that we
Soon might together be
Food for the raven.

But as in heaven's strength
Sat I, and wondered,
When we a lance's length
Hardly were sundered,
'Twixt us that ledge of stone
Yawned with a horrid groan;
Then to the valley down
With him it thundered.

Fear fixed, with 'wildered stare
O'er Orson bended,
Half, in the rock-rent air
Sat I suspended,
Hearing the awful roar
Echoing o'er and o'er
In the wild gulf before,
Till it was ended.

Like one that listeneth
Sad tidings learning,
Deep drew I then my breath,
On my way turning.
Whelmed in my heart's full flow,
Orson's step, still and slow,
Hasted I not, although
Toward my love yearning.

Lowly in prayer and fear
Found I her kneeling,
Where she might overpeer
Her rude concealing.
Solemnly, tearfully,
Told she her joy to me:
God in no heart could see
Holier feeling.

Cranstoun forgave his child
(He had no other)
When the next summer smiled
On her, a mother.
—Look! he on Orson there
Steadies his prattling heir,
While she with tangled hair
Fondles his brother.

ONLY A PEBBLE.

A WAY out in Mesopotamia, the traveler sees vast plains unroll themselves before his wondering eye, and scattered over them many a grassy knoll with its flocks of goats and camels. No one suspected that under those hills lay buried the ancient glory of Nineveh, "an exceeding great city of three days' journey, wherein are more than six score thousand persons." Like the faint echo of distant thunder, a few half-forgotten names and vague, dream-like legends were all that had come down to us from the vast empire, whose merchants were many, "even as the stars in heaven." But a man came from a distant island, he gathered the stones that lay scattered about, and the silence, that had brooded over them for countless ages, was broken by his magic touch. Here he found on a brick strange and yet familiar signs; there he dug, out of the rubbish of thousands of years, costly slabs of alabaster, and on them were carved gigantic, awe-inspiring figures. The Bible in his hand he read, and name after name resumed life and meaning, until at last the whole of its wondrous splendor was unfolded before him.

And thus there lies many a stone in our path that might teach us lessons of grave import—for when the traditions of men are silent, stones become eloquent. But we thrust them aside and we say with contempt: It is only a pebble! We call it dead, lifeless nature. Oh, if it were a noble animal, a beautiful plant! or even a rusty coin, a worm-eaten parchment, upon which some ancient dreamer wrote his long-forgotten fancies about heaven and earth—how we would tax our ingenuity, how we would search through the wide field of human knowledge and bring the wisdom of ages to bear upon the great secret! For are not coins and parchments the work of man? He deigns not to read the bright letters with which Earth herself has written her history on the simple sides of a pebble.

Only a pebble! Oh man, that stone which you thrust so contemptuously out of your way, is older than all else on earth. When the waters under heaven were gathered together unto one place, that pebble was there. Who can tell us the story of those first days, when the earth was in sore travail,

when her heaving bosom belched forth torrents of fire, vast avalanches of hissing, seething water, and huge volumes of deadly vapors? When glowing, blazing streams of lava threw a bloody red glare on the silent, lifeless earth, and, amidst a trembling and thundering that shook the firmament, a thousand volcanoes at once lifted up their fiery heads; when out of the foaming waters there rose suddenly the rocky foundations of firm land and greeted the light that God had created?

That pebble was Life's first offspring on earth. The Spirit of God moved on the waters, and life was breathed into the very gases that were hid in the heart of the vapory globe. They parted in love, they parted in hatred; they fled and they met. Atom joined atom; loving sisters kissed each other, and this love, the great child of that Spirit on earth, brought forth its first fruit, the pebble! Other stones also arose; out of the dark chaos new brothers were seen to appear, and countless friends stood by the side of the first comer. Warmth spread through their limbs, electric currents shaped and fashioned them into ever new forms, and they were joined into families and races each in his kind.

And now the wild struggle subsided. The fierce spirits of fire were banished far down to the dark caverns of the earth, but in angry passion they still rage and roar below, rise in powerless fury until the earth trembles and the heart of man is awed, or they pour forth streams of burning lava through mighty volcanoes. Thus the flames bring us even now messages from the vasty deep, and the lava shows us that what is firm and fast on the surface is still boiling and seething below. Ever yet the unruly spirits trouble the earth. Here they lift Sweden or Chili high out of the vast ocean, there they draw Greenland and Italy down towards their unknown home. Ever yet the stones live; they lift up and sink islands, they fashion new lakes and fill up large streams; they pour fiery cataracts from lofty mountains and bury whole cities under vast volumes of ashes. They are ever active and change, day by day, the very soil on which we live.

Such were the pebble's earliest days. Is he not well-born? But philosophers tell us that he was born only to die;

that life was almost instantly followed by death. To a certain point this is true. As the rock was the first life that came to light from the chaos of atoms, so it also died at the moment of birth. The life-giving electric spark was even but a spark, and, its mission fulfilled, it vanished. The life, that was given from without, that was not inborn, could not continue. Now and then, it is true, fire breaks out anew, as if unable to bear any longer the bonds of death; but what, after all, can it do but lift the coffin's top for awhile? No fire on earth can wake and warm the dead giant within to new life. And yet, even here, where death seems to reign sole and supreme, there are still mysterious powers at work that human wisdom has never yet explained. Place finely-powdered sand on a glass plate and let the clear mass give out a high or low note, and behold! the stone, lifeless, soulless stone, listens to the harmonious sound, dances and frolics, and ranges itself in wondrous stars and circles. What strange power has the so-called Bononian stone to keep the rays of the sun or the light of earth-kindled fire captive, and to let them loose again, long after it has been hidden in utter darkness? What gives the blood-red Turnalin its electric power? But electric currents pass even now, unseen and unnoticed, through the heart of the earth, and, under their influence, crystals arise and assume most beautiful shapes. Their forms are most simple, it is true, but so varied in their very simplicity, that man's ingenuity and most fertile fancy has not yet invented a new one. Nothing but straight lines are there seen, cubes and pyramids, rhomboids and prisms, but they all glitter and glare in strange brilliancy, when a ray of light illumines them for an instant in their dark, inaccessible homes.

And if the stone itself does not live and labor and change, friends come from all sides to gladden his silent house and to deck it with precious colors. In the very midst of the rocky world live the merrier metals, and form a thousand delicate veins, bright crystals and tender foliage. Imprisoned in the cold, hard rock, dwell iron and lead, gold and silver, now in safe inaccessible caves, and now mysteriously mixed with its very substance, as if they were lost, frozen rays of heavenly light. There they hide, buried in eternal night, and fancy they have escaped all foes

from beneath; but they dream not of the much more dangerous enemies who live above them and know their secret chambers, even if they cannot look down into the impenetrable darkness of the rocky world. The bold miner digs and drills, and fearlessly descends into the very heart of the earth; there he breaks through wall and rampart and forces the rich metal from its ancient home to toil an humble slave in the service of man.

And is there no romance in the poor pebble's life—the only life on earth that all science of men cannot trace to its first beginning? The pebble was born when God made heaven and earth. The same hills, the same mountains have covered the land from the day that man looked with awe upon the "everlasting hills." Nations have passed away, and races have vanished from among us, but even the pyramids stand yet in ancient glory and defy the power of ages. The mighty empires of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies have fallen before the enemy; the laws of the Medes and the Persians, that changed not, are forgotten; the hut of the Arab and the palace of the Conqueror have alike crumbled into dust—but the unchanging rocks rise still high and unbroken from the midst of ruins.

And yet even mountains are not everlasting, and rocks not eternal. What would be their life without a change, and what their existence without a struggle? Even the poor pebble has a life of his own, rich in adventure, lofty in its character, and glorious in its end.

We see it only as it lies sullen and silent near the bank of a brook, perhaps amidst high luxuriant tufts of grass that grow in his shade, and feed on his life's marrow. Around him, on the overhanging banks, stand bright-colored flowers and gaze, with maidens' vanity, upon their image in the crystal waters below them. All around him is life and motion. On the wings of the tempest the clouds above him race up the heavens and down again. Thick pearly drops of cooling rain patter from on high, and rise soon after, in clear, invisible vapors back to the sunny height from which they came. Untiring wings carry the birds of heaven to their distant homes. Restless brooks rush in eager haste from the snow-covered Alps to the sunny plains; broad streams pour majestically their huge floods into the great ocean, and run with its

gigantic waves around our globe. The beasts of the field wander from land to land; nations and empires are ever seen moving with a strange, mysterious impulse towards the setting sun—the very trees and grasses of the earth move slowly, in man's wake, from zone to zone.

The pebble alone lies still and lonely by the wayside, and shuts his eyes not to see the merry, wandering life around him. Still, he also had his time when he traveled far over land and sea. High upon a lofty mountain-peak was his first home, and there his life, full of strife and struggle, began in fierce war with the elements. For there is enmity between them and the poor pebble. Mild but treacherous rains stole through cleft and crevice into every pore of the rock, and oozed from vein to vein, filling the core of the giant with indescribably delicate and wondrously ramified little canals. Then came hard winters that froze the swelling veins, and sent sharp daggers of icicles into his very marrow; they blasted his limbs, and rent them with insidious force into fragments. Balmy springs melted again the thousand sharp wedges; but the poor rock rejoices no longer in his solid, massive strength, water and air have drilled and bored countless little holes and channels through the vast body; each year snow and ice press further and further; the very air, full of destructive power, gnaws at every corner and every edge, until the high-swollen torrent at last worries the weary rock out of his ancient resting-place, and bears him for a moment in wild triumph high on its roaring, rollicking waves. Or perhaps cold, dazzling glaciers, bright, majestic icebergs lifted him on their broad shoulders, and carried him high over wide plains or the ocean's unmeasured width, until at last he fell with a fearful crash, that the splinters flew and the waters foamed. Even now the heavy rocks of the polar circle are carried by the hand of colossal icebergs from the eternal snows of their home to the sweet climes of the Equator. Even now the glaciers of Alps and Andes bear down huge blocks of ancient granite to low meadows and distant waters. The green waters of the Rhine carry many a child of the ice-covered Alps to the fertile plains of the Netherlands, whilst the brother that was born on the same high throne, is torn from his side to wander on the dark waves of the Danube

to the inhospitable shores of the Black Sea.

For, a fierce, untiring leveler, the water wages incessant war against the aristocrats of the earth. It gnaws and tears and wearies the loftiest mountain top season after season, age after age, and is never content until it has brought him low, and dragged him in spiteful contumely to its own great home, the ocean. Each river has to be a faithful, restless servant in the work of destruction. The Nile has created its Delta, the Rhine has formed all Holland; before the Ganges and the Mississippi grow vast islands of mud and sand far into the ocean. The Po and the Rhine, like greater rivers, have even raised their own bed, so that they now flow above the surrounding plain, and costly levees only can keep our own Father of Rivers within his natural bounds. From high mountains come the unmeasured stores of finely-ground stone, that cover the bed of the ocean. Every tide and every current, that approaches the coast, brings on its broad shoulders immense masses of sand and heaps them, layer upon layer, until the downs of some countries rise to a height of 200 feet. It is as if the poor exiled stone longed to return to its early home. Raging and roaring, new tides and new waves rush against their own offspring, but the humble pebble, strong in union, and hardened by the very pressure of the waters, resists their fury, checks the huge power of the ocean, and protects proud man in his possessions!

Man hardly dreams of the fierce, incessant warfare that is waged against the loftiest mountain chains of our earth. It is true we see Alpine torrents press angrily through their narrow bed, half filled with ruins, we hear the thunder of mighty rocks that fall with the terrible avalanche, we know even mountain sides to slide and to bury whole towns under their colossal weight. The dweller in high Alpine regions sees, through spring and through summer, large stones suddenly fly off from the steep, smooth sides of the highest rocks, often with such loud explosions and so constantly, as to resemble the regular fire of a platoon. The mountain shepherd sees year after year his pastures encroached upon by masses of falling, crumbling rock, and the amazed traveler is seized with deep awe and vague fear, when he crosses the vast wastes,

covered with thousands of silent stones, with which yet the elements have written their Mene Mene in colossal letters on the mountain slopes. But we are all accustomed to look upon these events as the rare occurrences of a year or a season. The tooth of Time works slowly, and generations pass away, ere its marks are seen by human eyes. The hand of Him, in whose hands lies the fate of the earth, loves not to send plutonic powers to shake the mountains from their ancient foundations, and has promised that there "shall not be any more a flood to destroy the earth." But Alps and Andes, Cordilleras and Himalaya will fall, and the eternal mountains be leveled to the ground.

Our rock, hurled by his enemy from his ancient throne, now lies in some deep, dark ravine, where night and dead silence alone reign supreme. A giant block still, it hangs threatening in boldly towering masses over the precipice, and, in its sullen, stolid wrath, stems for awhile the wild raging flood. Wave after wave falls back from his strong, rocky breast; year after year the rushing waters leap, yelling over his proud head, or steal grumbling and growling, past the invincible foe. But the victory is here also not to the strong. Step by step they push him down into the valley; limb after limb they tear from his body and grind them into fine sand; by day and by night, in winter and summer, they throw their whole power against him, until at last he resists no longer and becomes "only a pebble."

But a sadder fate still awaits him. The roaring fury of a swollen torrent seizes him and carries him off in wild haste. After a fierce chase down the steep sides of a mountain, he finds himself, of a sudden, in a new world. He wonders and marvels. He lies in a smiling meadow, glowing in the golden light of the sun and decked with gorgeous flowers. But alas! he cannot live in a world of light and air. A thousand new foes, small, unseen, and unnoticed, but all the more powerful, surround him. Sweet, prattling rivulets play with the new guest, and too late he finds that there is poison in their smile, and a dagger in each embrace. The very air, this mere dream that the eye does not see, and the hand does not feel, attacks him with fatal energy. It pierces into his veins; it slips into the tiniest cleft; it loosens the sinews of his

structure, and gnaws, with insatiable eagerness, at the very core of his life. The fiercest of all his enemies, called oxygen, sows discord among the imprisoned gases that hold the beautiful structure of the stone together. Subtle and cunning, it lures, first one and then another, from its ancient alliance; treacherously it draws them to the surface, and decks the unresisting victim with brilliant colors which conceal the certain destruction that is going on beneath the bright surface. The lifeless mass, no longer strong in union, begins to crumble into its elements. New forces are called to aid: electric fluids consume his last force, and galvanic currents tear and rend what has withstood all other influences. Utterly helpless and friendless, the poor pebble thus lies but a little while amidst the grasses that feed upon his very substance. See, already moist-footed mosses have scaled up his sides, and, true parasites as they are, cling firmly to his dying body. Whole families of minute algæ have snugly encooned themselves in every wrinkle of his weatherbeaten face, and diminutive water-pools fill every scar and every dimple. Soon they will have hid him forever under the green turf of his grave, and slowly, slowly he will moulder away under his moist grave-clothes.

And if he does at last succumb, the mighty rock—is it not a glorious strife, this never-ceasing battle between soft, elastic water, and cold, rigid stone? How they charge and charge again, these subtle, tiny drops of rain; these airy, gentle flakes of snow; these graceful crystals of icy hail! The great giant cannot resist the diminutive dwarfs. Truly, the battle is not to the strong, for the victor is the weak, wee drop of water, and so helpless is the colossal mountain, that it succumbs to the passing shower and the soft, elastic wave. For, in fact, its very massiveness is its sure ruin. His foes are light, airy beings—he cannot seize them, he cannot strangle them in his gigantic arms. The tiny brook wears its little rill with untiring industry into the rocky sides of the mountain; the torrent tears its flanks, spring after spring, with ever new and ever growing fierceness; huge glaciers break its mighty ribs; the air crumbles the lofty summit to pieces, and the proud giant sees his sad fate foreshadowed in the ruins that slowly, but surely, gather at his feet. There

he stands, stern and stately still, the hero of Nature's great tragedy; boldly facing certain death, and yet manfully, nobly struggling against inevitable Fate. For there is something peculiarly tragic in the simple fact, that the rock succumbs to the powers of that same life which he first bore, first nourished. He gathered around his lofty head the waters of the air—and the clouds and thunderstorms which he nursed in his bosom and bore many a long day on his mighty shoulders, strike, like thankless children, their sharp fangs into his side. Mosses and algae, that found a safe home in his thousand chinks and clefts, eat their way into his substance, and caused his rocky surface to decay. Dark forests grew on his ridges and he fed them age after age with his life's blood—but what is his reward? They sport with the vapors of the far-off ocean; they call them and keep them in loving embrace or pour them in fierce rain and destructive hail upon his decaying sides. The very grasses with which he loved to deck his sweet, fragrant meadows, dig with spade and auger into the crumbling stone, and consume layer after layer. And when all these, his graceless children, cannot conquer the mighty giant, man comes to their aid, and with cruel machinery, with brutal powder he breaks his iron limbs, and cuts and carves at his granite foundation. As the giants and titans of ancient Greece fell, one by one, victims of a higher power, in whose service they had won a noble fame, so the very life that the rock created and nourished, feeds in turn upon him, and Fate decrees his death through the results of his own colossal strength.

But there is Life in Death. Not in man's inspired writings only, but in every lineament, in every movement of our great mother Earth all around us, all over this globe. Death seems to stalk triumphant. The summer passes away, flowers fade and fruits decay; field and meadow are buried in deep slumber. Broad lands are swallowed up by the hungry ocean, and gigantic mountains sink to be seen no more. But Death has found his conqueror in Nature also. What perishes, rises again; what fades away, changes but form and shape. Sweet spring follows winter; new life blossoms out of the grave.

So with stones also. The poor pebble lies unnoticed by the water's edge; soft

rains come and loosen the bands that hold him together; refined, almost spiritualised, he rises with the gentle water-drops into the delicate roots of plants. With the grass he passes into the grazing cattle, and through vein and artery, until at last he becomes part and portion of the being into which God himself has breathed the breath of life! And when dust returns to dust, he also is restored once more to his first home, after having served his great purpose in the household of Nature—no tto rest or to perish forever, but to begin again the eternal course through death and life.

But even whilst yet "only a pebble," he claims our attention as the very Proteus of stones, that meets us in a thousand ever new and ever changing forms, at all times of our life, from the cradle to the grave, until we ourselves return dust to dust.

Far below in the vast deep of primeval mountains he dreams of the gay, light life on the sunny surface of the earth, of strange forms of plants, and of still stranger, free motions of animals. A new, irresistible impulse seizes him, and he grows up—who knows how?—into a wondrous crystal, decked with bright colors, the very flowers of the subterranean world of stones. In lonely, silent caverns they light up the eternal night with a fire given them long before man trod upon earth. Like petrified sparks of light, here in diminutive littleness, there in gigantic size, they lie scattered about. Mighty rivers roll tiny fragments to the distant ocean—in the crystal caves of St. Gothard the clear, glorious rock-crystal grows in bright, polished pyramids of one to eight hundred pounds weight! Now and then it blends with the gay colors of metals, and appears as beautiful topaz, binding, as it were, the very smoke of subterranean fire in graceful stone, or as precious amethyst, whose violet crystals Aristotle praised for their beauty, and because, worn on the breast, they protected the wearer against the evils of drunkenness. Long and slender, fit to be the sceptre of the earth's sovereign, the pebble-crystal shines and glitters in the mines of Hungary; in Java his brilliant splendor is humbly hid in loose sand, and in our own Northern States it adorns the common sandstone with bright, beautiful points. And if you hold the gay stone-flower to the light—what sparkles in its transparent bosom? The crystal

holds in loving embrace a kindred spirit: a pure drop of water rests clear and bright in its glassy prison, and dreams of the sister drops that flit without in eager haste and restless strife through the wide, wide world.

There is no form that the pebble does not assume, no company that he despises. He is constantly changing shape and home, to join countless other stones, metals and earths, and, with them, to give new life and new beauty to the unknown mineral world. Invisible, he gushes forth in the clear waters of hot springs, from the very heart of the earth. The burning geysers of Iceland are not too hot for him; the very craters of Kamschatka afford him a comfortable home, and, with strange pleasure, he forms a stony armor around the tender stalks of graceful grasses.

As if he had lost his way and strayed from his path, he is found in chalk-mountains, far from his kindred, and oddly shaped in the form of flints, holding in his bosom the power of calling forth the hidden fire of metals. Everywhere his works are seen. Here he builds heaven-aspiring Alps, with deep abysses and lovely valleys; their lofty heads are buried in eternal ice, on which the morning and evening sun kindles fires that proclaim the power of the Almighty far over land and sea; from their sides thunder death-bearing avalanches and furious torrents, whilst at their feet lie green meadows and still waters, where the weary love to rest. There he raises huge domes, crowned with frowning forests, or he sends up, as if in sport, strange, quaintly-shaped columns of sandstone, that tower like enchanted castles above the plain. The pebble is the true architect of mountains; it is he who built their gigantic pyramids and their mighty cupolas; if we descend to the first stones of the plutonic world, there is the pebble; if we rise up to volcanic creation, even there we meet the despised pebble. Again he spreads himself out in dreary vastness over the plains of Asia and Africa; he creates those terrible deserts, where the tinkling of the camel's bell alone breaks the dead silence. There the soil burns, the air glows, hot vapors alone seem to live. But even here the pebble tries to create new shapes. He gives himself up to the wild sports of the winds; like a huge water-spout he rushes up and down the fearful waste, or he

paints with enchanted colors wondrous images of cool gardens, blue hills and refreshing fountains.

Even into the other kingdoms of Nature he find his way. He wrestles with the powers of the earth and, after conquest, compels them to serve him as useful allies. Wheat and oats, rye and barley, all need a flinty soil; all grasses, that feed our domestic animals and ourselves, drink, with their roots in rain and spring water, large quantities of dissolved flint. It is an humble and despised thing, the worthless straw and the low stalk of grass; and yet it surpasses in beauty and boldness of structure the graceful palm and the storm-defying oak. Silly, slowly, the pebble's tiniest parts mingle with the soft waters of the earth, and ascend, through root and radicle, into the heart of joyous plants. Man has no lofty steeple, the world no proud pyramid, that can compare with the airy and yet solid structure of the humble blade of grass. Thanks to the little pebble, its hollow column rises high above moss and clod; its tower fills story after story with rich food for man; the rain cannot enter into the safe chambers; the wind can bend but not break the elastic pillar.

Thus the pebble unites with his enemy, water, to create a new world, and to become itself, as it were a life-endowed being. He ceases to be the rigid, unbending stone; with the tiny drop he enters into organic creation. He feeds now upon the ethereal elements of air and fire, and aids in building up a new organic kingdom. Surely, there are sermons in stones. Was there ever sermon preached that taught more clearly the transfiguration of even lifeless matter, and its resurrection in a higher world.

The pebble spends, however, not all of his creative power on the Vegetable Kingdom only; he works in a still higher world also, and gives a form and a house to millions endowed with animal life. When they die, he gathers together their abandoned home with wonderful care, and builds out of minute, mostly invisible shells, wide plains and towering mountains! Does this not remind one of the enchanted princesses of Eastern tales? Here also there are beings, but beings without number, held in the icy bonds of death, waiting for the day, when the great word shall be spoken, that will change

death once more into life, and sorrow into joy.

Thus, through plants and animals, the pebble has risen, ever brighter, better, and more useful in the great household of Nature. No longer a selfish recluse, he now offers a brother's hand to other elements, and, with their aid, he enters into and builds up himself a higher world. We know that every drop of our spring water contains some little atoms of the pebble, and plant, animal and man drink, all alike, with this water, an indispensable element of their life. Man's very body, it is said, holds flint; he drinks it in his water, and eats it in his lentils, his beans, and his cabbage.

But even this does not satisfy the pebble's ambition. He feels his longing towards light—for even stones, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain"—not yet satisfied. He presses onward, upward to the great light of heaven, and, at last, by a new union, becomes light itself, bodily, tangible light.

Phœnician merchants, we are told, in days of yore kindled a fire on the sandy shores of Africa, and saw, to their amazement, "a beautiful mass, bright and clear, formed in the ashes. The wily merchants carefully gathered the strange pieces and—glass was invented. More recent researches have discovered glass in the cities of the dead of old Egypt, and, if there is no error about it, even ancient Nineveh itself knew the precious material.

Thus the humble pebble became the invaluable medium by which we can let light into the dark night of our dwellings. The poor Esquimaux still builds his miserable hut like the beasts of the field, darkening and closing all apertures, to keep out snow and rain, frost and ice. Other nations are reduced to thin layers of horn, which allow a faint light to sift through the opaque material, but soon lose even this transparency under the influence of wind and weather. Better fares the contented peasant of Siberia, who gathers the ample stores of mica around his hut, cuts them into small thin panes, and thus enjoys a doubtful light, equally far from the joyous brightness of day and the sweet, sleep-bringing coziness of night. Few only could be able to afford the costly luxury of the so-called window-pane muscle of Chinese waters, and yet fewer still ever think of what a true blessing the little pebble is to us

in his new form of glass! How vastly superior is—thanks to him—the poorest laborer's hut now to the gorgeous palaces of ancient Rome. Neither the splendid mansions of her senators nor the glorious temples of Athens and Memphis knew the cheap comfort, the simple beauty of glass. Now, poor, indeed, and wretched must be the man who cannot invite the cheerful light of day into his humble dwelling, and yet keep storm and rain, wind and weather at bay. And as light comes, a welcome guest, to his hearth, so his eye can, unimpeded by wickerwork or wooden shutter, as of old, now pass freely beyond the narrow domain of his little home. It can reach far and free into God's beauteous creation, and even the poor, sick sufferer on his couch may gladden his eye with the sight of green trees, and his mind by looking upward into the blue heaven where his great Father dwells, that will never forsake him.

It is strange, indeed, that the great value of glass remained so long unacknowledged. It is true that Phœnician and Carthaginian merchant-princes gloried in their large, brilliant glass vases as the costliest jewels they possessed. Nero and Hadrian even yet counted them as by far the most precious treasures of their palaces and paid nearly half a million for one. To keep their rich wines in glass and to drink the generous fluid out of glass was given only to a few, the richest of the land. Europe appreciated it still more slowly. The royal palace of rich England could, in the year 1661, boast of glass windows only in the upper stories; the lower were closed with shutters.

Those Phœnicians who first made glass, did certainly not anticipate that they had thus created a charm by which man would hereafter obtain the most signal triumphs in science. They were pleased with its bright coloring, they fashioned it into graceful vessels, they shaped it into a thousand forms, but they knew not that a glance through the glassy pebble would open to their near-sighted eye the wonders of the Universe. With the lens man governs the whole world. He tells the rays of the sun to come and to depart at his bidding; he scatters them as he pleases and he binds them together, until their united strength melts the very stone of stones, the hardest of earthly bodies, the diamond. Near-sighted or far-sighted, he takes a glass and the rays

of light are made to fall where he pleases, so that he may see what Nature seemed to have denied him. What a progress is this from the huge, unwieldy glass globe, filled with water, of which Seneca speaks with wonder, and which the Arab Al Hazem perhaps already employed to magnify small objects! Now the general on the battle-field, and the bold sea-captain on the wide ocean march shall their wide-scattered forces by the aid of their glasses. But the greatest of triumphs it accomplishes in the hands of the Astronomer. The whole world lies before him; with one glance he looks through unmeasured space and into times unknown to man. The secrets of the Universe are laid open to him; the stars reveal to him the eternal laws of the world, and his mind is lifted up to the Infinite. Step by step the despised pebble thus becomes the teacher of mankind. He tempts

the mind of man from invention to inventions, he becomes glass, lens, telescope. And he is, perhaps, greater yet when he leads man not to the infinitely great, but to the infinitely small. How diminutive appears the microscope by the side of the gigantic telescope of Lord Rosse! And yet who dare say which is the greater, the world in the blue heavens above, or the world in the drop of water? Truly, the pebble has become light itself; it has shown man two invisible worlds: the great, lost in unmeasurable distance, the small, lost in invisible diminutiveness. The pebble is the restless spirit of the world of stones, that yearneth and travaileth after light. It enters the service of man and, a slave, it becomes his master. It endows him with unknown worlds; it awakes in him living, heaven-inspired thoughts—surely, it is more than “only a pebble!”

THE COUNT DE CAGLIOSTRO.

IT was a lovely autumnal afternoon, on the vigil of All Saints, when the Cardinal de Rohan, prince-bishop of Strasburg, slowly returned to his episcopal palace, from the celebration of the mass in the neighboring cathedral. Of an imposing presence, graceful manners and elegant tastes, his Eminence well became the sumptuous robes which adorned his person. On this occasion, however, far less than its customary magnificence was displayed in his toilette. His alb, though of the most precious English lace, was not such as, worked *en point à l'aiguille*, and valued at one hundred thousand livres, he was wont to exhibit at Versailles, before the eyes of royalty; his missal, though of such antiquity and splendor as would have brought tears of admiration to the eyes of a modern bibliomaniac, was not the inestimable family heir-loom, the least illumination of which was a *chef d'œuvre*, and whose covers alone were studded with precious stones to the value of a duke's ransom. His abstracted glance but too plainly showed that the popular voice did not err when it whispered that the thoughts of this Prince of the Church

were not always with his pulpit and his breviary. Whatever there was, however, of meditation in his manner, it disappeared before his high politeness, like the morning mists before the rays of the summer sun, as he welcomed within his palace two of the noblest of the neighboring gentry, the Baron and Baroness D'Oberkirch. The conversation became at once animated and piquant, when, suddenly, the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and, with a ceremony as though he were admitting a sovereign prince, the groom of the chambers announced:

“His Eminence the Count de Cagliostro!”

For some time past this person had been dwelling in Strasburg, exciting the constant admiration of the crowd and the watchfulness of the police. His manner of life was the subject of perpetual conversation. His couch was a simple fauteuil, his only food the cheese for which Alsace is famous, and his ostensible occupation, the healing, by miraculous powers, of all human infirmities. His appearance was not less singular than his habits, bedecked as he was with diamonds of an almost incredible

value, which he openly asserted were the manufacture of his own hands.

Impressed as were his guests with the idea that this mysterious stranger was nothing less than a dangerous charlatan, nothing could exceed their surprise at the mixture of politeness and reverence with which the Cardinal received his visitor. For a few minutes, the discourse, interrupted by the presence of a stranger, seemed to flag, when, suddenly, Cagliostro, whose eyes had not since his introduction been removed from the face of the baroness, abruptly addressed her. With the most precise minuteness, he went over all the private details of her past life. This was not unaccountable, for he might have learned it from others. But when we find him with equal certainty declaring to her the future history of her domestic career, we are forced to coincide with the lady in pronouncing him a singularly adroit guesser, albeit nothing more. For *Madame la Baronne* was one of those ladies whose opinions, for good or for ill, once formed, are only strengthened by the lapse of time; she never wavered in the dislike and disregard in which she rated the wizard. It was otherwise with her host: the prediction of the very hour of the death of the Empress Maria Theresa, of Austria, made to him by Cagliostro, and so strangely confirmed by the event, had inspired him with a faith that no subsequent persuasions or reasoning could shake. He would publicly display a diamond seal ring on which he had caused to be engraved the Rohan arms. This stone, valued by competent jewelers at twenty-five thousand francs, Cagliostro had produced from his crucible in the Cardinal's presence, who had even, from beginning to end, assisted in the operation. What wonder, then, that he trusted to the evidence of his senses? Yet all this while, independent of the present profit that, directly or indirectly, he managed to extract from his protector, Cagliostro was carefully taking the breadth and depth of his mind. In a few years, as we shall see, he turned his knowledge to a bitter account.

Such, then, was the faith of Louis René Edouard, prince de Rohan, a cardinal of the Holy College at Rome, and bishop of the ancient city of Strasburg; nor need we be surprised at the credulity of so exalted a personage, even at

that recent date in the history of civilization, when we reflect upon the mental temper of the age. Though tacitly abandoned during the earlier part of the seventeenth century, the doctrines of the permutation of metals, of the philosopher's stone, and the *Elizir Vita*, had secretly returned into vogue with a certain class of persons towards its close, and during the earlier part of eighteenth. Indeed, no less a philosopher than Sir Humphrey Davy has, in our own days, intimated the possibility of the discovery of the former secret; wherefore, then, should we marvel that, a hundred years ago, men, gifted with lights so far inferior to his, should, wandering in darkness, blindly grope after the flitting gleams of the ignis fatuus at whose flame they fondly hoped to kindle the torch that should illumine their path to inexhaustible days of glory, power and fame? All kings possess not the stern self-will of Charles of Sweden, of whom we have somewhere seen it told that a criminal, under sentence of death for some dark crime, boldly claimed his life on the pretext of his ability to serve the State by his wondrous faculty of changing lead and worthless iron into the purest silver; which secret, according to the sacred adage, that "all which a man has will be given for his life," he offered to exchange for liberty and pardon. His talents were put to the test; and speedily ingots of the precious metal covered his dungeon floor. But the just sovereign's only reply was, to order the wretched man to immediate execution. Such powers, he thought, dangerous at any time, became doubly so when possessed by one capable of the most heinous offenses. The curious reader will find in the *Memoires de Richelieu* (a work happily without parallel in English literature, unless, indeed, we place beside it some of the loosest passages of Rochester), a detailed account of similar experiments, crowned, too, with like success. Nor did the idea of commanding, by alchemical spells, the inversion of the orders of Nature—nay, even the services of the powers of darkness themselves—rest limited to the breast of the sage whom too much learning had made mad, or the peer on whom the same effect was produced by too little. The spirit of mysterious and forbidden inquiry flew at higher game, and even the hearts of kings and princes did not escape the

infection. On the death of the Duke of Orleans, (him who was called Orleans St. Geneviève, in consequence of his secluding himself among that religious body,) the son of the Regent Duke of Orleans, a secret cell was discovered in the Palais Royal, communicating with its master's apartments. When opened—it evidently had not before been entered for many years—all sorts of alembics, crucibles, treatises on magic and cabalistics pells, were strewn around. Skulls, powders, herbs of every description, supposed to be applicable to purposes

"Which e'en to name would be unlawful,"

lay scattered about; while a manuscript note-book, in the autograph of the Regent, but too plainly evidenced who had been the occupant of this chamber. And if the Count de Modena is to be believed, there is another instance of still greater devotion to unlawful studies than this. He says that in his company and with his aid, the Count de Provence having in due form and with solemn preparations invoked the presence of the devil, that potentate finally appeared. There was nothing terrific in his appearance: on the contrary, as though mindful of the rank of his questioner, and recollecting the line,

"The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,"

"Auld Clotie" on this occasion presented himself in the form of an agreeable young man, whose slightly-budding, nascent horns were the only symptoms of an igneous origin. Among other interesting particulars, he informed the Count de Provence that he should yet be king—a circumstance then improbable enough, as Marie Antoinette had already borne to Louis XVI. two sons and two daughters. But the Count actually at last inherited the crown as Louis the Eighteenth, the largest and last of his name. We, of course, do not ask our readers—gentle or simple, as the case may be—to believe this story; but it seems very certain that it was related by the Count de Modena among his intimates long before the French Revolution; and after all it is quite as credible as some of the notions of the present day.

So much for royal and noble dealers in the Black Art: return we now to the hero of our theme. The Count de Cagliostro, as in his most famous days he

styled himself, was, beyond a doubt, the most superb and singular impostor of his time. Born at Palermo, of obscure origin, on the 8th of June, 1743, his genuine name was plain Joseph Balsamo. His parents, Pietro Balsamo and Felicia Braconieri, persons of mean condition and lowly pursuits, could little have foreseen that the puny child they dandled in their arms was destined to excite as great a sensation, to keep as good company, to spend as much money, and to accomplish, perhaps, as much harm as any man of his epoch, whether princely-born or poorly, whether Juno, Venus, or Minerva presided at his birth.

His youth afforded a not unfair prognostic of the current of his future life. The old Pietro dying, the care of kindred sought to provide his orphaned son with a good education, and the prospect of at least ending his days as an officer of some petty religious establishment. But our ambitious Joseph was not one to hide his talents within the walls of a monastery. *Cucullus non facit monachum*. At school or at convent, his first care seems to have been to effect as much mischief as he possibly could produce; his next to run away. With an invincible taste for dissipation of every description, only provided that is smacked of a forbidden flavor, he joined, however, a capacity for acquiring with extreme facility various branches of learning, and a most wonderful gift for lying. He was no mean proficient in chemistry; he drew with skill; he possessed some knowledge of medicine, and at one time or another became master of an infinity of tongues. At the period of which we speak, however, *fencing* was his ruling passion—an art, by his masterly knowledge of its principles and practice, destined, on more than one occasion, to stand him in good stead:

It is easy to conceive that such an Admirable Crichton as this could not long remain undiscovered in the vicinity of Palermo. Not an intrigue, not a quarrel, not a piece of superfine roguery could transpire (and somehow they were of uncommonly frequent occurrence about this time), that the police did not find the handiwork of Master Balsamo plainly betraying its originator. One of the pleasantest of these little escapades, though, in the end, rather a dear joke even for the successful operator, was a hoax he found means to play

off upon a goldsmith named Marano. Having persuaded his silly dupe of the existence of a treasure as vast as that of Monte Cristo, and, like it, concealed in a secret cavern, Marano purchased his information for sixty pieces of gold. When night had fairly set in, the goldsmith repaired to the grotto, and with hesitating steps slowly penetrated its gloomy recesses; but no sooner had he fairly commenced digging at the appointed spot than Balsamo and a crew of choice confederates, disguised as goblins and devils, fell upon the luckless treasure-seeker, and with staves and bludgeons belabored him within an inch of his life. The repulsed victim was not slow in discovering the prime author of his woes, and, not content with a legal process to compel the restitution of the money, he solemnly vowed to wipe away the wounds his honor had received in virtue of the blows inflicted on its mortal tenement, by cutting Signor Balsamo's throat on the first convenient opportunity. Joseph knew the goldsmith to be a man of his word; he had likewise recently committed a happy forgery of a will in favor of a certain Marquis di Maurigi, and was naturally fearful of the discovery of his ingenious toils. These considerations so operated upon his soul, that, like the sagacious youth that he was, he shook the dust from his shoes, and bade the walls of his native city of Palermo, and the *cari luoghi* of his childhood, a long farewell.

It would be useless to follow the devious path of this still ordinary swindler through his various wanderings. Passing successively by the names of Tischio, of Mélissa, of Belmonte, of the Marquis di Pellegrini, of Auna, Fenix, and Harat, he traveled through Greece, Egypt, Persia, and Rhodes, at every place practicing some new subtlety, in every land acquiring some new learning, and at least a superficial smattering of its language. Finally, however, he brought up at the island of Malta, where he had the misfortune to lose his *compagnon du voyage* during his later travels, one Altotas—a person whom he evidently had revered as his "guide, philosopher, and friend." The learning of this man Cagliostro painted, in after years, in the most glowing colors. Beyond the fact, however, that he seems to have devoted long and satisfactory research upon the subject of alchemical secrets,

and had imparted much recondite information concerning the same to his votary, we know nothing certain. Through this connection, too, he became acquainted with Pinto, the then Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, who was himself given to similar experiments, and was patronized by him to a considerable extent. Furnished by Pinto with introductory letters, of which he did not fail to make the utmost use, Balsamo set out, after his companion's death, for Naples, whence he repaired to Rome. At the Eternal City he gave his genius for imposture and charlatanism full play, and after a number of adventures, in which he alternated from the secret chambers of the Cardinal Ganganelli (afterwards Pope Clement XIV.) and the then Holy Father himself to the common town-jail, he finally carried his exertions to other fields. With him, too, he bore away his spouse, a certain Lorenza Feliciani, whom he had wedded at Rome, and from whose abundant charms he reaped a continued harvest. For it was a maxim with this man, that "adultery is no crime in a woman who commits it merely on account of her interest, and not through affection for another man than her husband:" and he never failed to reconcile his heart to the temporary absence of its legal mistress, whenever he could receive what he considered a satisfactory compensation in ready cash.

In this wise, then, Cagliostro—as we suppose we may as well henceforth style him—wended his way through various parts of Europe. At Barcelona and Madrid, his *modus operandi* was so precisely similar to that narrated in Guzman d'Alfarache, that we might almost have suspected a man of less capacity of having stolen a leaf from the book of that Spanish rogue. But Cagliostro was no vulgar imitator; he was a man of rare ingenuity, and of whatever other crimes he may have been guilty, he is not justly amenable to the charge of plagiarism. From Lisbon passing to England, he remained there till the patience and the inclinations of the Londoners seemed exhausted, and then accepting the overtures of a certain Monsieur Duplaisir, his wife and himself made "a moonlight flitting" to Paris, where they lived for some time in great comfort, under the protection and entirely at the expense of that gallant man. Here it was that, after

a few rather disheartening scenes, he began to lay the foundations of that cloudy pillar of fame with which all France was to be so soon dazzled. In addition to a facile pen, which he had already in London and elsewhere turned to account, he now put in requisition his alleged supernatural powers. Washes for renewing freshness and beauty to complexions ravaged by the hand of time—Egyptian wines which should restore to age and decrepitude the lusty vigor of youth—these were the least of his accomplishments. He pretended to a knowledge of the past and of the future, to the secret of perpetual life, to the art of producing, by chemical means, gold and diamonds to any amount whatsoever, and to a miraculous gift of healing; and, what is a little odd, he managed things so dextrously as actually to seem very often to perform all that he promised. Sleight of hand, perhaps, aided him in part; a practical knowledge of all the secrets of the laboratory doubtless wrought its share; and the means of information which his masonic combinations put at his disposal probably did the rest. For during some years previously Cagliostro had busied himself, wherever he went, in endeavoring to purify and reform, as he called it, the existing order of Free and Accepted Masons, and to create their lodges anew, introducing women as well as men therein. Of course, we cannot guess at the secrets of the legitimate Masonic Order; but it is certain Cagliostro was at the head of a widely-ramified society, founded on principles professedly similar to theirs, and from the slight tax levied on each member he drew his copious and unaccountable revenue. It was this circumstance that so puzzled many of the shrewdest investigators into his affairs. They would find large sums suddenly and mysteriously placed to his credit in banking houses all over Europe, in States where they knew he possessed not one stiver of capital—and they could never ascertain anything more. No wonder they were astounded. Beside these resources, by many a little *tour de force* did our hero help himself along, and find the means to bestow his abundant charities. Some such feat of *escroquerie*, or, perhaps, a mere love of change, induced him to leave Paris when his fame was nearly at its zenith, and surely no man could say, when he had left the place, who it was that had

been sojourning there. With prosperity, Cagliostro's genius had risen equal to the contingencies of the case. Some account of his previous history was wanted; and he set tales enough in circulation to have satisfied the whole of Paris. At various times, with the most solemn unction, he would intimate to his audience chance snatches of his origin, any one of which was sufficient to have adorned the pages of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. At one time it was whispered that he was an antediluvian; that he had been present—a wedding guest—at the marriage of Cana in Galilee. Again, he was the natural son of the Grand Master at Valetta, by a Turkish princess captured by his galleys. But the most current tale was, that he was the only son of that unfortunate sultan of Trebizonde, who had some thirty or forty years before lost both throne and life in a popular tumult. Privately conveyed from these scenes of danger by his wise tutor, Altotas, the young prince was carried to Medina, one of the holy cities of the Mahometan creed, where, under the immediate protection of the Moslem Sheriff, he was brought up not only in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, but also in the faith and worship of the Christian church. Finally, for reasons of state, Altotas set out with him on their travels, and he saw the world.

How these conflicting stories were to be reconciled is no business of ours: *non nobis tantas componere lites*. One thing is certain, Cagliostro at Paris was no vulgar charlatan. To him, as it were, the arcana of Nature were revealed; from him no secrets were hid. His alms were constant and liberal. He professed to cure the sick, to heal the wounded by a single touch, and crowds of the poor thronged around him, blessing the hand that gave them health. "His appearance," says La Borde, "announces not only talent, but genius: his eyes, like smouldering coals of fire, penetrate to the bottom of your soul. Acquainted with almost every language of Europe and Asia, his eloquence is of a nature hitherto unheard of: it completely subdues and leads away the hearer's will."—"I have seen," he adds, "this paragon of his race present himself in a vast saloon filled with sick and needy. Hastening from one to another, he would relieve them of their diseases, and bind up their loathsome wounds;

he would cover them with gifts and bounties, and at last dismiss those who had sought him, depressed with disease and poverty, in the full glow of health and hope. His charities, not only sanitary but pecuniary, knew no bounds. Thrice in each week was the preceding spectacle repeated, and more than fifteen thousand persons in Paris alone owe to him health and prosperity." Nor were such sentiments peculiar to the author of the *Lettres sur la Suisse*; M. de Miromesnil, M. de Vergennes, the Marquis de Segur, and many others, statesmen, cabinet ministers, men of rank and perfectly familiar with the world, bear the most exalted testimony to the virtues and genius of this arch impostor. A few wanderings, after leaving Paris at this juncture, had brought him, in 1780, to Strasburg, where, as we have seen, he won the confidence of the Cardinal, and no doubt cozened him handsomely under the rose. When Rohan repaired to court, Cagliostro was not far distant; and it was probably from probing the efforts, which vanity and wounded self-love prompted the prelate to essay, in order to restore himself to favor with the King and Queen that he took the hint of putting into execution the most audacious, the most reckless and one of the most heavy robberies that ever was committed. In 1772, Rohan had been appointed Ambassador at Vienna by Louis XV., where his indiscretions made him so obnoxious to Maria Theresa that she used every effort to obtain his recall; which she did not succeed in effecting, however, till two months after Louis XVI. had ascended the throne. Naturally, Marie Antoinette cherished no other feelings but those of personal antipathy towards a man whose dispatches to his own court had conveyed little else than satires and caricatures of her mother, her kindred, and even, covertly, of herself. While, then, the King recompensed his titular services by conferring upon the Cardinal new dignities, and emoluments to the amount of half a million of francs annually, both he and his Queen made no secret of their determination to withhold utterly from his Eminence all those smiles and gracious words that mark the peculiar lot of a favorite at court. Too late, he found out that the "gates of mercy" had been shut upon him, and that he was virtually banished from all the royal

intimacies. To restore himself to favor now became the darling passion of his soul, and we shall see to what lengths it led him, in the celebrated affair of the Diamond Necklace.

This episode brings another character upon the stage, in the person of Jeanne de Luz de Saint Remy de Valois, Countess de la Motte, a woman whose career was to the full as adventurous, as abundant in the utmost extremes of prosperity and adversity as the most confirmed reader of romances could desire. Though born at Fontelle, in Champagne, in 1752, in the greatest poverty and indigence, she was the lineal descendant of Henry II., of France, through his natural son Henry de St. Remi, by Nicole de Savigni. The Marquise de Boulain-Villiers, wife of the Provost of Paris, had found this girl and her brother begging alms. Ascertaining their condition, she had them educated at her own expense, and in due season presented their pedigree to d'Hozier de Serigni, the King-at-arms, and chief herald, so to speak, of the nobility of France. This ceremony was necessary for her presentation at court: the general rule being, that, save in certain specified exceptions, all Frenchmen aspiring to that honor must produce their certified pedigree, exhibiting a clear noble descent since the year 1399. Accordingly they were duly received by Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and were presented with substantial marks of the royal bounty. But, unfortunately, these children were most unworthy objects of any such favor. The brother terminated a profligate life without doing anything to bring him under our notice here. The sister married, in 1780, the Count de la Motte, an officer in the service of the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. Falling into an intrigue with the Cardinal de Rohan, she, in a luckless hour for him, undertook to speed his affairs with the queen. In this business her only coadjutors, according to her own story, were her husband and Cagliostro. From time to time she comforted her employer with pretended assurances of her success, while she busily sponged upon his purse. Thriftless and extravagant to a degree, the prelate little recked by what means he procured the funds to gratify his present pleasures; and the conspirators found him a fruitful resource. But they aimed at a more

brilliant *coup de main*. The point was to bring the Cardinal's credulity up to the desired pitch. Accordingly, Madame de la Motte persuaded him to write a letter to her Majesty; to which, with great mystery, she brought him a forged reply. The enraptured courtier, gulled by a few false lines, made his next note more cordial; that which he received in response was couched in similar terms. Letter after letter thus passed, till, at last, the Queen was made to confess a positive passion for the Cardinal, and only restrained by reasons of state from publicly countenancing him. Now was the moment for the plotters to strike. The royal jewelers, MM. Boehmer and Bassange, had about this time vainly importuned the Queen to purchase from them a diamond necklace, of the value of nearly eighteen hundred thousand francs, or over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars: she admired it vastly, but had not the money, and would not become the purchaser. The Countess one evening visited M. Boehmer, and with many injunctions to secrecy, and a cock-and-bull story of her mistress's reasons, exhibited a forged letter from the Queen, consenting to take the necklace at the price of sixteen hundred thousand francs. Not doubting the authenticity of the document, but unwilling to sell on credit such a valuable article without some more positive security for its payment, the jeweler suggested that if her Majesty had reasons for not appearing publicly as the buyer, she might perhaps employ some friend of sufficient stability to make the purchase for her. She could settle with her friend, and he with the merchants. "Very well," quoth La Motte, "she will doubtless agree to these terms: one of the most considerable dignitaries of the court shall call on you in a few days." Of course, her victim was to be the Cardinal. An intimation of the Queen's desires was given him—but he still hung back. Then a formal procuration, authorizing him to purchase the necklace in her name, payable in four sums, of four hundred thousand francs each, at intervals of six months, and signed *Marie Antoinette de France*, was conveyed to him, with a promise that any favor in her power to grant him would not be withheld by the Queen to the graceful and accomplished cavalier who was

so willing to aid her design. The arrogant prelate put on these words their most liberal construction, and probably not less to his amazement than delight, his overtures were accepted. A secret interview with a disguised lady, under the cover of the night and in the groves of Versailles, crowned his felicity. It is wonderful how a man so well acquainted with the court could have mistaken a professional character of the very lowest class, named Oliva, (for it was no other whom he had thus encountered,) for the stately and beautiful Marie Antoinette. The very signature to the procuration should have warned him of the imposture. Their simple initials, or at most the Christian name, was the only method of signature to the Queens of France. It is true, and the circumstance is worth noting, that there dwelt at that time, in a small mansion in the park at Versailles, a daughter of Joseph II., (brother of Marie Antoinette) by a morganatic marriage with the Countess Wilhelmine de B—, whose resemblance to her aunt was of the most striking character. But this young lady lived in the most perfect seclusion with a single governess, receiving no company but the Queen and the Princess Royal, (afterwards, in our day, Duchesse d'Angoulême,) and the secret of her origin was limited to the breasts of her visitors. It is only from the revelations of the Princess de Lamballe, that innocent but ill-fated friend of the Queen's, that this narrative has reached us. And there also remains no doubt of the identity of the woman Oliva with the pretended Queen. In raptures with his success, the Cardinal flew to M. Boehmer and greedily acceded to his terms. The necklace was handed over to the Countess to be delivered to the Queen; her husband at once conveyed it to England, and there, breaking it up, he soon managed to dispose of his ill-gotten spoil. What share Cagliostro had in this scheme we cannot point out with precision. Probably, however, his master-hand merely traced out the movements to be made, leaving to his subordinate the danger and the execution. Certain it is, that Retaux de Villette was the forger of the letter, and that no legal proof could be found to implicate Cagliostro in the meshes of Justice, or even to destroy him in the eyes of the Cardinal. For, as in all such cases, a day of reckoning came at last. The

jeweler, astonished at not receiving the first six months' installment, appealed to the Queen. An investigation followed, and everything became manifest. The Cardinal was publicly taken into custody, to the prodigious indignation of the Prince de Condé, the Marshal de Soubise, the Princess de Marsan, and all the other branches and connections of the Rohan family, who had not yet recovered from the shock they had received at the tremendous bankruptcy of the Prince de Guéméné, an important scion of that house. But all was in vain; nothing but the Cardinal's public disgrace could avenge the deeds of his insolent ambition and the scandal he had brought upon the names of his sovereigns. In vain did Pope Pius VI. claim for him, on the ground of his spiritual functions, exemption from trial by an ordinary court of justice. And though the result of this trial was the discharge of the accused, yet his reputation was ruined by the strange developments it occasioned. All the sums raised by his subjects for the restoration of the Chateau de Savergne had been shamelessly appropriated by its resident to far different purposes. A thousand other peccadilloes came to light; a thousand epigrams, ballads, squibs were circulated against him. Even the children in the streets went about singing—

Et l'innocente candeur
Du prélat de Savergne
Va briller comme un docteur
Dans une lanterne.

As for the Countess de la Motte, des-

pite her noble blood, she was sentenced to be flogged through the streets with a halter about her neck, to be branded on both shoulders, and shut up for the rest of her life in *la Salpêtrière*.

But where, all this while, was his Excellency the Count Alexander? Released from the Bastille for lack of legal evidence against him, his wanderings began anew. From London, by slow stages, he proceeded Italyward, till at last, in an evil hour for himself, he arrived in Rome. There he was arrested—on what charge does the reader suppose? Of nothing less than of being a Free Mason! Alas! all his subtleties and shifts could not avail him here; the facts were too strongly proven against him. Convicted upon this accusation, he was sent to prison for the remainder of his days, and in the year 1795 died in his dungeon. So perished the prince of liars and impostors, and one of the most ingenious of men, leaving behind him a reputation so parti-colored (according to the various lights in which it had been visible to men's eyes), that while nine-tenths of the world reviled him as a rogue and a charlatan, the remaining decimal part venerated him as a saint and a martyr. We have seen an engraved copy of his portrait—thousands of which were dispersed over Europe—bearing this modest inscription, of whose justice our readers may best judge:

De l'Ami des Humains reconnaissez les traits:
Tous ses jours sont marqués par de nouveaux bien-
faits:
Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence;
Le plaisir d'être utile est seul sa récompense.

THE CHALLENGE.

I.

A WARRIOR hung his plumed helm
On the rugged trunk of an aged elm.
"Where is the knight so bold"—he cried,
"That dares o'er my haughty crest to ride?"

II.

The wind came by with a sullen howl,
And dashed the helm on the pathway foul,
And shook in his scorn each sturdy limb,
For where was the knight that could fight with him?

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE Academy opened its exhibition of this year under new circumstances, and, by an address prefixed to the catalogue, called the attention of the public to itself. Having sold its real estate, and, therefore, being free of all hindrances to any change of form or system of operations, it seems a fit time to examine into the nature of its relations to Art and the influence it has exerted among us, in order that the appeal implied in its address may be duly considered, and, if justifiable, responded to.

The appellation "Academy," assumed by it, is surely a misnomer, for it sustains in nowise the position of an institution for the education of artists. It has had life and antique schools; but those are small parts of the requirements of art-education, if, indeed, of positive use. It is like the Royal Academy in London, in imitation of which it was organized, simply and solely a society of artists united for mutual benefit. It was not the nurse but the child of American Art, and it still exists as such, doing in itself nothing to advance the Art, but always supported by the eminence of its members. It was, at its foundation, only the associated individualities of Morse, Inman, Durand, Cole and others, and had an existence for the public only on the walls of the exhibition room. So it is now—the names are somewhat changed since its formation, but it is still only an aggregate of individual talent, and the sole work accomplished by it is, to make its annual gatherings of new pictures. It is a burden borne by the artists—not an institution strengthening them—and is rather to be considered as an evidence of the vigor of American Art and the energy and talent of its professors, than as an agent in its progress. Organized in 1826, it has maintained itself and accumulated property by the attraction of its exhibitions; it has made known to the public some new artists and afforded the opportunity to see many fine pictures. As a society, having for its object the advancement of the interests of the artists, it is unobjectionable; but, as a school for bewildered and light-seeking talent, it has only a nominal existence. We do not say this in blame,

but to account for the apathy of the public towards it—to show why it has "never been the recipient of any gratuity, appropriation or bequest whatever, from the State, the City, or from individuals." It has not labored for the public and the public has not, of course, paid it for working for itself.

Now, however, that it is at liberty to adopt new arrangements it seems worth while to ask if it can do more than it has done. Artists themselves must indicate the direction in which it can move with advantage to them, but we think that there can hardly be a doubt that, if the Academy were to establish some elementary schools on a liberal plan, free to all, and embracing more than mere antique and life schools, say, for instance, costume schools, elementary instruction in painting, including the methods of using the materials of Art so eagerly desired by all tyros and really of essential use in giving them confidence in their own ability, classes in perspective, and familiar lectures on the principles of design, particularly for mechanics and those who in their avocations need the application of those principles, the public would cheerfully sustain it in the work.

If this is not feasible, then nothing remains but that it should still exist as a society for the indirect encouragement of the Arts of Design, and, employing its means in the erection of new galleries, give us, year after year, its gatherings of the works of our artists, attempting no more and doing this conscientiously and well. We cannot spare the exhibition. It is the only means which the public at large has for learning the position and advance of Art among us, and the only opportunity our artists have of comparing their works. On the walls of the Academy we have followed Cole through his progress, and seen Durand, year after year, working out his problem of originality, and Cropsey, Kensett, Church, and their brethren of the younger generation, growing up into notice and excellence. Each exhibition has shown an increase of numbers in the artistic ranks, and a higher attainment of technical ability than the previous one manifested. We confess to a kind of respect for the institution,

but not so high a reverence that we would not willingly see it pushed away by something that would do a better work.

We do not, therefore, attribute any great influence to the institution itself, though we say that by its means the public has become acquainted with all of true and valuable that American Art has at present. We do not forget Allston, Vanderlyn, Trumbull, and their cotemporaries; but in their day Art was an exotic transplanted here, and refused to maintain its existence under the circumstances in which it found itself. The last leaves which fell from it were Vanderlyn and Cole. They were pendants of the old system, that of nutriment and treatment rather than of positive knowledge. They had their triumphs, but they were rather those which consisted in creditably rivaling their masters, than in developing new and peculiar features of artistic wisdom. Their faces were like all their earlier confreres, turned backward, and they dreamed in the past—in the Art of Claude and Titian—rather than lived in earnest, looking forward to unexplored fields. They were not new men—not American, therefore—but from the influence of that unreal art there originated one of positive vitality. Its professors were Durand, Inman, Mount, Edmonds, Huntington and others, painters, to a greater or less extent, of things real, and of which they knew.

It may seem strange that we should draw such a dividing line between Durand and Cole, yet, such is the relation of their minds that the latter must be classed as a sentimentalist, and inclined both by feeling and study to the masters of the last phase of landscape; while the former in all respects conforms to the modern spirit, based on reality, and admitting no sentiment which is not entirely drawn from Nature. Cole was, it is true, in many cases forced into a partial recognition of the natural, but generally he seems to have regarded the forms of Nature only as characters, by means of which he impresses on us his story, and thus his pictures, though they may be poetical, are certainly not picturesque. For instance, in the "Youth," there is not an individual object in the picture which ever had its prototype in the natural world—not a tree, shrub or mountain form is there, which is not palpably a

creation of the artist's imaginative brain. With Durand, on the contrary, there are no objects, with the exception occasionally of his cloud forms, which are not actual, real. This makes the distinction between the old school and the new—with that, things were types, and so long as they were understood, it matters not how imperfectly they were expressed; with this, they are individualities, with the rights of the individual, and its influence in the general result.

With this new school we shall have to do at present, as far as it appears on the walls of the Academy's exhibition. Wherever our artists have given themselves to the admiration and following of European masters, we shall leave them to the kind of appreciation they have sought for, that which finds its enjoyment in merely technical qualities, without regard to the thought or extent of knowledge possessed by the artist. This is a species of Art which our people can never amply sympathize with, because it is an idle thing, aimless, and without root or permanence. The Art which they will have, and in which, therefore, they will be benefited, is that which arises from a genuine feeling for the things with which the people have sympathy. It hardly matters whether or no the materialism of the times is an error. So long as it is the spirit of the age, Art, to be in any way successful, must carry it out. Rhapsodies, dreams, and studio vagaries will not satisfy a public sentiment accustomed to find in all other things some substantial, positive truth, something which the mind, grasping, holds ever after. If artists prefer to follow what they consider an ideal, and withdraw themselves from the appreciation of the men of their time, they may certainly do so, and perhaps, like Allston, work a mighty genius into dreams, or, like Vanderlyn, be forgotten as soon as dead. But if they seek encouragement, they must deal in wares the age has need of; and, to be immortalized, they must give their works vitality, that they may perpetuate their kind.

First among those "men of present labor" are Durand and Mount. The latter, however, is hardly represented in this exhibition, the only picture he attempts being the "Webster among the People," and this is unworthy of him in every respect. Durand appears to

better advantage than ever before, and, if we should select from the whole range of his works one which marks the man, it would be his large picture, "In the Woods," in the present exhibition. In sentiment, it appeals at once to our love of the wild and free, and leads us to a glade in the wilderness where, shut in by the eternal forest, whose giant children raise themselves around us, we see no light and hear no sound that remind us of civilization or humanity. Mouldering tree-trunks lie around us, with mosses and ferns thriving in the coolness of the shade, and a quiet brooklet welling out of the mould and winding its way among old tree roots. A squirrel crosses the stream on a prostrate tree, and on a beech tree a red-headed woodpecker is tapping. The picture might have been as carefully painted and still have only a botanical interest, but the summer has settled hazily among the trees, and the softened sunlight, falling down through the openings in the leafage overhead, breaks up the cool shade on the bolls of the trees, and warms the mossy ground with its gold. Follow the little stream into the further shade, and there, still more softened and dimmed, the light comes in with an occasional ray; and then through an opening in the forest we catch a glimpse of an outer world, a blue lake set with bluer hills, over which again dreams the sunlight, struggling in its sleep with the summer haze. In that sunlight is the poetry of the picture; and, if in Durand we should select one quality as more glorious, more worthy our love than others, it would be his feeling for sunlight.

We are tolerably well acquainted with the works of all the modern masters in landscape, but we do not know a man who could have painted that picture with, at once, the truth, the technical power and the loftiness of feeling for the subtler beauty of Nature that Durand has manifested in it. There are men who would have shown more mechanical excellence, others who would have given the details with greater minuteness, but in the combination of admirable qualities, and in the enjoyment of the freedom of the scene, we do not believe there is a living artist who would equal him.

In as far as our younger landscapists have followed the lead given by Durand,

they deserve the most generous encouragement and the greatest forbearance on the part of critics. It is so easy to be superficial and striking, and so hard to be entirely true and faithful to nature, that it is a delicate task to deal with the imperfections of a conscientious artist, and one which the critic most competent to undertake would enter on with the greatest reluctance. It will often happen that qualities, in themselves far from agreeable, have resulted from a most determined effort to be true. A conspicuous instance of this in the exhibition is a landscape by an artist whose name we do not remember to have seen before, A. W. Warren, a "View in the Country." At first sight, one would be tempted to pass it by; it seems cold and lightless; but it is studied with a most manly sincerity and devotion to truth, the only present results of which are to make the picture hard and chilly, and scarcely any one but a painter would see through that to the intention.

In Kensett's "October Day in the White Mountains," there is a mass of white stone partially veiled by herbage, with the white showing through in such a way that at first sight it might be mistaken for the blossoms of the blackberry bush. The effect is perplexing and injurious to the repose of the picture, otherwise very fine. Yet this is an honest attempt to render an actual phenomenon; and fails because it was not possible to render it more truly, perhaps. This picture is, however, one of Kensett's finest, if not the best he has painted. The autumnal haze in the sky, with the dreamy clouds, and the thorough painting of the distant mountains and the valley, through which winds the Saco, the literalness and general truthfulness of the whole scene, designate him as a man of the new school. His treatment is picturesque, his sense of color good, particularly in the grays and more quiet colors, and his light and shade artistic; but his perceptions are rather broad than minute.

Church is, in most respects, the reverse of Kensett, though even more decidedly of the realist school. His perceptions are uncommonly minute, going down into the microscopic range, his execution fluent and vigorous, and his color inclining always to the excessive, manifesting itself in a love for sunset effects, and, as in the present

exhibition, in the foreground of "The Cordilleras," by a profusion of gaily colored flowers and birds. His intensity of perception gives rise to an exuberance of material and fullness of detail which are rarely found. In no case does this avail so much as in his skies, where, for want of studying cloud-forms, most artists are deficient. Compare, in this respect, one of Church's skies with the old school generally—even with Cole. The masses of gray and pale yellow color which with the latter pass for cloud, though without any distinct form, sink at once into mere paint beside Church's carefully elaborated clouds. But this minuteness carries him away from repose and simplicity. Instead of the simple, grand skies of the English Stanfield, (whom, in many respects, Church resembles,) drifting and driving at the beck of the wind, we have often a sky filled with individual forms, lacking in unity and repose. In the simpler skies, as in that of "The Cordilleras," this is not the case, and they are then very perfect. Church's great want is that of breadth,—his details too often start out of their place, and, unsought, claim our attention. His compositions too often lack the unity and singleness of interest proper to Nature. Study of the English artists, so generally ruinous to our painters, would benefit him much, by giving his works more largeness and simplicity in the arrangement of their masses.

Cropsey is an example of the near approach of the old to the new school, bringing the sentiment which belonged to the former to the literalness of the latter. Compromises have everything to lose and little to gain; and so Cropsey, if he were entirely a realist, would be much more impressive than in dividing his force between story, or allegory, and pure Nature. Studio sentiment is a poor substitute for unadorned beauty of Nature, and what a landscape painter does not find in landscape, he had better leave where he finds it. His view of Mount Washington is, we think, his finest picture. There is a fine haziness about the clouds, and after-rain clearness in the atmosphere, with pure transparent shadows falling across the landscape. It is very artistic in its treatment, and fresh in feeling. In the "Mediterranean Sea-coast," there is some exquisitely truthful painting in the distance, including the gray, misty sky around

the rising moon, and the distant water. It expresses the gathering of the evening under the moist, vapory atmosphere of the sea-coast, as perfectly as anything that we have ever seen. The enjoyment conferred by rich passages of truth, is much greater and more enduring than that which any story could give; for it always comes to the mind with the freshness of Nature itself, ever grateful, while the story, once told, wearies in the repetition.

It is not our purpose, however, to criticise pictures, or even individual painters, but rather to indicate wherein our artists are fulfilling the requirements of a true school, and we have, we believe, said enough to point out the direction in which we should look for the signs of such fulfillment.

Mount's pictures are so well known, that to criticise him by those of past exhibitions would be useless, and the examples of his talent, in this, are scarcely to be characterized as his. We believe it to be a great mistake, however, to class his pictures as humorous. They are, in fact, as serious and truthful as any pictures we have, and it seems to us, painted without the slightest intention of perpetrating a witticism of any kind, with the exception, perhaps, of one or two pictures, which are among his least successful. He has drawn from life as he sees it, and in the most earnest feeling. It may be that the incident is in some degree laughable, as in the "Boys Rafting;" but it is still a passage of genuine life, and regarded, so far as the author is concerned, with the utmost seriousness of which he is capable. If he ventures from his proper feeling, he fails, as in the "Webster," where he has attempted something in what he felt to be a heroic vein—something ideal in some way. Thus, his failure is a witness of the truth of our position, that Art, to be successful now, must deal with things which the artist actually knows or sees, and that an endeavor to attain something only felt will fall without result. If Mount had learned the ways of the old school, he might have made a fine composition, and have succeeded as they succeed; but the picture would have been worth no more than now, since the subject was out of his range, and on the subject alone depends the essential value of the work.

Darley, though not so natural in his

perception of character, is, doubtless, the greatest triumph of American Art in power and subtlety of treatment. His drawing is accurate and refined to a high degree, and his perception of individual character most admirable. To compare him with any other artist would be unjust, since he is utterly unlike any other of whom we know anything. In our point of view, Darley demonstrates the vitality of the new school, in having attained, by his own perception, the very qualities in which the European academies endeavor to educate their pupils. It would not be strange to find an artist like Mount awake to all the peculiarities of the people, and, therefore, entirely national in his subjects; but Mount is not in a high degree possessed of technical excellence; his treatment is *palpable* as might be expected from the youth of Art; for the technics of painting are supposed, and not without some reason, to be gained by training and study of that kind which men do not find alone, and for which they go to Düsseldorf, Munich and Rome. It is easy enough for a man who uses his senses properly, to find what to paint, but to learn how to paint it, which is all that is involved in the technics of painting, we think we must go to the great masters. Yet, here is an artist who, without the slightest aid from European teachers, has given his pictures a higher degree of excellence in drawing, light and shade, and composition, than any other in his line of art in America, and, if our judgment is good for anything, as high as any modern European artist. This, if true, is of great use to us, because, if the fallacy of a necessity that our students of art should go abroad can be entirely exploded, we shall at once fall back on our own undeveloped resources, and, by keeping them at home, prevent their national feeling for subjects from being corrupted, as it must be, by studying foreign material. This would be a great point gained towards the foundation of a national school.

We may make this clearer by dividing art into its two great elements—subject, or *what* to represent, and treatment, or *how* to represent. But as we have before distinguished the old from the new school, by making the former to be based on treatment, and the latter on subject, it follows at once that the subdivisions of the new school must be

marked by their nationality of subject, since treatment is the same always, or differing only by superficial qualities. This, which was, to a slight extent, true in landscape, is strongly so when we come to the representation of character. It is true, that none but an Englishman can understand an Englishman, and, of course, none other can paint one; and so the painters of our national character must be "to the manor born;" and how shall they understand Americans if their lives are passed among Frenchmen or Italians? But the only object to be gained, by foreign study is, to learn the technics of Art; and if it can be shown that these may be cultivated as well here as abroad, there exists no pretext for destroying the nationality of our Art. We are aware that there is a great "ideal" school, which, recognizing no necessity for individuality in its subject, makes its greatness to consist in its grand method; but this, be it in sculpture or in painting, is but the rear guard of the school of the past, which at present we ignore. The devotees of this find themselves at home in Rome and Paris, because it matters not to them what or who they study, since the "grand style" is a cloak which they may throw over a manikin if they please. We may be narrow-minded, but we should prefer one of the vignette drawings, by Darley, in the present exhibition, to any picture we have ever seen sent home from Italy.

Portraiture has not with us, or indeed with any modern school, the elevation of grand Art. We paint likenesses, but there we stop—the idea of making a portrait a work of Art, as well as a likeness, does not seem to be widely entertained. The aim, then, is subject to the exclusion of method, not so dangerous, but quite as false a condition as its reverse. We must not forget that there is a best way of telling any truth. We paint a likeness of our subject, and then stop, rubbing in a back-ground, and furnishing draperies as cheap as possible. All accessories are paint—nothing more. Gray's "Portrait of a Child" is the only exception in the exhibition; but Gray is an old-school man, as far as is possible to be, in portraiture. As an example of that school, this picture is admirable; but the method is too apparent, and throws the picture out of our present range. Hicks and Baker have, in their full-length portraits, made bold

pushes towards the desired end; but we can only say, that they are the most successful attempts of our school at bringing system into portraiture. Baker's, particularly, deserves great credit as a bold attempt to give significance to the surroundings of his portrait.

Yet, as likeness-painting, this branch of American art is good, perhaps, on the whole, better than that of any modern school; but everywhere it has fallen from the old elevation of Titian and Gainsborough, owing, we apprehend, to this very carelessness which has obtained in England and on the Continent as here;

and now almost the only question we can ask respecting a portrait is, is it a good representation of the original? If it is, then it fulfills all that we demand of it; and, this settled, all interest in the picture ceases. This ought not to be so, for there is no man whose life has not some significance which might be expressed in his portrait with the same advantage that the study of his life would afford. No man stands alone in this life; but there are relations with all things around him, which the thoughtful artist will feel and desire to represent, doing which he reaches the ideal of portraiture.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF MOZART

MY greatest surprise in Europe was at Salzburg. Would you believe it, that I had never heard of the beauty of the place, or, if I had heard, had forgotten it, so that when I walked out, the morning of our arrival there (we came from Linz in the night), I was perfectly overwhelmed by its sudden and splendid appearance. The vision was so lovely and striking on all sides that I rubbed my eyes lest it should be a dream. It seemed like one of the prettiest cities of Italy set down in the fairest valley of Switzerland. The sun and the skies of Italy were there; the red, flat-roofed houses, with their marble fronts to the streets, with their fountains, the old churches and their towers, all spoke of Italy; but the high rocky hills which encircled them, the sweet intervals and the distant snow-covered mountains, sending up their peaks into the clear blue air, told as plainly of the land of the Swiss.

I shall not attempt to describe the place, because language could not do justice to it, and the pencil of a Claude or Turner only might convey to one who has not seen it a remote conception of its ever-varying charm of aspect. It is built on both shores of the prattling Salzach, which are connected by a single pretty bridge: on three sides it is shut in by immense spurs of rock, which rise directly over the town and are surmounted by fortresses and convents; and on the other side fertile

plains, rich in vegetation and dotted with gardens and country seats, carry the eye to the gigantic ranges of the Noric Alps. All that is sweetest and grandest in natural scenery is combined in its position, which man has improved and lightened by all the graces of his art. The native writers have well termed it the "Alpine rose in the garland of German cities." Its history, too, is a kind of epitome of the history of the world, furnishing us with barbarian memorials, Roman ruins, middle-age structures, scenes of battles, and the birth-place as well as the grave-stone of genius.

In the most ancient times Salzburg was occupied by the warlike Tauriskers, a branch of the Celts, who were dislodged by the Romans, in the time of Augustus, when it was converted into the castle of Juvavia. The Emperor Hadrian, perceiving the rare beauty of the situation, founded a colony there, which soon grew into a considerable town, with a temple, a palace, streets and market-places. But, wave after wave of invasion dashed around its rocky base; it was successively desolated by the West Goths under Alaric, by the Huns under Attila, and by the Heruli under Odoacer. For more than a century, then, it lay in stillness and waste, trodden by wild animals, and covered with bushes and moss. In the seventh century, the Bavarian Duke Theodo gave it to St. Rupert, as a re-

ward for his services in converting him to Christianity, and Rupert built a convent on one of the heights, since named the Monchsberg. He also constructed a church, *St. Peter's Kirche*, and a chapel and a cloister for nuns, and thus laid the foundations of the modern town. Salzburg afterwards became a free ecclesiastical domain, the residence of a succession of archbishops, who also enjoyed the dignity of Princes of the Empire, exercising the jurisdiction of magistrates, maintaining armies, and at times exchanging the mitre and crosier for the sword. During the stormiest times of the middle ages they took a personal share in the wars of Austria and of Bavaria, and after the Reformation were among the bloodiest of the persecutors who sought to extirpate the new doctrines by fire and flame. Under the single reign of Archbishop Leopold von Firmian, no less than twenty-five thousand of the industrious inhabitants of the district were driven into exile, and their property confiscated, or, as a German writer has it, Firmian "*nahm ihnen Weib, Kinder, Hab und Gut, und trieb sie aus dem Lande.*" In 1802 the archbishopric was secularized, and converted into an electorate for the Archduke Ferdinand.

Without waiting to breakfast, even, we hurried to the top of Monchsberg, to get a view of the country. The ascent, by means of paths and steps cut in the rock, was not difficult; but had it been as difficult as the ascent of Mont Blanc, the view would have well rewarded us. In every direction, like the billows of a stupendous but motionless sea, the sunny ridges of the mountains rolled up one after another; between them lay the cultivated pastures and green meadows; the Salzach wound like a belt of white ribbon through the valleys; convents or castles, overgrown with ivy, crowned the lesser heights; while immediately under our feet rose the spires and pinnacles of the still shaded city. Our heads fairly reeled with an intoxication of delight, as, at every step, some new object, some new combination of mingled beauty and grandeur, met the eye.

A rough path led us to another height, called the Schlossberg, on which the fortress of Hohensalzburg is erected. It is near the site of the Roman *Castrum Juvaviense*, and was formerly occupied by the archbishops as a place

of retreat and defense, in their wars with their enemies as well as with the people of the towns, their subjects, when they revolted. It is a massive and seemingly impregnable structure, commanding every access to the city, as well as every house in it, and though in the irregular style of the feudal ages, is vastly imposing. It is now somewhat dilapidated, and the once magnificent apartments of the priests are unfurnished and converted into barracks; but enough of the ancient decorations remain to show in what splendor the princely archbishops lived. Only three of the chambers are shown, but these, with their rich inlaid cabinets and lofty ceilings, ornamented in gold and ultramarine, serve to give you an idea of their former state. In a square tower, at one of the angles of the castle, is the torture chamber—an indispensable apartment, it would appear, in those times—and the rock on which captives were raised to the wall and allowed to fall with weights on their limbs, still witnesses to the Christian charity of its old owners. Looking down upon Monchsberg, we saw that the whole summit was laid out in pleasure gardens, while the sides of the rock were escarped, and cut into vaults and cells. In the latter the monks probably performed their macerations, while they made amends for any excess of suffering they might inflict on themselves in the wholesome viands which they raised in the former. If tradition does them no wrong, the monks were good livers as well as very pious men.

At the foot of the castle-hill is the *Nonnenberg*, where a temple to Mercury stood in the days of the Romans, but which is now occupied by a small church of Benedictine nuns. "Christian hymns and prayers are now heard," says the local guide-book—an excellent one, by the way—"where the priests of Jupiter formerly celebrated their pagan rites." The little church, built in the ancient German style, has been somewhat injured by frequent renovations and restorations, but the showy and well-preserved glass-painting, behind the main altar, is an admirable specimen of the art of the fifteenth century. Images of the Virgin and of the original abbess, St. Ehrentrude, and statues of St. Rupert and St. Henry, adorn the entrance portal, which is an exquisite piece of architecture.

Leaving the church we passed through a square, called the *Residence Place*, where there is a striking white marble fountain, which dates from about 1656. A well-formed sea-god casts the water high over his head, when it falls into two great muscles, and afterwards in a basin below, over the heads of four prancing sea-horses, which also scatter the water from their nostrils and mouths. On the east side stands the Residence, a spacious edifice, formerly the dwelling-place of Archbishop Marcus Sitticus, and containing a collection of portraits of the archbishops; while directly opposite to it is the new Residence, whose tower contains a celebrated musical clock. This clock, contrived by one of the native artists, Jeremiah Santer, in 1703, plays a fine melody three times a day, changing the air every month. A narrow street leads thence to the cathedral, a majestic structure, of white marble, in the Italian style, with two lofty towers, connected by a broad middle wall and ornamented gable, and adorned with statues of the Evangelists. The interior is worthy of the exterior, and the more impressive because of the absence of those masses of gold and silver, and those glaring colors, which mar the simplicity and dignity of so many of the churches in Europe. In this respect, it resembles the cathedral at Florence, whose lofty and naked columns are far more imposing than the frescoed walls and gilt tracery of the churches of Genoa and Venice. This cathedral, however, is not destitute of paintings and sculptures, for it contains several pictures by Mascagni, Schönfeldt, etc., and the tombs of eleven archbishops, whose bones rest beneath its floors. In the *Domplatz*, directly in front of the entrance to the cathedral, is a graceful bronze statue, erected "in honor of the immaculate conception of Mary, the mother of God," representing the Virgin as standing on the Globe, in an attitude of blessing, while two angels uphold the sphere, one of whom has stricken down Satan by a flash of lightning. The whole rests upon a pedestal of white marble, with a metal figure at each of the four corners, typifying the church, wisdom, an inviting cherub, and the aforesaid Beelzebub smitten to the earth. It is a work that one lingers over, and stops to look at anew, every time that he passes.

A few minutes' walk brings us next to

the church and cloister of St. Peter, which is a curious pile in itself, but more interesting to us for the monument which it contains of Michael Haydn, a brother of the Haydn. He was only less celebrated as a musician, in his day, than the composer of the "Creation" and the "Seasons." But the world-wide fame of the latter has since overshadowed his renown. The monument, erected by a few friends, is in a retired nook of the church, and consists of a cross planted on a rock; at the foot stands an urn (which contains his head), and a broken lyre leaning against it, having no inscription but the words, "Michael Haydn, born Sept. 14, 1737, and died August 10, 1806." Not far from it is a memorial of another musical celebrity, Madame Von Sonnenberg, the sister of Mozart, the "little Nannerl" of his letters, who, in her more youthful days shared with him the plaudits of Europe. Salzberg appears to have been a musical region, for the Mozarts and Neukomm were born there; and Carl Maria Von Weber, as well as the Haydns, made it for a time their residence.

It was impossible to gaze at the tomb of Madame Von Sonnenberg without being reminded that we had not yet seen the statue and house of Mozart, and accordingly we repaired at once to St. Michael Place, where the former is erected. It is the work of Schwanthaler, whose genius has illustrated so many parts of Germany, and was built by contributions collected from all the nations of Europe. The figure, as well as the pedestal, is of bronze, and represents the great artist, "the Raphael of music," standing erect, in his coat, with the left foot slightly advanced, and a graceful mantle hanging over the left shoulder. His right hand grasps a style, while his head is a little thrown up, as if he had just caught from the celestial spheres some of those immortal melodies which have made his name immortal. The expression of the face is full of genius and character, as we may easily conceive it to have looked in one of those inspired moments when, as he himself says in that characteristic letter to Baron Von —, "the thoughts came streaming down upon me, without my knowing whence or how they came." On three sides of the pedestal are reliefs, representing, allegorically, the several styles of musical art in

which he was preëminent, and on the other side the all-sufficient inscription, "Mozart." It was a singular and touching coincidence—one, however, as we saw upon reflection, that must often happen—that while we were looking at the monument, the old clock of the *Residenz-platz* pealed forth a delicious air from one of Mozart's own operas, the *Magic Flute*—"Es klingelt so herrlich, es klingelt so schön,"—which is better known from the Italian version, as the "*O dolce concerto*."

From the statue we went to Mozart's house, in the University Place, where he was born and passed his childhood's years. It was easily distinguishable by a harp surrounded with laurel, which ornaments the building. We did not gain access to it, but it was agreeable to see even the outside, to walk through the streets in which he walked, and to admire the beautiful nature which must have impressed his young sensibilities. Few of the great names of history weave themselves into the affections with a more irresistible power than the name of Mozart. He is familiar to us, both as a child and as a man, and always as the same gentle, affectionate, disinterested, and gifted creature. The life of his youth, passed in this house, is especially interesting to us. We can still see the little flaxen-haired fellow, full of intelligence and vivacity, listening with rapture to his father's violin, or, equally full of tenderness, asking those about him, ten times a day, if they loved him, and when they jestingly answered in the negative, melting into tears. We can see him, when only six years old, bending over a bit of paper, on which he has scribbled a wilderness of musical notes—so blotted, too, by his fingers, that the notes can scarcely be seen—and we can hear the good father's laugh as he takes up the scroll, supposing it a jest of the boy, suddenly turned into a gush of joyful tears, when he finds there "an original and difficult concerto, with all the orchestral accompaniments, even to the trumpets and drums."

Nothing is more delightful in the life of Mozart, than the playful and affectionate letters which he wrote to his sister and mother during the height of his celebrity—when he was the pet of Emperors and Princesses, and the wonder and admiration of Europe. He does not appear to have been conscious

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of his prodigious accomplishments, and none of his successes—the verses written about him, the rich gifts sent him, the plaudits of the crowd—could turn his head or divert his heart from the dear friends at home.

"One morning, during the journey," writes his father, "Wolfsgangerl, on awaking, began to cry. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was so sorry that he could not see his friends Wagenauer, Weurl, Reible," etc., etc.—the good little soul—musicians in the chapel at Salzburg. But he was generally in exuberant spirits, and his letters are often a whimsical mixture of English, Italian, French, and a strange German patois, discovering not only irrepressible vivacity and boyish drollery, but much dramatic force and shrewdness of observation. He appears to have learned everything almost instinctively—arithmetic, languages, games, horses, instruments, and poetry, as well as music.

It is not often that the prodigious boy becomes the prodigious man, and a great many of Mozart's friends—among the rest, Baron Grimm—predicted that his extraordinary career as a *virtuoso* would close in disappointment. But the feats of his boyhood were nothing to his maturer achievements; and the precocity, which had been simply a wonder, grew into the deepest and noblest talent of his or any day. His rich prematurity was followed by a richer maturity. At the theatres, when he first began to visit them as a young man, the performers laughed at his appearance: "because I am so little and young," said he, "they think nothing great and old can be in me; but they shall soon see." This was the consciousness of genius prefiguring its future. But Mozart attained his fame, like many another great genius before him, only by the saddest experiences. He trod the rough brakes and thorny paths which seem to be the sole appointed way of the most exalted merit. The princely archbishop of his native place—he that inhabited these magnificent palaces we have just seen—tasked his best services at a miserable stipend, insulted him by his arrogance, and set him to eat at the same table with his valets and cooks. At the court of the imperial Joseph of Austria, he was complimented and flattered, but almost left to starve. Wretched Italian adventur-

ers—crosses of the artist and the mountebank—intrigued against him, and stole his music and prevented the recognition of his merit. While he saw persons of not a tithe of his ability showered with princely rewards, and raised to comfortable appointments by court favor, he was forced to waste his fine talent in procuring the mere necessities of life in the drudgery of music-teaching, concert-playing, and compositions (but such compositions!) for the public gardens. It is true, his career was not without its gleams of sunshine—in the noble friendship and appreciation of Haydn—in the love of a most indulgent wife—in the plaudits of the concert room, and the theatre—and in the deep free expression of himself in a symphony, a concerto, a mass, or a Don Giovanni. But whether in sunshine or shade, he was ever the same kindly, magnanimous, hard-working, lovable, and wonderful creature. He never cringed to the great, in his deepest distresses, and he never forgot his humble friends in his highest prosperity. When, at last, his real position was beginning to be recognized—when the *Figaro*, the *Don Giovanni*, the *Zauberflöte*, and the *Clemenza di Tito* were about to convince the world of what Joseph Haydn had long before said, that “he was the greatest composer that had ever lived,” the recognition came too late. The hard struggle with misfortune had already reacted into excesses of indulgence—into those snares which pleasure baits for the too weary sons of toil and despair—and the seeds of disease blossomed into the lilies of death. He was carried off in the thirty-sixth year of his age. The “*Requiem*,” his last work, so strangely ordered, was performed at his own funeral.

Posterity has avenged the neglect of Mozart's contemporaries, by assigning him his true place in the ranks of fame. For fertility of invention, for wealth of melody, for piquant chromatic harmonies, for flexibility and brilliancy of expression, for refinement and delicacy of sentiment, for spontaneous grace and beauty, for deep, sad, sweet, pathetic tenderness, for original and exhaustless inspiration,—it has decreed that Mozart is thus far without a rival,—the master of the lyric drama,—incomparably in advance of all the composers in that style that had preceded him, and only equaled in more modern times by one

or two, at most. For sixty years now his operas have been the delight of every stage of the civilized world, while his minor pieces have penetrated to every music-hall and garden, and palace and cottage. Oh! to what millions of men his genius has given hours of the purest and most rapturous delight! What a perennial freshness and charm in his works! What a delicious fragrance is breathed from this atmosphere which he once breathed, and how the thought of what he was and did kindles the heart into a warm and holy glow! Yet in recalling his history he seems hardly a man,—rather a divine impersonation of art,—an embodied tone, or fountain of tones,—whose life was not upon earth, but amid the etherealities of the creative sphere. Salzburg seems a fitting material type of the grace and beauty and brilliancy in which his spirit lived.

There seems to me great fitness in the comparison between Mozart and Raphael. They were alike in the character of their genius, in personal temperament, and in destiny. The same youthful ripeness, the same easy, almost unconscious command of the deepest secrets of their arts, the same free-hearted gaiety, the same deep love and tenderness, the same wild animal enjoyment in the midst of a simple child-like piety, the same unapproachable grace in whatever they touched, and the same sad early death. It might be easy to select out of the pictures of Raphael and the compositions of Mozart, a series of companion-pieces, in which these eminent masters have expressed, each in his way, the same lofty and noble sentiments; while in the *St. Cecilia* of the former, in which he poured forth his whole conception of the world of harmony and sound, he seems to have foreshadowed the mysterious depth and wondrous richness of the magic art of the latter. It brings before us, in visible shape, the total activity of Mozart's life,—a ravishing sentiment of beauty and devotion, bursting forth into song, which the whole earth (represented by the figures of *St. Paul*, the *Magdalene*, etc.) reverberates and echoes, and a chorus of child-like angels in the clouds, carries off to the dazzling unisons of Heaven. Nor are the broken and scattered instruments of the foreground without their significance, in the disappointed hopes and thwarted aims of the poor earthly life of the artist.

In the afternoon we visited the Mirabel Palace—one of the former pleasure-houses of Wolf Dietrich, and also of the late King Ludwig, of Bavaria—an exceedingly neat and graceful structure, in one of the prettiest squares that can be imagined. We also ascended the Capuchin Hill, on the same side of the river, where the cloisters and gardens of the Capuchin monks are built, giving a glorious out-look over both town and country. In returning, about half way down we stopped at the Church of St. John, which is chiefly remarkable for the fact that the place in which it stands was once visited by John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist themselves. In the year 1487 these illustrious personages came to the gate of Salzburg and demanded admission; but the warder and burgomaster were not quite satisfied with their appearance. They were shabbily dressed, and the one gave himself out as a stone-mason of Nazareth, and the other as a torch-maker of Galilee. The burgomaster, saying that there were plenty of that sort in Salzburg already, drove them away; but a servant of the warder, who had heard their story, took pity on them, and promised them shelter in a little hut he proposed to build on the hill. Thereupon the wanderers dropped their beggar clothes, and revealed to the astonished gaze of the servant the glorified forms of the two Johns. They blessed him and disappeared, and afterwards the Church was erected on the spot on which the hut was to have been raised, to commemorate the holy apparition.

Not far off is another church of some interest, called St. Sebastian's Church, in whose cemetery the bones of Paracelsus repose. It is doubted by some whether this distinguished alchemist and philosopher died in Salzburg, though

the inhabitants point out the very house in which the event is said to have occurred, and it is very sure that a white marble monument in the vestibule of this church has this inscription in Latin: "Reader! Under this pyramid lies PHILIP THEOPHRASTUS, celebrated for his chemical science and the so-called Philosopher's Stone; his bones, at the building of the new church, in 1752, were dug up and deposited here, to remain until the resurrection shall again clothe them with the flesh!" The little bound guide-book is quite indignant that History should have recorded Paracelsus as a mere charlatan and quack, and not as one of the great minds and beneficent characters of his day. I quite share in the feeling. It is true that he participated in the superstitions of his contemporaries—that he was misled by the scientific errors of the 16th century—that he sought the Philosopher's Stone, and even gave out that he had discovered it—that he believed in the influence of the stars upon human destiny, and was a devotee of magic; but he was an aspiring, noble soul, notwithstanding all that—a genuine pioneer in the cause of the natural sciences, and a genial as well as sagacious philosopher.

Modern science, or, at least, its most illustrious teachers—Comte, Liebig, Faraday, etc.—are beginning to do justice to the historical importance of the alchemists and their researches. Though they sought for truth in a wrong direction, their labors were incidentally valuable to the progress of knowledge, and were inspired by a fine instinct. Indeed, the curious phenomena of chemistry, called allotropism, isomerism, and isomorphism, almost persuade one that the transmutation of the common metals into gold was not an impossible hope.

A CRUISE IN THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

"When I sailed: when I sailed."—BALLAD OF ROBERT KIDD.

WITH the opening of spring my heart opens. My fancy expands with the flowers, and as I walk down town in the May-morning toward the dingy counting-room and the old routine, you would hardly believe that I would not change my feelings for those of the Barber-Poet Jasmin, who goes, merrily singing, to his shaving and hair-cutting.

The first warm day puts the whole winter to flight. It stands in front of the summer, like a young warrior before his host, and, single-handed, defies and utterly destroys its remorseless enemy.

I throw up the chamber-window to breathe the earliest breath of summer.

"The brave young David has hit old Goliath square in the forehead this morning," I say to Prue, as I lean out and bathe in the soft sunshine.

My wife is trying her cap at the glass, and, not quite disentangled from her dreams, thinks I am speaking of a street-brawl, and replies that I had better take care of my own head.

"Since you have charge of my heart, I suppose," I answer gaily, turning round to make her one of Titbot-tom's bows.

"But seriously, Prue, how is it about my summer wardrobe?"

Prue smiles, and tells me we shall have two months of winter yet, and I had better stop and order some more coal as I go down town.

"Winter—coal!"

Then I step back, and, taking her by the arm, lead her to the window. I throw it open even wider than before. The sunlight streams on the great church-towers opposite, and the trees in the neighboring square glisten and wave their boughs gently, as if they would burst into leaf before dinner. Cages are hung at the open chamber-windows in the street, and the birds, touched into song by the sun, make Memnon true. Prue's purple and white hyacinths are in full blossom, and perfume the warm air, so that the canaries and the mocking birds are no longer aliens in the city streets, but are once more swinging in their spicy native groves.

A soft wind blows upon us as we

stand, listening and looking. Cuba and the Tropics are in the air. The drowsy tune of a hand-organ rises from the square, and Italy comes singing in upon the sound. My triumphant eyes meet Prue's. They are full of sweetness and spring.

"What do you think of the summer-wardrobe now?" I ask, and we go down to breakfast.

But the air has magic in it, and I do not cease to dream. If I meet Charles who is bound for Alabama, or John who sails for Savannah with a trunk full of white jackets, I do not say to them as their other friends say,—

"Happy travelers, who cut March and April out of the dismal year!"

I do not envy them. They will be sea-sick on the way. The southern winds will blow all the water out of the rivers, and, desolately stranded upon mud, they will relieve the tedium of the interval by tying with large ropes a young gentleman raving with delirium tremens. They will hurry along, appalled by forests blazing in the windy night, and, housed in a bad inn, they will find themselves anxiously asking, "Are the cars punctual in leaving?"—grimly sure that impatient travelers find all conveyances too slow. The travelers are very warm, indeed, even in March and April,—but Prue doubts if it is altogether the effect of the southern climate.

Why should they go to the South? If they only wait a little, the South will come to them. Savannah arrives in April; Florida in May; Cuba and the Gulf come in with June, and the full splendor of the Tropics burns through July and August. Sitting upon the earth, do we not glide by all the constellations, all the awful stars? Does not the flash of Orion's cimeter dazzle as we pass? Do we not hear, as we gaze in hushed midnights, the music of the Lyre; are we not throned with Cassiopeia; do we not play with the tangles of Berenice's hair, as we sail, as we sail?

When Christopher told me that he was going to Italy, I went into Bourne's conservatory, saw a magnolia, and so reached Italy before him. Can Christopher bring Italy home? But I brought

to Prue a branch of magnolia blossoms, with Mr. Bourne's kindest regards, and she put them upon the mantle, and our little house smelled of Italy for a week. The incident developed Prue's Italian tastes, which I had not suspected to be so strong. I found her looking very often at the magnolias; even holding them in her hand, and standing before the mantle with a pensive air. I suppose she was thinking of Beatrice Cenci, or of Tasso and Leonora, or of the wife of Marino Faliero, or of some other of those sad old Italian tales of love and woe. So easily Prue went to Italy!

Thus the spring comes in my heart as well as in the air, and leaps along my veins as well as through the trees. I immediately travel. An orange takes me to Sorrento, and roses, when they blow, to Pestum. The camellias in Aurelia's hair bring Brazil into the happy rooms she treads, and she takes me to South America as she goes to dinner. The pearls upon her neck make me free of the Persian gulf. Upon her shawl, like the Arabian prince upon his carpet, I am transported to the vales of Cashmere; and thus, as I daily walk in the bright spring days, I go round the world.

But the season wakes a finer longing, a desire that could only be satisfied if the pavilions of the clouds were real, and I could stroll among the towering splendors of a sultry spring evening. Ah! if I could leap those flaming battlements that glow along the west—if I could tread those cool, dewy, serene isles of sunset, and sink with them into infinite starlight.

I say so to Prue, and my wife smiles.

"But why is it so impossible, if you go to Italy upon a magnolia branch?"

The smile fades from her eyes.

"I went a shorter voyage than that," she answered; "it was only to Mr. Bourne's."

I walked slowly out of the house and overtook Titbottom as I went. He smiled gravely as he greeted me, and said:

"I have been asked to invite you to join a little pleasure party."

"Where is it going?"

"Oh! anywhere," answered Titbottom.

"And how?"

"Oh! anyhow," he replied.

"You mean that everybody is to go wherever he pleases, and in the way he

best can. My dear Titbottom, I have long belonged to that pleasure party, although I never heard it called by so agreeable a name before."

My companion said only:

"If you would like to join, I will introduce you to the party. I cannot go, but they are all on board."

I answered nothing; but Titbottom drew me along. We took a boat and put off to the most extraordinary craft I have ever seen. We approached her stern, and, as I curiously looked at it, I could think of nothing but an old picture that hung in my father's house. It was of the Flemish school, and represented the rear view of the *erow* of a burgomaster, going to market. The wide yards were stretched like elbows, and even the studding-sails were spread. The hull was seared and blistered, and in the tops I saw what I supposed to be strings of turnips or cabbages, little round masses, with tufted crests; but Titbottom assured me they were sailors.

We rowed hard, but came no nearer the vessel. "She is going with the tide and wind," said I; "we shall never catch her."

My companion said nothing.

"But why have they set the studding-sails?" asked I.

"She never takes in any sail," answered Titbottom.

"The more fool she," thought I, a little impatiently, angry at not getting any nearer to the vessel. But I did not say it aloud. I would as soon have said it to Prue as to Titbottom. The truth is, I began to feel uncomfortably from the motion of the boat, and remembered, with a shade of regret, Prue and peppermint. If wives could only keep their husbands a little nauseated, I am confident they might be very sure of their constancy.

But, somehow, the strange ship was gained, and I found myself among as singular a company as I have ever seen. There were men of every country, and costumes of all kinds. There was an indescribable mistiness in the air, or a premature twilight, in which all the figures looked ghostly and unreal. The ship was of a model such as I had never seen, and the rigging had a musty odor, so that the whole craft smelled like a ship-chandler's shop grown mouldy. The figures glided rather than walked about, and I perceived a strong smell of cabbage issuing from the hold.

But the most extraordinary thing of all was, the sense of resistless motion which possessed my mind the moment my foot struck the deck. I could have sworn we were dashing through the water at the rate of twenty knots an hour. (Prue has a great, but a little ignorant, admiration of my technical knowledge of nautical affairs and phrases.) I looked aloft and saw the sails taut with a stiff breeze, and I heard a faint whistling of the wind in the rigging, but very faint, and rather, it seemed to me, as if it came from the creak of cordage in the ships of Crusaders; or of quaint old craft upon the Spanish main, echoing through remote years—so far away it sounded.

Yet I heard no orders given; I saw no sailors running aloft, and only one figure crouching over the wheel. He was lost behind his great beard as behind a snow-drift. But the startling speed with which we scudded along did not lift a solitary hair of that beard, nor did the old and withered face of the pilot betray any curiosity or interest as to what breakers, or reefs, or pitiless shores might be lying in ambush to destroy us.

Still on we swept; and as the traveler in a night train knows that he is passing green fields, and pleasant gardens, and winding streams, fringed with flowers, and is now gliding through tunnels and darting along the base of fearful cliffs, so I was conscious that we were pressing through various climates and by romantic shores. In vain I peered into the gray twilight mist that folded all. I could only see the vague figures that grew and faded upon the haze, as my eye fell upon them, like the intermittent characters of sympathetic ink when heat touches them.

Now, it was a belt of warm, odorous air in which we sailed, and then cold as the breath of a polar ocean. The perfume of new-mown hay and the breath of roses came mingled with the distant music of bells, and the twittering song of birds, and the low surf-like sound of the wind in summer woods. There were all the sounds of pastoral beauty, of a tranquil landscape, such as Prue loves, and which shall be painted as the background of her portrait whenever she sits to any of my many artist friends; and I strained my eyes into the cruel mist that held all that music and that suggested beauty, but I could see no-

thing. It was so sweet that I scarcely knew if I cared to see. The very thought of it charmed my senses and satisfied my heart. I smelled and heard the landscape that I could not see.

Then the pungent, penetrating fragrance of blossoming vineyards was wafted across the air; the flowery richness of orange groves, and the sacred odor of crushed bay leaves, such as is pressed from them when they are strewn upon the flat pavement of the streets of Florence, and gorgeous priestly processions tread them under foot. A steam of incense filled the air. I smelled Italy—as in the magnolia from Bourne's garden—and, even while my heart leaped with the consciousness, the odor passed, and a stretch of burning silence succeeded.

It was an oppressive zone of heat—oppressive not only from its silence but from the sense of awful, antique forms, whether of art or nature, that were sitting, closely veiled, in that mysterious obscurity. I shuddered as I felt that if my eyes could pierce that mist, or if it should lift and roll away, I should see upon a silent shore low ranges of lonely hills, or mystic figures and huge temples trampled out of history by time.

This, too, we left. There was a rustling of distant palms, the indistinct roar of beasts, and the hiss of serpents. Then all was still again. Only at times the remote sigh of the weary sea, moaning around desolate isles undiscovered, and the howl of winds that had never wafted human voices, but had rung endless changes upon the sound of dashing waters, made the voyage more appalling and the figures around me more fearful.

As the ship plunged on through all the varying zones, as climate and country drifted behind us, unseen in that gray mist, but each, in turn, making that quaint craft, England or Italy, Africa and the Southern seas, I ventured to steal a glance at the motley crew, to see what impression this wild career produced upon them.

They sat about the deck in a hundred listless postures. Some leaned idly over the bulwarks, and looked wistfully away from the ship, as if they fancied they saw all that I inferred but could not see. As the perfume, and sound, and climate, changed, I could see many a longing eye sadden and grow moist, and as the chimes of bells re-

motely echoed like the airy syllables of names, and, as it were, made pictures in music upon the minds of those quaint mariners,—then dry lips moved, perhaps to name a name, perhaps to shape a prayer. Others sat upon the deck, vacantly smoking pipes that required no refilling, but had an immortality of weed and fire. The more they smoked the more mysterious they became. The smoke made the mist around them more impenetrable, and I could clearly see that those distant sounds grew more distant, and, by some of the most desperate and constant smokers, were heard no more. The faces of such had an apathy, which, had it been human, would have been despair.

Others, still, stood staring up into the rigging, as if calculating when the sails must needs be rent and the voyage end. But there was no hope in their eyes, only a bitter longing. Some paced restlessly up and down the deck. They had evidently been walking a long, long time. At intervals they, too, threw a searching glance into the mist that enveloped the ship, and up into the sails and rigging that stretched over them in hopeless strength and order.

One of the promenaders I especially noticed. His beard was long and snowy, like that of the pilot. He had a staff in his hand, and his movement was very rapid. His body swung forward, as if to avoid something, and his glance half turned back over his shoulder, apprehensively, as if he were threatened from behind. The head and the whole figure were bowed as if under a burden, although I could not see that he had anything upon his shoulders; and his gait was not that of a man who is walking off the ennui of a voyage, but rather of a criminal flying, or of a startled traveler pursued.

As he came nearer to me in his walk, I saw that his features were strongly Hebrew, and there was an air of the proudest dignity, fearfully abased, in his mien and expression. It was more than the dignity of an individual. I could have believed that the pride of a race was humbled in his person.

His agile eye presently fastened itself upon me, as a stranger. He came nearer and nearer to me, as he paced rapidly to and fro, and was evidently several times on the point of addressing me, but, looking over his shoulder apprehensively,

he passed on. At length, with a great effort, he paused for an instant, and invited me to join him in his walk. Before the invitation was fairly uttered, he was in motion again. I followed, but I could not overtake him. He kept just before me, and turned occasionally with an air of terror, as if he fancied I were dogging him; then glided on more rapidly.

His face was by no means agreeable, but it had an inexplicable fascination, as if it had been turned upon what no other mortal eyes had ever seen. Yet I could hardly tell whether it were, probably, an object of supreme beauty or of terror. He looked at everything as if he hoped its impression might obliterate some anterior and awful one; and I was gradually possessed with the unpleasant idea that his eyes were never closed—that, in fact, he never slept.

Suddenly, fixing me with his unnatural, wakeful glare, he whispered something which I could not understand, and then darted forward even more rapidly, as if he dreaded that, in merely speaking, he had lost time.

Still the ship drove on, and I walked hurriedly along the deck, just behind my companion. But our speed and that of the ship contrasted strangely with the mouldy smell of old rigging, and the listless and lazy groups, smoking and leaning on the bulwarks. The seasons, in endless succession and iteration, passed over the ship. The twilight was summer haze at the stern, while it was the fiercest winter mist at the bows. But as a tropical breath, like the warmth of a Syrian day, suddenly touched the brow of my companion, he sighed, and I could not help saying:

“You must be tired.”

He only shook his head and quickened his pace. But now that I had once spoken, it was not so difficult to speak, and I asked him why he did not stop and rest.

He turned for a moment, and a mournful sweetness shone in his dark eyes and haggard, swarthy face. It played flittingly around that strange look of ruined human dignity, like a wan beam of late sunset about a crumbling and forgotten temple. He put his hand hurriedly to his forehead, as if he were trying to remember—as a lunatic who, having heard only the wrangle of fiends

in his delirium, suddenly, in a conscious moment, perceives the familiar voice of love. But who could this be, to whom mere human sympathy was so startlingly sweet?

Still moving, he whispered with a woeful sadness, "I want to stop, but I cannot. If I could only stop long enough to leap over the bulwarks!"

Then he sighed long and deeply, and added, "But I should not drown."

So much had my interest been excited by his face and movement, that I had not observed the costume of this strange being. He wore a black hat upon his head. It was not only black, but it was shiny. Even in the midst of this wonderful scene, I could observe that it had the artificial newness of a second-hand hat; and, at the same moment, I was disgusted by the odor of old clothes—very old clothes, indeed. The mist and my sympathy had prevented my seeing before what a singular garb the figure wore. It was all second-hand and carefully ironed, but the garments were obviously collected from every part of the civilized globe. Good heavens! as I looked at the coat, I had a strange sensation. I was sure that I had once worn that coat. It was my wedding surtout—long in the skirts—which Prue had told me, years and years before, she had given away to the neediest Jew beggar she had ever seen.

The spectral figure dwindled in my fancy—the features lost their antique grandeur, and the restless eye ceased to be sublime from immortal sleeplessness, and became only lively with mean cunning. The apparition was fearfully grotesque, but the driving ship and the mysterious company gradually restored its tragic interest. I stopped and leaned against the side, and heard the rippling water that I could not see, and flitting through the mist, with anxious speed, the figure held its way. What was he flying? What conscience with relentless sting pricked this victim on?

He came again nearer and nearer to me in his walk. I recoiled with disgust, this time, no less than terror. But he seemed resolved to speak, and, finally, each time, as he passed me, he asked single questions, as a ship which fires whenever it can bring a gun to bear.

"Can you tell me to what port we are bound?"

"No," I replied; "but how came you to take passage without inquiry? To me it makes little difference."

"Nor do I care," he answered, when he next came near enough; "I have already been there."

"Where?" asked I.

"Wherever we are going," he replied. "I have been there a great many times, and oh! I am very tired of it."

"But why are you here at all, then, and why don't you stop?"

There was a singular mixture of a hundred conflicting emotions in his face as I spoke. The representative grandeur of a race, which he sometimes showed in his look, faded into a glance of hopeless and puny despair. His eyes looked at me curiously, his chest heaved, and there was clearly a struggle in his mind between some lofty and mean desire. At times I saw only the austere suffering of ages in his strongly-carved features, and again I could see nothing but the second-hand black hat above them. He rubbed his forehead with his skinny hand; he glanced over his shoulder, as if calculating whether he had time to speak to me; and then, as a splendid defiance flashed from his piercing eyes, so that I now know how Milton's Satan looked, he said, bitterly, and with a hopeless sorrow, that no mortal voice ever knew before:

"I cannot stop: my woe is infinite, like my sin!"—and he passed into the mist.

But in a few moments he reappeared. I could now see only the hat, which sank more and more over his face, until it covered it entirely; and I heard a querulous voice, which seemed to be quarreling with itself, for saying what its instinct and nature compelled it to say, so that the words were even more appalling than what it had said before:

"Old shoes! old shoes!"

I gazed at the disappearing figure in speechless amazement, and was still looking, when I was tapped upon the shoulder, and, turning round, saw a German cavalry officer, with a heavy moustache, and a dog-whistle in his hand.

"Most extraordinary man, your friend yonder," said the officer; "I don't remember to have seen him in Turkey, and yet I recognize upon his feet the boots that I wore in that great Russian cavalry charge, where I individually

rode down five hundred and thirty Turks, slew seven hundred, at a moderate computation, by the mere force of my rush; and, taking the seven insurmountable walls of Constantinople at one clean flying leap, rode straight into the seraglio, and, dropping the bridle, cut the Sultan's throat with my bridle-hand, kissed the other to the ladies of the harem, and was back again within our lines, and taking a glass of wine with the hereditary Grand Duke Generalissimo before he knew that I had mounted. Oddly enough, your old friend is now sporting the identical boots I wore on that occasion."

The cavalry officer coolly curled his moustache with his fingers. I looked at him in silence.

"Speaking of boots," he resumed, "I don't remember to have told you of that little incident of the Princess of the Crimea's diamonds. It was slight, but curious. I was dining one day with the Emperor of the Crimea, who always had a cover laid for me at his table, when he said, in great perplexity, 'Baron, my boy, I am in straits. The Shah of Persia has just sent me word that he has presented me with two billions of pearl-of-Oman necklaces, and I don't know how to get them over, the duties are so heavy.' 'Nothing easier,' replied I; 'I'll bring them in my boots.' 'Nonsense!' said the Emperor of the Crimea. 'Nonsense! yourself,' replied I, sportively: for the Emperor of the Crimea always gives me my joke; and so after dinner I went over to Persia. The thing was easily enough done. I ordered a hundred thousand pairs of boots or so, filled them with the pearls; said at the Custom-house that they were part of my private wardrobe, and I had left the blocks in to keep them stretched, for I was particular about my bunions. The officers bowed, and said that their own feet were tender, upon which I jokingly remarked that I wished their consciences were, and so in the pleasantest manner possible the pearl-of-Oman necklaces were bowed out of Persia, and the Emperor of the Crimea gave me three billions of them as my share. It was no trouble. It was only ordering the boots, and whistling to the infernal rascals of Persian shoe-makers to go hang for their pay."

I could reply nothing to my new acquaintance, but I treasured his stories

to tell to Prue, and at length summoned courage to ask him why he had taken passage.

"Pure fun," answered he, "nothing else under the sun. You see, it happened in this way:—I was sitting quietly and swinging in a cedar of Lebanon, on the very summit of that mountain, when suddenly, feeling a little warm, I took a brisk dive into the Mediterranean. Now I was careless, and got going obliquely, and with the force of such a dive I could not come up near Sicily, as I had intended, but I went clean under Africa, and came out at the Cape of Good Hope, and as Fortune would have it, just as this good ship was passing. So I sprang over the side, and offered the crew to treat all round if they would tell me where I started from. But I suppose they had just been piped to grog, for not a man stirred, except your friend yonder, and he only kept on stirring."

"Are you going far?" I asked.

The cavalry officer looked a little disturbed. "I cannot precisely tell," answered he, "in fact, I wish I could;" and he glanced round nervously at the strange company.

"If you should come our way, Prue and I will be very glad to see you," said I, "and I can promise you a warm welcome from the children."

"Many thanks," said the officer,—and handed me his card, upon which I read, *Le Baron Munchausen*.

"I beg your pardon," said a low voice at my side; and, turning, I saw one of the most constant smokers—a very old man—"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me where I came from?"

"I am sorry to say I cannot," answered I, as I surveyed a man with a very bewildered and wrinkled face, who seemed to be intently looking for something.

"Nor where I am going?"

I replied that it was equally impossible. He mused a few moments, and then said slowly, "Do you know, it is a very strange thing that I have not found anybody who can answer me either of those questions. And yet I must have come from somewhere," said he, speculatively—"yes, and I must be going somewhere, and I should really like to know something about it."

"I observe," said I, "that you smoke a good deal, and perhaps you find tobacco clouds your brain a little."

"Smoke! Smoke!" repeated he, sadly, dwelling upon the words; "why, it all seems smoke to me;" and he looked wistfully around the deck, and I felt quite ready to agree with him.

"May I ask what you are here for," inquired I; "perhaps your health, or business of some kind? although I was told it was a pleasure party."

"That's just it," said he; "if I only knew where we were going, I might be able to say something about it. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, as fast as I can," replied I warmly, for I began to be very uncomfortable. The old man's eyes half closed, and his mind seemed to have struck a scent.

"Isn't that where I was going? I believe it is; I wish I knew; I think that's what it is called. Where is home?"

And the old man puffed a prodigious cloud of smoke, in which he was quite lost.

"It is certainly very smoky," said he. "I came on board this ship to go to—in fact, I meant—as I was saying, I took passage for—." He smoked silently. "I beg your pardon, but where did you say I was going?"

Out of the mist where he had been leaning over the side, and gazing earnestly into the surrounding obscurity, now came a pale young man and put his arm in mine.

"I see," said he, "that you have rather a general acquaintance, and, as you know many persons, perhaps you know many things. I am young, you see, but I am a great traveler. I have been all over the world, and in all kinds of conveyances; but," he continued, nervously, starting continually, and looking round, "I haven't yet got abroad."

"Not got abroad, and yet you have been everywhere!"

"Oh! yes; I know," he replied, hurriedly; "but I mean that I haven't yet got away. I travel constantly, but it does no good;—and perhaps you can tell me the secret I want to know. I will pay any sum for it. I am very rich and very young, and, if money cannot buy it, I will give as many years of my life as you require."

He moved his hands convulsively, and his hair was wet upon his forehead. He was very handsome in that mystic light, but his eye burned with eager-

ness, and his slight, graceful frame thrilled with the earnestness of his emotion. The Emperor Hadrian, who loved the boy Antinous, would have loved that youth.

"But what is it that you wish to leave behind?" said I, at length, holding his arm paternally; "what do you wish to escape?"

He threw his arms straight down by his side, clenched his hands, and looked fixedly in my eyes. The beautiful head was thrown a little back upon one shoulder, and the wan face glowed with yearning desire and utter abandonment to confidence, so that, without his saying it, I knew that he had never whispered the secret which he was about to impart to me. Then, with a long sigh, as if his life were exhaling, he whispered,

"Myself."

"Ah! my boy, you are bound upon a long journey."

"I know it," he replied, mournfully; "and I cannot even get started. If I don't get off in this ship, I fear I shall never escape."

His last words were lost in the mist which gradually removed him from my view.

"The youth has been amusing you with some of his wild fancies, I suppose," said a venerable man, who might have been twin-brother of that snowy-bearded pilot. "It is a great pity so promising a young man should be the victim of such vagaries."

He stood looking over the side for some time, and at length added,

"Don't you think we ought to arrive soon?"

"Where?" asked I.

"Why, in Eldorado, of course," answered he. "The truth is, I became very tired of that long process to find the Philosopher's Stone, and, although I was just upon the point of the last combination which must infallibly have produced the medium, I abandoned it when I heard Orellana's account, and found that Nature had already done in Eldorado precisely what I was trying to do. You see," continued the old man, abstractedly, "I had put youth, and love, and hope, besides a great many scarce minerals into the crucible, and they all dissolved slowly and vanished in vapor. It was curious, but they left no residuum except a little ashes, which were not strong enough to make a lye to cure

a lame finger. But, as I was saying, Orellana told us about Eldorado just in time, and I thought, if any ship would carry me there, it must be this. But I am very sorry to find that any one, who is in pursuit of such a hopeless goal as that pale young man yonder, should have taken passage. It is only age," he said, slowly, stroking his white beard, "that teaches us wisdom, and persuades us to renounce the hope of escaping ourselves; and, just as we are discovering the Philosopher's Stone, relieves our anxiety by pointing the way to Eldorado."

"Are we really going there?" asked I, in some trepidation.

"Can there be any doubt of it?" replied the old man. "Where should we be going, if not there? However, let us summon the passengers and ascertain."

So saying, the venerable man beckoned to the various groups that were clustered, ghost-like, in the mist that enveloped the ship. They seemed to draw nearer with listless curiosity, and stood or sat near us, smoking, as before, or still leaning on the side, idly gazing. But the restless figure who had first accosted me still paced the deck, fitting in and out of the obscurity; and as he passed there was the same mien of humbled pride and the air of a fate of tragio grandeur, and still the same faint odor of old clothes, and the low querulous cry, "Old shoes! old shoes!"

The ship dashed on. Unknown odors and strange sounds still filled the air, and all the world went by us as we flew, with no other noise than the low gurgling of the sea around the side.

"Gentlemen," said the reverend passenger for Eldorado, "I hope there is no misapprehension as to our destination?"

There was a general movement of anxiety and curiosity. Presently the smoker, who had asked me where he was going, said doubtfully:

"I don't know—it seems to me—I mean, I wish somebody would distinctly say where we are going."

"I think I can throw a little light upon this subject," said a person whom I had not before remarked. He was dressed like a sailor and had a dreamy eye. "It is very clear to me where we are going. I have been taking observations for some time, and I am glad to announce that we are on the

eve of achieving great fame; and I may add," said he modestly, "that my own good name for scientific acumen will be amply vindicated. Gentlemen, we are undoubtedly going into the Hole."

"What hole is that?" asked M. le Baron Munchhausen, a little contemptuously.

"Sir, it will make you more famous than you ever were before," replied the first speaker, evidently much enraged.

"I am persuaded we are going into no such absurd place," said the Baron, exasperated.

The sailor with the dreamy eye was fearfully angry. He drew himself up stiffly and said:

"Sir, you lie!"

M. le Baron Munchhausen took it in very good part. He smiled and held out his hand:

"My friend," said he, blandly, "that is precisely what I have always heard. I am glad you do me no more than justice, I fully assent to your theory: and I constitute myself the Historiographer of the Expedition. How soon, after getting into the Hole, do you think we shall get out?"

"The result will prove," said the marine gentleman, handing the officer his card, upon which was written Captain Symmes. The two gentlemen then walked aside; and the groups began to sway to and fro in the haze as if not quite contented.

"Good God," said the pale youth, running up to me and clutching my arm, "I cannot go into any Hole alone with myself. I should die—I should kill myself. I thought somebody was on board, and I hoped you were he, who would steer us to the Fountain of Oblivion."

"Very well, that is in the Hole," said M. le Baron, who came out of the mist at that moment, leaning upon the Captain's arm.

"But can I leave myself outside?" remarked the youth, nervously.

"Certainly," interposed the old Alchemist; "you may be sure that you will not get into the Hole, until you have left yourself behind."

The pale young man grasped his hand, and gazed into his eyes.

"And then I can drink and be happy," murmured he, as he leaned over the side of the ship, and listened to the rippling water, as if it had been the music of the Fountain of Oblivion.

"Drink! drink!" said the smoking old man. "Fountain! fountain! Why, I believe that is what I am after. I beg your pardon," continued he, addressing the Alchemist. "But can you tell me if I am looking for a fountain?"

"The fountain of youth, perhaps," replied the Alchemist.

"The very thing!" cried the smoker, with a shrill laugh, while his pipe fell from his mouth, and was shattered upon the deck, and the old man tottered away into the mist, chuckling feebly to himself, "Youth! youth!"

"He'll find that in the Hole, too," said the Alchemist, as he gazed after the receding figure.

The crowd now gathered more nearly around us.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the Alchemist, "where shall we go, or, rather, where are we going?"

A man in a friar's habit, with the cowl closely drawn about his head, now crossed himself, and whispered:

"I have but one object. I should not have been here if I had not supposed we were going to find Prester John, to whom I have been appointed father confessor, and at whose court I am to live splendidly, like a cardinal in Rome. Gentlemen, if you will only agree that we shall go there, you shall all be permitted to hold my train when I proceed to be enthroned as Bishop of Central Africa."

While he was speaking, another old man came from the bows of the ship, a figure which had been so immovable in its place, that I supposed it was the ancient figure-head of the craft, and said in a low, hollow voice, and a quaint accent:

"I have been looking for centuries, and I cannot see it. I supposed we were heading for it. I thought sometimes I saw the flash of distant spires, the sunny gleam of upland pastures, the soft undulations of purple hills. Ah! me. I am sure I heard the singing of birds, and the faint low of cattle. But I do not know: we come no nearer; and yet I felt its presence in the air. If the mist would only lift, we should see it lying so fair upon the sea, so graceful against the sky. I fear we may have passed it. Gentlemen," said he, sadly, "I am afraid we may have lost the island of Atlantis for ever."

There was a look of uncertainty in the throng upon the deck.

"But yet," said a group of young men in every kind of costume, and of every country and time, "we have a chance at the Encantadas, the Enchanted Islands. We were reading of them only the other day, and the very style of the story had the music of waves. How happy we shall be to reach a land where there is no work, nor tempest, nor pain, and we shall be forever happy."

"I am content," said a languid youth, with heavily matted curls; "what can be better than this? We feel every climate, the music and the perfume of every zone are ours. In the starlight I woo the mermaids, as I lean over the side, and no enchanted island will show us fairer forms. I am content. The ship sails on. We cannot see, but we can dream. What work or pain have we here? I like the ship; I like the voyage; I like my company, and am content."

As he spoke, he put something into his mouth, and drawing a white substance from his pocket, offered it to his neighbor, saying, "Try a bit of this lotus; you will find it very soothing to the nerves, and an infallible remedy for home-sickness."

"Gentlemen," said M. le Baron Munchausen; "have no fear. The arrangements are well made; the voyage has been perfectly planned, and each passenger will discover what he took passage to find, in the Hole into which we are going, under the auspices of this worthy Captain."

He ceased, and silence fell upon the ship's company. Still on we swept; it seemed a weary way. The tireless pedestrian still paced to and fro, and the idle smokers puffed. The ship sailed on, and endless music and odor chased each other through the misty air. Suddenly, a deep sigh drew universal attention to a person who had not yet spoken. He held a broken harp in his hand, the strings fluttered loosely in the air, and the head of the speaker, bound with a withered wreath of laurels, bent over it.

"No, no," he said; "I will not eat your lotus, nor sail into the Hole. No magic root can cure the home-sickness I feel; for it is no regretful remembrance, but an immortal longing. I have roamed further than I thought the earth extended. I have climbed mountains; I have threaded rivers; I have sailed seas; but nowhere have I seen

the home for which my heart aches. Ah! my friends, you look very weary; let us all go home."

The pedestrian paused a moment in his walk, and the smokers took their pipes from their mouths. The soft air which blew, in that moment, across the deck, drew a low sound from the broken harp strings, and a light shone in the eyes of the old man of the figure-head, as if the mist had lifted for an instant, and he had caught a glimpse of the lost Atlantis.

"I really believe that is where I wish to go," said the seeker of the fountain of youth. "I think I would give up drinking at the fountain if I could get there. I do not know," he murmured, doubtfully; "it is not sure; I mean, perhaps, I should not have strength to get to the fountain, even if I were near it."

"But is it possible to get home," inquired the pale young man. "I think I should be resigned if I could get home."

"Certainly," said the dry, hard voice of Prester John's confessor, as his cowl fell a little back, and a sudden flush burned upon his gaunt face; "if there is any chance of home, I will give up the Bishop's palace in Central Africa."

"But, Eldorado is my home," interposed the old Alchemist.

"Or is home Eldorado?" asked the poet, with the withered wreath, turning toward the Alchemist.

It was a strange company and a wondrous voyage. Here were all kinds of men, of all times and countries, pursuing the wildest hopes, the most chimerical desires. One took me aside to request that I would not let it be known, but that he inferred from certain signs we were nearing Utopia. Another whispered gaily in my ear that he thought the water was gradually becoming of a ruby color—the hue of wine; and he had no doubt we should wake in the morning and find ourselves in the land of Cockaigne. A third, in great anxiety, stated to me that such continuous mists were unknown upon the ocean; that they were peculiar to rivers, and that, beyond question, we were drifting along some stream, probably the Nile, and immediate measures ought to be taken that we did not go ashore at the foot of the Mountains of the Moon. Others were quite sure that we were in the way of striking the great southern continent; and a young man, who gave his name

as Wilkins, said we might be quite at ease, for presently some friends of his would come flying over from the neighboring islands and tell us all we wished.

Still I smelled the mouldy rigging, and the odor of cabbage was strong from the hold.

Oh! Prue, what could the ship be, in which such fantastic characters were sailing toward impossible bournes—characters which in every age have ventured all the bright capital of life in vague speculations and romantic dreams? What could it be but the ship that haunts the sea forever, and, with all sails set, drives onward before a ceaseless gale, and is not hailed, nor ever comes to port?

I know the ship is always full, I know the graybeard still watches at the prow for the lost Atlantis; and still the Alchemist believes that Eldorado is at hand. Upon his aimless quest, the doctard still asks where he is going, and the pale youth knows that he shall never fly himself. Yet they would gladly renounce that wild chase and the dear dreams of years, could they find what I have never lost. They were ready to follow the poet home, if he could have told them where it lay.

I know where it lies. I breathe the soft air of the purple uplands which they shall never tread. I hear the sweet music of the voices they long for in vain. I am no traveler; my only voyage is to the office and home again. William and Christopher, John and Charles sail to Europe and the South, but I defy their romantic distances. When the spring comes and the flowers blow, I drift through the year belted with summer and with spice.

With the changing months I keep high carnival in all the zones. I sit at home and walk with Prue, and if the sun that stirs the sap quickens also the wish to wander, I remember my fellow-voyagers on that romantic craft, and looking round upon my peaceful room, and pressing more closely the arm of Prue, I feel that I have reached the port for which they hopelessly sailed. And when winds blow fiercely and the night-storm rages, and the thought of lost mariners and of perilous voyages touches the soft heart of Prue, I hear a voice sweeter to my ear than that of the syrens to the tempest-tost sailor: "Thank God! Your only cruising is in the Flying Dutchman!"

THE BEASTS OF THE PRAIRIES.

HAVING, in former numbers of this magazine, treated of the Fishes and Birds of the Prairies, or of the great central plains which extend from the Western shore of Lake Michigan to the Rocky Mountains, we now propose to say something of the beasts of chase, or "varmints," as they are called in hunter phrase, the term embracing all wild animals that are followed for sport, for profit, or for extermination.

A gentleman who writes very pleasant books on American field sports, insists upon restricting the term game to such animals as are in England killed for sport. This is very well in England, where the sport, being confined to the higher classes, the sportsmen are a privileged few, and can make and enforce their own code of laws; but in the United States, where the hunters and shooters comprise the great body of the people, no such sporting canons are practicable. Although, therefore, it may be more strictly in rule to speak of "a gaggle of geese," or "a whiteness of swans," or to call the male deer "a hart," and the female "a hind," as we are directed by the learned author above-mentioned, we much fear that in this case, as in many others, wisdom will cry aloud in the streets and no man regard her, and that the ignorant Yankee nation will shoot away at flocks of geese and swans regardless of the proprieties of language, so they hit, and that they will none the less relish their venison though it be killed, with a rude disregard for the niceties of woodcraft, under the names of buck and doe.

In fact, the science of woodcraft seems to be essentially Norman and aristocratic, and so wholly opposed to the Anglo-Saxon way of thinking, as exhibited by the Americans of the free States, that it is very difficult to enforce laws for the protection of our game even in the breeding season, and in consequence there is danger that a few years will see it exterminated. It is in anticipation of such a result that our sketches are made, and perhaps in the year 1900 they may possess an interest wholly wanting now, as treating of the habits of an extinct Occidental Fauna.

THE BISON, OR BUFFALO.—This

animal is peculiar to America, and probably before the arrival of Europeans roamed over most of the continent, as the early voyagers frequently mention "wild bulls," and there is no other member of the ox tribe known to be native.

It has always been an animal of great value to the Indians, furnishing them with food, clothes, and dwellings; in fact, the Indians of the plains are entirely dependent on the buffalo, and when he fails in his annual migrations, they are reduced to starvation.

It is believed that all attempts to mingle permanently the blood of these desert-born cattle, with that of the domestic breed, have proved unsuccessful. Like the offspring of the red and white races of man, they cannot be depended upon as civilized or tamed, but are apt, at the first chance, to take to the woods again.

Although a large and apparently formidable animal, the bison seems to be inferior in courage and ferocity to the wild cattle of Europe and Asia. It flies at the sight of man, and although when brought to bay will make a furious charge at the hunter, with a good horse this is easily evaded, and so mounted, a man can pick out the fattest of the herd with very little danger. Indeed, a scamper among the buffalo is now the common finish to a sporting tour in America, by the young gentlemen of England and their Boston and New York imitators. Salmon fishing in Nova Scotia, grouse shooting in Illinois, and buffalo hunting on the Plains,—all requiring enough pluck to keep the Cockies out.

The range of the buffalo is still very extensive, from the Rocky Mountains on the West to within two hundred miles of the Mississippi on the East; and from Texas on the South to Lake Winnipeg on the North.

THE ELK, OR WAPITI.—This magnificent stag is to be found, like the buffalo, on the great plains west of the Mississippi, which he seems to prefer to the timbered country.

There is great need of a standard work on American Mammalia. We have large and satisfactory books on our Ornithology; something has been done, and more is doing, on Ichthyology.

while the only work we have on the quadrupeds of America is that of Dr. Godman, which is much behind the present state of science.

The animal under consideration has been frequently confounded with the large deer of the timbered country, the cariboo, and this last again with the rein-deer. The distinctions between these species have been ably pointed out by Mr. Herbert in his work on American Field Sports. The elk is domesticated without much difficulty, and has, we believe, frequently been trained to harness, for which its strength and speed are well adapted; while its clean and graceful limbs and splendid antlers would make a pair of elks, going a three-minute gait along the avenue, a real sporting team. To the parks of our country gentlemen the elk would form an appropriate ornament, while their flesh affords a delicious venison. The hunting of the elk and cariboo affords the finest sport which is to be had on this continent. The watchfulness and speed of the animals, with their courage and ferocity when brought to bay, render it anything but a holiday recreation, but one demanding great knowledge of woodcraft and skill with weapons, as well as courage and endurance.

THE DEER.—We do not propose to inflict upon the patient readers of this magazine any description of this well-known animal, found in all parts of the Union, from Cape Cod to the Columbia river, but merely to describe some ways of hunting him.

First.—Driving with Hounds. It is usual in this mode of hunting deer, to station the sportsmen at certain stands or passways, where the deer are expected to pass on being roused by the hounds. Armed with a double-barrel, heavily loaded with buck shot, the patient hunter must remain for hours or days immovable and silent, waiting for his game to be brought to him. There may be one chance in six that he may see the deer; one in ten that the deer will pass his stand, and one in fifteen that, if a beginner, he will have presence of mind to fire; and one in twenty that, if all the other chances occur, he will kill his game. This driving is the favorite method at the South, where the indolent gentry, wishing to kill time and procure an appetite

without much exertion, keep negro hunters and drivers to do the work, while they sit all day on a log, smoking. Neither is it a bad way for New York Cockneys to air their fine London guns and shooting jackets on Long Island; but, as to sport, we really cannot see where it lies.

Second.—Coursing with Greyhounds. This is brilliant sport, superior to any hunting in America, except, perhaps, the regular Carolina fox hunting in the pine woods. You go out upon the prairie, well mounted, with your dogs in the leash. They are a cross between the greyhound and some heavier and fiercer race, and, if right, will run into and pull down a buck single handed. It is a fine morning in December, and the surface of the prairie, blackened with the autumnal fires, is covered with patches of white frost. The air is clear and bracing, and as we ride out of town and emerge upon the open prairie, our horses, anticipating the well-known sport, prance gaily about. Our company consists of about thirty horsemen; some armed with pistols, others with rifles or double guns. We have five large half-bred greyhounds, tawny and brindled, with deep chests and strong limbs; three couple of foxhounds, who ever and anon utter their impatient bay; two or three terriers and a crowd of curs. We push out into the prairie, steering south, towards Blue Island, where we expect to find a herd of deer. (This is supposed to be in 1840.) On arriving at the timber, five or six hunters, with the dogs, take the lead, and the rest of the field follows as it best may through the timber. We keep along through the grove for a couple of miles, when the word is given that deer are ahead, and we are desired to spread ourselves so as to drive them out of the grove on to the large prairie south, where the dogs can run to advantage. Here let us remark, that it is dangerous to let greyhounds run in the timber, as they are very apt to kill themselves by running against trees. Slowly and carefully we proceed, with the fox-hounds in advance, their deep voices showing the route we are to pursue. At length, we come out of the grove, and spy the deer, ten or twelve in number, bounding away over the prairie about a mile off; not much alarmed, as yet, and occasionally stopping to look behind at their pursuers.

"Now, men," says our leader, "spread yourselves, and go!" The greyhounds are slipped, and start at full speed, followed by the crowd of shouting riders and yelling curs. The deer take the alarm at once, and, after making two or three very lofty bounds, as if to try their limbs, they set off at a rate which would seem likely to carry them out of sight, very soon. We go at our best pace for about a mile, when the field begins to grow select. First, the big gray, with the butcher on him, gives out, and a canter is all that can be got out of him. Next the bay colt and the black mare, hired from a livery stable, and ridden by two spruce looking young clerks, are brought to a trot, blowing heavily. Now those three Germans, rigged out "*en grand chasseur*," with guns strapped to their backs, game bags large enough to hold a well grown fawn, and hunting horns round their necks, have pulled up their tired nags, which have hardly got a puff in either of them, and proceed with great deliberation to light their pipes.

"Halloo! Mike! is your mare done?"

"Sure and I have no call to them craturs wid the horns, and why would I be breaking the ould mare's heart this way?" said the Irish drayman, who, being of a sporting turn, and owning a nice gray mare which was quite fair for a quarter race, had engaged her in a business for which she was not quite able.

Five or six more begin to show "bel-lows to mend," and gradually to drop astern, as we get along into the prairie, and it is evident that the deer are making for the next grove, some five miles further. We had run them about three miles at a killing pace, when the state of things was as follows. About a quarter of a mile behind the deer are the greyhounds, running on a line about ten feet apart, and evidently gaining on the chase. A quarter of a mile behind them are the fox-hounds, close together, heads and tails well up, with a breast-high scent and a full cry. Just behind them comes Major D., on a thoroughbred chestnut horse, who goes as if he could keep that stride to the Mississippi. Then, side by side, came Dr. C., on a powerful bay Morgan, who looked as if the pace was a little too good for him, and the writer, on a mare of the Major's raising, called Creeping Kate; she was by his sorrel horse, which is directly descended from Henry and

Eclipse. No wonder, then, that she can run a little, though she is over ten years old. Straggling behind these come half a dozen of the best mounted of the field—the rest, with the cur dogs, are nowhere.

"Will they get to the grove, Major?" said I. "Not all of them, I reckon," he replied, turning half round in the saddle, "if those greyhounds are good for anything." "I'll answer for old Spring," said I, "that is the brindled dog on the right; he will make his rush directly, and then you will see the fur fly."

Just then, as if by mutual agreement, the five greyhounds extended their front so as to be on the flanks of the flying herd, then increased their speed, till in ten minutes they were abreast; then they began to close up with the deer. Now the chase is most exciting—deer and dogs are both doing their best, while we have to ply the spur to keep our places in the hunt. At this moment old Spring makes his rush, seizes the big buck by the haunch and capsizes him; the other dogs follow his example, and the prettiest kind of a skirmish ensues—deer and dogs rolling over in the snow, kicking, striking, biting, and growling. Those of the deer who were not seized by the greyhounds scattered in all directions, and Dr. C., pulling up his not unwilling horse, got a double shot at about sixty yards. One he knocked over and the other he missed. Seeing a young buck going off alone on a course which would cross my track, I start to head him off. He bears off to the right, but after a run of two hundred yards I close up within twenty yards of him, and give him a ball from my pistol, behind the shoulder; he falls, and I ride up to give him a shot in the head, and have dismounted for the purpose, when up he jumps with his hair all standing the wrong way, and comes at me. Fortunately, however, I have a loaded pistol in my belt with which I give him a ball through the brains. Then cutting the deer's throat, and having with some difficulty persuaded Kate to allow the carcass to hang across her back, I mount to ride in search of the rest of the party.

The whole thing was over, I soon saw, as I approached the group of horsemen near the grove. The greyhounds had killed three, Major D. had

shot one with his pistol, Dr. C. had one, and two of the outsiders had killed one each; eight in all, out of a herd of eleven.

Third.—Still Hunting. This is precisely what the English call “stalking,” and signifies going forth alone (or, if attended by a dog, he must keep at heel till you have wounded your game), to do battle against the monarch of the woods; to set man's knowledge and skill against the instinct of the animal. You walk slowly and quietly along through the woods, like a ghost, leaving no sound of your footfall; your eyes glance constantly round; sometimes for five minutes you stand still in the shadow of a big tree trunk, to the color of which your dress corresponds so nearly, that, when not in motion, you are invisible. A stranger of an imaginative turn of mind, on meeting you in the forest so employed, would take you for the spirit of old Daniel Boone, or Natty Bumpo, moving West, out of the way of the settlements. Truly this, and not angling, is the “Contemplative Man's Recreation.”

The object of all this spirit-like gliding, gentle reader, is that you may get a sight of the deer before he sees you. It is a question of precedence. If the deer sees you first, and his eyes are quick, he quietly slips off, and you must glide after another. If you get the first sight, and it is astonishing to what a pitch of accuracy the eye may be educated, you stand still, and, like Austria, wait the progress of events. If the deer comes straight towards you, of course the game is your own, if you can keep still till he gets within shot. But if, as is most probable, he takes another course, you must fly from tree to tree, and from cover to cover, with the quickness and invisibility of an owl or an Indian, till you get within shot, when your rifle must do the rest.

This is the favorite manner of hunting deer in the Western forests: a man needs nothing for it but a rifle and a good pair of legs and eyes; the latter especially, for a near-sighted man can never excel at this sport. Those, however, who try it, become so fond of it as to despise all other hunting. We have seen deer stalked, with great success, by means of a sled and a yoke of oxen. Let the hunters lie down in the bottom of the sled among the hay, and let the driver drive his team not direct-

ly towards the deer, but round them in concentric circles, gradually lessening in diameter, till he carries you within ten rods of them. The writer was one of a party of four, who by the sled dodge got six deer in one morning, and ought to have killed twice as many, from the number of fair shots we had.

THE PANTHER.—This, the largest and most formidable of the North American cats, is seldom seen upon the plains, except when traveling from one grove to another. They prefer a mountainous and broken country.

THE NORTHERN LYNX.—A few years ago this animal was rather common in Northern Illinois, a specimen having been killed within the limits of the present city of Chicago about twelve years since. This lynx feeds upon birds, and other small animals, and seems, notwithstanding its formidable size, to be a timid animal, and easily killed. It is sometimes eaten.

THE BLACK BEAR.—Although the country on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan abounds with these animals, they are seldom seen on the west side of the Lake, and then only as transient visitors; they preferring a heavily timbered country, which furnishes them with more food and shelter than they can get on the prairies.

We have always thought that there was something more human about the bear than the other prowlers of the woods; and so think the Indians, who call him “brother,” and when they kill him for food, or from a desire to appropriate his thick overcoat, generally apologize to him for the liberty, and attribute it solely to their necessities. Like man, the black bear is omnivorous, though he prefers fruit and vegetables; seldom meddling with the sheep or hogs if he can get berries or mast. He is not aggressive in his temper, but likes his share of the road, and does not allow himself to be crowded. Instead of roving about the country in winter, mad with cold and hunger, like the ferocious and disreputable wolf, our bear snugly stows himself away in his den and sleeps till spring. He is an excellent boxer, and, in a ring fight, would puzzle the best shoulder-hitter in New York to touch him, while a wipe from his paw would take the

conceit out of Hyer or Yankee Sullivan. There are many bear stories about, but the following, by an old Hoosier, is one of the best we remember :

"When I came into this neck of woods, about twenty years back, there was a powerful chance of 'Bar' yer. Many is the good hide I've shucked off the varmints, and many a jar of ile I've toted down to Lar Fyett, for the pot-teraries, and me and my old woman always all'owed that bar meat did stick to the ribs better than hog. I was goin' to tell you of her scrape with the old he bar. It was in the spring, airly, one day, when I was away in the timber with the boys, mauling rails, that the sarcumstance happened, which made me laugh powerful, I tell ye. The old woman was alone in the cabin, trying out some pork fat, say near sundown, when this old he, traveling through the timber, smelt the fat I reckon, for he olim the fence and came snuffing round the cabin. We had both the guns with us in the woods, or the old woman wouldn't have asked no favors; but as she had no shootin' iron, she fastened the door, and the bar seein' he couldn't get in at the door, he clim up the logs and got to the ruff, so as to come down the chimbley, bein' just naterally bound to have that pork fat. So, as he came backing down the chimbley, bar fashion, my old woman, she jumps to the bed and heaves an armful of straw on the fire. You may believe that and the fat blazed considerable, and so did the bar's posteriums, and the way that old he went up the chimbley wasn't slow. He just made a bee line for the timber, and never said another word about pork fat. And that's the way my woman, she tarified the bar, and kinder skortched his britches."

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.—If the last mentioned bear is sometimes a joker, the grizzly bear is not, being the most powerful and ferocious beast on this continent, and, as is thought by those competent to judge, equally formidable with the tiger or the lion of the African deserts. This bear is peculiar to America, and his range is about the base of the Rocky Mountains, where his favorite food, the buffalo, is to be found.

The chase of this animal is attended with great danger, for, beside his enormous strength and ferocity, which generally prompt him to attack rather

than avoid mankind, he is so cased in thick skin and muscles like cordage, that a shot, except through the heart or brain, seldom makes any impression. Then the skull is so thick and so formed, that a bullet, unless entering through the eye, is apt to be flattened or glanced off. Lewis and Clark, who met with this bear in their exploring expedition to the Oregon, some thirty or forty years ago, and first described him, tell us of several instances where the grizzly bear fought furiously with two or three shots through the heart, and they found them by far more formidable than the Indians. And we know that the killing of one of these animals is the greatest possible exploit for an Indian, and stamps him at once as a great brave.

The mountain men and trappers, however, do not hesitate to attack the grizzly bear, single handed, and with rifle and knife generally "get his meat," which is esteemed as food, and can be found at the eating houses in California. Sometimes, however, the tables are turned, and the bear, "equal to either fortune," turns out the eater, and not the eaten.

THE BADGER.—This, a plantigrade cousin of the Bear family, is found on the Western plains. It much resembles in appearance the European Badger, though there are said to be organic differences between them. It lives in holes in the ground, from which it seldom issues forth by day. It fights desperately when assailed by man or dog, and, being protected by a skin of great thickness, is not easily killed.

Wisconsin has taken the badger for its emblem or "totem," as the Indians call it, as Michigan has assumed the wolverine; and we think that the former has the advantage, the badger being a more honest and respectable animal than the wolverine, which is a sort of pirate of the woods, lying in wait for defenseless deer, which he pounces upon by stealth, and esteeming it to be his manifest destiny to eat up all the pigs and sheep that come in his way. We advise the Michigan people to drop the wolverine, and assume the bear,—a decent beast that minds his own business.

THE WOLF.—Of this animal we have

three species, the large Gray Wood Wolf, the Black Wolf, and the Prairie Wolf. The first is a powerful and dangerous animal everywhere, though in this region he does not appear ever to have been so formidable to the human race as in the mountains of the Middle and Eastern States. This may arise from the abundance of his favorite food, venison, in the West, so that he is not often driven by hunger to attack mankind, which he always avoids doing if possible, being a cowardly brute, that dislikes a fair fight.

Twenty years ago the gray wolf was abundant in the wooded parts of the State of Illinois, but being driven back by the approach of man, trapped and hunted, and, more than all, poisoned by strychnine, they are now confined to the heavy timber of the Illinois and Mississippi bottoms, and some of the large groves in the northern part of the State. Though cowardly, they fight desperately when cornered or wounded, and we were told by a hunter, that having caught a gray wolf in a trap, the beast, with the heavy trap hanging to one foot, actually whipped a pack of ten or twelve good dogs, several of which were killed or wounded in the fray.

We recollect several years ago, while traveling in the northern part of Wisconsin, in a very severe winter, when the wolves were unusually bold, witnessing an amusing scene. Quite a number of the young men of the vicinity were in the bar-room of the tavern, which was near a heavy tract of timber, when about midnight the wolves were heard howling near the house. Two of the youths, valiant with whisky, seized clubs and rushed to the attack. We all went to the door to see the fun, and by the bright light of the moon we could see the young heroes pursue the wolves to the edge of the timber, shouting and brandishing their sticks in a manner very valiant to behold. Suddenly, however, their charge became a halt, the halt a retreat, and, finally, the retreat a most decided and ignominious flight. The wolves, five or six in number, (and they did loom up large in the moonlight,) pursued the fugitives a short distance towards the house, but were turned back by a shot fired at them from the door. It seems that the wolves had retreated, and drawn the young men into an ambush.

The howl of the wolf is one of the

most frightful sounds that a novice can hear in the woods. We were once camping out in Iowa in winter, some seventy miles west of the Mississippi, and at that time beyond the frontier. It was midnight, and all the party were asleep except two of us, who sat by the camp fire at the opening of the tent, smoking, and spinning long yarns, when

"At once there rose so wild a yell,
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

The whole air seemed filled with the vibrations of that infernal sound. Nothing could be seen within the circle of light made by our fire, but outside of it all the wolves in Iowa seemed to be seated open-mouthed and vocal. Not being used to such diabolical music, we allow we were badly scared. For the first time we knew what it meant to have our hair stand on end. Our horses broke loose, and crowded into the camp for protection, and the dogs ran between our legs. Our companion, who was used to this sort of thing, replied to the howl with another nearly as long-drawn and as devilish as that of the wolves themselves, which produced a rejoinder from the hairy outsiders. This lasted for about five minutes, when our friend seized his rifle and fired it at random into the howling circle. Instantly all was still, and we heard no more of them that night, though they continued to prowl about our camp for some days.

The black wolf is by some naturalists supposed to be only a variety of the gray species, but we think there is good reason to mark him as a distinct sort. The hunters who are familiar with this wolf, consider him as a more formidable animal than the gray. They roam singly, and are rarely met with anywhere. The last black wolf that we have heard of was killed near the head of Lake Michigan, about five years ago. He had the boldness to take a calf out of a farm yard at midday, which raised the neighborhood upon him.

The prairie wolf is about the size of a setter dog, though more powerfully made, and resembling a good deal, in appearance and habits, the European jackall. He is exclusively a native American species, though far from being a "Know Nothing." His range formerly extended to Lake Michigan,

on the East, but in the settled parts of Illinois he has become rare. They are swift of foot, live in burrows like the fox, hunt in packs, and are much less afraid of man than the other wolves. We have never heard of any well-authenticated instance of an attack by prairie wolves upon the human family or the larger domestic animals, though they are very destructive to hogs and sheep, as well as to the smaller kinds of game. Before the settlement of Illinois by the whites, the prairie wolves made great havoc among the grouse, trailing the hens to the nest with the unerring nose of the pointer, when mother and eggs would disappear in the capacious maw of the destroyer. The birds were observed to increase rapidly wherever the wolves were driven out.

On the extensive prairies about Chicago, where, twenty years ago, these animals abounded, great sport was had in hunting them with hounds and mounted men. Thirty or forty riders, armed with guns, pistols, or clubs, attended by all the dogs in town, a motley collection of greyhounds, fox-hounds, terriers, bulldogs, and curs; anything, in short, that could fight or run, would sally forth over the frozen prairie. Some wolves would be started from the long grass and weeds, and a dozen separate runs would be going on at once. The only dogs which could outrun the wolves were the greyhounds, but these, and, if of pure blood, were not sufficiently powerful and fierce to kill them. Their game was to run against the wolf, at full speed, generally giving him a fall,

and so retarding his progress till the slower and stronger dogs could come up. This wolf fights desperately when at bay, and few dogs like to attack him single handed.

A bulldog or bull-terrier, which grapples them at once, regardless of their terrible snap, kills them easily. A large and powerful dog, bred between the greyhound and some large and courageous breed, proved very useful, having speed enough to run the wolf down, and strength and courage to finish him. One in particular we remember, as the hero of these hunts. He was a magnificent fellow, standing twenty-eight to thirty inches at the shoulder, tawny colored, like a lion, with a black muzzle, and a set of legs which would carry him up to wolf or deer in a mile's run. He would seize the wolf by the back, and throw him clear from the ground, and such was his strength and activity, that, though he has killed five or six wolves in a day, he was rarely hurt. A deer he would seize by the nose or the haunch, and throw him, then instantly grapple him by the throat, and at these times it was very unsafe for any one but his master to come between him and his prey, for he feared neither man nor beast.

Sometimes a well-mounted man would run down and kill a wolf with pistol or club, the varmint dying mute, but fiercely snapping to the last. The horses came soon to enjoy the chase, and some of them would strike the wolf with their fore feet, in very genuine style.

AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS.

AN individual, masked under the vulgar name of SAM, furnishes just now a good deal more than half the pabulum wherewith certain legislators and journalists are fed. Whether he is a mythical or real personage,—a Magus or a monkey,—nobody seems to know, but we are inclined to regard him as real, because of his general acceptance among Dalgetty politicians, and because of the irresistible merriment his occasional “coming down” on something or other affords the newspapers. We saw a paunchy old gentleman the other day, with a face like the sun, only more red and blue and spotty, and a dismally wheezy voice, who came near being carried off with a ponderous apoplectic chuckle, which seized him when somebody casually observed that “Sam was pitching into the police,” and he was only relieved from the fatal consequences, by a series of desperate movements, which resembled those of a seventy-four getting-under-way again after the sudden stroke of a typhoon. Now, if Sam was not unquestionably a real personage, and this old gentleman unquestionably a real disciple of his, we are at a loss to account for the reality of the phenomena thus exhibited.

But whether real or mythical, it has been impossible for us to raise our admiration of Sam to the popular pitch. After due and diligent inquiry, we have arrived at only a moderate estimate of his qualities. In fact, considering the mystery in which he shrouds his ways, we are disposed to believe that he is more of a Jerry Sneak than a hero. The assumption of secrecy on the part of any one, naturally starts our suspicions. We cannot see why he should resort to it, if he harbors only just or generous designs. We associate darkness and night with things that are foul, and we admire the saying, that twilight even, though a favorite with lovers, is also favorable to thieves. Schemes which shrink from the day, which skulk behind corners, and wriggle themselves into obscure and crooked places, are not the schemes we love at a venture. And all the veiled prophets, we apprehend, are very much like that one we read of in the palace of Merou, who hid his face, as he pretended to his admirers, because its brightness

would strike them dead, but in reality because it was of an ugliness so monstrous, that no one could look upon it and live.

There is an utterance, however, imputed to this impervious and oracular Sam, which we cordially accept. He is said to have said that “America belongs to Americans”—just as his immortal namesake, Sam Patch, said that “some things could be done as well as others”—and we thank him for the concession. It is good, very good, very excellent good,—as the logical Touchstone would have exclaimed,—provided you put a proper meaning to it.

What is America, and who are Americans? It all depends upon that, and, accordingly as you answer, will the phrase appear very wise or very foolish. If you are determined to consider America as nothing more than the two or three million square miles of dirt, included between the Granite Hills and the Pacific, and Americans as those men exclusively whose bodies happened to be fashioned from it,—we fear that you have not penetrated to the real beauty and significance of the terms. The soul of a muck-worm may very naturally be contented with identifying itself with the mould from which it is bred, and into which it will soon be resolved, but the soul of a man, unless we are hugely misinformed, claims a loftier origin and looks forward to a nobler destiny.

America, in our sense of the word, embraces a complex idea. It means, not simply the soil with its coal, cotton and corn, but the nationality by which that soil is occupied, and the political system in which such occupants are organized. The soil existed long before Vespucci gave it a name,—as long back, it may be, as when the morning stars sang together,—but the true America, a mere chicken still, dates from the last few years of the eighteenth century. It picked its shell for the first time amid the cannon-volley of Bunker Hill, and gave its first peep when the old State-House Bell at Philadelphia rang out “liberty to all the land.” Before that period, the straggling and dependent colonies which were here were the mere spawn of the older nations,—the eggs and embryos of America, but

not the full fledged bird. It was not until the political constitution of '89 had been accepted by the people that America attained a complete and distinctive existence, or that she was able—continuing the figure with which we began—to spread her “sheeny vans,” and shout a cock-a-doodle to the sun.

It would be needless, at this day, to state what are the distinguishing principles of that political existence. They have been pronounced ten thousand times, and resumed as often in the simple formula which every school-boy knows—the government of the whole people by themselves and for themselves. In other words, America is the democratic republic—not the government of the people by a despot, nor by an oligarchy, nor by any class such as the red-haired part of the inhabitants, or the blue-eyed part; nor yet a government for any other end than the good of the entire nation—but the democratic republic, pure and simple. This is the political organism which individualizes us, or separates us as a living unity from all the rest of the world.

All this, of course, would be too elementary to be recounted in any mature discussion, if recent events had not made it necessary to an adequate answer of our second question—who, then, are Americans? Who constitute the people in whose hands the destinies of America are to be deposited?

The fashionable answer in these times is “the natives of this Continent, to be sure!” But let us ask again, in that case, whether our old friends Uncas and Chingachgook, and Kag-ne-ga-bow-wow—whether Walk-in-the-water, and Talking-snake, and Big-yellow-thunder, are to be considered Americans par-excellence? Alas, no! for they, poor fellows! are all trudging towards the setting sun, and soon their red and dusky figures will have faded in the darker shadows of the night! Is it, then, the second generation of natives—they who are driving them away—who compose exclusively the American family? You say, yes; but we say, no! Because, if America be as we have shown, more than the soil of America, we do not see how a mere cloddy derivation from it entitles one to the name of American. Clearly, that title cannot enure to us from the mere argillaceous or silicious compounds of our bodies—clearly, it descends from no vegetable ancestry—and it must disdain to trace

itself to that simple relationship to physical nature which we chance to enjoy, in common with the skunk, the rattlesnake, and the catamount. All these are only the natural productions of America—excellent, no doubt, in their several ways—but the American man is something more than a natural product, boasting a moral or spiritual genesis; and referring his birth-right to the immortal thoughts, which are the soul of his institutions, and to the divine affections, which lift his politics out of the slime of state-craft, into the air of great humanitarian purposes.

The real American, then, is he—no matter whether his corporeal chemistry was first ignited in Kamschatka or the moon—who, abandoning every other country and forswearing every other allegiance, gives his mind and heart to the grand constituent ideas of the Republic—to the impulses and ends in which and by which alone it subsists. If he have arrived at years of discretion—if he produces evidence of a capacity to understand the relations he undertakes—if he has resided in the atmosphere of freedom long enough to catch its genuine spirit—then is he an American, in the true and best sense of the term.

Or, if not an American, pray what is he? An Englishman, a German, an Irishman, he can no longer be; he has cast the slough of his old political relations forever; he has asserted his sacred right of expatriation (which the United States was the first of nations to sanction) or been expatriated by his too ardent love of the cause which the United States represents; and he can never return to the ancient fold. It would spurn him more incontinently than powder spurns the fire. He must become, then, either a wanderer and a non-descript on the face of the earth, or be received into our generous republican arms. It is our habit to say that we know of no race nor creed, but the race of man and the creed of democracy, and if he appeals to us, as a man and a democrat, there is no alternative in the premises. We must either deny his claims altogether—deny that he is a son of God and our brother—or else we must incorporate him, in due season, into the household. It is not enough that we offer him shelter from the rain—not enough that we mend his looped and windowed raggedness—not enough that we replenish his wasted midriff with ba-

con and hominy, and open to his palsied hands an opportunity to toil. These are commendable charities, but they are such charities as any one, not himself a brute, would willingly extend to a horse found astray on the common. Shall we do no more for our fellows? Have we discharged our whole duty, as men to men, when we have avouched the sympathies we would freely render to a cat? Do we, in truth, recognize their claims at all, when we refuse to confess that higher nature in them, whereby alone they are men, and not stocks or animals? More than that: do we not, by refusing to confess a man's manhood, in reality heap him with the heaviest injury it is in our power to inflict, and wound him with the bitterest insult his spirit can receive?

We can easily conceive the justness with which an alien, escaping to our shores from the oppressions of his own country, or voluntarily abandoning it for the sake of a better life, might reply to those who receive him hospitably, but deny him political association:—"For your good will, I thank you—for the privilege of toiling against the grim inclemencies of my outcast and natural condition, which you offer, I thank you—for the safeguard of your noble public laws, I thank you; but the blessed God having made me a man, as well as you—when you refuse me, like the semi-barbarians of Sparta, all civil life—when, with Jewish exclusiveness, you thrust me out of the holy temple, as a mere proselyte of the gate—your intended kindnesses scum over with malignity, and the genial wine-cup you proffer, brims with wormwood and gall."

We are well aware of the kind of outcry with which such reasoning is usually met. We know in what a variety of tones,—from the vulgar growl of the pot-house pugilist to the minatory shriek of the polemic, frenzied with fear of the Scarlet Lady,—it is proclaimed that all foreign infusions into our life are venomous, and ought to be vehemently resisted. Nor do we mean to deny the right of every community to protect itself from hurt, even to the forcible extrusion, if necessary, of the ingredients which threaten its damage. But that necessity must be most distinctly proved. The case must be one so clear as to leave no doubt of it, as an absolute case of self-

defense. Now, there is no such overruling necessity with us, as to compel either the exclusion, or the extrusion, of our alien residents. They are not such a violent interpolation, as when grains of sand, to use Coleridge's figure, have got between the shell and the flesh of the snail,—that they will kill us if we do not put them out and keep them out. A prodigious hue and cry against them wakes the echoes of the vicinage just now, such as is raised when a pack of hungry foxes stray into the honest hen-roost, but the clamor is quite disproportionate to the occasion. The foxes are by no means so numerous or predacious as they are imagined to be, and there is no such danger of them for the future that we need to be transfixed with fright, or scamper away in a stampede of panic terror. The evils which our past experience of Naturalization has made known to us,—for there are some—are not unmanageable evils, requiring a sudden and spasmodic remedy, and menacing a disastrous overthrow unless they are instantly tackled. The most of them are like the other evils of our social condition,—mere incidents of an infantile or transitional state,—of a life not yet arrived at full maturity—and will be worked off in the regular course of things. At any rate, they solicit no headstrong, desperate assault; only a consciousness of what and where our real strength is, and patient self-control.

On the other hand, it is a fixed conviction of ours, in respect to this whole subject of aliens,—that there is much less danger in accepting them, under almost any circumstances, than there would be in attempting to keep them out. In the latter case, by separating them from the common life of the community,—making them amenable to laws for which they are yet not responsible,—taxing them for the support of a government in which they are not represented,—calling upon them for purposes of defense when they have no real country to defend,—we should in effect erect them into a distinct and subordinate class, on which we had fastened a very positive stigma, or degradation. How lamentable and inevitable the consequences of such a social contrast!

The reader, doubtless, has often seen a wretched oak by the way-side, whose trunk is all gnarled and twisted into

knots; or he may have passed through the wards of a hospital, where beautiful human bodies are eaten with ulcers and sores; or he may have read of the Pariahs of India, those vile and verminous outcasts, who live in hovels away from the cities, and prey on property like rats and weasels; or, again, chance may have led him through the Jews' quarters, the horrid *ghettos* of the old continental towns, where squalor accompanies ineffable crime; or, finally, his inquiries may have made him familiar with the free blacks of his own country, with their hopeless degradations and miseries! Well, if these experiences have been his, he has discerned in them the exponents—in some, the symbols, and in others, the actual effects—of the terrible spirit of exclusion, when it is worked out in society. For, it is a universal truth, that whatever thing enjoys but a partial participation of the life to which it generically belongs, gets, to the extent of the deprivation, diseased. It is also as universal a truth, that the spread of that disease will, sooner or later, affect the more living members. Make any class of men, for instance, an exception in society; set them apart in a way which shall exclude them from the more vital circulations of that society; place them in relations which shall breed in them a sense of alienation and of degradation at the same time—and they must become either blotches or parasites, which corrupt it; or else a band of conspirators, more or less active, making war upon its integrity. Let us suppose that some ruler, a Louis Napoleon or Dr. Francia, should decree that all the inhabitants of a certain country, of oblique or defective vision, should be rigidly confined to one of the lower mechanical occupations: would not all the squint-eyed and short-sighted people be immediately degraded in the estimation of the rest of the community? Would not the feeling of that debasement act as a perpetual irritant to their malice—lead them to hate the rest, and to prey upon them—and so feed an incessant feud—open or sinister, as the injured party might be strong or weak—between the strabismic families and those of a more legitimate ocularity? In the same way, but with even more certainty and virulence of effect, any legal distinctions among a people, founded upon differences of birth or race, must generate unpleasant and pernicious

relations, which, in the end, could only be maintained by force. Say to the quarter million of foreigners who annually arrive on our shores, that, like the *metoikoi* and *perioikoi* of the Greeks, they may subsist here, but nothing more; that the privileges of the inside of the city, suffrage, office, equality, ambition, are closed to them; that they may sport for our amusement in the arenas, look on at our courts, do our severer labors for us, and reverently admire our greatness; but that they shall have no part nor lot in that political life which is the central and distinguishing life of the nation; and, so far forth, you convert them, infallibly, into enemies—into the worst kind of enemies, too—because internal enemies, who have already effected a lodgment in the midst of your citadel. Coming as an invading army—these thousands—with avowed unfriendly purposes—they might easily be driven back by our swords; but coming here, to settle and be transmuted into a caste—into political lepers and vagabonds—they would degenerate into a moral plague, which no human weapon could turn away. Proscribed from the most important functions of the society in which they lived, they would cherish an interest separate from the general interest, and, as they grew stronger, form themselves into an organized and irritable clanship. Their just resentments, or their increasing arrogance, would sooner or later provoke some rival faction into conflict; and then the deep-seated, fatal animosities of race and religion, exasperated by the remembrance of injuries given and taken, would rage over society like the winds over the sea.

History is full of warnings to us on this head. No causes were more potent, in sundering the social ties of the ancient nations, than the fierce civil wars which grew out of the narrow policy of restricting citizenship to the indigenous races. No blight has fallen with more fearful severity on Europe than the blight of class domination, which, for centuries, has wasted the energies and the virtues, the happiness and the hopes, of the masses. Nor is there any danger that threatens our own country now—scarcely excepting slavery—more subtle or formidable than the danger which lurks in those ill-suppressed hatreds of race and religion, which some

persons seem eager to foment into open quarrel. Already the future is walking in to-day. The recent disgraceful exhibitions in this city—the armed and hostile bands which are known to be organized—the bitter taunts and encounters of their leaders—the low criminalities of the Senate-house—the pugilistic *mêlée*, ending in death—the instant and universal excitement—the elevation of a bully of the bar-room into the hero of a cause—the imposing funeral honors, rivaling in pageantry and depth of emotion the most solemn obsequies that a nation could decree its noblest benefactor—all these are marks of a soreness which needs only to be irritated to suppurate in social war.

Our statesmen at Washington are justly sensible of the dangers of sectional divisions; but no sectional divisions which it is possible to arouse are half so much to be dreaded as an inflamed and protracted contest between natives and aliens, or Catholics and Protestants. The divisions which spring from territorial interests appeal to few of the deeper passions of the soul, but the divisions of race and religion touch a chord in the human heart which vibrates to the intensest malignity of hell. Accordingly, the pen of the historian registers many brutal antagonisms—many lasting and terrible wars; but the most brutal of all those antagonisms—the most lasting and terrible of all those wars, are the antagonisms of race, and the wars of religion.

It will be replied to what we have hitherto urged, that our argument proceeds upon an assumption, that aliens are to be totally excluded from political life; whereas nobody proposes such a thing, but only a longer preparatory residence.

We rejoin, that the persons and parties who are now agitating the general question, because they propose the exclusion of adopted citizens from office, do, in effect, propose a total political disqualification of foreigners. All their invectives, all their speeches, all their secret assemblages, have this end and no other. They agree to ostracise politically every man who is not born on our soil; they conspire not to nominate to any preferment, not to vote for, any candidate who is born abroad; and these agreements and conspiracies are a present disfranchisement, so far as they are effective, of every adopted

citizen, and a future anathema of every alien. Whether the aim be accomplished by public opinion, by secret conclave, or by law, the consequences are the same; and the general objections we have alleged, to the division of society into castes, apply with equal force.

We rejoin again—in respect to the distinction made between a total exclusion of foreigners, and a change in the naturalization laws—that it is a distinction which really amounts to nothing. For, firstly, if the probation be extended to a long period, say twenty-one years, as some recommend, it would be equivalent to a total exclusion; and, secondly, if a shorter period, say ten years, be adopted, the change would be unimportant, because no valid objection against the present term of five years would thereby be obviated. Let us see, for a moment.

Firstly, as to a term of twenty-one years: we say that, inasmuch as the majority of foreigners who arrive on our shores are twenty-five years of age and over when they arrive, if we impose a quarantine of twenty-one years more, they will not be admitted as citizens until they shall have reached an age when the tardy boon will be of little value to them, and when their faculties and their interests in human affairs will have begun to decline. Whether they will care to solicit their right at that period is doubtful, and, if they do, they can regard it as scarcely more than a mockery. How many of them will live to be over forty-five or fifty years of age, if we leave them in the interval to loiter in the grog-shops, and amid scenes of vice, as they are more likely to do if not absorbed into the mass of citizens? How many, having passed twenty-one years of political ban, and even of ignominy—for it would come to that—would be thereby better prepared for adoption? The younger ranks of the emigrants might possibly benefit by the hope of one day becoming citizens, and look forward to it with some degree of interest, but to all the rest it would be a *fata morgana*, and the protracted test virtually an interdiction.

Secondly, as to any shorter novitiate, say ten or twelve years, it would not be more effective, in the way of qualifying the pupil, than the existing term. As the laws now stand, an alien, giving three years' notice of intention, must have been five years consecutively a

resident of the United States, and one year a resident of the State and County in which he applies,—must be of good moral character,—must be attached to our constitution and laws,—must abjure all foreign powers, particularly that he was subject to,—and must swear faithful allegiance to the government of his adoptive country,—before he can be admitted a member of the State. What more could be exacted of him, at the end of ten years, or twenty? If unfit for acceptance, too—according to these requirements—at the end of five years, would he be more likely to be fit at the end of ten? In short, is there a single disqualification, which zealous Nativists are apt to allege against foreigners—such as their ignorance, their clannishness, their attachment to foreign governments, and their subjection to the Roman Catholic Church—which would be probably alleviated by means of a more protracted embargo? None: on the contrary, as we have intimated in another place, all their worse qualities would be aggravated by the exclusive association among themselves for so many years longer, in which they would be kept,—while they would lose, as we shall show more fully hereafter, the best means of fitting themselves for good citizenship, in losing the educational influences of our actual political life.

It is true, in respect to the present laws of naturalization, that our Courts have shown a baneful laxity in enforcing their conditions, and that our leading parties, corrupt everywhere, are nowhere more corrupt than in their modes of naturalizing foreigners; but there is no reason to expect that either Courts or parties will grow more severe under more stringent laws. They will have the same motives, and be just as eager, to license fraudulent voters then as they are now; and the few days before a great Presidential election will exhibit the same disgraceful scenes of venality and falsehood. No simple change in the time of the law, at any rate, can work any improvement. Nor will such a change render it any more difficult for the dishonest alien to procure the franchise. He can just as easily swear to a long residence as a short one; while it will happen, that the rarer we make the privilege, the more we increase the difficulties of access to it, the longer we postpone the minority, the greater

will be his inducements to evade the law. In proportion as a prize becomes more valuable, the temptations to a surreptitious seizure of it increase: but where an end is easily achieved, the trouble of waiting till it be obtained in the regular way is preferred to the hazards of a clandestine or criminal attempt to carry it off.

Besides, it is a puerile piece of injustice towards the alien, to inflict him with a disability because of our own *laches*. We have failed to administer our laws as they should be, and, experiencing some injury in consequence, we turn round to abuse the foreigner, like a foolish and petulant boy who kicks the stone over which he stumbled. The more magnanimous as well as sensible course would be, to amend our own faults. Let us make the five years of probation what the Courts may easily make them, by rigidly exacting the criterions of the law—an interval of real preparation for citizenship—and the present term will be found long enough. But whether long enough or not, the question of time, that is, whether it shall be five years or ten, is a simple question of internal police, not of lasting principles, to be determined by the facts of experience, and by no means justifying the virulent and wholesale denunciations of foreigners it is the fashion with some to fulminate.

In fact, the entire logic of the Nativists is vitiated by its indiscriminating character. Because a large number of the Irish, and a considerable number of the Germans, have been reduced by the long years of abuse which they have suffered at home, to an inferior manhood, it is argued, that all the rest of the Germans and the Irish, and all the Swiss, English, French, Scotch, Swedes and Italians, must be made to suffer for it: but what a grievous error! The poor exiles and refugees, many of them, are no doubt sufficiently debased,—some, even, excessively insolent, too,—but among them are others who are not so,—among them, are thousands upon thousands of men, of hardy virtues and clear intelligence, whose industry contributes vastly to the wealth, as their integrity does to the good order, of our society. Laboring like slaves for us, they have built our cities and railroads; piercing the western wilds, they have caused them to blossom into gardens; taking part in our commerce and mann-

factures, they have helped to carry the triumphs of our arts to the remotest corners of the globe. It was from their ranks that our Statesmanship recruited Gallatin, Morris, and Hamilton,—that the Law acquired Rutledge, Wilson, and Emmett,—that the Army won its Gates, its Mercer, and its Montgomery,—the Navy its Jones, Blakeley, and Barry,—the Arts, their Sully and Cole,—Science, its Agassiz and Guyot,—Philanthropy, its Eliot and Benezet, and Religion its Witherspoon, its White, its Whitfield, and its Cheverus.

The adopted citizen, no doubt, preserves a keen remembrance of his native land; but "lives there on earth a soul so dead" as not to sympathize in that feeling? Let us ask you, oh patriotic Weissnicht, all fresh as you are from the vociferations of the lodge, whether you do at heart think the less of a man because he cannot wholly forget the play-place of his infancy,—the friends and companions of his boyhood,—the old cabin in which he was reared,—and the grave in which the bones of his honored mother repose? Have you never seen two long-separated friends, from the old world, meet again in the new, and clasp each other in a warm embrace, while their conversation blossomed up, from a vein of common memory, in

"Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,"

and did you not love them the more, in that their eyes grew liquid with the dear old themes? Or is there, in the whole circle of your large and respectable private acquaintance, a single Scotchman to whom you refuse your hand because his affections melt under the "Auld lang syne" of Burns, or because his sides shake like a falling house when "Halloween" or "Tam O'Shanter" is read? Can you blame even the poor Frenchman, if his eyes light up into a kind of deathless glow, when the "Marseillaise," twisted from some wandering hurdy-gurdy, has yet power to recall the glorious days in which his fathers and brothers danced for liberty's sake, and with gay audacity, towards the guillotine? We venture to say for you, No! and we believe, if the truth were told, that often, on the lonely western plains, you have dreamed over again with the German his sweet dream of the resurrection and unity of the Fatherland! We have ourselves seen

you, at the St. George dinners, oh Weissnicht, swell with a very evident pride, when some flagrant Englishman, recounting, not the battles which his ancestors for ten centuries had won, on every field of Europe,—but the better trophies gained by Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, or Cromwell,—told you that a little of that same blood coursed in your veins! The blood itself, as it tingled through your body and suffused your cheeks, confessed the fact, if your words did not! How, then, can you, who gaze at Bunker Hill with tears in your eyes, and fling up your hat of a Fourth of July with a jerk that almost dislocates the shoulder, retire to your secret conclave, and chalk it up behind the door, against the foreigner, that he has a lingering love for his native country? Why, he ought to be despised if he had not, if he could forget his heritages of old renown,—for it is this traditional tenderness, these genial memories of the immortal words and deeds and places, that constitute his patronymic glories, which show that he has a human heart still under his jacket, and is all the more likely, on account of it, to become a worthy American. Do not you delude yourself, however, into the shallow belief that the aliens, because of these sentimental attachments, will be led into the love of their native governments, which, having plundered them and their class, for years, at last expelled them to our shores. Ah! no—poor devils—they have not been so chucked under the chin, and fondled and caressed—and talked pretty to, and fed with sweet-cakes, and humored in all sorts of self-indulgences, by the old despotisms, as to have fallen in love with them, forever and ever. On the contrary, if the reports are true, quite other endearments were showered upon them—such as cuffs and kicks—with a distinct intimation, besides, as Mr. Richard Swiveller said to Mr. Quilp, after pounding him thoroughly, that "there were plenty more in the same shop—a large and extensive assortment always on hand—and every order executed with promptitude and dispatch." Now, these are experiences that are apt to make republicans of men, and to fill them with other feelings than those of overweening attachment to oppressors!

But this is a slight digression, and we return to the main current of our

argument, to say—what we esteem quite fatal to all schemes for excommunicating foreigners, or even greatly extending their minority—that the best way, on the whole, for making them good citizens, is to make them citizens. The evils of making them a class by themselves, we have already alluded to, and we now speak, on the other hand, of the benefits which must accrue to them and to us from their absorption into the general life of the community. It is universally conceded by the liberal writers on government and society, that the signal and beneficent advantage of republican institutions (by which we mean an organized series of local self-governments) is, that their practical influences are so strongly educational. They train their subjects constantly into an increasing capacity for their enjoyment. In the old despotic nations—as we are all aware—where the State is one thing and the people another—the State is in reality a mere machine of police, even in its educational and religious provisions—maintaining a rigid order, but acting only externally on the people, whom it treats either as slaves or children. It does not directly develop the sense of responsibility in them, nor accustom them to self-control and the exercise of their faculties. But in free commonwealths—which abhor this excessive centralizing tendency, and which distribute power through subordinate municipalities, leaving the individual as much discretion as possible—the people are the State and grow into each other as a kind of living unity. Thrown upon their own resources, they acquire quickness, skill, energy, and self-poise; yet, made responsible for the general interests, they learn to deliberate, to exercise judgment, to weigh the bearings of public questions, and to act in reference to the public welfare. At the same time, the lists of preferment being open to them, they cultivate the virtues and talents which will secure the confidence of their neighbors. Every motive of ambition and honor is addressed to them, to improve their condition, and to perfect their endowments; while a consciousness of their connection with the State imparts a sense of personal worth and dignity. In practice, of course, some show themselves insensible to these considerations, but a majority do not. The consequence is, that the commonality of the republic are

vastly superior to the same classes abroad. Compare the farmers of our prairies to the boors of the Russian steppes, or to the peasants of the French valleys! Or compare the great body of the working men in England with those of the United States! Now, the American is not of a better nature than the European—for he is often of the same stock—nor is there any charm in our soil and climate unknown to the soil and climate of the other hemisphere; but there is a difference in institutions. Institutions, with us, are made for men, and not men for the institutions. It is the jury, the ballot-box, the free public assemblage, the local committee, the legislative assembly, the place of trust, and, as a result of these, the school and the newspaper, which give such a spur to our activities, and endow us with such political competence. The actual responsibilities of civil life are our support and nutriment, and the wings wherewith we fly.

If, consequently, you desire the foreigner to grow into a good citizen, you must subject him to the influences by which good citizens are made. Train him as you are yourselves trained, under the effective tutelage of the regular routine and responsibility of politics. He will never learn to swim by being kept out of the water, any more than a slave can become a freeman in slavery. He gets used to independence by the practice of it, as the child gets used to walking by walking. It is exercise alone which brings out and improves all sorts of fitnesses—social as well as physical—and the living of any life alone teaches us how it is to be best lived. Nor will any one work for an end in which he and his have no part. They only act for the community who are of the community. Outsiders are always riders. They stand or sit aloof. They have no special call to promote the internal thrift and order, which may get on as it can, for all them. But incorporate them into it, and it is as dear as the apple of their eye. Choose a person selectman of the village, and he conceives a paternal regard for it instantly, and makes himself wondrously familiar with its affairs, and their practical management. Show a rude fellow the possibility of a place in the police, and he begins to think how important the execution of the law is. Hang the awful dignity of

a seat in the Justice's bench before the ambition of the country squire, and straightway he looks as wise as Lord Eldon, and will strive to become so, rather than otherwise. How the prospect, too, of a winter at Albany or Washington stimulates all the local notables into a capacity for it, as well as desire. Thus, our whole political experience is an incessant instruction, and should no more be withdrawn from any class in society than the atmosphere. It is prettily told, in that book of Eastern fables which delights our youth and enriches our manhood, that the father of Aladdin Abushamat, lest he should be hurt by the world, kept him under a trap-door, where he was visited only by two faithful slaves. But, pining and weary, the young man one

day stole from his retreat, and running to his father, who was syndic of the merchants, said, "Oh, my father, how shall I be able to manage the great wealth thou hast gained for me, if thou keepest me here in prison, and takest me not to the markets, where I may open a shop, and sit among the merchandise, buying and selling, and taking and giving?" The father thought for awhile, and said, "True, my son; the will of God be done; I will take thee to the market-street and the shops," and we are told that Aladdin Abushamat became, though not without some slips, a very rich man, as well as the right hand of the great Caliph, Haroun Al-raschid, Prince of the Faithful, whose name be ever exalted!

TWICE MARRIED.

MY OWN STORY.

[Continued from page 420.]

DURING this time his thoughts were in such a state of confusion that it would be difficult to give any account of them, except that, it is safe to say, his cousin Lucy was never once out of his mind. And when he found himself sitting at the table right opposite to her, I verily believe, that if the liquid in his cup had been a strong decoction of mayweed and thoroughwort, sweetened with molasses, instead of being, as in fact it was, an infusion of fragrant young hyson, mingled with rich cream and with a lump of loaf sugar dissolved in it, John would never have perceived the difference; albeit herb-drink, from his boyhood, had been a beverage most distasteful to his palate.

"Cecil, a coxcomb," I think it was who was cured of his fancy for a handsome German lady, by beholding her devour sour-kROUT, carrying the morsels to her pretty lips with a steel knife-blade blackened with vinegar. And there are many over-nice gentlemen whom I have heard to aver, that to see a lady eat, has at all times a potent disenchanting influence. It dissolves the charm, they say, to be obliged thus to

take actual notice that these delicate creatures, as Othello calls them, have their appetites, and live by consuming bread and meat, and by the exercise of physical functions common to man and other lower animals. But, I warrant you, if any of these squeamish gentlemen had seen Lucy Manners at the tea-table that afternoon, though she ate with a traveler's appetite, he would have longed, as John in fact did, to be transformed into a biscuit, a doughnut, a slice of loaf-cake, or even a pickled cucumber, so that he might have stood a chance of touching her rosy lips, and of being pressed by the little pearly teeth that showed themselves between them. Be that as it may, I can say of John Dashleigh, that his admiration, instead of being diminished, was sensibly augmented and heightened by witnessing the spectacle before him, and his love waxed more violent during each moment of the repast.

When it suddenly occurred to him that the tea-cup, which for the occasion was appropriated to his particular use, had, doubtless, before that time, been hallowed by the contact of Lucy's lips,

he carefully drank from each segment of the rim, so that no portion of the consecrated surface should escape his touch. Inspired by a similar idea, he bestowed numberless kisses upon the bowl of his teaspoon, and the times of his unconscious fork. Thus he drank in love, as it were, with each draught of tea, and, whereas, by reason of the expedients which I have mentioned, he neglected the solids of the meal, but imbibed a most unusual quantity, it will be readily believed that when at last he rose from the table, with the perspiration starting from every pore in his face, he was, like Solomon of old, full of love.

After tea the laborers came in from the fields to their supper, and the boys drove the cows in from pasture. John took his pail and went out to the barn-yard, but no sooner had he seated himself on a three-legged stool beside a stately red cow, and the streams of milk had begun to patter upon the bottom of the pail, than Lucy and Ellen appeared at the gate, and came tripping towards him, holding their frocks so high that John, who, though one of the most modest young men in the world—as I have said before—was, after all, no hermit, could not help again observing the fashion of Lucy's dainty ankles.

The red cow pricked up her ears, stopped chewing her cud, and gazed steadfastly at the unwonted visitors.

"So, so, boss!" said John soothingly. "Stand still, now."

"Oh! oh! that's Cherry!" cried Lucy; "Cherry, my own heifer, that I taught to drink out of a pail when she was a little speck of a calf! I've helped to milk her many a time. Let me try now, cousin John, to see whether I've forgotten how!"

"I wouldn't, Lucy, you'll spoil your nice dress;" remarked prudent little Ellen.

"And soil your hands," added John, looking at Lucy's white, taper fingers, sparkling, like every school girl's just returned home, with many keepsake rings; and as Cherry herself remonstrated with an angry toss of the head, and a start forward that came near upsetting the milk-pail, Lucy was forced to relinquish the attempt. So she contented herself with looking on, standing with Ellen as near to John as Cherry would permit, and talking with him while he continued his task.

"Cherry is like all the rest of the

world," said Lucy, pouting in the most bewitching manner. "She forgets her friends after a little time of absence."

"They've only just taken away her calf," said Ellen, "and it makes her cross, poor thing."

"She is usually very gentle," added John.

"She is my own heifer," said Lucy. "She was born on my birth-day, six years ago, and papa gave her to me for my own."

Ellen thought this circumstance a most wonderful matter, and John was conscious of an increased esteem for his favorite cow.

"When I am married, papa says I am to have Cherry as a part of my setting out," said Lucy; at which remark John's hand trembled so that he milked all over his knees.

"Maybe Cherry will be a very old cow by that time," said Ellen.

"Oh, no! I fear not," replied Lucy with a rueful laugh (if one may say so). "Dear me! Don't you think papa told me the other day, that I am to be married next Thanksgiving day!"

"To Joab Sweeny, I suppose?" said Ellen, while John held his breath and tightened his gripe on Cherry's teats.

"Yes, to cousin Joab," replied Lucy, with a shrug and grimace. "It's been a settled thing, you know, for ever so many years; and papa is set upon it. But, just to think of it—to marry my cousin! It's just as if I should marry you, John!"

John thought he could perceive a distinction, not without a difference, between the two cases; but held his peace and kept on milking.

"I wouldn't marry Joab Sweeny for a thousand dollars," remarked Ellen; "no, not for the whole world!" she added in a positive tone, after a pause.

"Hush! Nelly!" murmured poor John.

"And I am sure," cried Lucy, passionately, as she remembered, with a shudder the odious, leering simper with which Joab had uttered his gallant speech, on the occasion of Andrew's wedding; "and I am sure I wouldn't, if I could help myself. God knows I don't wish to marry him, for I hate him as I do a snake. And mamma, too—I truly believe she would be glad if the match could be broken off without making papa outrageous. She never liked Aunt Axy, nor Joab either; and what papa sees to like in him is more than I can tell. Cousin John! I'll take

back what I said. Marrying Joab would not be like marrying you. I'd rather have you a thousand times!" she added, impetuously, at which John looked up from his pail for an instant, and Lucy's flashing eyes fell as they met his glance, and the glow of excitement on her cheek deepened into a crimson blush.

At this moment, Susan appeared at the gate, and delivered a message from the matrons in the house, admonishing the young ladies of the lateness of the hour, and that the dew was beginning to fall. So Lucy bade John good-night, and gave Cherry a timid pat on the side, which the ungrateful brute resented with a whisk of her tail that knocked John's hat over his eyes, and effectually prevented his watching Lucy's retreat, as she ran laughing towards the gate.

The most trivial circumstance sometimes has a momentous influence upon the destinies of men and of nations. I cannot stop here to cite instances of this truth; and, indeed, it would be needless, for everybody knows that it is so. Now, if it had not been for the untying of the knot of Susan's garter, I verily believe that Lucy Mannors would have been to-day Mrs. Deacon Joab Sweeny. For, as Susan was crossing the yard, while on her way to do the errand wherewith she was charged, she suddenly felt her garter slip. So, first having glanced quickly about in every direction, lest some of the men might be within eye-shot, she stooped, and modestly lifting her skirts, tightened the piece of lacing that encircled her plump and shapely limb, and went upon her way. But the brief delay caused by this lucky accident gave Lucy time to reply to Ellen, as is hereinbefore set forth. If that reply had never been uttered, or if Lucy and John had not exchanged glances in the way I have just described.—But I must not anticipate. I fear I shall never learn to tell a story according to the rules of the art.

When, that night, John went up into his little chamber in the attic of the widow's gable-roofed cottage, there was not, I am very sure, in any one of the United States of America, a young man more thoroughly in love than he. Though he was a plain, unsophisticated young farmer, bred in the wilds of the Genesee country, and unaccustomed to read novels and romances, or the poetry of my Lord Byron, I dare take it upon

myself to say that, throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, there was not a dry-goods clerk or eke a college student more intensely or heartily in love. Instead, therefore, of going straight to bed, as was his habit at this busy season of the year, or, as was sometimes his wont, when not too weary with the toils of the day—sitting down by the side of his table to read awhile until he grew sleepy, he at once blew out his light, drew the curtain of his narrow, eight-paned, dormer window, and seated himself beside it, on the foot of his humble bed. For awhile, the tumult of his thoughts was too violent to permit reflection. The blissful consciousness of being so entirely in love filled his soul completely. The accustomed sway of reason was suspended. Once only in a lifetime does the lover experience the delicious emotions with which John Dashleigh was overwhelmed. After the first passionate ecstasy of new-born love, came doubts, and fears, and jealousies. The lustre of the new life becomes dimmed, like the brightness of metal. Once only in a man's life, then, is he completely happy, happy without alloy, when, forgetting the fear of misfortune, pain, and disease, and the ever-present dread of death, he remembers only that the world contains the beloved one, and so is better and brighter than even the abodes of the angels.

John's nerves had not yet ceased to thrill with the rapture of Lucy's kiss, and once he was at the pains even to re-light his candle, and go to the little looking-glass that hung against the chimney, where he gazed for the space of five minutes at the reflection of his own lips, which, that day, had met those of his cousin Lucy in that memorable salute. Then he again put out his candle and resumed his post at the window. There was a light in one of the chambers of the big house over the way. It shone in Lucy's room, and on the muslin curtains of the window he could perceive the shadow of a slight form, which sometimes seemed to move about the room, and then anon, for awhile, would stand at rest. He could even guess, with great precision, what, from time to time, Lucy was doing. Now he felt convinced that she was standing at the mirror, arranging her hair. After that, it was evident that she was tying on her night-cap. Presently, she came to the window, and, drawing the curtain

a little to one side, peeped out, while John, watching intently, forgot even to breathe, and came very near breaking a pane of glass with his nose. Then, careless girl, she went into her closet with the candle, as the glimmer through the curtain testified. If she should drop a spark there, and in the dead hours of the night the house should burst forth in flames, John thought how he would rush through the blazing windows, and bear the dear incendiary forth in safety, or perish with her in his arms. Then, for a brief space, the light burned steadily upon the table, and the shadow did not fall upon the curtain. Lucy was, doubtless, kneeling at her prayers. At last, she rose, peeped once more from the window, so that John was sure he caught a glimpse of one cheek, and the ruffle of her night-cap, and the next moment all was dark.

It was a warm and balmy spring night. The gentle breeze, laden with the fragrance of lilac shrubs and blossoming orchards, seemed like the very breath of May, as it stirred the leaves of the big buttonwoods with a quiet, whispering rustle. The frogs in the river piped a melodious treble, and the roar of the mill-dam in the gorge came down upon the wind, softened to a deep undertone of harmonious bass. The plaintive notes of a whip-poor-will sounded faintly in the distance. There was a soft glow in the sky beyond the eastern hills, that announced the rising of the moon.

John was not insensible to the gentle influence of the time. The fever of his excitement abated. He was able to think with comparative calmness, to reason with himself concerning the state of his feelings, and to form resolutions and plans with respect to his future conduct. It was a grave question that he presently put to himself; and three long midnight hours did he give to its consideration. Seated upon the foot of his bed, with the moonlight streaming in on his pale face, he pondered whether it was his duty to crush the sweet hopes that so lately had sprung up in his heart, and with them crush the heart in which they grew withal.

Easy as it may seem to write or to read about it, this was, nevertheless,

stern and terrible trial, for the result was at times very doubtful, and upon that result, John knew, depended his hopes of earthly happiness. Had his conscience, sitting in judgment, decided against his inclination, the decree would have been executed.

The conclusion to which he at last arrived, as the stroke of one, from Walbury steeple, came vibrating through the silent air, he expressed aloud. "If she loved him," said he, "or even regarded him with indifference, I wouldn't try to thwart the will of my good, kind uncle, in the matter of his long cherished plan. I would tell him all; leave my mother and sister to his care; and never return until I could endure the misery of seeing Lucy the wife of another man. But she does not love him; she even dislikes, hates him. And who can wonder at it? To think of her being the wife of such a fellow! She never could be happy! He hasn't heart enough to love her; and I—I have loved her from childhood. When I first met her in Hartford, the reason why I did not know her was, that I had cherished the image of her, as I had seen her last, so faithfully. But my heart knew its mistress! Then I struggled to overcome what I deemed to be a hopeless passion. But now I cannot believe that duty and honor require me to forego the effort to win that without which I can never be happy. So help me God, then, I will win her if I can—though I serve for her fourteen years, as Jacob did for Rachel!"

Having thus settled the matter in his own mind, John looked out of the window to see if all was safe across the way, and then, discerning no signs of danger, he quickly undressed himself and went to bed, and in spite of his passion he was fast asleep in ten minutes afterwards.

So it came to pass, that the next Sunday night, when young Joab Sweeny went down to call upon his cousin Lucy, and to open his courting campaign, by repeating to his intended bride certain speeches and sayings which his mother had instructed him were proper and pertinent to the occasion, he had, without suspecting it, a most dangerous and determined rival.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—We confess to considerable pride, in the fact that our Monthly, though still in the bloom and freshness of her youth, is already the nursing mother of a goodly family of children. One after another they have gone forth from her maternal care, into the struggling world, to set up for themselves, and acquire, if they can, a respectable position. Nor have their efforts been wholly unavailing. The first of the flock, it is true, was somewhat of an erratic genius, and devoted himself with too much enthusiasm—honest, however—to the cause of a certain “Lost Bourbon,” who was supposed to have straggled off into the woods, and was afterwards actually picked up among the Caughnewaga Indians; but his success was unequivocal while he lived, and many sincere weepers have mourned his untimely death. His eldest sister, the lively and ingenuous “Mrs. Potiphar,” was of a more worldly turn, and contrived, by her agreeable manners and graceful wit, to win a friendly welcome into all the first mansions of the Fifth avenue, as well as into several very quiet country homes. The third, the student of the Family, a “Shakespeare’s Scholar,” as he was modestly named, after establishing an intimacy in the most cultivated circles of his own land, went abroad, to make a tour of Europe, where he is now domiciled among the eminent literary critics, as an especial favorite. He has just been followed by a brother of more rollicking disposition—the one who went to Spain, and now talks so pleasantly of *Cosas de Espana*—and is destined, as we have elsewhere intimated, to shake the cobwebs from the ribs of all who manage to get into a chat with him. The youngest of the tribe is named “Israel Potter,” the earnest, indomitable, free-hearted, much suffering Israel, who having just made his bow to “his Highness, the Bunker Hill Monument,” is about to make a patriotic progress, like a new President, over the nation. May he be everywhere received according to his deserts!

Thus, we repeat, within the brief period of two years, no less than six of the intellectual offspring of the Monthly have gone

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forth, to challenge the love and admiration of the world, or at least to conquer for themselves an independent, influential, and well-to-do place among their fellow-citizens. Nor will the “procreant bed and cradle” of their young mother refuse us other pledges of her affection. If reports be true, she promises to bless us soon with other fruits of travail. “Titbottom” is putting on his white cravat, preparatory to an introduction into society; the burly-headed, two-fisted “Politician,” who smashes Presidents and parties, with such gusto, threatens a descent into the ring:—our ever popular “Philosopher,” who sets Nature in motion, may soon gather up the folds of his garments to walk abroad, to say nothing of a bevy of young poetical fledge-lings, who seem eager to try their wings outside of the native homestead.

We say that we take considerable pride in these facts, because we doubt whether they are paralleled in the history of periodical literature. A good many excellent books, it is true, have been gathered out of the pages of *Blackwood*, and a few out of *Fraser*; but then *Blackwood* and *Fraser* are both patriarchs in the literary world, and have a right to a numerous progeny, whereas *Putnam* is a mere chicken,—scarcely more than a green and tender sprout—and to have leaved and flowered so soon and so luxuriantly, shows unusual pith and vigor. In short, it is a result—to blurt out our whole vanity at once—which demonstrates two important things, firstly, that there are a good many good writers amongst us, and, secondly, that *Putnam* knows how to bring them out! Of course, the books to which we allude would probably have seen the light without the careful nursing of the Magazine, but could they have got so handsome a start into the world without its aid? With this ancestral pat upon the head, therefore, we wish all our children “God speed.”

—We shall not take the liberty of discussing the subject involved in Mr. HENRY JAMES’S *Inquiry into the Nature of Evil*, because we are not sure that we quite apprehend his argument; and, if we did, we do not esteem this the place for ventilating our private opinions in theology. At the same time, there is no reason why we

should not speak of it as a literary performance. It is the last of some two dozen replies, which have been made to that remarkable specimen of Calvinistic *felo de se*, Dr. Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," and, in many respects, it is the ablest. Mr. James, however, does not confine himself to the question as stated in Dr. Beecher's work, viz. : how God can be shown to be just in the condemnation of the sinful creature, but endeavors to show how the existence of sin itself is compatible with the Divine perfections,—which he regards as a deeper and broader question. Taking for granted the fundamental or traditional truths of the Church, as the great and undeniable facts of life, i. e., the sovereignty of God, the fall and corruption of man, the need of an incarnation, and the necessity of a regenerate life, in order to the attainment of peace on earth, and bliss in heaven, he gives a new philosophy, or a new intellectual statement of those truths, founded upon Swedenborg, and more in accordance, as he supposes, with the demands of the heart and the understanding. Both the theology and philosophy of the old Church, he argues, are submerged in a gross naturalism, and until they are rescued from it, and placed on the vantage-ground of a truly spiritual perception; they will depart more and more from genuine Christianity, and lose themselves, either in the mists of a purely metaphysical, or in the bogs of animal indulgence. He refers, in proof of this danger, to the later developments of both Theology and Philosophy in Germany, which are the legitimate outgrowth or flowering of the naturalistic root, from which orthodoxy, as now interpreted, springs. With what success Mr. James has accomplished his task, the readers of his book will judge; and we leave it, therefore, to them and to the strictly religious journals to say.

We are free to confess, however, to a strong admiration of Mr. James's rhetorical endowments. He is a master of sinewy, idiomatic English, and a most fresh and graceful style. Abstract as his speculations are, from the very nature of his subject, he always contrives to invest them with a genial and lively interest. One is often conscious of reading whole pages, even without understanding them, from the simple charm of the manner. But when you do understand them, as you may

by a little study,—while the whole mind, perhaps, bristles up in almost angry opposition to his doctrines—he quite disarms your malice by the pleasant music of the words, his concealed mirth, his sweetness of temper, and his racy, smacking sincerity. In frequent passages, too, he rises into the purest eloquence, in which a robust strength is married to a stately yet easy grace. We should like to cite some of these passages, as specimens of decorous controversy, as well as of persuasive teaching, but our space will not permit.

What the generality of readers will complain of, in Mr. James, they will call a tendency to mysticism, but which, in reality, is not any obscurity in his thought, so much as a habit of too rapid generalization. Entirely familiar himself with the region in which he travels, he is apt to forget that to others it is quite unknown ground. Statements, or reasonings, consequently, which are as clear to him, and to those who adopt his methods, as the noon-day, lie in the twilight and shadow to other minds. Indeed, in more than one instance, we have heard his speculations denounced as meaningless, and that, too, by persons who ought to be able, if they are not, to follow his course of thought. We can assure all such, however, that they are full of meaning, and that if they will have the patience to take up the links of association, sometimes inadvertently dropped out between two important assertions, they will discover that his movements are wholly logical,—not leaps, as they appear, but regular progressions. At the same time, it would be absurd to expect, that a treatise on spiritual religion, which is a matter of inward experience and life, and not of formal logic, will adapt itself as readily to the understanding as a discussion in natural sciences, or an essay on the *belles lettres*.

In remarking, that we should leave the *doctrines* of Mr. James to the strictly religious periodicals, we meant to suggest that we should like to see him thoroughly reviewed. We have a curiosity to see in what way so vigorous and trenchant an opponent of the orthodox formulas is to be met. It is clear, that a book of such manifest vitality and talent should not be wholly ignored. It will make a profound impression among earnest and cultivated men, many of whom have neither the time,

nor the intellectual discipline to enable them to grapple with the deeper problems it undertakes to solve, and who will, therefore, naturally look to the regular standards of opinion for instruction and help. Will not some of the sturdier champions of the accepted faiths, then, take up the glove of this armed and confident challenger, and put him to the test? The theological system of Swedenborg, which he adopts substantially, but which he presents under somewhat new aspects, is silently making its way, we are told, among the younger minds of the nation, and is altogether too portentous a subject to be dismissed in the ordinary newspaper style. It may have been demolished, for aught we know, a thousand times, but there would be no harm in doing it over again, if it can be done, in the interest of the new generations.

—*Cosas de España* is one of the works for which, as having partly first met the public eye in our pages, we may be indulged with a little paternal pride and satisfaction. It is, in fact, one of the most racy, sensible, and sprightly records of a charming episode of European travel that we have seen. And so great an admiration have we of the American talent for traveling, and for telling the stories of travel, that we intend in our June number to say something more at length about *Cosas de España*, and some other recent books of travel. Until then, with a hearty commendation of this most entertaining and brilliant volume, to which we may sincerely say, *au revoir*, we take leave of it.

—One might parody an ancient English jest, and say that the writer of *American Agitators and Reformers*, who is Mr. D. W. BARTLETT, seems to divide the world into men, women and the Beecher family. Of the fifteen or twenty distinguished individuals whom he sketches, three are Beechers—Mrs. Stowe, old Mr. Lyman, and young Master Henry Ward. We cannot confess to a knowledge of all Mr. Bartlett's pets—N. P. Rogers being only remotely discerned in these parts, while Mr. Ichabod Codding and Thurlow Brown have never before come within range of our object-glasses. But there are others of his heroes whose names are more familiar to us; such as Garrison, Gough, Greeley, Giddings, and Frederick Douglass. When Dickens was in this country, he was as-

tonished at the number of "remarkable men" that he heard of, and we are quite sure that the number has not decreased since he left us. At any rate, Mr. Bartlett tells us that Theodore Parker is "one of the most remarkable men of our time;" that Frederick Douglass is "a remarkable man, who was born a slave in Maryland;" that Mrs. Stowe has written "a remarkable volume;" that Elihu Burritt's "maternal grandfather, Hinsdale, was a remarkable man," as Elihu is, himself; that James Russell Lowell is "a remarkable man, and a poet;" and so on, we presume, to the end of the chapter. Among this score of remarkable men, we find the name of William Cullen Bryant—sandwiched, too, between Joshua Giddings and Lyman Beecher—and we wonder how he got there. Bryant, the most shy, modest, retiring of poets, who has lived thirty years in New York, and is hardly known, personally, to as many men; who shrinks, with the timidity of a woman, from every sort of gaze, and who has a much better acquaintance with the woods and fields than the haunts of bipeds—to be classed as an agitator! It is true that he has fearlessly discharged the duties of his calling, as the editor of a newspaper; but we can fancy, if he were brought in actual contact with those with whom he is here placed, how incontinently he would explode out of the hot company into the free, cool air!

The fact is, that we have little sympathy with Mr. Bartlett's worship of personalities, and think he might employ his pen to better purpose. He is excusable, perhaps, on the ground that nearly all of his great men are abolitionists, who, having had a good deal of pounding heretofore, may be now entitled to a share of the pudding and praise; and yet, as a general rule, he may adopt it, that good men do not like eulogy and notoriety, and bad men do not deserve them—while the public is rather nauseated with celebrities of all sorts.

—*Professor F. A. P. BARNARD'S Letters on College Government*, reprinted in pamphlet form, from the *Mobile Register*, are very lucidly and argumentatively written. The following short extract is terribly true:

"The system of government existing in American colleges, considered as a system of moral restraint, is all but worthless. My own convictions would justify me in using even stronger language than this. To me, it has all the character of an ascer-

tained fact, a matter of immediate knowledge, and not of inference or information, that initiation into the charmed collegial circle is, morally, rather a release from old restraints than an imposition of new ones.

Is it reasonable to expect good to grow out of a system like this? And if young men emerge spotless from the ordeal of a college life, is it not plain that they do so, not in consequence of the system, but in spite of it? Vice and crime would be unknown, but for temptation; temptation would usually be powerless, but for opportunity. Youthful passions rarely fail to find the first; the American college system furnishes the second in its amplest form."

Considerations like these may well appall every mother who is sending away her sons to finish their scholastic training in a college. She may very properly feel that she is casting her child into a whirlpool of the most dreadful dangers. Professor Barnard goes on to show how existing faults have been derived from the imitation, by our colleges, of the European universities; and to urge, very powerfully, the importance and practicability of a reform in the particulars considered, by giving up the dormitory system, leaving the students under the civil authority as to breaches of the peace and minor misdemeanors; and by placing colleges, wherever its possible, in large towns, instead of in remote rural locations. The arguments advanced in support of his views demand and deserve the most careful consideration, from all friends of colleges and of students.

—*Harvestings in Prose and Verse*, by SYBIL HASTINGS, is a collection of sketches of social life, interspersed with short poems. Of these last, very little can be said. The prose tales show considerable power of imagination, but are told in an overstrained, passionate way, and embody some incidents too little probable to be worked up satisfactorily, without a very remarkably plausible rhetoric.

—It has sometimes been inquired whether Mr. MELVILLE's *Israel Potter* is a romance or an authentic narrative; and in the dedication of the book (which did not appear in our Monthly), he explains. He says:—"Shortly after his return," (i. e. Israel's return to this country from England,) "a little narrative of his adventures, forlornly published, on sleazy gray paper, appeared among the peddlers, written, probably, not by himself, but taken down from his lips by

another. But, like the crutch-marks of the cripple at the Beautiful Gate, this blurred record is now out of print. From a tattered copy, rescued by the merest chance from the rag-pickers, the present account has been drawn, which, with the exception of some expansions, and additions of historic and personal details, and one or two shiftings of scenes, may, perhaps, be not unfitly regarded something in the light of a dilapidated old tomb-stone retouched."

The original, however, is not so rare. Mr. Melville seems to think. At any rate, we have a copy before us, as we write, which is clearly printed and neatly bound with a coarse wood-cut frontispiece, representing Israel as he trudged about London, with his two children, crying "old chairs to mend." The title-page we copy for the benefit of the reader:—"Life and Adventures of Israel R. Potter, (a native of Cranston, Rhode Island,) who was a soldier in the American Revolution, and took a distinguished part in the battle of Bunker hill, (in which he received three wounds,) after which he was taken prisoner by the British, conveyed to England, where, for 30 years, he obtained a livelihood for himself and family, by crying 'old chairs to mend' through the streets of London. In May last, by the assistance of the American Consul, he succeeded (in the 79th year of his age) in obtaining a passage to his native country, after an absence of 48 years. Providence: Printed by J. Howard, for I. R. Potter, 1824. Price 31 cents."

Mr. Melville departs considerably from his original. He makes Israel born in Berkshire, Mass., and brings him acquainted with Paul Jones, as he was not. How far he is justified in the historical liberties he has taken, would be a curious case of literary casuistry.

—*A Long Look Ahead*, by A. S. ROX, is a story of rural life, of which the scene is laid in Fairfield county, Connecticut. It is an honest, hearty narrative of the successful struggles of a rather remarkably gifted young man, who, with his brother, begins with a small farm and two hundred dollars in cash, and ends with much more land and much more cash, besides great reputation and influence. As a work of art, the book is not of a high order. The language is very often either too good or too bad for the social standing of the speakers; and the incidents are selected, as if by some

conventional rule, from an assortment of incidents which had been used before. The value of the work is in its detailed, truthful delineations of New England life; which are very creditable to Mr. Roe's observation.

—*The History of Connecticut, from the first settlement of the Colony to the adoption of the present Constitution*, by G. H. HOLLISTER, is a work to be completed in two volumes, of which the first is just issued. It is handsomely printed, and is enriched with accurately engraved portraits of several of the famous men of Connecticut, Gov. John Winthrop, Rev. John Davenport, Ezra Stiles, General Putnam, Jonathan Edwards, Oliver Wolcott, and others. The work is not only invaluable to every son of Connecticut, but it is the most interesting recent contribution to our history,—since all local history is part of the national history. The author says his "main object, in undertaking the work, was to turn the attention of the descendants of the Connecticut emigrants from the present to the glorious past. * * * * Indeed, no state, since the fall of Lacedæmon, has ever, in the history of the world, waged so many wars in the same number of years, with equal success, or voluntarily borne such heavy burdens as Connecticut." And when it is remembered how much of the charm and romance of early New England history, and the fierce Indian wars, had for its scene the placid valley of the Connecticut; that there Putnam was born and lived, and Edwards preached; that it was the land of blue laws, and the most ascetic Puritanism, of the Regicides and the Hartford Convention, and it will be seen at once how important and ample, how various and picturesque the material is, and we could hardly praise the work more than to say, that the material has found a worthy workman, and the historic traditions a shrewd and genial chronicler.

The present volume brings the history down to the capture of Lewisburg, in the old French War. It deals, not only with the political and religious affairs of the Colonists, but presents careful and graphic pictures of old Colonial life and manners, with a penetrating and discriminating analysis of the old Connecticut character. It is a comprehensive and exhaustive survey of Connecticut society, in every aspect, from the settlement of the State. And if

a similar history of every State were prepared, with the same intelligence, appreciation, and ardor, the task of the national historian would become an easy and grateful labor.

The style of the narrative is sometimes quite too ambitious, but the excess is easily to be traced to that enthusiasm of the author for his subject which best fits him to treat it well. He maintains stoutly the side of the Yankees against the Knickerbockers, but, on the whole, he seems to us to do justice to all parties, even if, with national jealousy, he is impatient of our good Diedrich Knickerbocker's estimate of "the losel Yankees."

We shall await with great interest the appearance of the second volume, which will contain, we learn, a careful examination of the connection of General Putnam with the battle of Bunker hill. And we cannot but congratulate our neighbors, that their history of the State has fallen to the pen of a scholar who adds to the accuracy of the chronicler the imagination of the poet.

—BURNHAM sounds like Barnum, and Mr. Burnham has written a book which reads like the book of Mr. Barnum. In subject, style, and end, they are as like as two peas; i. e., as like as a big pea and a little pea. Mr. Barnum made money by woolly-horses and Fejee mermaids, and Mr. Burnham made money by Shanghai chickens. Mr. Barnum writes a book about the way in which he did it, and Mr. Burnham writes another book about the way in which *he* did it. Both practiced a little delusion on the public, and both are proud of it; and both have resolved to let the public know what ninnies they were. The difference is, that Barnum is the more genuine humbug, or the Simon Pure of Humbugs; while Burnham is only an imitator. Barnum has the merit of originality, but Burnham has no merit whatever. He only follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. He is a pinchbeck copy of a pinchbeck model. He is the sneaking Jacques Strop striving to put on the large and free manner of Robert Macaire—a miserable long-legged, befeathered, and oppressed-looking Shanghai, decking himself in the gay plumage of the peacock, and chattering like a parrot. He is funny, of course: Barnum was irresistibly funny; and so Burnham must be deadlively

He chuckles over the adroitness with which he allowed the public to deceive itself,—to buy real imported Cochín-Chinas reared at Roxbury, and to pay twenty dollars a dozen for eggs, as if he had endowed the public with the royalest favors. He pretended to sell chickens all the time that he was only selling geese; and his morality is, that if the geese were silly enough to be sold, he might as well have the profits of the bargain as any other rogue. It is pretty certain that the public will be cheated, and it is better for you and I to cheat them, than Tom, Dick, and Harry. We shall cheat them more scientifically than those vulgar knaves,—we shall do it with a sly laugh in our sleeve, but they with fear and trembling; we shall make a joke out of it, as well as a living, but they only a living, and that a poor one, ending at Sing-Sing.

Mr. Burnham heads one of the chapters of his book (which is entitled *The History of the Hen Fever*, as we ought to have said before) with the motto, that "Policy is the best Honesty," and we have no doubt that it is the best he knows. He seems to think that if one can feather his nest, like one of his own Dorkings or Bantams, he has done all. There is no virtue and wisdom beyond that. And yet, let us tell Mr. Burnham, and all who would do like him, that it is not very great, or wise, or noble, or sagacious, or even cunning, to take in a fool. Here is an extract from a letter addressed to him by one of his victims,—a man who paid twenty-six dollars for three fowls:

"i bred them orl by themselves an never had no other cockrill on my plase, an i no yu cheeted me like the devi, an yu no it 2."

Surely, it is not a very difficult or glorious thing to have deluded a fellow such as this letter indicates,—a thing to write a book about, and call upon the world to admire. Some crimes have an air of magnificence about them, but robbing a hen-roost, or picking the pocket of an idiot, or misleading a very old countrywoman in a very large city, is not of this class.

It is curious in the history of swindles, that the adepts should all aim at Queen Victoria, as if she were the prime hen of all to be plucked. Why is it that they all apply to Buckingham Palace for passports? Barnum paraded Tom Thumb before royalty, and Burnham got a portrait

from the Queen for his fowls; but who will be the next favorite?

It may seem beneath our while to notice such books as this; but such books are getting to be common in our literature, and it is time that they were stopped.

—MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has just sent forth a *Primary Geography*, which is spoken of by practical teachers as a very judicious one, clearly arranged, and well-adapted to juvenile instruction. It differs in plan from other geographies, inasmuch as it begins with the town in which the learner is supposed to live, teaching him all about the geography of that, and then advancing gradually to the county, the state, the nation, the continent, and finally the world. The old way was to begin with the world, and come down to the town, or, in other words, to descend from generals to particulars. Mrs. Stowe ascends from particulars to generals.

—*The New Pastoral*, by THOMAS BRCHANAN READ, (Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan) is a poem, in thirty-seven books of blank verse. It treats of the homeliest incidents of Western Pennsylvanian life, of twenty or thirty years ago, in the homeliest manner. The Husking, the Fourth of July, the common-place and the rural charm of the country, all have their praise and their careful description. The poem has the same scope as Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, and a prolix minuteness like Thomson's *Seasons*. The happy and unhappy loves of village girls and youths, however, do not afford incident or variety of passion enough for 249 pages. The landscape and festival descriptions do not seem accessory to the human interest of the poem, but they supersede it. The pastoral, as it is the most fascinating, so it is the most difficult style, to treat well. It tends to monotony and dullness, and only a very masterly genius can withstand these tendencies, and by the cunning play of its resources make a graceful and complete poem. Mr. Read's work is, in one sense, complete. It touches, with varying power of description, all the aspects of American rural life. So far, it is curious, and will be always interesting to the historical student. But it nowhere kindles the reader's mind with sympathy, or the exquisite sense of entire mastery. *The New Pastoral* is tedious, and we doubt if many, who begin with the first page, will persevere, much

less be irresistibly swept on, to the two hundred and forty-ninth. A work of the kind here attempted might well be the work of a life, and would be quite sufficient for a permanent reputation. American rural life offers no less material for the great poet than English, or German, or Italian. But *The New Pastoral* is not the poem which will be cherished in solitary cottages, and scanned by delighted farmers as the poetic picture of their life. It is written with sincerity and feeling: there are descriptions which have great truth of detail, and the poem has the great merit of a subdued and natural tone. There is no strain after something fine. It is often crude, but rather in thought than in manner. On the whole, we should call it a work by which Mr. Read will maintain, but will hardly enhance, his reputation. In entering the field of descriptive pastoral poetry he finds Bryant, Lowell, and Street before him. But his various works evince a resolution to do something, and to do it well, and we see no reason why Mr. Read should be the least in any field where he chooses to labor.

—SYDNEY SMITH, in his review of *Madame D'Epinay's Memoirs*, says, "There used to be in Paris, under the ancient régime, a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." Of the same class, in London, according to general report, was the late Lady Blessington—and this report was true, so far as the brilliant talents and the little suppers are concerned. A woman of remarkable beauty, of graceful manners, charming conversation, and the kindest heart, her house—which shone with all the splendors of a palace, chastened by the refinements of artistic taste—was the resort of the most distinguished authors and wits of her time. The names of her intimate friends and admirers recall many of the brightest in the politics, the literature, and the arts of the last half century. Among them, for instance, are such as Byron, Landor, Moore, the two D'Israelis, the two Bulwers, the two Smiths (Horace and James), Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Holland, Henry Erskine, Dr. Parr, Lord John Russell, the Prince Sontro, Hospodar of Moldavia, William Godwin, Fonblanque, Thomas Noon Tal-
fourd, Thos. Campbell, Galt, Reynolds,

Landseer, Macleise, Haydon, Wyatt, Eugene Sue, Casimir Delavign, Alfred de Vigny, Mlle. Rachel, Emile de Girardin, Louis Napoleon, Chorley, Macready, Barry Cornwall, the Mathewses, Milnes, Dickens, Thackeray, Washington Irving, N. P. Willis, etc., etc.; not forgetting Baboo Dwarkanouth Tagore, the celebrated Hindoo, and America Vespucci. Her saloon, though less powerful in its social influence than that of Madame De Stael, and in some respects less brilliant than those of Madame Geoffrin and Lady Holland, must take its place among the most intellectual known to history. As a reunion of wit and genius, it was deficient only in one direction—the want of women. We do not find there, as in the other assemblages we have named, and in the dazzling *salons* of Mlle. Contat, Madam Recamier, Lady Charleville, the beauty which is the inspiration of both wit and genius. The Countess of Blessington, with an occasional female friend from the continent, and her nieces, were the sole divinities: but what is society, however brilliant, without the presence of its most enduring and tender charm? The deficiency, however, was one of choice, on the part of the Countess, and not of necessity, as some have alleged, to her disadvantage. Among her correspondents were many distinguished women, such as Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Sigourney, Lady Canterbury, etc.

What a fine life was that of the Countess of Blessington! some will, perhaps, exclaim. Beauty, wealth, fashion, admiration, luxury, fame, genius, travel, art—all were hers! But no, dear reader, it was not a fine life—even if there had been no Death at the feast. Life, to be really fine, must have other objects than these,—higher aims than such successes—and better lights than the flashes of wit. Look behind it, into the naked facts of it, and how much of it is sad and hideous? Lady Blessington, whose maiden name was Power, was the daughter of a rollicking, murderous Irishman, bankrupt in fortune, character, and domestic happiness, who ought to have been hung, but was not. In her fifteenth year she was married, against her will, to a half-crazy Captain, whom she was obliged to desert in a few years, and who subsequently died in a drunken frolic. Her second husband, the Earl of Blessington, though an accomplished man, to whom she

was attached, was a used-up, extravagant lord, who wasted immense estates in self-indulgence, and compelled his daughter, not fifteen years of age, to marry Count D'Orsay, whom she had not seen till within a few weeks of the ceremony, and from whom she shortly separated. On the death of the Earl she lived in magnificent style in London, with her son-in-law, the Count, as a companion, harassed by debts, though her income for most of the time could not have been less than twenty thousand dollars a year, until the entire establishment was sold under execution, and she and the Count were obliged to take refuge in Paris. She died in comparative poverty—though not deserted—and the Count soon followed her, the victim of disappointment and Louis Napoleon's ingratitude. Now, that is not a fine life! That is not a great success! The Countess, however, appears to have been a person of noble and generous disposition, passionately beloved by all who knew her (as the fine tribute in Landor's recent letter shows).

Her *Memoirs*, by Dr. MADDEN, recently re-published by the Harpers, is a book of absorbing interest, though perfectly unpardonable in its free use of private letters. It tells the story of the Countess's literary life with fidelity, and in a sympathizing tone. The letters in it, from eminent men, are mostly on personal topics, full of compliments and mutual admiration, but are entertaining—especially those of Landor, Dickens, Mathews, and Sir William Gell. But the most amusing are several by Viscount D'Arlingcourt, a French nobleman and writer, who combines as much aristocratic hauteur with authorial conceit as can easily be imagined. The supreme disdain with which he speaks of the bookseller, (whom he wishes to print a translation of one of his works,) and his avaricious anxiety to drive a good bargain, at the same time, are ludicrously contrasted. A sentence in one of the letters written to Lady Blessington in Paris, after the auction sale of Gore House, by one of the domestics left behind, will suggest a thought or two:—"Le Doctor Quin est venu plusieurs fois, etc. *M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux, en parlant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté en votre départ.*" Think of the picture. The cold, stern satirist, as he is called, the big,

burly, true-hearted man, as he is, amid the ruins of that splendid mansion, the only one of all its former joyous crowds with tears in his eyes! We are sure we shall read the next number of the "New-comer" with additional zest.

—In *St. Domingo, its Revolutions and its Hero*, by C. W. ELLIOTT, we have a brief but spirited and deeply interesting account of the career of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the liberator of St. Domingo. After an allusion to the history and condition of the island up to 1789, when the first insurrection of the slaves took place, the author passes to the personal character and conduct of Toussaint Breda, who afterwards took so important a political part. Mr. Elliott describes the incidents of his career with bold and startling effect; and, by a remarkable power of condensation, presents a complete picture of varied and protracted action, in a few touches. His style, however, is wanting in simplicity at times, particularly in passages which appear to have been suggested by the spasmodic Carlyle.

—Professor JOHN DARBY, of Auburn, Alabama, has prepared a *Botany of the Southern States*, which is presented to Colleges and High-schools as a text-book. In the first part, the leading principles of vegetable anatomy and physiology are presented in a concise form, with a variety of wood-cut illustrations; and in the second, a descriptive classification of all the plants of the Southern States is given. As far as we are able to judge, the book is well-executed and complete.

REPRINTS.—Mr. Calvin Blanchard has reproduced in this country the English translation, by MARIAN EVANS, of FEUERBACH's celebrated work called "*The Essence of Christianity*." It ought to have been called the "Essence of Infidelity, or Naturalism the true Religion,"—for it is one of the most audacious attacks on all religion that we have read—audacious and yet puerile. Feuerbach occupies, in common with Strauss, (not he of the fine waltzes, as an English periodical laughably asserted,) and Bruno-Bauer, the extreme left of Hegelianism in Germany. Strauss, in his "*Life of Jesus*," endeavors to explode the historical verity of Christianity, Bruno-Bauer its biblical evidences, while Feuerbach completes the circle, by an assault upon Christianity in general. The peculiar stand-point of the latter, given

out with much apparent philosophical precision, is this,—that all religion is the mere projection into objective existence of the inward thoughts and emotions of the human being. Man is distinguished from the brutes by the simple fact of self-consciousness,—by his ability to make his species, his essential nature, an object of thought. He possesses, consequently, a two-fold life, an inner and outer life, the first having relation to his species, or to his general nature, and the second to his individual nature. But this inner life seems to him always infinite, and outer life only is finite or limited. His self-consciousness, consequently, is essentially infinite. The power of will, the power of thought, and the power of affection, which constitute this self-consciousness, are infinite powers and are the ground and substance of all religion; considered as objective existences, these three-fold powers are God—the Trinity. The consciousness of the object and self-consciousness, coincide and are one. Religion is the relation of man to himself,—to his own subjective nature; but a relation to it viewed as a nature apart from his own. The divine being, so called, is nothing else but the human being freed from the limits of the individual man, or made objective, and contemplated and revered as another or distinct being.

It will be seen that this is naturalism run to seed, or rather naturalism carried out to its extreme and legitimate expression. Starting from the doctrine—too generally accepted, we fear, both in the Church and the world—that man is the source of his own life,

“Himself, his world, and his own God,”

it ends with the denial of the Infinite Goodness and Wisdom as the living and substantial source of all life.

There is some truth in Feuerbach's statement that men make their own God,—that in the heroic times, he is the God of Battles,—to the Jew a narrow and avenging Deity,—to the martyr a sympathetic sufferer,—to the devout monk a larger Pope, and to the speculative thinker, like Hegel, as Menzel says, a pedant on the throne of the Universe; but these errors of former, and even of the present time, need not obscure our conceptions of Him, as he is declared to be in Revelation, or as he is loved and revered by the regenerate heart.

Human opinions are all subject to progress and change, but the absolute and the eternal, in which alone our thoughts and affections can rest, ceases to be the absolute and eternal, when we conceive of it, not as self-subsistent, but as the mere projection of our own nature.

—*The Banking-House*, by SAMUEL PHILLIPS, is a short story, singularly and rather roughly constructed. Its situations and events spring from the efforts of Michael Allcraft, the Banker, to preserve the business reputation and pay the debts of his father, Abraham Allcraft, who, though reputed enormously rich, died insolvent. In these efforts, Michael is thwarted by the villainy of one of his partners, and the follies of the two others; and the various excitements prepared for the reader, which are all painful, are founded upon the narrative of the terrible efforts of the unhappy and overmatched man, the successively deeper miseries into which he falls, and his death, when broken in health and reputation, and penniless. His sorrow is aggravated by remorse for having borrowed all his wife's large fortune, to repair his successive losses, and by her prospective poverty. She at last finds refuge in a country parsonage, and in doing good. The remaining characters are left to hang themselves; at least, they are entirely unaccounted for. The book is well written, but must, apparently, either have been very hastily composed, or have been much cut down and compressed for insertion in the periodical where it first appeared; inasmuch that it does not adequately show its author's power. The use of significant names, too openly significant, as in many other novels, destroys all the illusion of the story. When we read of a cunning miser named Allcraft, of a projector named Planner, we cannot read, in the truthful and pleasant, appropriate delusion, that there were such men. Names of this kind should only be used in professed allegory.

—*Fabiola*; or, *the Church of the Catacombs*, by His Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN, is a Roman Catholic religious novel, which treats of events supposed to have happened at Rome, in the first half of the fourth century, during the persecutions under Dioclesian and Maximian. For Protestant readers it has little interest, except as a literary curiosity. It is a book of the same class with *Amy Herbert*, and

the other novels of the GRESLEY and SEWELL school, and intended to propagate a ritual and hierarchic churchism; but with this difference, that whereas these latter are only at the verge, *Fabiola* is wholly inside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. It is somewhat overcharged, too, with the sentimentality proper to Young Rome; narrating the ecstasies, and even the miracles of its three saintly characters, St. Agnes, St. Sebastian and St. Pancras, with sickening detail. The Lives of the Saints, and the Acts of the Martyrs are quoted, throughout, as quite reliable authority, and the ordinary ceremonies and forms of the Church, along with other antique observances, are a staple material in the progress of events. The story is not remarkable, being the frequently repeated experience of early Christians of high and low rank, converted, and betrayed and martyred, or escaping and living happily. The quiet postulate that Christianity is and always has been Romanism, of course, underlies the whole book. The style is precisely what one would expect from a dignified prelate; rather stiff, and more or less disfigured with classicisms and foreign idioms, such as one might acquire by long habituation to the use of Latin and Greek, and of the continental idioms of Europe; not to speak of technical terms from the ecclesiology of the writer. On the whole, therefore, it is greatly inferior to the controversial works and occasional discourses of the Cardinal, which exhibit not only prodigious variety and accuracy of learning, but rare eloquence.

—*Pride and Prejudice*, by JANE AUSTEN. With this respectably printed volume, Messrs. Bunce & Brother commence the republication of Miss Austen's standard novels. To the readers of forty years ago any account of her works would be superfluous; but they are known to comparatively few of the younger patrons of circulating libraries and book-stores. *Pride and Prejudice* is, in respect of style, a conversational novel; in respect of subject, a social novel. It seems to have been intended by the writer to be taken as an exposition of the evils resulting from the faults after which it is named; for the unhappinesses of the story are the consequences of the pride of Darcy and the prejudice of Elizabeth Bennet. But it might, without absurdity,

be maintained that Miss Austen had another purpose at least equal in importance, in her own mind, in its composition; for the book displays the disgusting folly and miserable result of miseducated and misdirected female life very much more fully and forcibly than the nature or operations of either *Pride* or *Prejudice*. Mrs. Bennet is a silly old woman, with four daughters; and her whole foolish energies are devoted to the one purpose of marrying them to husbands; who must, at any rate, be wealthy next respectable, then handsome, and good or bad, as luck may have it. Very much the same is the intention of all the other mothers in the book. Such is the expectation of the daughters, who are represented as wise or foolish virgins, more in proportion to the modesty or immodesty of their conduct in their husband-hunting enterprises, than for any other remarkable qualities. The action of the book is principally carried on by means of conversations, throughout which the individualities of the interlocutors are distinguished and preserved with very considerable skill; and which are quite artistically contrived to hold to each other, throughout the work, the relations usually sustained by adventures or schemes. A very meagre and unskillfully written biographical notice of Miss Austen is prefixed, apparently from some biographical dictionary.

THE FINE ARTS.

HORACE VERNET's *Brethren of Joseph*, at Goupil & Co.'s Gallery.

Ary Scheffer's "Temptation of Christ," was removed from the Gallery of the Messrs. Goupil, only to make room for a picture of less size but certainly equal merit, by Horace Vernet. "The Brethren of Joseph" has also left us, to adorn the walls of its English purchaser, but a large and important picture by MacIise speedily supplied its place, and renewed, for the third time during the past season, the obligation the public is under to the enterprising gentlemen who compose the firm of Goupil & Co., for the opportunity to study, at leisure, first class works of Art.

There are several things waiting to be said about these Exhibitions of single pictures, and the aid they bring to the formation of a correct public taste, but we leave them until another occasion. At present,

a few words about Horace Vernet himself seem in place before speaking of his picture. Here, in brief, is what we have been able to gather concerning him and his history.

The father and grandfather of Horace Vernet were both distinguished painters. The grandfather's name was Claude Joseph Vernet; he painted marine views, principally sea-coasts; a large picture from his hand is in the Gallery of the Boston Athenæum, and two inferior specimens are to be found in the Bryan Gallery in New York—a collection, by the way, which only needs to be exhibited in more easily accessible rooms and at a less charge for admission, to receive a much greater share of public attention than it does at present.

Horace Vernet's father was Antoine Charles Horace Vernet, a painter of repute; his son, born in the Louvre, in 1789, took the last two of his father's long string of names, and at this day plain "Horace Vernet" on a canvas, commands a host of admirers larger than that which follows any other living artist. He early discovered the particular line in which his genius as a painter was to develop itself. Born an artist, he was also born a soldier, and the titles of some of his earliest pictures will show in what direction his nature led him. "The Taking of a Redoubt," "Dog of the Regiment," "Battle of Tolosa," "Barrier of Clichy," "Defense of Paris,"—these pictures, painted in 1817, when the artist was twenty-eight years old, have been judged worthy of a place in the Luxembourg Palace—in whose Gallery are hung, as in a place of the highest honor, the works of the best living artists of France.

Horace Vernet began to paint in the days when the tide of popular feeling was turning against David, the great master of the classic school—a school, so-called, because, instead of studying living men and their manners, its scholars spent their lives in making historical pictures whose men and women were modeled from the antique statues and the figures on the Greek vases.

It was, on the whole, a poor school. Its pictures were coldly correct, without life, without vigor, without sentiment; but, fostered by Napoleon, or, at least, made the fashion during his reign, it took a high seat in the world and kept it for a long time unchallenged. To this school Horace

Vernet opposed himself with his characteristic energy. He refused to dress honest soldiers of the nineteenth century in sandals and tunics. He refused to paint them in any dress but their own, or to put shields and spears into their hands instead of good guns and swords. With his keen, mental eyes, he saw through the classic farce, and laughed at those who acted in it. The pictures we have named in a previous paragraph, were the first fruits of his determination. He soon found that the people were on his side, if the Academy and the Artists were against him. In 1822 he wished to make a more decided move, and sent his pictures to the Exhibition at the Louvre. He had made enemies by his opposition, and now he felt their power. His pictures were refused admission. Nothing daunted, but confident in their merit, he took them to his studio and exhibited them to the public there. It was a bold stroke, but a fortunate one. His room became the centre of attraction in Paris; the people were wonderfully drawn to these spirited, natural works. Vernet became at once, and forever, a public favorite.

The French battles in Algeria seem to constitute the great era in Vernet's artistic life. A Gallery at Versailles was set apart for the reception of pictures commemorative of the Algerian War—all of which Vernet was commissioned to paint. This Gallery is called the Constantine Gallery, from the name of the town "Constantine," taken by the French during the war. It contains Vernet's greatest works. There is "The Taking of the Smalah," the largest picture in the world—small praise, if it could not also be said that it is crowded with incident, and that the narrative is told with wonderful clearness, a fertility of invention unparalleled, and a truth to nature, we may almost say, never before attempted.

Although Vernet's great power lies in the painting of battles, yet he by no means confines himself to this field. He paints every variety of subject, but always with an evident leaning toward those in which life is stirring and active. His works have a wonderful reality; his execution leaves nothing to desire in truthfulness, yet there is nothing in it that reminds you of Düsseldorf and its artificial school. Like Scheffer and Couture, Vernet is no colorist. He renders with faithfulness the local color

and texture of every object, but he does not know how to harmonize and tone the whole into an agreeable result. Hence his pictures have a spotty, crude appearance—the eye is not soothed and pleased as in looking at a Rubens or a Titian, but it is shocked and dazzled. Afterward, when the mind busies itself with the story and the characterization of the actors, delight begins. But it must never be forgotten, that a picture wanting in color is deficient in an important and noble attribute.

Vernet works with marvelous rapidity. He rarely uses the model, and then only for an instant; he spends little time in studying dresses, arms or accoutrements—so retentive is his memory that once having seen he remembers with distinctness, and then, free from all impediment, he impresses himself upon the canvas with such rapidity that he may almost literally be said to think with his brush.

The picture of "The Brethren of Joseph," which our citizens have had so good an opportunity to study, was a fine specimen of Vernet's work. It was painted in Africa in 1853. The story was remarkably told, and the execution could not be surpassed. Like all his pictures, it was unpleasant in color, but it displayed the utmost perfection in drawing. The botany, the anatomy, the rendering of texture in the materials, were all masterly. It was a work we greatly desired to have made a public possession. Not until our people can see such works freely and at will, shall we be able to congratulate ourselves on a public appreciation of Art; and until we have that appreciation we shall be wanting in a great element of civilized society. To provide such works of Art for the contemplation of the people is as clearly a duty of Government as anything can be, and we can but be ashamed that a city like New York, the third city in the world, has to depend for her opportunities of seeing works of Art, on the courtesy of picture dealers, and in the advantages which she offers for the study of pictures and statues, is not only behind Boston and Philadelphia, but also far behind some of the smallest cities of Europe.

Perfect as was "The Brethren of Joseph," in its drawing, and wonderful as it was in the truth of its rendering, and the clearness of its narrative, it wanted the charm of sentiment and purpose. Each of those men

was a wonder—each had a distinct individuality, but it was not only the fact of their being Arabs, and not Hebrews, that made them appear unrelated to the scene. They seemed as if arranged in a *tableau vivant*, and yet not so, but rather as if some accidental juxtaposition of men in real life had caught the eye of the artist and impressed him with its strange resemblance to the scene acted centuries ago in Palestine by those twelve hard-hearted brethren, and as if he had copied what he saw with literal exactness, making no allowance for the difference between the motives of the two scenes. This want of sentiment—the highest quality in a work of Art, prevented "The Brethren of Joseph" from taking that lofty rank to which, had it been all that we have a right to demand in this respect—its admirable execution, the power of its characterization, and the profound knowledge in many departments it displayed—would have unquestionably entitled it.

—*The Sacrifice of Noah*, by DANIEL MACCLISE, R. A., at Goupil & Co.'s Gallery.

This large work by an Irish painter, long resident in England, is undoubtedly a fine specimen of his ability. With great good sense, the Messrs. Goupil have thus far selected their pictures for engraving from the works of those men who are not remarkable for excellence in color. Scheffer, Delaroche, Vernet, and Macclise, are none of them colorists, and their works are well represented by engravings. Of the peculiar excellence of such men as Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Rubens, and Allston, no idea can be formed by prints: through such a medium we only see the beauty of their forms, the excellence of their arrangements, or the naturalness of their expression.

Mr. Macclise has treated his subject with great simplicity and directness. In color, the picture, like all his works, is wholly unsatisfactory. It is cold, gray and inharmonious. It is very much worse in this particular than either the "Temptation" or "The Brethren of Joseph." But in drawing, it is excellent, and the story is told with a clearness wholly admirable. The salient points of the narrative are seized with decision, and the canvas, without being crowded, is full of incident.

In the centre stands Noah—an erect, vigorous figure,—wanting, perhaps, in height; his face is lifted earnestly to heaven—his

left hand, clenched, is pressed firmly upon the rude stone altar from whose victim the smoke of sacrifice rises. In his right hand he holds a golden censer. His whole attitude strongly expresses a manly faith and trust in God. He is really the central figure but not the central thought of the picture. The central thought of the picture, admirably interpreted, is the sublimity of faith in God. Without the clear and full expression of this idea, the picture could be nothing but a piece of posture painting, well done, perhaps, but without purpose, and so without real greatness. As it is, in spite of its crudity and want of sufficient study in some portions, it may, without hesitation, be called a sublime work of Art, full of suggestion, and whose deep inner meaning can never be exhausted.

At the right of the picture are grouped the wives of Noah's sons. They are natural, pleasing figures, but are not characterized sufficiently, as the wives of the men who were to found three great empires, each with its peculiar civilization. They are simply three handsome Irish girls—they might have been made something more. A pretty bit of sentiment is introduced in this portion of the picture. The only plant that can be seen, a delicate vine, has sprung up at the feet of these girls, a lamb lies down beside them, and two snow-white doves have come to pick up food close to them. The signification of these incidents is clearly pronounced, while the incidents themselves are skillfully and naturally managed.

At the left of the picture stand the three sons of Noah. *SHAM*, a youth of fairer skin than his brothers, dressed in the light garb of a shepherd-huntsman, leans eagerly forward, supported by his spear. He carries at his side a knife with a handle of stag's horn and a gourd water-bottle. He is young and beardless. His countenance expresses reverent faith, and intense interest in the ceremony. *JAPHET* stands next him, an erect and noble figure, clothed in a long mantle which completely covers him. His hair is black and his beard is thick. His attitude and face express, if not indifference to what is going on, at least an intellectual questioning. He is the philosopher—not denying, not asserting, but waiting with quiet dignity for the proof which he demands as the condition of his assent. *HAM* kneels on one knee

and rests his arms on the other. He is half draped in a mantle—a rich bracelet circles one arm—his beard is slight, his dark-brown hair falls over his forehead. He looks up at the ascending smoke with a countenance earnest in its action, but too sensuous to be fully sympathetic. He exults in life and is thankful for it, but it is with a languid delight. The sweet savor of the sacrifice is to him its greatest charm.

In front of the picture, at the left hand, Noah's wife is seen kneeling. Even if the rest of the work were poor, the sentiment of this figure would redeem it. The attitude is that of one who is saved from peril after long and anxious watching and inward struggle. A different and perhaps grander mode of treatment would have represented her as triumphing in the fulfillment of her belief in God's power, and in the answer to her prayers. But the action chosen by Maclise brings her nearer to our human sympathies and experience. Her expression is that of tearful thankfulness. She fully joins in the offering of sacrifice, but she is too much prostrated in body and mind to exult. She is looking nowhere—her mind is busied, and absorbed in thought.

The detail of the picture demands a moment's notice. In the background the Ark rests upon Ararat, and the animals are leaving it. The domestic animals remain quietly grouped together, nearest to what is left of mankind. The giraffes, lions, panthers, elephants and camels, take up their march to the East and South; the elks, stags and deer, are on their way to the North—a group of chamois and ibexes stands on a cliff. On the Ark the domestic birds are gathered quietly in one place—the others fly off with multitudinous scream and whirl. This whole arrangement shows careful study and poetic thought. The dead birds and animals in the foreground, with the wonderfully executed silver vase, are almost too well done. They dangerously lure the eye away from the more important statements of the picture, and cause the mind to waver between the contemplation of merely material facts, and those sublime spiritual ideas which underlie and permeate the whole scene.

Both these pictures, "The Brethren of Joseph," and "The Sacrifice of Noah," are to be engraved by Goupil & Co.

MUSIC.

PARIS stops midway in Lenten mortification, puts off sack-cloth and ashes, dons three-pile and motley, and, during the *mi carême*, dances and sings with the frantic zest of a schoolboy's play during his fifteen minutes noon recess. But New York is more persistent in its abstinence. It was not so of olden time; for those of us who yet write ourselves young remember when all innocent amusements, public or private, were as openly enjoyed, even among our High Church Gothamites, during Lent (excepting Passion Week, perhaps) as in any other part of the year, sacred or secular. With the advent of Gothic church-architecture, however—real Gothic, wrought in stone, which causes note-shaving, pork-selling churchwardens to talk of naves and transepts, corbels and finials—the gusty forty days which usher in our only month of Spring have attained a new sacredness in the eyes of the Rev. Cream Cheese, and the flock to whom he dispenses the mild curds and whey of doctrine, and Uppertendom now goes the entire Lent.

It is for this reason, in part at least, that the serried ranks of seats in the new Opera House, which we absurdly call the Academy of Music, have been in a great measure vacant during the last month, in spite of Steffanone and Vestvall, Brignoli and Badiali. The Committee of Management boldly lifted the concern out of the mire of the Ole Bull-Marszek "row," and seemed determined to show the public that the affairs of an opera house could be conducted at once quietly and with vigor, generously and with prudence. But as far as regards the pecuniary result of their labors, they were in vain. They piped unto the people, but they would not dance, they sang unto them, but they would not answer.

Steffanone, whom we all remembered with pleasure, whose great, good-natured, lazy way never offends us, even when she sings sluggishly, and who, when she is finally aroused, which usually happens about the finale of the first act, or the beginning of the second, displays a dramatic force and intensity inferior only to Grisi's of all the *prima donnas* that Fortune and the Collins line of steamers have brought us,—this good Steffanone made a bad impression when she first appeared this season. She sang, as one fair auditor said,

"like a drowning woman," while a blonde-bearded gentleman, who looked as though he had studied, and fought, and drunk, at Heidelberg, thought that her voice sounded as if she were singing in a huge tun. The case was deplorable, and the tender lings of Gotham ran about the house chirping out, that "Steffanone had been living too fast," coaxing their moustache the while, and looking wicked and knowing, as if they, each one of them, could tell who and what was at the bottom of it all; but—though they did not say so—they were evidently on their honor, and were discreet. But an evening or two extinguished their pretensions; for Steffanone was again Steffanone the Magnificent,—a little coarse, perhaps, and more sensuous than intellectual in style; but still glorious, in a large, full, sympathetic voice, a fine declamatory vocalization, a striking manner, imperturbable good nature, and unflagging faithfulness. She has lost somewhat of her freshness both of voice and person; but we still see in her potential ministrations to more than one season of operatic pleasure.

The change which has taken place in the taste of our musical public during the last ten years, and the exacting demands for which operatic managers are obliged to cater, are in no respect more decidedly shown than in the manner of Signorina Vestvall's reception by the town. Ten years ago, Vestvall, "solitary and alone," would have filled a theatre. She is quite a phenomenon, this fair Solave, (she is a Pole, a Varsoviennne,) and, in appearance, at least, is the prominent personage upon the stage whenever she appears. Of almost heroic stature for a woman—she is full half a head taller than Grisi—she is, nevertheless, one of the most beautifully formed creatures that the eyes of happy men ever looked upon. Her voice, a contralto, assigns her to more masculine than feminine characters; and not only does she become the dresses which she wears, but she is splendid in them—radiant. In truth, it is impossible to conceive anything more beautiful than the things which Vestvall uses to walk with. Fully conscious of her beauty, too, and never mincing matters when propriety of costume requires its display, she yet seeks no opportunities to reveal it, seeming to be entirely unconscious about the matter, and, when on the stage,

to take no thought about the conventionalities of this day and generation. And when she is dressed like a man, she walks like a man. No ambling, pacing prettiness; but a good manly stride, at which men smile, and women wonder and despair; for they ask, how can limbs which have lived and moved and had their being under the shadowing embrace of petticoats, swing so clear and free? To all this boldness of manner upon the stage in manly costume, Signorina Vestvali unites a bearing equally womanly in the drawing-room. She came here well introduced, and was made much of in the society of our most estimable and cultivated people for some time before she obtained an opportunity of appearing in public. Her first triumphs were those of her intelligence, pleasing manners, and womanly beauty in the social circle. When to all this we add that she has a fine, rich-toned voice, and sings with great spirit and feeling, it would seem as if Signorina Vestvali must needs have turned the town topsy-turvy. Not a bit of it. The brains of some very young gentlemen, who have pheezed and fretted around her, like little steam-tugs round a splendid clipper ship, which they want to seize and carry off, may have softened under her influence; but the public, although they always welcome her heartily, and take delight in listening to and looking at her, yet keep their senses and their dollars, and will not throng the theatre, even when she and Steffanone and Brignoli sing together. Who is Brignoli? A very nice little tenor, who sings in a very nice little way, and tries to imitate Mario, and succeeds wonderfully, except as regards voice, and vocal skill, and good looks. The three, with Badiali, form an excellent company; and, as we said before, either one of them, ten years ago, would have filled a theatre. But now, we demand one artist, at least, of the very first class; and that artist must be supported by others as good as either of these three, and by a full and well-conducted chorus and orchestra; and we want all this for one dollar. Like a lady of whom we heard, who could not find a nurse to satisfy her; and it proved that she wanted intelligence, good looks, ability to read and write, good judgment, neatness in dress, and propriety of manner—in short, a good person, a good mind, and all the cardinal virtues, for seven dollars a month.

The music which these people have given us has been all old, and of that sort which gets old very quickly—Donizetti's. We have had one new opera, *Rigoletto*, by Verdi, but, with the exception of a pretty romance and a carefully-written trio, it is poor stuff, and fell dead upon the public ear.

A German Opera Company has possession of Niblo's Theatre. The enterprise has been very successful as to money. The house has been full almost nightly, and the audiences have been more fashionable than those at the Academy of Music. The management has been "aristocratic," too, on that very important point—subscribers, and subscribers' seats. There have been three hundred of these; twice as many as there were at Astor Place, and fifty more than there are in Irving Place; yet the public are not disgusted, and a certain press has refrained from personal attacks upon the manager and the audience. Why is this? "For particulars, see small bills."

This German Opera Company has not been intensely German in its performances—the frequent occurrence of words ending in *ich* being the strongest Teutonic trait to be found in them. True, Flotow's *Martha* was pretty well, and Weber's *Frey-schutz* was pretty badly done; but the staple has been the French *Breuer of Preston*, and the Italian *Romeo et Giulietta*, done into German. Excepting Miss Caroline Lehman, a very conscientious and well-instructed vocalist, the artists have all been of an inferior grade.

THE DRAMA.

Those who look up as they pass St. Paul's Chapel—and who does not?—see upon the front of Barnum's Museum, about the time we write, amid huge transparencies of the American Giantess, who looks as if she need only caper a little to shake the house down, and the Mammoth Girl, whose accumulation of feminine fat evidently protects the roof tree from any danger consequent upon her capering, another huge transparency upon which appears a ship, bearing at her mizen peak a black flag with a death's head and cross-bones, while a goodly part of the canvas is occupied by a very fierce-looking gentlemen, much larger than the ship, who wears a peaked hat and wide breeches, and carries another black flag with another

death's head and cross-bones. The ship is the Flying Dutchman's Ship, the man is the *Flying Dutchman*, and the transparency means that Mr. Barnum has been getting up a Great Flying Dutchman-ic Revival in the Theatre—we beg his pardon, the Lecture Room of his Museum. We do not propose to criticise the *Flying Dutchman*,—either the picture or the play: we merely refer to the Great Revival as entitled to notice among the other Great Revivals of the day,—Mr. Wallack being the reviver in the others. We seriously believe that the *Flying Dutchman* is as good a play, as worthy of the careful attention of good actors, and generous stage appointments and costumes, as the majority of the comedies which Mr. Wallack revives. It seems incredible that a gentleman of experience and ability should devote his theatre and a good company to the performance of the smart, feeble, unnatural inanities produced by Congreve and Colley Cibber, and the tribe which followed them. Devoid of humor, devoid of character, without one touch of nature, dependent for the success which they once had upon repartee, grossness and intrigue in a half-century given up to repartee, grossness and intrigue, these comedies have been consigned to the grave, where they should be allowed to lie and rot in peace. Why will Mr. Wallack dig them up and bring their unmanly corpses before the world! He does his best with them, we are happy to admit. He dresses them unexceptionably, and dazzles us with lace, and velvet, and brocade, perukes and lappets; but it is beyond his skill to put real men and women in all those fine clothes: the author has prevented that, by filling them with conventional puppets. Mr. Wallack tries to purge these plays of their grossness and indecency, and he succeeds pretty well; but such is the nature of the material with which he has to deal, that in eliminating its grossness, he takes away all its little character, and in purifying its indecency he extinguishes all its feeble wit, giving us, perforce, decent dullness instead of prurient smartness. Pray let us have done with this, Mr. Wallack. Give us plays that have *kept* the stage; do not waste your strength in attempting to lug back those that have been kicked off it. Or if you must "revive," let us have the *Flying Dutchman*.

MR. FORREST has been playing at the Broadway Theatre one of his periodical engagements. His popularity appears to be undiminished. Evening after evening, the capacious house has been filled with people who applauded and cheered Mr. Forrest to the echo. If strenuous endeavors merit success, he certainly deserves all he has attained. His playing is more like hard muscular working; and he earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, as much as any gentleman of the Anti-Know-Nothing party who condescends to come over here and get a living by filling a dirt cart. But the time has passed for criticism upon Mr. Forrest's acting. He has long since made his position and his fortune; and in the former he is firmly fixed. His style is well known, and can exercise no influence upon public taste; for he plays to those who will have such playing from some one, and others cannot be induced to go and see him on any terms. Upon each character in which he has appeared, the *Tribune* has given its readers an elaborate criticism, generally very condemnatory and very just, but in the articles upon Shakespeare's plays, displaying, with a fine appreciation of the poet's thought, a lamentable ignorance of the materials out of which he built his dramas, and of the purpose with which he produced them. In its judgment of Mr. Forrest, the *Tribune* has but reiterated decisions passed by men of taste, before that journal had an existence.

MR. BURTON has brought out a play by MR. BOURCICAULT, *Janet Pride*, in a manner which ought to give complete satisfaction to the author. *Janet Pride* is a mild melodrama, the action of which is so much broken that the author calls its first two Acts, the Prologue. *Janet Pride*, although she gives the play its name, is but a secondary character in it: the principal being *Richard Pride*, her father.

This play is entirely one of incident and situation. It has but one character, *Pride*—remarkably well played by Mr. Burton—or at most two; the second being *Bernard*, the old French watchmaker, which was a very happy effort on the part of Mr. Moore. *Janet Pride* will add nothing to Mr. Bourcicault's reputation as a man of letters, although it may bring him some jobs as a playwright.

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AMERICAN TRAVELERS.*

THE Englishman is at once the most rational and the most cosmopolitan of men. Wherever he goes, he takes his prejudices and his tea-pot with him; but he sees more, and tells his story of sight-seeing better, than the traveler of other nations. The same spirit and training that sent the six hundred, the Earl of Cardigan at their head,

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,"

at Balaklava, is the spirit which has sent the solitary Englishman to penetrate the loneliest deserts, and to climb the loftiest mountains. In Switzerland, if your guide stimulates your ambition to cross an unfrequented and dangerous pass, he assures you that it can be done, for Mr. Bull, in the year of grace 1810, or in some other traditional year, went that very way, and Mrs. Bull could hardly be dissuaded from accompanying him. In the East, it is always an Englishman who lived for two or three years at Damascus, for the whim of the thing—and certainly it was an Englishwoman who made herself the greatest queen of the East since Cleopatra.

The traveler of twenty years since, who recalls the Guide Book of Mrs. Starke, or the curious reader, who to-

day turns its pages, can easily estimate the advantage to the world of English travel. It is John Bull who has made traveling easy. It is John Bull who has taught the kitchen of Italy to reek with the fumes of *bistecca*, and the mouldy rooms of the Locanda to own the perfume of Bohea. It is John Bull who has set up Felix and *rosbif* in the very shadow of the Madeleine, and within scent of the Café de Paris. It is John Bull who has put Frenchmen upon high-trotting horses, and crowded the Bois de Boulogne with agonized equestrians, rising in the stirrups, and coming down hard at the wrong time. It is John Bull who awakens the venerable Roman echoes of the Campagna with the tally-ho of the huntsman, and the distant, flickering bay of hounds; and John Bull who rides steeple-chases over the old granary of the world. He has put clean sheets upon continental beds, and caused continental doors to shut, and windows to open. He has introduced carpets, and cold water. Wherever Mr. Bull has been, he has left a track of comfort, high prices, liberal swearing, intelligent observation, sullen endurance, and triumphant achievement. Twenty years ago, Mrs. Starke was the traveler's *Vade Mecum*. The pilgrim of poetry and

* *Journey to Central Africa*. By BAYARD TAYLOR. G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York. — *The Lands of the Saracen*. By BAYARD TAYLOR. G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York. — *Travels in Europe and the East*. 2 vols. By SAMUEL INNES PRINCE. Harper & Brothers: New York. — *Another Budget; or, Things which I Saw in the East*. By JANE ANTHONY EAMES. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. — *Costas de España; or, Going to Madrid via Barcelona*. Redfield: New York. — *Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe*, being fragments from the Portfolio of the late HORACE BURNETT WALLACE, Esq., of Philadelphia. Herman Hooker: Philadelphia. — *Notes of a Theological Student*. By JAMES MASON HOPPIN. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. — *Gan Eden; or, Pictures of Cuba*. J. P. Jewett & Co.: Boston and Cincinnati.

beauty, going to Rome, to Naples, to Sicily, said Mrs. Starke, must bring with him all his furniture, all his linen, all his comestibles, all his pots, pans, and appurtenances; and several columns of that valuable book were devoted to an inventory of the simple necessities for a continental tour. The book was an exhortation to take up your house and travel, if you expected to be comfortable. Those were the days of couriers, and hiring huge traveling carriages in Paris; of chasseurs and brigands, and the delightful romance of Terracina. Irving's "Tales of a Traveler," so far as they treat of the incidents of traveling, belong to the Starke epoch of the grand tour.

But John Bull soon found it easier to make the continent supply him with clean sheets, than to take such a clumsy bundle of bed clothes with him; and all succeeding travelers are his debtors. He has warmed the bed for the rest of the world. On the other hand, he has carried extravagance everywhere, and the bad effects of a taciturn, if not surly nature. He has spoiled the carnival in Rome, and put steamers upon the Nile. He has reversed Napoleon's plan, and, instead of bringing all the world to Paris, he has carried England into all the world. His sobriquet upon the continent has been, for years, *Milor*—the affluent, haughty, domineering lord. The word, itself, is the best history of the net English impression upon the popular mind of Europe. He learns languages with difficulty, and sneers, with that profound stupidity of prejudice which is only possible in a nation that produces Squire Westerns, at a people

"Who call their mothers *mères*,
And all their daughters *filles*."

Have we not all seen that Milor, in St. Peter's, upon Easter; in Pompeii; on the Prater; in the Cascine; on the Pyramids; on the desert; at the remotest Egyptian temples; on the plain of Marathon; in the Norway fiords, with his double-soled walking shoes, and his gaiters, and his checked trousers and waistcoat, and sporting jacket with large buttons, his mutton-chop whiskers, and rosy, moony face? Yet that very tenacity of checked breeches is the secret of half the comfort we enjoyed in going to those places, where we met this familiar figure. It is ludicrous when you encounter it in Brown, Jones, and Robin-

son, for in them it is degenerate and unmeaning, but the thoughtful traveler contemplates a nobleman's breeches with curious interest.

For the philosophy of this marked English influence upon continental life is undoubtedly this, that the upper classes of England, who are more educated, and of a really finer quality than the upper classes of any other country, have united in themselves the natural desire of educated men to travel, the indefeasible national characteristic, strengthened by the pride of class, and unlimited means of gratifying every whim, and of securing foot-stoves at any cost and risk. A Frenchman has none of the Bedouin spirit. It was a French instinct in Napoleon to bring the characteristic spoils of every country to Paris, for the Frenchman has a secret scepticism of everything out of Paris, and cares for the "barbarian world" only when he can see specimens of it at home. Johnny Crapeau considers it only a proper homage to the capital of the earth, that all lands should send their products thither. Paris is France to him, but it is also the world. The *bourgeois* believes Leipsic is in Germany, and knows that the Pope lives at Rome; the greater pity for him! But are not Corneille and Racine the greatest of poets? is not Voltaire the king of philosophers? have we not all the *illustrations du temps*? is not Rachel ours? is not France favored of all the muses and graces? is not ours the social philosophy, the hope of the future? Will you step over to the Faubourg St. Germain, and be introduced to the society upon which all other human society is modeled? will you have the most exquisite boots, shoes, dresses, *pantalons*, dinners, dances, *demoiselles*? What more can a reasonable being desire?

Several Frenchmen went to London during the Great Exhibition, and wrote accounts of their tours. There is no more amusing reading anywhere. England is a world as far from France as the spiritual from the material. Monsieur Crapeau speaks of Bull in a strain of incredulity, and with pettishness at the total want of mutual comprehension. We shall never forget a sunny day in Rouen, which was actually chilled and darkened by a Frenchman's account of a recent visit to London. Had it been to Lapland or Siberia, to some remote region not yet familiar to geography, and beyond human sympa-

thy, it could not have been more delightfully dismal. At intervals he drank his claret, with a kind of clinging, pensive tenderness, like a man who should never forgive himself that he had ever lost one day of France. And we, who were bound for Albion, and meant to dine to-morrow upon roast beef, and not upon *rosbif*, felt uneasily, as if we were doomed to desolate exile—a Juvenal banished to Syene. There is an amusing vaudeville, which is hardly a caricature of the French feeling toward England, in which one whole act consists of a man coming upon the stage, which represents a dreary storm, with his heavy box coat buttoned to his ears, shoes with soles of preternatural thickness, and a great umbrella. He strides across the scene in lugubrious silence, and, in the universal gloom mutters hoarsely, "*C'est Soonday!*" and vanishes. The popular French idea of England is of an eternal and hopelessly rainy Soonday.

But the French books of travel have an *esprit*, which is very attractive. The French genius loves to beautify details, and will serve you the most delicate dinner from the scrapings of the larder, or write you a graceful, graphic book of traveling sketches, upon the Boulevards, in Lyons, anywhere, the most familiar, or the most remote locality, and it shall be unmistakably French. It is never the material, with the French, but always the manner; hence their profound respect for the artist. The cook is an *artiste*; the barber is an *artiste*; the tailor and the shoemaker are *artistes*. And hence again, the details of civilization are perfected in France, and Paris becomes the most agreeable of cities to every man who can content himself with universal *chique*, rather than occasional taste; with society which is *spirituel* rather than spiritual; with the ease of Art rather than the grace of Nature; who asks of the world only well-fitting gloves, and a digestible dinner, the favor of the reigning *danseuse*, and an *insouciance*, a genial carelessness which makes him less bored in Paris than anywhere else, and enables him to slouch along toward death as little bored as possible.

It is this essential want of moral heroism in the French character, which is the secret of the English dislike of France. It is not a political nor sectional difference or ambition, so much as the radical antipathy of a hearty and

serious nature, for one that is speculative, superficial, and sceptical.

The American is the great national eclectic, and, in the sense of adaptability, he is more cosmopolitan than the Englishman. In Paris, he is more French than the Parisian; in Rome, more Italian than the Roman; and in Britain, more English than the Englishman. He learns easily, and accommodates readily. He has a more flexible accent, a more graceful taste, than any other traveler. In Cairo, he wears the turban with edifying gravity, and in the German *Eilwagen*, his neighbor asks him from what part of Germany he comes. While in Paris, Mr. Bull has his shoes a little thicker in the sole, and his waistcoat a little shorter, and his checks a little more pronounced, lest he should seem to succumb to Gallic corruption, his cousin Jonathan arrives without a wardrobe, that he may appear in the very last French fashion. Jonathan follows St. Paul, and is all things to and with all men. His individuality lies in a certain rank independence and secret sense of superiority. And yet he is so complaisant that he will keep silence rather than offend, and even take sides against the essential American idea, as was so copiously proved during the European convulsions of 1848. He traverses historic lands with less scholarship, and more money, than any other traveler. It is too true that he requires every waterfall to be Niagara; every river, the Mississippi; every plain, a prairie; and every pond, a Lake Superior. It is too true, that armed with Niagara, Bunker Hill, and a surplus in the treasury, he belabors Europe, until a wise man smiles.

The American, however, has a pleasure in foreign travel, which the man of no other nation enjoys. With a nature not less romantic than others; with desires and aspirations for the reverend and historically beautiful, forever unsatisfied at home, fed for years upon the splendid literature of all time, and the pompous history of the nations that have occupied and moulded the earth, and yet separated from those nations and that history, not only by space and the total want of visible monuments, but by the essential spirit of society around him; born with poetic perception amid the stateliest natural forms—forests, mountains, rivers, and plains—that seem to foreshow a more imperial race, and results more majestic than are yet his—

torical, but with none of that human association in the landscape, which gives it its subtlest beauty and profoundest influence, the American mind is solicited by Europe with unimagined fascination. The American goes out to take possession of his dreams, and hopes, and boundless aspirations. Child of all the ages, he has pined for some tangible sign that his great ancestry did, indeed, live and achieve. Of the younger branch, which is to help make the material out of which song and sweet tradition will be woven by his remote descendants, he has yet his own rearward longings, and his filial love and reverence of the past are the prophecy of his future. Hence, all American books of travel, beneath the dry crust of the record, have the quick stream of surprise and enthusiasm.

An Englishman, who remembers that his land was once a Roman province, and whose eyes have seen cathedrals and ruins hoary with centuries, finds the Coliseum and Karnac different in degree, not in kind. But the dullest American, who has never seen a house more than a hundred years old, stands silent with awe before a temple of which history gives no account, and which has survived the race and the civilization which built it. Consequently, there is a great deal of monotony of enthusiasm in our books of travel. "Is this really Rome? Can I believe that I am in Athens? Pinch me, that I may awake out of this dream of Sicily," is the refrain of the song.

General travel-writing is usually of two kinds, the imaginative and the actual. One leans to the detail, to minute description, to statistic; the other to the general spirit and impression. The one results in a commissioner's report, the other in a poem. Now we think the poet is as superior to the rest of us in traveling, and in telling his travels, as he is in all other departments of spiritual experience. Beckford's brief, aromatic book of letters from Italy, gives a better idea of Italy than Murray's *Italian Hand-Book*. For it is not in the shape and size of the houses, in the kind and luxuriance of foliage, in the singular habits and unusual manners of the people, that the secret of national difference is found, but in the spirit which fashions all those details. If we are told that the great pyramid is four hundred and ninety-six feet high, and covers, at the base, an

area of six or seven acres, we have an indefinite idea of size, but we have nothing of the peculiar impression produced by that size, and certainly nothing of the awe which the great pyramid inspires. The size is but one point of the mystic grandeur which makes the pyramid an object of wonder and awful interest. Its antiquity, its situation, its history; all these combine, and the combined result upon the imaginative mind is the impression which we want, and which is destroyed by the statement of details. The poets, however, are few; and we consequently find that the great majority of books of travel are soon forgotten. Those which are most excellent in both kinds remain. Careful scientific observations; decisive speculations upon disputed and interesting historical localities; accurate descriptions of manners and customs; and explorations of the flora and fauna of remote and recently discovered regions, are preserved for reference, and have a permanent value. But the great mass of records of superficial observation, however detailed, slip quietly and rapidly into oblivion. So, also, the books which, with little account of actual measurement, reveal to the reader the spirit and splendor of foreign lands, are like perfumes and strains of music—for perfect Art reproduces the sense of Nature—and the reader breathes a foreign air, and is really transported into the country of which he has read. But sentimental common-place cannot be immortal, although, with no allusion to details, it busies itself with the

"Beauty that was Greece,
And the splendor that was Rome."

It is the happy union of these two spirits that makes the permanently popular book of travels. Any spirited descriptions of countries, either newly visited or new to the mass of readers, will interest the public. This was especially the case with the books of Stephens, which were undoubtedly the most popular and most lucrative of any books of travel ever published in America. Mr. Stephens was a shrewd, active American, who visited countries with which his countrymen were then not at all familiar, who kept a copious and detailed diary, and published it. The style was simple and careless, and there was no philosophy and no poetry in the books; but they were the simple descriptions of novel scenes by an intelligent observ-

er, and the sensible remarks upon those scenes, of a shrewd man. They had not the fullness and richness of poetic description, nor had they the unmistakable glow of the natural traveler. They were the traveling letters of a gentleman.

But traveling is an art, and most eminent among all writers of travels is the natural traveler; the man who does not travel from motives of business, education, health, or pleasure, but from an overpowering love of adventure. These are the travelers as distinguished from the tourists. These are the men who invest travel with a vague romance, which is not to be discovered in the countries they visit, nor in their accounts of those countries; but in that subtle sympathy which satisfies the reader that his author is not only a traveled man, but a traveler. It is the same indescribable sympathy which assures him that one man is a poet, and another only a gentleman of poetic instincts writing verses. Such men are born travelers. If they are poor, they travel at home.

John Ledyard, after four months of College at Dartmouth, wanders into the woods, and lives six months with Canadians and Indians. He reads listlessly of Pharaohs and Ptolemies sailing up and down the Nile, of the dark-rolling Danube and the storied Rhine; but he hollows a canoe and embarks upon the Connecticut; then wanders over the earth, "lonely as a cloud," sees Cook fall upon the shore of Hawaii, endeavors in vain to interest moneyed men in Philadelphia and New York, in Paris and London in a Northwest expedition, but finds that "perseverance was an effort of understanding, which twelve rich merchants were incapable of making." He penetrates northeastern Asia, passes through Siberia, and is recalled from Kamtschatka by an imperial order, just as he is coming out upon the Pacific Ocean, and finally dies upon the threshold of that mysterious African exploration which forever baffles investigation. The genuine traveler shows himself in the triumphant tone of the farewell to his mother upon his departure for Africa: "through millions of fierce savages, over parching deserts, the freezing North, the everlasting ice and stormy seas, have I passed without harm. How good is my God! What rich subjects have I for praise, love, and adoration." Religious zeal drove the old travelers about the world. They were knightly pilgrims to Palestine and the East, like George

Sandys and Sir John Mandeville,—or they were missionaries like Henry Maundrell and the Jesuits. But Mungo Park and John Ledyard were sons of Mercury. They were born with wings upon their heels. The ostensible end of their travels was discovery; but the final cause was a restless soul and a love of wild adventure.

John Ledyard is, by distinction, the American traveler. A man of temperament ardent enough to maintain his enthusiasm under the severest disappointments, he was also firm and fearless, and united to a clear and comprehensive grasp of his subject a gift of lucid and genial description, which leaves the student of his life impatient of the few published remains of his observations. His account of Captain Cook's last voyage is not only simple and accurate, without tedium, but it contains the valuable suggestions of a shrewd mind upon the ethnical and scientific questions of the South Seas. His letters from London and Paris, although few and slight, will be always valuable for their air of reality, and the Journal of his expedition across Siberia and Russia to Kamtschatka has a singular interest. He is everywhere at home, and has no time for expletives, as he had no unpleasant or awful sense of strangeness. Nor should it be forgotten, to the eternal honor of the noble and child-like spirit of the true traveler, no less than to the immortal and universal humanity of woman, that John Ledyard in Siberia, like Mungo Park in mid-Africa, celebrates the tenderness of female sympathy and the loveliness of female character.

"I have observed," says he, "among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men: that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous, more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospita-

ble Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

And in another place he writes:—

"I am now two hundred and twenty versts from Moscow, on the road to Poland. Thank Heaven, petticoats appear, and the glimmerings of other features. Women are the sure harbingers of an alteration in manners, in approaching a country where their influence is felt."

These passages, and Mungo Park's account of the tender care shown him by an African woman have a mournful interest, for the very warmth of the description implies that solitude of heart which the travelers experienced, and leaves in the mind a sense of remoteness and desolation.

All other American travelers, or Americans who have written books of travels, have been, with, perhaps, one exception, merely gentlemen and ladies of more or less cultivation and enterprise, who have visited foreign countries. The list comprises several of our most honored literary names. Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Sigourney, and Willis, and Longfellow, by his "Outre-Mer" and "Hyperion," may fairly be included; while many of our younger authors have made their literary debut by books of travel, as Headley, Herman Melville, Tuckerman, in his "Italian Sketch-Book" and "Sicily," Mitchell, Curtis, and Bayard Taylor. Others like the authors of "Los Gringos" and "Cosas de España," have written but a single book of travels, and have made a name by that. Professor Robinson is a classical topographical authority in the local exploration of Palestine.

The exception that we make to this general classification is, Bayard Taylor, whom we regard as *a traveler*, in the sense that Mungo Park and John Ledyard were travelers. Mr. Taylor travels for the love of travel. His mind is stored with the history and literature which invest countries with romantic interest; but beneath his pleasure in the

association, there is always the spring of the Bedouin; the roving eye, the restless foot. Of a singularly sweet and healthy temperament, robust, yet romantic, he has the daguerreotypy glance and the simple style of description which are peculiar to the class. More imaginative than Ledyard, he is not less adventurous, nor does his imagination ever betray his good sense. Calmness with ardor, which shows itself in his descriptions in a transparent placidity of style, characterizes him in common with the famous travelers. No poet enjoys a moonlit ruin more than they, and none are prompter in repelling with equal relish the marauders who disturb them. In truth the traveler, who has been so fascinating a figure in all ages and histories, is a union of the poet and the hero. And, if we take the unresting Bedouin as his type, who is there that, when the day's march is over, sits so dreamily, with large, melancholy eyes, over the fire, or tells so sweet a story of love and peril?

Mr. Taylor's books of travel include his tour in Europe; his journey to California; his wanderings in Africa and the lands of the Saracen; and he has in preparation a third and concluding volume, containing his adventures in India, China, the Loo-Choo Islands, and Japan. Of all these books the "Journey to Central Africa" is, perhaps, the most interesting and characteristic. The style flows as calmly and placidly as the Nile, but, unlike that river, it is perfectly clear. It is a simple, graphic record of daily life and observation, rarely impassioned, but sinewy and racy, and rich with natural humor and pathos. It is a descriptive, rather than pictorial, style; but beneath its genial repose there is the glow of the true genius of travel. Nor has Mr. Taylor escaped the fascination of the great African problem. Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, the Landers, Bruce, and Ledyard, were all smitten by the same desire of penetrating the interior of that dumb and blind continent.

The three great geographical problems of the last century have been the Northwest Passage, the sources of the Nile, and the source and course of the Niger. To these three questions we owe some of the most remarkable and interesting works of travel. The English African Association, with Sir Joseph Banks at its head, employed at the close of the last century such men as John Ledyard, Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, and

the Landers, to penetrate the African continent and determine the direction of the Niger. In 1795, Mungo Park—a name dear to the literature of adventure and exploration—first saw the great river, and described the sight in words which do not fail to thrill the mind of every imaginative reader who has followed the traveler step by step:

“I saw the long-sought, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward.”

In 1830, Richard and John Lander settled the question of the course and mouth of the river. The zeal which inspired that research has recently illustrated the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Dr. Knoblecher, the Catholic Vicar General at Khartoum, which is the town situated at the confluence of the White and Blue branches, has advanced to a further point upon the White, or main branch of the river, than any other explorer. Before leaving America, Mr. Taylor was in correspondence with Dr. Knoblecher, and it was his hope to reach Khartoum in season to join a second expedition. And, as Dr. Kane went toward the North, and Mr. Taylor toward the South, we could not but hope that, through them, America was to have her share in the glory of the solution of the two great problems that remained. McClure has found the Northwest Passage, and Dr. Kane has not yet returned. And in latitude 12° 30' north, Bayard Taylor, having reached a further point upon the Nile than any American or Englishman had attained, reluctantly turned back toward the Mediterranean. Upon his arrival at Khartoum, the boat of the Catholic mission was still detained at Cairo, and the expedition was deferred. Mr. Taylor consequently relinquished the hope of discovery, but resolved to push on alone, beyond the limit of previous travel, and purchasing a boat, named it “John Ledyard, in memory of the first American traveler in Africa,” and sailed to the south. The account of this expedition upon the White Nile is one of the most delightful passages of the book; and the reader is compelled to sympathize with the heroic traveler, as he turns away from the present solution of the great mystery:

“I climbed to the mast-head and looked to the south, where the forest archipelago, divided by glittering reaches of water, waved its labyrinth in the distance. I thought I saw—but it may have

been fancy—beyond the leafy crown of the furthest isles, the faint blue horizon of that sea of water and grass, where the palm again appears and the lotus fringes the shores. A few hours of the strong north wind now blowing in our faces would have taken me there, but I gave myself up to fate and a pipe, which latter immediately suggested to me, that, though I was leaving the gorgeous heart of Africa, I was going back to civilization and home.”

Mr. Taylor gives a very clear and concise account of the present condition of Nilotic research. Upon the 13th November, 1849, Dr. Knoblecher, after long delays and great difficulties, sailed from Khartoum with the annual trading expedition. The expedition established communications with the Dinkas and Shillooks, the two chief tribes upon the banks. They found the lotus, forests of sont trees, doum-palms, and tamarinds; and beyond lat. 10° the dhelleb-palm. “From lat 9° 26' to 6° 50' N. there is a complete change in the scenery.” The water of the river is here partially stagnant. In the land of the Elliabs, the White Nile divides into two branches. On the 2d January, 1850, Dr. Knoblecher saw in the southeast, the granite mountain of Nierkanyi, in about the fifth degree of north latitude. On the 14th January the expedition reached the furthest point touched by any preceding expedition, the island of Tsanker, at the rapids of the White Nile in 4° 49' N. But Dr. Knoblecher pushed on. As he receded from the races who had been corrupted by the contact of civilization, he found a purer and simpler character in the people. The chief of a Bari village offered the sovereignty of his tribe in exchange for a harmonica. On the 16th January the expedition reached a solitary granite peak, six hundred feet high, standing upon the left bank of the Nile. It is in lat. 4° 10', and is the most southern point ever reached upon the river. He could see a faint mountain-range at the south, in about lat. 3° N. The river was here about six hundred and fifty feet wide, and from five to eight feet deep. “Such an abundance of water,” says Mr. Taylor, “allows us to estimate with tolerable certainty the distance to its unknown sources, which must undoubtedly be beyond the equator.” Dr. Knoblecher thinks that no expedition from Khartoum will be successful. The traveler must become familiar with the Bari people, and

take some of the natives as his companions.

Upon the south, Drs. Krapf and Rebmann have discovered the snow-mountains, Kilimandjaro and Kenia. The old enthusiasm of African travel burned in their hearts as they beheld them, and Dr. Krapf exclaims, "I could not doubt that the streams flowing northward from the Kenia pour into the White Nile." According to the calculations of Krapf and Rebmann, the Kenia is within one degree south of the equator.

From Mr. Taylor's account, therefore, and from Dr. Charles Beke's "Summary of recent Nilotic Discovery," there appears to be, from the furthest southern point of Dr. Knoblecher's exploration to the Kenia mountains, a distance of three hundred and seventy geographical miles in a southeasterly direction; and, from the same point, southwesterly, to the hypothetical northern line of the Lake Usambiro, there are three hundred and sixty geographical miles. Of course there is great uncertainty of names and places in the present condition of African research. But somewhere within this limit must be the sources of the Nile; and there can be little doubt that these snowy summits are the half-fabulous Mountains of the Moon. How truly the innate traveler speaks in the pathetic and glowing words with which Mr. Taylor concludes his chapter upon the White Nile.

"The pictures which these recent explorations present to us, add to the stately and sublime associations with which the Nile is invested; and that miraculous flood will lose nothing of his interest when the mystery which veils his origin shall be finally dispelled. Although, in standing upon the threshold of his vast central realms, I felt that I had realized a portion of my dream, I could not turn away from the vision of those untrodden solitudes, crowned by the flashing snows of Kilimandjaro, the monarch of African mountains, without a keen pang of regret. Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left in her bestowal—and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile, under the snow-fields of Kilimandjaro."

The aims of the traveler do not always, nor very often, command universal sympathy. There is a timid scepticism

which asks with a sneer what possible advantage could be derived from ascertaining that the Nile flowed from a mountain or from a lake, or how trade would gain if there were a northwest passage? But Nature does not inspire men, in vain, with the vague longings that drive them into deserts and upon solitary seas. *Man* is interested in the discovery of the sources of the Nile and the Northwest Passage, whether Trade and Luxury care for them or not. *Man* is interested to know if there is any physical problem which he cannot solve: if the earth, which is his subject, hides any secret that he cannot wrest from her polar rigors or her equatorial heats. And when McClure had settled the great doubt, who did not feel that none of those many lost lives had been wasted, and that, although the mere fact of the passage was of no moment, the other fact, that nothing could balk the imperial resolution of the human mind, and that the earth should be conquered and subdued, was of the sublimest importance?

Akin to this is the profoundest charm of the books of the travelers. It is not the thing seen, nor the difficulty surmounted, but the man and the hero who sees and surmounts, that interest us. Siberia is a country of no historic attraction, and of no natural beauty; but it is as pleasant to read Ledyard's account of it as his descriptions of other regions, because we care more about the man himself than the things he observes and describes. This distinguishes the books of such men as Bayard Taylor from those of the general tourist, and makes his volumes of travel unique in American literature. There have been Americans who have written more brilliant and imaginative descriptions, graced with more extensive and accurate scholarship—who have recorded more graphically the details of foreign society—who have criticised art more astutely, and literature more profoundly. But in all the long list of American tourists there is not, since John Ledyard, so evident a traveler—a man who, in traveling and telling his tales of travel, is so clearly doing what Nature meant him to do—as Bayard Taylor.

Willis's books of travel—and the reader would be surprised to find how great a proportion of the published ten or eleven volumes of his works is, directly or indirectly, record of travel—belonging to the same class as Stephens's, with the difference, that they are the

offspring of a much more graceful, poetic, and affluent mind. If we place Bayard Taylor's in the first rank, as being the works of a man who has Nature's commission to travel, we must certainly put Willis's next as models of the traveling gentleman's diary. Nothing can exceed the spirit and interest with which he touches the old topics; and at this moment there is no more pleasant companion upon the usual European tour than the "Pencilings by the Way." It has, in a lesser degree, for all Europe, the peculiar kind of charm that Byron's "Childe Harold" has for Italy; that is, it expresses, in the most apt and airy manner, the average natural sentiment of an intelligent American in Europe, just as Byron hits the general tone of romance in Venice and Rome. In the opening of "Pencilings by the Way" Willis speaks for every American who follows the lead of his desire across the ocean.

"The dream of my lifetime was about to be realized. I was bound to France; and those fair Italian cities, with their world of association and interest, were within the limit of a voyage; and all that one looks to for happiness in change of scene, and all that I had been passionately wishing and imagining since I could dream a day-dream or read a book, was before me with a visible certainty."

Willis knows where to merge his statistics in his sentiment. He describes with a poetic, and not a prosaic, detail; instinctively discriminating the characteristic from the merely accidental. Hence his brief descriptions of persons, in the "Pencilings by the Way," are like cabinet portraits.

"Nearest me sat Smith, the author of 'Rejected Addresses'—a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty, with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy. His eye alone, small and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius. He held a cripple's crutch in his hand, and though otherwise rather particularly well-dressed, wore a pair of large India rubber shoes—the penalty he was paying, doubtless, for the many good dinners he had eaten. He played rather an *aside* in the conversation, whipping in with a quiz or a witticism whenever he could get an opportunity, but more a listener than a talker. * * *

* * * * * Toward twelve o'clock 'Mr. Lytton Bulwer' was announced, and enter the author of 'Pelham.' * *

He is short, very much bent in the back, slightly knock-kneed, and, in my opinion, in such matters, goes for anything, as ill-dressed a man, for a gentleman, as you will find in London. His figure is slight, and very badly put together, and the only commendable point in his person, as far as I could see, was the smallest foot I ever saw a man stand upon. * * He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the 'how d'ye, Bulwer,' went round, as he shook hands with everybody, in the style of welcome usually given to 'the best fellow in the world.' * * * His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well-marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline, and far too large for proportion, though he conceals its extreme prominence by an immense pair of red whiskers, which entirely conceal the lower part of his face in profile. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly; and of a light auburn, his eye not remarkable, and his mouth contradictory; I should think, of all talent. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling, nerveless expression could hardly be imagined."

Here is Charles Lamb:

"There was a rap at the door at last, and enter a gentleman in black—small clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful, forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful, deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humor or feeling, good-nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain."

"'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. 'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. * * * He had the frank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, * * and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous."

For all this portrait-painting and free report of private conversation Willis was savagely handled by the English Reviews, and he undoubtedly injured his reputation by the performance. He makes his defense in the preface to the last edition of the "Pencilings," and it is surely quite sufficient to excuse what is excusable in the sketches. The mere fact of describing famous persons is not matter of blame. But there can be no excuse for publishing any man's opinion of another, which is uttered in the close confidence of a social circle, and which would not be uttered at all, if there were any chance of the world's hearing it.

But our concern with these passages is only as they are illustrative of the singular facility of eye and hand which makes Willis so delightful a traveling companion. They are artificial, we grant. They have the air of the drawing-room; and the eyes which see are set in a *tête exaltée* by early success, and the hands which record tremble a little with the pressure of the hands of famous wits, and noble lords, and lovely ladies. But they are vivid and individual. They give the whole impression of the subject—and the detail is subjected to the general spirit.

Willis shows the same man twenty years ago:—

"Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly-embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object. * * * He is lividly pale, and, but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistophiles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put

away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

" 'With thy incomparable oil, Macassar.' "

It is this sensitive appreciation and graceful facility which make Willis so fine a narrator that he cannot easily touch the common-places of travel without partially restoring them to their places in the imagination. This peculiarity of his power has not escaped degenerating into mannerism; but if the reader who is impatient of the shower of grotesque, yet expressive words that weekly falls from Idlewild, will turn to the "Pencilings by the Way," and the "Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean," he will find a style of opaline lucidity; and, if he has traveled, his mind will be left in the mood which followed lovely days at Albano and Sorrento, and brilliant evenings in the great European capitals. Among modern writers of travels, as distinguished from the travelers, Willis is very eminent. The indirect proof of his superiority is seen in the fact that his books of travel have given him literary distinction. But very few publishing tourists have ever acquired more than a momentary reputation. Mr. Stephens, with all the popularity and value of his "Incidents of Travel," achieved little literary position by them. It was instinctively perceived that the excellence of his books was not peculiar. They were like so much of the poetry which is published, and, which any well-educated gentleman ought to be able to write. Willis adds genius to the good education.

The recent books, whose titles we have placed at the head of our article, illustrate the various kinds of the literature of travel to which we have alluded. Bayard Taylor's represent the genuine traveler; "Travels in Europe and the East," and "Another Budget," are the ordinary sketches of ordinary travel; and "Cosas de España," "Gan Eden," "Art, Scenery and Philosophy in Europe," belong to the category of traveling impressions, rather than descriptions, with which, also, must be classed the "Notes of a Theological Student."

The "Travels in Europe and the East" call for little remark, except upon the unpardonable carelessness of style in which they are written. They describe the usual course of American travel in Europe and the East, beginning with

"the outward voyage," and ending at the "Pyramids." They have the fault, not uncommon in the traveling journals of clergymen, of beatifying little men, and treating sectarian and local heroes as if they were of interest to the world. Exeter Hall is by no means the forum of civilization.

We shall specify several of the defects of style in these volumes, because they illustrate a pernicious literary error, which consists in supposing that slang is ease; and flippancy, spirit; and general carelessness, general superiority.

Mr. Prime leaves home an invalid, and upon page 16, vol. i., tells us that "I lay around on the deck generally." Upon page 74, vol. i., he is describing a dinner given by Mr. Peabody at the "Star and Garter," in Richmond. It chances that it fell to the lot of our author to hand out "a venerable English lady, patched and proud," who astonishes him, and he expresses his surprise that "an aristocratic and splendidly-genteel woman" should do what she did. At Billingsgate, page 89, vol. i., he and his companions are insulted by a fish-woman, and while they are retreating "she followed us with her compliments, and some of her neighbors heaped on a few more of the same sort." Upon page 114, vol. i., our traveler and his friends go "early of a Sunday morning" to hear Dr. Cumming. Upon page 134, vol. i., he hears some one demand a question. Upon page 144, Mr. Prime informs us that Sir Joseph Paxton "with a good wife got a hundred thousand dollars, not bad to take." On page 308, vol. i., he asks a question (or demands it) "in as fair German as I could frame to pronounce." Upon page 51, vol. ii., we learn that Venice is "unlike anything else in the way of a city that was ever seen before." In Florence, page 96, vol. ii., Madame A—"flourishes in the style of a princess," and "smokes and drinks, genteelly, of course," while Lord B—"is 'cutting a great dash in the city.'" And when our author reaches the East, and the American is in Egypt, this is his burst of enthusiasm: "On the Nile—on the Nile! and a broader, swifter, altogether a more respectable river than we had looked for."

All this is slipshod, if not vulgar, common-place. It is a kind of cheap newspaper style, which a sensitive eye or mind should have corrected in the proof. It is not ease, nor grace, nor

freedom, of style; it is simply slang, and bad grammar.

There is one other amusing point in these two volumes, not otherwise very amusing. Our author, traveling by rail to Oxford, consoles himself for the hole in his boot by observing that his neighbor is out at the elbows. In other words he sees women working in the fields, and triumphantly demands whether his English neighbor is so blinded by names as not to see that such a spectacle implies a state of things quite as bad as negro slavery? Now there is nothing more ignoble and unmanly than the testy and truculent patriotism which leads American travelers in Europe to defend that very disagreeable institution of ours because there chance to be other disagreeable institutions in other countries. Would Mr. Prime urge it as an excuse for his own bad manners (let us suppose) at an Englishman's table, that he had seen the host spit upon the carpet? Is a bad state of things at home better because there may be a bad state of things in France? or is an intelligent Frenchman not to allude to our beam because of his own mote? In traveling, the citizens of various countries may, sometimes, meet as *men*; and then they will regard life and society from the humane, and not the national, point of view; and it is an amusing illustration of the morbid nervousness which indicates an unpleasant consciousness, in a certain class of our fellow-citizens, of the necessity of springing to arms for slavery, that our traveler could not see a group of women working in the fields without insisting that a country which could tolerate such barbarity has no right to speak of human wrongs elsewhere. It is, at least, a principle that would soon close all mouths, and pulpits, and presses. We quote the passage as a specimen of the intellectual acumen of our author, and as an illustration of the wrong done the American name and character by scores of tourists abroad. The road lies through lovely English scenery:—

"Yet in the midst of such pictures a sight suddenly met my eyes which pierced my heart. A gang of women—white women—the 'WOMEN OF ENGLAND' were at work in the field, in the middle of the day, each with a hoe in her hand, digging away as the veriest slaves. 'There, said I, 'Edwards, you see the white slaves of England.'

"An Englishman sitting next to him

did not wait for him to answer, but with that readiness to put in a word so common here, instantly and tartly answered, 'Ay, but they are free.' 'Free to do what?' I asked him. 'Free to do as they like; to stop working if they choose.' 'And what then?' I pursued. He was silent. 'They must do that or starve, must they not?' I demanded. 'Why, yes, they must work, and do that if they cannot find anything else.' I continued my inquiries. 'And you do not suppose they work in the fields under a hot sun, planting potatoes or corn, because they *love* the employment?' 'No, but they are free; they are not slaves.' 'And are you so blinded by the name of *slavery*?' I replied, 'here in Britain, that you treat your women as they are not treated in America, nor in any other Christian country of which I have heard; you have poverty and misery among your laborers and those who are not even able to get work—wretchedness that the negro never feels—and you are totally insensible to it, while you are in pain for the poor slaves of a land beyond the sea.' 'But we never whip these poor people of ours, as you do the negroes.' 'There you are wrong again: I read in the *London Times*, this week, of a man in London who flogged his apprentice so cruelly, that the boy put an end to his miseries by suicide.' And so we pursued the conversation until we became good friends, and mutually admitted the evils of both countries, and agreed that we were bound to consider the difficulties under which each labors, and leave those, who are the most familiar with them, to do the best they can to alleviate or remove them."

The conclusion of the whole matter was certainly amiable and wise. But our author appears in the conversation not as a man, but as an American compelled to defend his country, right or wrong, and his defense is lamentable.

The necessity which drives the women of England, and of France, and of Germany, and of Italy, into the field to labor, is precisely the same necessity in kind, however different in degree, which leads the American citizen into the counting-room, the workshop, the pulpit, or the field, and that is—the necessity of getting a living. All this has nothing to do with the institution of slavery. Every man is the slave of physical necessity. Slavery is not work, nor the necessity of work. The suffer-

ing which arises from overcrowded spheres of labor, or from the want of work, is fearful, but it is not to be confounded with another kind of suffering.

"Apprentices are savagely flogged in England by their masters," says Mr. Prime. Yes, and so are children by their fathers everywhere. "And here is one in London who kills himself," says our author. Yes, and here, as we write, is a young American wife who kills herself because of her treatment by her father and mother-in-law. Is Mr. Prime's argument, that the relation of fathers and parents-in-law is like the relations of slavery; or, that one sin excuses another? Why, being a man as well as an American, should he not allow that the special wrong of our institution is not the greater or less quantity of food, clothing, or whipping, but the legal, and moral, and social denial of manhood to man? There is no need of being furious about it. In a day of universal glass-houses we must be careful of flinging stones. But let us be manly. Let Americans in Europe concede that it is a very ugly business, and not try so painfully to find the raw of other nations, as if the human instinct against slavery were weakened, because there are other sins to condemn and correct. There is undoubtedly a great deal of Exeter Hall eloquence which entirely misses the mark, and Mrs. Jellaby, nervous about the interests of Boriboola-Gha while her own children run to waste, is a very absurd character; but, meanwhile, there are, also, noble aims, and generous sentiments, and humane efforts, and the possibility of decent life, at least; and an American traveler, by virtue of his name, should rather be found upon their side, than talking amiable, and puny, and irrelevant common-places. Some fatality seems to dog a certain class of American travelers, so that they cannot truly represent the American idea. They are either foolishly conservative and vain of dining with a Duke; or, they are rabidly destructive, and think it a deadly sin to live in a palace and be loyal to a king. For our own part, we do not believe that any genuine American, Northerner or Southerner, who is worthy to bear the name, is either a bully or a coward.

"Another Budget" is another volume of traveling letters from the East. It is a diary of the usual sights and surprises, without any marked characteristics of style, or scope of observation.

In Alexandria the author sees a bridal procession, and gives this description of it:—

“One day, while walking out, we heard curious music. We stopped, and saw a gay-looking procession coming along. We found out a wedding was going on, and the friends of the bridegroom were leading him to his dwelling; and in the evening, the friends of the bride were to escort her to the same place.”

Truly, of making of books there is no end.

And we trust there never might be, if all books could have the airy grace and various merit of “*Cosas de España*,” which is one of the latest and best of American sketches of travel. It uses only a skeleton of statistic, enough to gain force and consistency; the rest is grace, form and color. It is fresh without flippancy; sparkling without a strained humor; with the ease of the man of the world, and the elegance of the scholar. You open the pleasant pages, and you go to Spain. You are not gone long: but you are shown what is essentially Spanish, and you enjoy it with the true Hidalgo humor. It is a gay, gushing, rollicking story, and belongs to that class of works of travel which gives literary reputation. It is not only the record of an educated gentleman who happened to be in Spain, but who, also, happened to have eyes, and imagination, and wit, and good sense, and who could write in a style that few, except the aptest Frenchmen, can so dextrously control. There is so much shrewd and sprightly criticism of French character, in the opening chapters of this little book, that we are tempted to quote more than we ought. Our author is at the hot baths in the Pyrenees:—

“Thus did I spend my summer-days, lying in waters soft as woman’s tears, and—with all due deference to better authority be it said—of just about the same temperature. For though it is sometimes asserted that such tears are *scalding*, I must be allowed to say that this has not exactly been my experience, and is not, therefore, written in the articles of my faith. But be the case as it may, it is absolutely certain that I lay gloriously steeped in dreams and thermal water from June to October. My memory, when, in recalling the past, it reaches these months of soft delights, stops, and refuses to go back further. The lotus I ate from the branches which

overhung these pools of healing, has made the Pyrenees to me a barrier and a shore, against which breaks the sea of a semi-oblivion beyond. But by way of compensation, the recollection of this summer in the mountains ever keeps a nook in my heart as green and sunny as one of their own vales.

“Whoever, then, is tired of the paradise of Paris, would do well to look for another in the Pyrenees. Even in winter one may go to Pau; and, during four or five of the warmer months, let his path lead him to what bath it may, it will be only his own fault if he be not the happiest of mortals. Paris empties its saloons to furnish the society of these watering-places. And if, when seen in the blaze of gas and the flashing of brilliants, the accomplished Parisienne dazzled, here *en négligé*, in the simple robe which sets off more than it conceals the graces of her person, she attracts and charms you. Let not this seem an exaggeration; for, of all female prodigies, the Parisian belle is the most extraordinary. She is as unequaled in capacities as in graces. Her *salon* has often proved a third chamber in the government. It is a court no less of literature and the arts, than of love. In beauty of toilette, that rarest of female accomplishments, or in elegance of conversation, that highest grace of civilized society, she has no rival. In the lower grades of life, the Parisienne is the most clever of saleswomen and accountants. She invents the fashions in dress for the world; and in the use of her needle is more skillful than Andromache or the Queen of Sheba. Nor is this the half of her worth; for in spite of the temptations which lie, like flowers, along her path of life, she is, in the great majority of instances, a true woman in all her sentiments—the scandal-mongers to the contrary notwithstanding. Seen in the country, she may not always carry away the palm from the very best bred of Englishwomen, much as she excels them in the metropolis. Still, with her good sense and her good toilette—’tis about all it takes to make a lady—she adapts herself so perfectly to rustic scenes, and establishes such harmony of attire and conduct with the life of surrounding nature, that her, who at Paris was the grace of ball and opera, you also worship in the Pyrenees as the goddess of woods and streams. Not but what there is a plenty of stately dowagers to be met with at the baths, who are stiffer than

the ledges of limestone; and more than a sufficiency of laughing Lorettes, too gay by half for the gravity of mountain scenery. Young unmarried ladies, too, are of no account here, as a matter of course. They are of none in any French society. Mere wall-flowers, they are coldly admired at a distance not much less than the snow-clad summits; and are never approached except through the medium of their more accessible mammas.

"Nor is the life of the provinces left unrepresented *dans les bains*. The chateaux of the neighbouring departments send whole families to spend the dog-days under the shadow of the mountains. But the provincial dame bears about the same relation of inferiority to the Parisian, as the secondary towns of France do to the metropolis. She is a more or less unsuccessful imitation of a perfection of accomplishment, a grace of manners, an elegance of conversation, and a taste in adornment, which are native to the seat of the world's fashion; and which, with rare exceptions, can neither be born nor bred in provincial stations. Do what she will, she cannot lift her skirts over a mountain torrent as the lady of the Faubourg St. Germain does over the town gutters. And this is one test of gentility. Whether the fault lies in her shoes not being so well fitted, or her ankles so well turned, or where it lies, I never could discover; but the fact is, one would sooner be tempted to kneel down in the mud of the Boulevards to arrange a lady's shoe-string, than on the greenest grass of Normandy or Provence. There is a certain air of inferior breeding in a Frenchwoman who has not lived in Paris, scarcely to be counterbalanced by the possession of beauty even. In her own chateau, she appears well enough, and fitting the place: but out of it, she loses the fine balance of the graces. She is no cosmopolitan. Her more cultivated rival, on the contrary, never appears to be out of her natural sphere, place her where you will. The world over, she is at home. Be her seat a silken sofa, or a grassy bank, a chair in the gardens of the Tuileries, or a rock in the mountains, she makes it at once a throne; a throne whence with gentle sceptre she rules the empire of all gallant men's hearts.

"French gentlemen (like French children), are generally a nuisance at the watering-places. The wits of the town,

who illumine the Parisian night with bons mots and repartees, are entertaining enough in the *salon*; on the road, likewise, Frenchmen are invariably the most amusing and agreeable of traveling companions; but, in the country, these same persons furnish as good specimens of the *bore*, pure and simple, as can anywhere be met with. They seem entirely out of their element, having no eye for beauty of scenery, or taste for rural pleasures; not knowing how to subdue themselves to sentiment; and making a very poor fist at writing verses. Equally misplaced are the politicians, who, congregating by themselves under every shade, spend their mornings in rabid discourse about the government and the state of the country—or did so in the days of the Republic. Nor less incongruous in these rustic scenes are the laced and spurred officers of the army, who come here to bathe their scars of service; and to bedew their epaulettes, if they can, with drops more precious than those that trickle from the rocks. You wish them all, officers, politicians, and wits, well out of the mountains. They may understand, perfectly, the philosophy of the life Parisian; but they know not what to do with themselves on hill and brook-sides. They lack sentiment."

This extract shows the genial eye and graceful hand, the discrimination and good sense, which make such a small book of sketches superior to many very large volumes of details which tell nothing. We can give but one other taste of this sparkling work, which, if it lead our readers to the volume itself, will introduce them to the pleasantest account of the aspects of Spanish life with which any tourist has enriched our literature.

"Spanish life is pretty well filled up with holydays. The country is under the protection of a better-filled calendar of saints than any in Christendom. Italy, perhaps, excepted. But these guardians do not keep watch and ward for naught: they have each their "solid day" annually set apart for them, or, at least, their afternoon, wherein to receive adoration and tribute money. The poor Spaniard is kept nearly half the year on his knees. His prayers cost him his *pesetas*, too; for, neither the saints will intercede nor the priests will absolve, except for cash. But his time spent in ceremonies the Spaniard counts as nothing. The fewer days the laborer has to work, the happier is he. These are the dull prose of

an existence essentially poetic. On holydays, on the contrary, the life of the lowest classes runs as smoothly as verses. If the poor man's *porron* only be well filled with wine, he can trust to luck and the saints for a roll of bread and a few onions. Free from care, he likes, three days in the week, to put on his best—more likely, his only bib-and-tucker—and go to mass, instead of field or wharf duty. He is well pleased at the gorgeous ceremonies of his venerable mother-church: at the sight of street processions, with crucifix and sacramental canopy, and priests in cloth of purple and of gold. The spectacle, also, of the gay promenading, the music, the parade and mimic show of war, the free theatres, the bull-fights, the streets hung with tapestry, and the town-hall's front adorned with a flaming full length of Isabella the Second—these constitute the brilliant passages in the epic of his life. Taking no thought for the morrow after the holyday, he is wiser than a philosopher, and enjoys the golden hours as they fly. Indeed, he can well afford to do so; for, in his sunny land of corn and wine, the common necessities of life are procured with almost as little toil as in the bread-fruit islands of the Pacific.

"All the Spaniard's holydays are religious festivals. There is no Fourth of July in his year. His mirth, accordingly, is not independent and profane, like the Yankee's. Being more accustomed also to playtime, he is less tempted to fill it up with excesses. It is in the order of his holyday to go, first of all, to church; and a certain air of religious decorum is carried along into all the succeeding amusements. Neither is his the restless, capering enjoyment of the Frenchman, who begins and ends his holydays with dancing; nor the chattering hilarity of the Italian, who goes beside himself over a few roasted chestnuts and a monkey. The Spaniard wears a somewhat graver face. His happiness requires less muscular movement. To stand wrapped in his cloak, statue-like, in the public square; to sit on sunny bank, or beneath shady bower, is about as much activity as suits his dignity. Only the sound of castanets can draw him from his propriety; and the steps of the *fandango* work his brain up to intoxication. Spanish festal-time, accordingly, is like the hazy, dreamy, voluptuous days of the Indian summer, when the air is as full of calm as it is of splendor, and when the pulses of Nature beat full, but feverless.

"The holyday is easily filled up with pleasures. The peasant has no more to do than to throw back his head upon the turf, and tantalize his dissolving mouth by holding over it the purple clusters, torn from overhanging branches. The beggar lies down against a wall, and counts into the hand of his companion the pennies they have to spend together during the day—unconscious, the while, that the sand of half his hours has already run out. The village-beauty twines roses in her hair, and looks out of the window, happy to see the gay-jacketed youngsters go smirking and ogling by. The belles of the town lean over their flower balconies, chatting with neighbors, and raining glances on the throng of admirers who promenade below. Town and country wear their holyday attire with graceful, tranquil joy. Only from the cafés of the one, and the *ventorillos* of the other, may perchance be heard the sounds of revelry; where the guitar is thrummed with a gayety not heard in serenades; where the violin leads youthful feet a round of pleasures, too fast for sureness of footing; and where the claque of the castanets rings out merrily above laugh and song, firing the heart with passions which comport not well with Castilian gravity."

"Gan-Eden, or Pictures of Cuba," is a book in the same strain and of the same character as "*Cosas de España*," but written with even more exuberant and youthful enthusiasm. It is one of the books which, when you have read, you seem to have traveled; a kind of aromatic talisman that transports you to foreign lands without packing or sea-sickness. We cannot quote as we would from its luxuriant pages, but we mention it as another poetic, and scholarly, and brilliant contribution to the literature of travel.

The "Notes of a Theological Student" are quiet sketches in Europe and the East, written, with winning simplicity, by a gentleman whom we should suppose to be of the most gentle, religious, charitable, and classical cultivation. Although called the notes of a theological student, there is nothing in them which could annoy the most nervous sectarian. The author is evidently a Calvinist, but, if all Calvinists were like him, it could never be insinuated that the sect had inherited more grit than grace from their great founder. The sketches are slight, nor are they in any other way so strik-

ing, as by the sweet and unruffled Christian spirit which pervades them. The portraits of German celebrities particularly, are characteristic and thoughtful.

"Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe, being fragments from the portfolio of the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esquire, of Philadelphia," is the title of a book which is among the most remarkable and valuable in American esthetic literature. Indeed, there have rarely been such thoughtful, profound, delicate, and subtle criticisms upon Art, anywhere, as those of Mr. Wallace. His mind was clearly gifted with the keenest perceptions, and exquisitely cultivated. His style has the extremest philosophic precision united to imaginative richness. His reputation, while he lived—for he died at thirty-five—was limited and uncertain. His friends were his lovers and laureates; and, until the appearance of the present volume, the

public knew him only in their fair report. We mention his work here, not to examine it in detail, but only to present it to our readers, hoping at some other time to do it that justice which it demands. We quote its name as another illustration of the variety and value of our books of travel.

The American literature of travel has this peculiar interest, that it is the judgment of the New World upon the Old; and, in a certain way, the homage of the Future to the Past. Even the common-places of Europe have a little romance for us. Distances of time and space are full of enchantment, and if our tourists often betray the boasting eagerness and crude enthusiasm of the boy, they also show his fresh feeling for whatever is truly beautiful and grand, his quick homage to whatever is heroic, and his pensive pleasure in contemplating the fading forms of a society which has had no type in his own national experience.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day
Robert is singing with all his might
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain
Robert of Lincoln come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

TWICE MARRIED.

MY OWN STORY.

[Continued from page 544.]

CHAPTER V.

THE male Yankee is born into the world with a latent desire in his heart to leave his home and go abroad to seek a fortune. No sooner is he weaned than this quality of his nature begins to be developed. It grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, until, at last, like the instinct of the swarming bee, it irresistibly impels him to quit the shelter of his native roof, and begin the world on his own account, at a distance from the scenes of his brief childhood. But to this, like every other general rule, there are exceptions. This enterprising characteristic of the Yankee race is lacking in the constitution of some individuals; or, at least, is so dormant, sluggish, and imperfectly developed, that its feeble promptings fail to bring about the usual results. Such a Yankee, of the present generation, is like unto the salt that has lost its savor. Possessing, usually, to a marked degree, all the evil qualities peculiar to his countrymen, as well as his share of those that are common to mankind in general, yet wanting, withal, the stern, untiring energy of will, and bold adventurous spirit by which the national character is ennobled and distinguished, he is apt to be a sneaking, small-souled fellow, whose shrewdness is but petty cunning, whose religion is only a slavish fear of the devil, whose piety is nothing more than a hypocritical show of sanctity, whose morality is a habit, begotten by the caution of a cold, unimpassioned nature, fearful to offend against public opinion, and whose love of country is a mere cat-like attachment to the spot where his eyes first blinked in the light of day.

Young Joab Sweeny was a perfect specimen of this narrow-minded class of home-keeping Yankee youth. While, with but few exceptions, his school-fellows had gone forth into the world, to begin the battle of life among strangers, he still remained a contented inhabitant of the Niptuck valley, a clerk in his father's store, waiting until the worthy deacon should be, in the fullness of time, transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant.

He was a tall, loose-jointed, broad-faced youth, with straight, black hair—except where he was prematurely bald—a pair of thin, silky whiskers; large, bony, white hands, and two long, spindling legs—the cause of his great stature—terminating in large, unshapely feet. He was narrow-shouldered, hollow-chested, and stooped in his gait; but as, in consequence of the nature of his employment, his pale and pimply face was not embrowned by the sun, like the farmer's boys', nor his hands, like theirs, hardened with toil, as he was usually dressed with comparative neatness and precision, wore a white neck-cloth, a watch and seals, a paste brooch in his shirt-bosom, and rings upon his fingers, and was accustomed to practice the suavities of his craft, he obtained and enjoyed among the ladies of Walbury, both young and old, the reputation of being an extremely good looking young man, of a remarkably genteel figure, and most engaging address; and there was many a pretty damsel in the congregation that each Sunday assembled in the ancient meeting-house, who, in her heart, envied Lucy Manners the happy fortune that fate was supposed to have in store for her, as the chosen bride of young Joab Sweeny.

Like almost every other clerk in a country store, Joab had a marvellous taste and talent for psalmody. He played the flute and bass-viol with equal facility of execution—as, indeed, well he might, having abundant leisure for practice—and, moreover, sung tenor with a loud, flaring voice, and that peculiar nasal twang and intonation, by which godly, old-fashioned New Englanders are wont to be greatly edified. The possession of these accomplishments, together with the circumstance of his being a wealthy deacon's son, and a church-member in his own right, greatly favored his success in a little intrigue, which resulted in the deposition of the ancient leader of the choir, and his own elevation to the post thus made vacant.

At the stated semi-monthly meetings of the Sewing Circle and Dorcas Society, held alternately at the houses of the members during the winter season,

young Joab rarely failed to be present, in the evening after tea. On these social occasions he chiefly affected the company of the numerous and influential band of elderly maiden ladies, with whom he was eminently popular. It was really a spectacle well worth the looking at, to see this exemplary young man, dressed in sober black and smooth and spotless linen, with nicely combed hair and carefully brushed whiskers, sitting, at such times, primly upright, with knees and elbows bent at right angles, his thumbs sticking upwards, holding on his arms a skein of yarn for Miss Tabitha Graves to wind upon a ball, and meanwhile retailing to the group of admiring spinsters some piece of village scandal, selected from the vast fund of gossip which his position behind his father's counter enabled him to accumulate, or joining, with a great, choking, gurgling laugh, in the applause which his feminine friends were wont to bestow upon every sally of wit and smart speech that he essayed to utter.

It is not to be marveled at that Joab, conscious of his merits, and aware of the existing treaty by which the elders had agreed upon the match between himself and his cousin Lucy, it is not wonderful, I say, that Joab looked forward to the term of courtship, without a doubt of its being succeeded by the blissful season of the honeymoon. Indeed, as he remarked to his worthy mother, it seemed like a mere matter of form to court Lucy at all, or even to ask her own consent. "It's all a settled thing," said he, "and what's more, I and she both know it, and there ain't no rubbin' on't out. What's the use, then, in runnin' up to Uncle Starr's every Sunday night a-courting? What on earth shall we find to talk about for so many evenings? You see, mother," continued Joab, remembering with secret awe and rage the cold, brief sentence and haughty look with which Lucy had returned his greeting; "you see she's been gone from home so long, and has grown so big and stuck up, I don't feel acquainted and familiar with her as I used to."

"Law," replied Mrs. Axy, "'taint needful to keep a talkin' to a gal all the time. Why, yer father, when he used to come a courtin', I've known him to set, and set, sometimes for an hour together, and skurke ever open his mouth, without it was to spit into the fire.

But, talkin' or no talkin', go you must, for how would it look to be a courtin' a gal, and not go and set up a spell with her o' Sunday nights. Your Uncle Starr wouldn't like it, and, besides, you orter go ef for nothin' only to keep other fellers away."

"Well," said Joab, "I suppose I can't do no less; and then again, I expect I must make her presents, once in a while. Now, I consider that's downright foolish. If I wasn't sure of having her, why, I shouldn't mind it so much, for it would kind o' seem to be a part of the expense of winning her; but as it is, it does really appear to me just like money thrown away."

"Well, as for that, Joab," replied the shrewd mother, "do you just mind to give her only them kind of presents as will last, and be useful after marriage. They'll all be your'n agin, then, you know."

In fine, both Joab and his mother, not without reason, looked upon the matter of the proposed marriage as something immutable, and were disposed to view the usual preliminaries of courtship in the light of tedious formalities, rendered necessary only by the force of imperative custom. When, therefore, at Joab's second Sunday night visit, he ventured, after much bashful circumlocution; to suggest to Lucy that perhaps it would be about as well, first as last, for them to ratify the contract already negotiated by their parents, he was informed by the young lady, in a very curt and decided manner, that she wished to take time to consider, before promising compliance. He was completely dumfounded with angry surprise and perplexity. The deacon's wife, too, when she was told of this perverse conduct on the part of her niece, was, at first, almost speechless with indignation; albeit, when she did find her tongue, she made herself ample amends for the temporary inability to use it. "The little pert, stuck-up hussy," said she; "the nasty, ugly, little trollop!" applying, if you can believe me, these unsavory epithets to our charming Lucy; "she wants time to think on't, does she? Let her father get hum from Har'ford, and we'll see? He'll make up her mind for her, I guess! He'll let her and her meddlin' fool of a mother know who's master. But Betsy Dashleigh needn't think she's a-goin' to break up this match. She can't alwus

lead Starr by the nose, and this time she'll find it out. Oh—h—h!" cried Mrs. Sweeny, shutting her teeth with a strong aspiration; "how I should like to give that woman a piece of my mind!"

During the week which followed next after this unexpected check, Colonel Manners arrived at home. Shad time having gone by, and given place to the haying season, the General Assembly had finished its labors in a hurry, and had adjourned without day. It was not long, I warrant you, before the Colonel was informed of the discouragement which Joab had received in the prosecution of his suit. "Pooh! pooh! Axy," said he, in reply to his irate sister, "you've jest got yourself into a fret for nothin'. Why, I had a talk with the gal to Har'ford, not a month ago! She knows she's a-goin' to have Joab, and expects to, like a dootiful darter; but don't ye see, she wants the privilege of doin' and sayin' jest as ef it wa'n't all agreed on. When wimmen don't have their own way, they alwus like to play they do, anyhow. It's nateral for her to act jest as she doos. I don't blame her a mite. Joab, I hain't no doubt, talked jest as ef he had a morgidge on her, and could foreclose any minnit, and that kind o' riled her, for she's full o' sperit, now I tell ye. Jest let him keep a-goin' to see her reglar, and let him act kind o' softly and per-lite and genteel, jest as ef he didn't know nothin' o' no agreement, but depended on gettin' her willin' himself, and was obliged to afore he could expect to have her, and let him ask her to play on her pianny-forty, and bring down his ffoot, and play with her, and my word for't, it'll all come right."

"Anyhow, you'd better speak to her, and let her know there ain't no gettin' off," said the deacon's wife.

"I sha'n't do no sich a thing;" replied the colonel, positively. "It'll only jist make her set agin it. There ain't no hurry. Let things take their nateral course."

The Colonel was decided; and his sister, after scolding to her heart's content, was obliged to acquiesce.

One fine morning, soon after the colonel's return, John Dashleigh, with a gang of hands, began to mow the barn-lot, and for the next four weeks the Colonel was so busy looking on, while John and his men gathered in the plen-

tiful harvests of hay, rye and oats, that he had little time to give heed to the matter of Joab's courtship. Each morning he was stirring by the time that the birds began to sing, and he went to bed every night as soon as he had eaten a hearty supper, and snored away till day broke again, with scarcely a pause. Never had the crops been heavier; never had there been a finer season for securing them; and never had even Andrew Bunn himself given the Colonel such complete satisfaction in the performance of this labor, as did his new overseer, John Dashleigh. The Colonel was loud in his praises: "he is the best farmer I ever see of his age," he would say to his wife; "so handy and keeful. Yo don't ketch him a sojerin' and takin' the long end of the lever because he's capt'in. He jist takes the lead, and says he, 'come on,' and the feller don't live that can cut his corners. And then he's so much tact and kalkelation for so young a chap. Actilly, he gets more work out of five men, and keeps 'em all the time good-natered and ambitious, than any head-man I ever had could out of seven."

And it was, indeed, a sight right well worth beholding, to see John Dashleigh at the head of his file of men, sweeping away before him the tall herds-grass, laden with glittering dew-drops, at every steady swing of his long scythe-blade, and leaving behind him a broad swarth, wider by six inches than that of any of his followers. At least this was Lucy's opinion, as she watched him one morning from her chamber-window, and took silent note of the fine proportions of his tall figure, displayed, it must be confessed, to the best advantage in the graceful motions of his labor. And as often as she met him in the house, at meal times and noonings, in spite of his apparel, coarse and often soiled, and in spite of the sweat and dust of toil that frequently disfigured his merry face, she never failed to think what a good-looking man was her cousin John.

In New England, during the severe labors of the hay-harvest, the "men-folks" are a privileged class. When, answering to the welcome summons of the dinner-horn, their whoop is heard faintly sounding from the distant field, forthwith ensues a bustle in the farmer's kitchen, and by the time the sweaty

band arrive and have laved their sun-browned faces in cool water, at the stone trough by the well-curb, the substantial dinner is steaming upon the table. No meagre diet doth the Yankee hay-maker feed upon; but hearty beef and pork, garnished with garden-sauce in season; new potatoes, beets, beans and peas, green corn and succotash. The best that the house affords is set ungrudgingly before him, and, though he be a negro, he is served at his meals by the mistress herself and her white-armed daughters.

Lucy used to take an especial pleasure in waiting upon John, as he sat like a baron at the head of the table; helping him to choice morsels of the victuals, filling his glass with cool water or sparkling cider, and, in fine, anticipating all the wishes of his appetite. Many a dainty pie and loaf of cake found its way into the luncheon-basket, that would have remained in the buttery if it had not been for Lucy's providence. The Colonel's hands, that summer, fared sumptuously every day, both in the house and in the field. "Tell ye," said old black Tite, one day, moved to enthusiasm by discovering in the bottom of the firkin a half a dozen cups of custard, and a bottle of currant wine; "ef Joab Sweeny dont jis get a prize, when he gets Miss Loosy, den der ain't no bumble-bees."

In the evening, when the toil of the long, sultry day was over, John, after making himself tidy, would frequently go into the parlor, where he would find Lucy and little Ellen, between whom a very ardent friendship had been revived, so that they were seldom apart. Lucy always welcomed him with a smile, that made him forget in a single moment the weariness occasioned by a whole day of hard labor. She would insist upon his taking a seat in the big rocking-chair; and then going to the piano, she would play over his favorite airs. She had a sweet little warbling voice, like a canary bird's; just suited to the songs that John most loved to hear; and I do not believe that either Jenny Lind or Sonntag ever sung to so admiring an auditory as Lucy used to have at these pleasant little concerts, in the evenings of the haying season. Little Ellen thought her cousin Lucy the handsomest and most accomplished creature in the world, and John's good

opinion was not a whit the less exalted. Sometimes, when Lucy got tired of playing and singing, she and Ellen would go and sit down together on the threshold of the front doorway, with their arms around each other's waists. John would take his place upon the broad step-stone at their feet; and there the three would sit in the still twilight, and talk about all manner of things. Lucy would tell over her reminiscences of the Misses Primer's school, and relate numerous anecdotes of her schoolmates, until Ellen got to know all the young ladies by name as well as if she had actually been acquainted with them in person; and John was able, by means of Lucy's vivid descriptions, to recognize those of them who had been her companions on the occasion of his meeting her in the street at Hartford. Then John, in turn, would give accounts of the distant and wonderful Genesee country, and tell stories of wolves, bears, panthers and Indians, some of which were so frightful, heard in the dim, shadowy gloaming, that the girls would beg him to come and sit between them on the threshold.

Sometimes, when it was moonlight, they used to go out and sit on the bench, under the big elm, or stroll up and down the gravel walk in the front yard, or may be go across the street to the widow's cottage. It so happened, one night, that they found Mrs. Manners there, and they all had a very merry time together, listening to the anecdotes which the two matrons told of the baby-hood of Lucy and John. Mrs. Dashleigh gave, at great length, a minute and circumstantial account of the dangerous accident which had befallen Lucy when she was a two-year old, in falling down the cellar bulk-head, while John listened shudderingly, and thought what a gloomy, sad colored world it would have been if she had been killed. After this, the widow recalled to mind some funny baby-talk of Lucy's, and repeated it; and this suggested to Mrs. Manners, some queer speech or other which John had made while he was yet in petticoats. Both the ladies agreed with respect to the marvellous fondness which Lucy and John had manifested for each other in their childhood, and fortified their joint testimony by alternately relating corroborative incidents.

"And don't you remember, Polly," cried Mrs. Manners, offering her snuff-box to her sister, "how they always used to play they was husband and wife?"

"Law! well! I guess I do!" replied the widow. "I remember the first time his pa ever got him a new pair of boots; high ones, you know, with legs to 'em like men's—I recollect——"

"Oh! I never shall forget it," cried Mrs. Manners, interrupting; "he come right up to our house, and walked in as proud——"

"And said," interpolated Mrs. Dashleigh.

"And, says he," continued Mrs. Manners, raising her voice and speaking more rapidly, so that her sister gave up the floor without further contest; "and, says he, a hauling up his trowsers, so's to show his boot-legs; now, says he, I'm a man, like pa, and big enough to marry Lucy!"

"And, don't you think——" began the widow.

"And, if you'll believe me," pursued the irresistible Mrs. Manners, addressing John and Lucy, as if they were not themselves; "both them little creturs cried like babies, as they was, because Miss Graham, that was up to our house a tailorin', told 'em, real sort o' cross like, that they want nigh old enough yet."

"She was a spiteful cretur, that Miss Graham," said the widow.

"Indeed she was," replied her sister; "she went up that very night, and told the deacon's wife all about it, and Sally Blake, that was, Sally Bunn, that is now, told me afterwards, that a madder woman she never heard scold. Actilly, she whipped Sally, and sent her to bed without any supper, when the poor little gal hadn't done anything out of the way."

After this manner, the two elder ladies continued their gossip, to the infinite edification and amusement of their juniors. It was very late, indeed; nay, almost ten o'clock, when Mrs. Manners, at the conclusion of a narrative of the adventures of Lucy's first school-day, under John's guardianship, quietly slipped out into the kitchen, whither the widow directly followed her, leaving Lucy with John and Ellen in the front room. Presently, Mrs. Dashleigh returned, and upon being enquired of by

Lucy, declared that Mrs. Manners, having looked at the clock, had departed in a great haste, apparently quite forgetful that she was leaving Lucy behind her. Of course, when Lucy got up from her chair, and said that she must hurry home too, John rose also, and offered to be her beau across the street; and Ellen was going, too, but her mother told her it was too late, and that she must stay; at which, the little damsel was greatly dissatisfied.

It was a most lovely midsummer night; still, warm and fragrant. The moon, in a cloudless sky, was nearly at its full; and its rays, at this hour, almost vertical, came shimmering down through the dense foliage of the great elm that stood in the little lawn in front of Colonel Manners' house, and silvered the leaves of the lilacs and syringas which grew about the door. The clumps of shrubbery, and the fruit trees in the orchards, cast deep circular shadows upon the ground beneath them. The slender spire of the meeting-house steeple, in the village hard by, glistened like a silver needle, and stood up, strangely tall and far away into the deep blue sky. The interval meadows, covered with a dense, low-lying mist, seemed like some broad river or wide arm of the sea; the nearer trees and copses looming up like islands, and the hills beyond, like the distant further shore. Even the sense of hearing aided the illusion; for the subdued murmur of the far off water-fall in the northern glen sounded to the ear so like the noise of surf upon a shelving sandy beach, that one suddenly set down upon the spot would have found it difficult to realize that he was in an inland district, many miles away from the sea. All else was breathlessly still, except the chirping of the crickets and katydids, and the hushed whisper of the zephyr among the leaves, that served only to make the silence audible.

Now, John Dashleigh, when he had deliberately made up his mind to do a thing, never dreamed of putting off, without good cause, the execution of his purpose; but proceeded at once to action, as soon as ever he was ready and had an opportunity. Though he had but little experience in love affairs, his common sense taught him that it was dangerous to be dilly-dallying and hesitating about declaring himself, and, withal, he had been by no means an

unobservant witness of the weekly recurrence of Joab's Sunday evening visits. He had, therefore, fully resolved to avail himself of the first favorable opportunity to tell Lucy that he loved her, and to ask of her the momentous question, whether there was any reason for him to hope that his love might be returned. I would not have it supposed, however, that John was confident of receiving a reply such as he wished to hear, for I firmly believe there was never in the world a lover more modest than he, or who was less sensible of his own merits. The hope that he cherished had just enough force to prompt him to avow his love. "There may be a chance for me," he would say to himself; and I assure you he was not the man to forego trying even one chance in a thousand, or to shrink with unmanly dread from learning thereby the fate in store for him.

John and Lucy had got no further than the gate of Colonel Manners' front yard, when he began. "Lucy," said he, with a tremor in his voice that he could not control, "before you go into the house, I wish to say something to you which, perhaps, may displease you—but until you bid me stop, or I see you are angry or annoyed, I shall speak on till I have finished."

Now, that little puss, Lucy, knew as well as John Dashleigh himself did what he was about to say; nevertheless, of course, as is the way with women at such times, when they are nothing loth to listen, she dissembled, and appeared to be unaware of John's intentions, and affected a cool surprise and faint wonder; though, if the truth were only known, it would appear that her heart was throbbing so wildly she was actually afraid John would hear its thumping. "Pray, cousin John," said she, as soon as she dared to trust her voice, "what can you be going to say to me that you think will displease me?" "I wish to tell you, Lucy," said John, replying to the question in the only manner that he was accustomed to use—that is to say, in the most straightforward way in the world—"I wish to tell you that I love you so well, that I cannot find words to express myself."

"Why—y! John!" cried Lucy, as if she were very much surprised, and affecting a reproachful manner.

"I have offended you, I know," said John, who, in his simplicity, thought

he had shocked his fair cousin by his audacious avowal; and his heart grew so heavy that it came near weighing him to the ground. He looked down into her face. There was never any thing so beautiful as it was in the soft moonlight that shone upon it. She did not raise her eyes, and he felt sure that she was angry. The feeble hope that hitherto had sustained him died away in his heart, and the void it left ached with a torture so intense that, in spite of his manhood, he could not endure it without complaint. The words came to his lips without his consent, even against his will. "Oh! God! I cannot bear it!" said he, in a tone so full of despair that Lucy looked up in a sudden fright, and the roguish smile which he had not observed vanished from her lips. She saw the expression of keen agony apparent upon his pale features; and the instinct of coquetry—which I regret to say had a place in her heart—was at once shamed and subdued, by the sight of his distress. She felt almost appalled at finding herself loved with such a strength of passion; and the deep springs of womanly tenderness welled up in her heart with a sudden overflow. She had suspected herself, before, of loving John, though she had not been entirely certain; but from that moment she never doubted again that he was dearer to her than all the world besides.

It may not be fair, even for an author, to expose to the world the secrets of a maiden's heart, but the truth is that Lucy had been almost as strongly impressed by John's appearance on the occasion of meeting him on the street at Hartford, as he himself had been at seeing her. The young lady with whom she used to sleep at the Misses Primmer's Seminary, and for whom she, at that time, entertained an undying affection, which was fully reciprocated—this young lady, I say, (who is, by the by, at the present time, a rosy matron with four chubby children,) can testify, that not long after the occasion which has just been alluded to, Lucy confessed to her, in a moment of confidence, that the Handsome Forester was her very beau-ideal of manly beauty; and that she wished "heaven had made her such a man," and had given him the means to dress a little more in accordance with the prevailing fashions. No small part of Lucy's surprise, when John dropped out of the pear tree, was due to her re-

cognition of Robin Hood in the person of the youth prostrate at her feet, and at finding him to be the cousin John of whom she had always preserved so affectionate a remembrance. As I have already told you, the womanly instinct which so seldom errs, revealed to her that John was in love with her; and when she came to reflect upon this discovery, she found that it afforded her a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction; though she did not as yet suspect how nearly the condition of her own heart resembled that of her cousin's. It was not a great while, however, before she detected herself thinking that, if Joab were only like John, how much less strong would be her aversion to the proposed marriage. She was alone in her room, before the glass, striving to coax the rebellious curls into something like order, and at first she hardly dared to meet the glance of her own eyes in the mirror. She felt that she was blushing; and so she leaned her head on the little white dimity toilet table, and did not look up again for a long while. She asked her heart the question, whether it was not that it loved John which caused her to wish that Joab resembled him; and in reply her deceitful little heart told her a falsehood, and persuaded her that the sentiment in question was nothing more than merely a warm cousinly regard and affection.

"You are to marry Joab, you know," whispered the heart, "and of course it is not wonderful you should wish him to be more like John; for Joab—between ourselves—is anything but lovable; while John," continued the heart, throbbing violently, "is a handsome, agreeable, noble, manly young fellow, who, if he had had the one-half of Joab's advantages, would have made just the lover and husband we have dreamed about sometimes."

"Mere cousinly regard!" repeated Lucy; "and are you sure that this is all?"

"Perfectly sure," faltered the heart.

"And ought I not to be somewhat careful of you, for fear lest I shall lose you?" says Lucy; "and should I not conduct myself towards John with a little more reserve?"

"Pooh!" replies the heart, "thank you for nothing; let me take care of myself; and do you treat John as he deserves; for he is a kinsman, worthy of your best cousinly love. But," con-

tinued the heart, with a flutter, "do as you please; I am not at all interested in the matter."

"But on John's account;" persisted Lucy. "Will not he get to loving me too much, and so be miserable when I am finally married to Joab?"

"You are a vain, conceited creature," replies the heart; concealing a pang of sudden pain, by retorting in this way; "how do you know that John loves you any more than he ought to love a cousin and an old playmate? And even if he does love you a little more warmly than this, he will forget you easily" (and here there was another keen pang,) "and marry somebody else;" and here there came a third pang, so violent that Lucy burst into tears, and cried with her head still on the table, until at last she put out her light in a hurry, and got into bed, where, after a while, she sobbed herself to sleep.

Now, though the heart caused itself a deal of distress by suggesting this notion of John's marrying some other girl, it could not have done a thing which would have aided, to a greater degree, the deception of which it had been guilty. For Lucy was thereby persuaded to fancy herself thinking of John, as if he were already the lover and suitor of this imaginary mistress; and her heart kept on assuring her that of course there could be no danger of loving him too well. Besides, this idea prevented her from feeling for John that tenderness which would have alarmed her, and put her upon her guard. Indeed, there were sometimes, when this fancy was uppermost in her mind, that she carried herself towards him with a coolness and reserve which caused him no little pain. However, these occasions were unfrequent; for, as I have told you, in obedience to the impulses of her heart, she usually treated him with the kindness and distinction due to so near, and worthy a kinsman. But when, on the night that John declared his love, Lucy was forewarned by his manner of his intention to do so, her treacherous little heart began to beat with such a tumultuous delight and sweet alarm, that it was no longer able to deceive its mistress; and, as I have already related, the emotion which filled her soul at the spectacle of John's anguish, caused by her supposed indifference, testified so plainly, with respect to the condition of her own feelings,

that she could not help being convinced. She acknowledged to herself that she loved him with all her heart; and then she hastened to relieve the pain that he was suffering. She took his hand, and without thinking of herself, or giving heed to the proprieties of maidenly reserve, she looked up straight into his face.

"John," said she, "dear John; if it will give you pleasure to know that—I love you——"

When Lucy had got as far as this she hesitated, and then paused; for she saw that she had said enough for her purpose; and, besides, it is somewhat of an enterprise, for a lady to tell a gentleman, for the first time in the world, that she loves him, except in a whispered monosyllable, by way of reply to an urgent and oft repeated question. But, notwithstanding the incompleteness of the sentence, John thought he had never before heard anything so perfect. He could hardly believe his senses, and he would have doubted the evidence of his ears, but that this testimony was corroborated by the soft and bewitching confusion of Lucy's manner; for, no sooner had she ceased speaking, than she dropped her eyelids, and looked down upon the ground, her head drooping with modest concern, at the boldness of her speech; while her face was suffused with a charming blush, that could be perceived even by the moonlight.

For a single moment John stood still and uncovered his head. I am not not ashamed to confess, that during this brief pause he uttered a fervent thanksgiving to the good God. The impulse of every man's heart prompts him, when suddenly made conscious of the gift of a great blessing, or when first assured of deliverance from great peril, to do what John Dashleigh did; but it is not every one who, like him, would obey his good impulses at such a time. Lucy observed this emotion of gratitude, and its devout expression; and I assure you that she loved him none the less, but rather the more, for that the first impulse of his adoration had been, not towards her, but to the great Giver of all good gifts.

I shall not relate further what was said and done by John and Lucy, during the remainder of the time they were together that memorable evening; because, as they talked mostly in whispers, and low murmurs, audible only to

themselves, it is plain enough that they did not wish to be overheard and reported. Let it suffice, then, to say that when, an hour afterwards, they parted at the step-stone of the front door, and he took advantage of the shadow of a lilac-bush to press a prolonged kiss upon her lips, he had a perfect and indefeasible right so to do. She was entirely willing to be bidden good-night in that pleasant fashion,—as well, indeed, she might be—for she had promised to marry John, and he had promised to marry Lucy.

When Lucy went into the house she found her mother sitting up and waiting for her. As soon as she took off her bonnet, looked up at the clock, and, in a whisper, began to stammer excuses for staying out so late, her mother laid down her knitting work, and looked up into her blushing face with such a shrewd, kind, knowing, enquiring smile, that Lucy was persuaded by it not to put off the confession which she had resolved to defer until the morning, but to tell at once what had happened. She was a little embarrassed, and at a loss how to begin; but when her mother put her arm about her waist, and kissed her head, as she leaned it against her bosom, and whispered softly, "tell me all about it, my child," the words came of themselves, right out of her full heart.

They sat there together until the candle burned down to its socket, talking in whispers; while in the bedroom hard by, the good Colonel, against whose cherished project they were plotting, tired with his afternoon's labor in the hayfield, slept, oblivious of the danger and his cares. Once in a while his sonorous, measured snoring would cease for a moment, and the two women would listen with bated breath, until, with a vigorous puff and snort, the sleeper would start off again upon another heat, and the whispered conference would be resumed. At last, when the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner began to splutter its warning, before striking the hour of two, Mrs. Manners kissed the glowing cheek of her daughter, and with another low murmured assurance that she herself would manage to bring everything to a happy result, bade her good-night; and Lucy, after returning her mother's kiss, lit her candle and tripped up stairs, with a heart as light as love and hope could

make it, and her eyes as sparkling and wide awake as they had ever appeared of a morning, after a long, sound night's slumber. When she got up into her chamber, she put her light down upon the table, and went to the open window, to look out upon the bench under the big elm tree; a spot evermore to be endeared to her by having been the place where she and her lover had plighted faith to each other.

The moon was still shining brightly, and she was not a little startled at beholding John Dashleigh, standing with Boatswain in the shadow of the tree. He was not so far off but that she could hear him speak, in a low, quick tone, as she came to the window. "Don't be afraid," said he, advancing towards the house as he spoke, until he came and stood among the thick lilac-bushes that grew before the parlor windows. "It's me," said John, again looking up.

"But why have you not gone home?" whispered Lucy, secretly pleased, withal, that her lover had not found it in his heart to go to bed like a sensible man, but had preferred to stay out in the moonlight, haunting the neighborhood of the big elm, during the short hours.

"I saw that you did not go up to your room," replied John, "and so I have been waiting and watching. You have been talking with Aunt Betsy?"

"Yes;" said Lucy with great vivacity, "and it's all right! I have told her everything, and, just as we thought, she is on our side! Hurrah!"

"And what does she say?" asked John, eagerly.

"I mustn't, on any account, tell papa, at present. She will manage all that—"

"And Joab?"

"Ah! that's the worst of it, John. She says that I must let Joab continue his horrid visits, though I may tell him that I don't like either him or his visits, and will never be willing to marry him. After that, she says, he can have no reason to complain whatever may happen."

"Well," said John, in a doubtful tone, "for my part I must own that I think the plainest and most straightforward way is, usually, the best way. However, Aunt Betsy is a very wise and sensible woman, and—"

At this moment, Boatswain, upon

whose doggish nature and sensibilities the moonlight had been exercising its wonted influence, and who, besides, though evidently unwilling to entertain ill-natured suspicions, concerning John's motives in lurking about the house at midnight, had, nevertheless, in secret, been greatly disturbed in his mind thereby, Boatswain, I say, suddenly threw back his head, stuck his nose into the air, and through the wide calibre of his capacious throat gave vent to an obstreperous howl, which was intended partly as a serenade to the man in the moon, and partly by way of respectful, but earnest remonstrance against the further continuance of John's singular and ill-timed proceedings.

"Heavens! what a noise!" cried Lucy, who had been at first almost scared out of her wits by Boatswain's outcry.

"Hush-sh, hush up! get out, you brute!" cried John, stamping on the ground.

"Ow-ow-oo-o-o-o-woo," howled the dog, still with his muzzle pointing towards the zenith, but looking sideways at John with an intelligent leer, as if he would say, "I'm right, and you know it. You ought to be a-bed at this time o' night, and not be here under Lucy's window. You're a young man, and a friend of mine, and probably don't mean any harm; but your conduct isn't proper, can't help saying so—ow ow-oo-o-woo."

John's conscience was smitten by this reproof, which was as intelligible as if it had been uttered in the plainest English. So he threw up a kiss to Lucy, and she dropped one down to him, and they bade each other good-night. Then Lucy pretended to draw the curtains close, but left a peep-hole through which she watched John as he went along down the gravel walk, accompanied by Boatswain, who appeared to be exceedingly gratified at his retreat; though, to be sure, when John turned to latch the wicket after him, the dog came up and licked his hand, snuffing and wagging his tail with an apologetic manner; as if to express a hope that no offense whatever would be taken at his well-meant outcry, but that the cordial friendship, which ever since the affair of the pear-tree had subsisted between them, might, notwithstanding, continue unbroken.

John stood upon the doorstep of his mother's cottage until he saw the light extinguished in Lucy's room. Then, softly pressing the latch, and gently pushing the door ajar, he went in, and was walking on tiptoe across the narrow kitchen floor, towards the stairs that led to his attic, when he heard his mother's voice calling to him in a subdued but distinct tone. He turned and went to the door of her little bedroom. She was in bed, leaning on her elbow; while little Ellen slept soundly by her side, with the moonlight shining in upon her pretty face.

"I have disturbed you, I'm afraid, mother," said John.

"No, my son, I have not yet been asleep, to-night," said Mrs. Dashleigh, and then, in a moment after, she asked, "What does Lucy say?"

"Mother!" cried John, in surprise.

"Did you think, my darling, I had not guessed your secret?" said the widow. Then there was a pause, while the kitchen clock ticked loudly. "She is mine, mother," said John, at last. "Thank God!"

"Thank God," repeated the widow, suddenly lying down with her face upon the pillow. Poor woman; the instinct of a mother's heart had revealed to her that John was loving his fair cousin so well that his life's happiness was staked upon the issue. She had divined his resolution to leave his home and seek in absence to conquer his passion if he should fail to win Lucy's love.

"Then you know all, mother?" asked John.

"I knew that you loved Lucy," replied the widow, looking up.

"And aunt Betsy?"

"She went home alone to-night on purpose to give you the opportunity to

speak to Lucy which she thought you wished for."

"God bless her!" said John, with fervency.

"I have been watching you through the window all the livelong night," continued Mrs. Dashleigh. "I haven't had my eyes off from you since you first went out till you came to the door again. I saw you sitting on the bench with Lucy, in the shadow, and though I couldn't see you then so plain, I guessed you'd been successful. So I went to bed, but still kept peeping through the window; but when, after she went in, you stayed in the yard, walking about so like a distracted person, I feared all had gone wrong."

"No, mother," cried John, gaily; "all is right; at least," said he correcting himself, "all but getting Uncle Starr's consent; that yet remains to be done."

"Just leave that matter to your aunt Betsy," said his mother. "She can bring it about, she says; though I don't well see how. But now kiss me, and run to bed. You'll not feel like haying it to-morrow, poor boy."

"Humph!" said John, shaking himself; "why, mother, I could pitch a ton of hay over the big beam in five minutes, and not feel it! I'm as strong as an ox. Never fear that I shan't do a good day's work to-morrow. A light heart makes light labor."

And, in point of fact, when the sun went down after his next rising, John had performed such wonders in the hayfield, that to this day old Tite recounts them by way of illustrating his favorite theory of the degeneracy of the later generation; until at last the story has grown so marvellous as to be beyond sober belief.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE recent death of the Emperor Nicholas affords a fit occasion for placing on record some memorials of his life, with such reflections as may be suggested by an impartial survey of his career.

Nicholas was born in the year 1796. His birth took place at Gatshina, an Imperial country-seat about thirty miles from St. Petersburg. He was the third son of the Emperor Paul I. His elder brothers, Alexander and Constantine, were educated under the eye of the Empress-grandmother, Catharine, according to the French system in vogue during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Nicholas and his younger brother, Michael, remained in charge of their mother, a princess of Würtemberg. She was a woman of great purity of mind, of just and elevated sentiments, and of warm domestic affections. Both of the brothers were children at the time of the terrible catastrophe, in which the life of their father was sacrificed. They could only remember him by the acts of paternal fondness which they were not too young to experience.

After the accession of Alexander I. to the throne, the Empress-mother continued to devote herself, with conscientious fidelity, to the education of her children. To her example and influence, the Emperor Nicholas was doubtless greatly indebted for his strong religious convictions, his masculine sense of honor, and the prevailing earnestness of his character. Among his early instructors, the most prominent was Storch, the celebrated writer on Political Economy, whom Nicholas was accustomed to refer to in after life with emphatic gratitude and commendation. The imperial pupil possessed a ready and tenacious memory, and uncommon quickness of perception; but the tendency of his intellect was more in the direction of the military sciences, engineering, and fortification, than of literature. After the overthrow of Bonaparte, the two brothers traveled over Europe, visiting England and the most celebrated capitals on the Continent. One of the Imperial party on this journey, was the well-known Prince Pashkevitch, at that time a Lieutenant-General in the Russian service. In 1817,

Nicholas was married to a Princess of Prussia, sister of the present king. This union proved singularly happy. His wife was a woman of admirable consistency of character, remarkable for the modesty of her deportment, her mild and affectionate disposition, and her decided domestic tastes. From the period of his marriage, Nicholas led the life of a quiet private citizen, entering, with keen zest, into the pleasures of his fire-side, and devoting himself to the happiness of his family, his mother, and a few intimate friends and favorites, to whom he was greatly attached. He found employment for his time in the cultivation of his talent for drawing and painting, and in military exercises with his regiments of guards.

In 1823, his brother Constantine, the heir-apparent to the crown, resigned his claims to the succession, and Nicholas took his seat at the cabinet councils, which were held, for the most part, under the direction of Count Araktsheff, whom Alexander, in the last years of his reign, had entrusted with almost unlimited power. The Count was of a haughty and domineering temper, violent in his prejudices, repulsive in his manners, and accustomed to treat almost every one with a certain degree of contempt, not even always excepting the young Imperial councillor. The presence of Nicholas at the meetings of the cabinet was, indeed, a mere formality. At that time, he had given no promise of his future greatness, nor was the vigor of his character suspected even by his most familiar friends. He was regarded by the court, and by the public in general, as a man of ordinary stamp, without any presage of the qualities which subsequently ripened in the energetic, impulsive, and persistent Czar. Not that he ever assumed the mask of the hypocrite to conceal his natural endowments. Whatever may have been his faults, no one could justly charge him with insincerity. Both in his public and private relations, and to the latest moment of his life, his open and ingenuous disposition was free from every stain of duplicity. The germs of the eminence which he attained as sovereign of a vast empire were latent in his organization. They were quickened

into life, and luxuriantly developed by his accession to power, and by the electric influence of mighty events.

In the autumn of 1825, Alexander went to Taganrog, a port on the sea of Azoff, for the benefit of his own declining health, and that of his wife the Empress Elizabeth. His condition was soon aggravated by an attack of the Crimean fever, and, after a short illness, he breathed his last. During the various stages of his malady—as no telegraph of any kind had then been introduced into Russia—couriers were dispatched at least once a day from Taganrog to St. Petersburg, with bulletins from the physicians, announcing the state of the Emperor's health. About twelve hours before his death, a remarkable amelioration in his disease was apparent, and the intelligence was immediately announced to the Imperial family. As soon as it reached the capital, a thanksgiving service was ordered in the chapel of the palace, at which the Empress-mother, Nicholas, the rest of the family, and a few of the most intimate attendants on the Court, were present. On this occasion, Nicholas, for the first time probably, exhibited that devotion to his family and his country, and those energetic traits of character, which had hitherto escaped even the watchful eye of his fond mother.

Scarcely had the service begun, when another courier arrived with the tidings of the Emperor's death. The dispatch, whose contents were anticipated by the ominous black seal, was handed at once to Nicholas. He stepped to the priest, and the *Te Deum* was interrupted. The Empress-mother, who was seated in a chair near the altar, understood the meaning of the interruption, and fainted on the spot. Restored to consciousness, she exclaimed, "Poor Russia," probably distrusting the good faith of Constantine's resignation, and dreading a bloody strife between the brothers, with the inevitable consequence of civil war. Nicholas instantly beckoned to the priest, and ordering him to bring the Gospel and the Cross before his mother, immediately took the oath of allegiance to his elder brother, then residing in Warsaw. The mournful news was directly forwarded from Taganrog to Constantine. Its reception placed him in a painful dilemma. For nearly two days he hesitated to confirm his re-

signation, and to relinquish forever the hope of wearing the Russian crown. His better genius at length prevailed, and he sent his final decision to St. Petersburg, with his oath of allegiance to his brother Nicholas. Previously, however, in accordance with a senatorial ukase, the oath of allegiance to Constantine had been taken by the authorities in St. Petersburg, and in other parts of the Empire.

The discontented spirits in the capital, who had been seeking the opportunity for an outbreak, endeavored to take advantage of the occasion for the furtherance of their schemes. The mass of the people and of the soldiers were thrown into a state of dismal perplexity. Nicholas was represented as a usurper. Public feeling was excited against him, although the conspiracy, in fact, was directed, not against his person, but against the principle of autocracy. The insurrection broke out on the very day that was appointed for taking the oath of allegiance to the new Emperor. It was headed by several officers of the Guards, whose influence with the soldiery gained them over to the movement. The details of this unfortunate enterprise are generally familiar to the public; but the following incident has never before appeared in print.

The rendezvous of the Guards for paying their salute to Nicholas, on his accession to the Crown, was on the immense square before the Imperial Palace. It had been already rumored that some of the regiments in the barracks had determined not to take the oath. The people were roused to a high pitch of excitement in regard to the alleged usurpation, and began to gather in dark and threatening groups. The staff of the Emperor, with his aides-de-camp, many of whom commanded different regiments, went to the barracks to summon the soldiers to the rendezvous. Nicholas, accompanied only by a single person, the Baron Dellingshausen, a captain in the guards, appeared on the peristyle of the palace, to meet the people. The cry tumultuously arose from the crowd—"You are not the lawful Czar; you ought not to wrong your brother!" Nicholas stood calmly before the frantic multitude, and attempted to give a true explanation of the case. Different battalions, chiefly composed of the conspirators, already stood on the opposite side, shouting the name of Constantine

and of "Constitution," which, following the instructions of the officer, they believed to be the name of his wife. One of the generals, Baron Fredericks, who commanded a regiment of the Emperor's body-guard, had been wounded at the barracks. The colonel commanding under him, a Swiss, named Stuerler, was killed on the spot, by a stroke of the sword in the hands of Prince Shepine-Rostoffsky, a captain of a company, and one of the leading conspirators. The general was brought into the palace senseless, with the gaping wound in his throat, and carried before the Emperor. At the same moment a company of the regiment of Preobrajensky, led by captain Nassacken, marched rapidly towards the peristyle, halted at the distance of some thirty yards, and loaded their pieces at the command of the officer. For Nicholas, it was a moment of terrible suspense. He could not avoid the presumption that the soldiers before him were a band of armed conspirators. Turning quickly to Dellingshausen, he said, "I remain where I am. Do you go into the palace, and tell the Empress to conceal the hereditary Grand Duke." In the midst of personal danger, it was his principal care to preserve the life of the legitimate and direct successor to the throne. Dellingshausen went into the palace as directed, while the Czar remained alone to face the gathering tempest. The company of soldiers, after loading their pieces, resumed their precipitate march, penetrated the crowd, cleared the space before the peristyle, formed in a square, and turned their bayonets against the multitude. It was only then that Nicholas became aware of the friendly intention of the soldiers, who were the first to hasten to his rescue from the infuriated populace.

Upon the arrival of the loyal regiments at the Palace, they drew up in line, opposite the insurgents—the Czar, was again surrounded by a numerous staff, including all the generals in command, and the Grand Duke Michael, galloped off to the revolted troops, to demand an explanation of their conduct. The grenadiers of the body-guard, supposed to be the most determined in their disaffection, on being asked, "What are you doing, boys?" presented arms, saying, "We revolt, your Imperial Highness." Such were the elements at work.

The movement was soon suppressed. In justice to Nicholas, it must be said, that, he endeavored to avoid bloodshed, to the last extremity. He first ordered the artillery to fire over the heads of the masses. This attempt proved ineffectual and he was vehemently urged by his brother, and the generals, to hesitate no longer. A second volley was fired killing and wounding about four hundred of the insurgents. They now scattered in every direction. They were not hotly pursued, and succeeded in making their escape. At a subsequent period, the principal leaders of the revolt, were brought to trial, before a special board of military Commissioners, and the different sentences, pronounced by them, were not set aside by the Emperor.

The accession of Nicholas to power, was, accordingly, by a thorny and blood-stained path. But from the very commencement of his reign, he resolved to present an example of governing the country by absolute will, without the ceremony of a constitution. His faith in the principle of autocracy, was boundless. He aimed at once to efface from the memory of his people, the tragic circumstance which inaugurated his reign. Every branch of the government was burdened with colossal abuses. Some of these abuses were inherent in the principle of despotism, but the greater number of them were the effect of maladministration. The youthful Czar engaged in the work of reform, with energy and self-devotion. For months he labored with such intensity, as to impair his eye-sight. He endeavored to surround himself with new men—men, who were distinguished in public opinion, as well as at court, for their talents and integrity. The various branches of the administration, were entrusted to such persons. He wished to employ them in the higher departments of the Government, replacing the men of mere routine and tradition, with younger and more gifted individuals. But his judgment of character was far from infallible—in fact, he had little insight into human nature, and hence, though sometimes successful in the choice of his servants, he was often deceived by bold and ambitious pretenders. From this defect of perception, he never wholly recovered. He was obliged to make his selection from a comparatively limited number of

persons. In Russia, the administration is exclusively in the hands of the nobility, who, in respect of social and official position, are divided into fourteen classes. As a general rule, each class corresponds with a certain office, which cannot be filled by a person belonging to a higher or lower class. Promotion from one step to another in this scale, depends on the length of active service in each class; and accordingly the higher offices are bestowed in proportion to age, rather than to capacity. Senility is thus made to command a premium.

Nicholas perceived the disastrous effects of such an organization, and soon after his accession to the throne, attempted to make every office dependent on an examination as to character and ability. But this reform, like many others, died in embryo. Still, he subjected the machinery of State to a partial, and, of course, somewhat superficial re-organization. But on the whole, he may justly be called a reformer, and, indeed, in many respects, is entitled to the name of a creator. He eradicated many evils, or at least changed their forms and mitigated their effects. On the other hand, however, he spread the seeds of new evils, which, in some cases, were no less deleterious in their action than those which they supplanted. His intentions, it cannot be denied, were noble and elevated. In judging of their character, we should regard them from his own point of view. They always proceeded from deep and conscientious convictions. He executed many judicious reforms, while he abandoned others almost the moment after their conception. This vacillation in his policy forms one of the most remarkable features of his reign. Many of his best designs were frustrated by the cold and sullen opposition of those by whom he was surrounded. His own indecision added to the difficulty of execution. In the beginning of his reign, he proposed to alleviate the censorship of foreign and domestic publications, and to enlarge the freedom of the press. But in the course of his administration, the censorship became more severe than before. He was deeply convinced of the paralyzing influence of serfdom upon the national welfare and development. He sincerely desired its abolition, or at least, its essential modification. Yet serfdom survives him, subject to the same conditions as when he ascended

the throne. Nicholas wished to transform the serfs into owners of homesteads, on conditions not burdensome to them, or ruinous to the nobility, who heretofore had enjoyed absolute possession of the soil. He issued a ukase on this subject, but its provisions were never carried into effect. Afterwards, he proposed to secure the homestead as a dependence on the landlord, submitting the relations between proprietors and laborers to stringent rules, and placing every detail under the safeguard of the law. With this view he published a ukase concerning inventories, or the labor due from the serf to the proprietor, stating the remuneration to be received by the farmer in arable land, pasturage, houses, cattle, and the like; but this ukase also failed to be put into execution.

The principal cause of this apparent unsteadiness of purpose in Nicholas was a deficiency of intellectual power. He was able to conceive and comprehend the general features of any important combination—in this respect, he was superior to all the Russian noblemen in his councils, as well as to all contemporary sovereigns—but he had not the capacity to disentangle and master the details of a project, so as to complete its practical realization. For this, he was obliged to depend almost entirely upon his ministers and other official functionaries. But they were usually opposed to his plans, and would lend no aid to their accomplishment. The narrowness of their mental vision, their long-cherished prejudices, their dread of innovation, and their attachment to the ancient, musty routine, forbade them to sympathize with his purposes, and arrayed them in hostility to his suggestions. No one, not even the most bitter enemy of Nicholas, can call in question his good intentions, or deny that he aimed at the highest good of his Empire. He wished to develop the intellectual powers of the nation, as well as to expand its immeasurable resources of a material character. But he attempted an impossibility in excluding from the motive powers, by which he would act on mind and matter, the most inspiring principle of human action—the love of liberty. In his opinion, Russia was never to throw off the swaddling-clothes of infancy. He committed numerous blunders—some of them proceeding from his temper, others from the

defects of his intellect; but they are chiefly to be ascribed to the impossibility of combining progressive civilization with the principle of authority, or worse still, with the exercise of privilege.

It is beyond the scope of this article to unfold the successive acts and events of his reign, or to trace the steps by which his character became tempered to the hardness of steel. Everything tended to inspire Nicholas with a sense of his own infallibility. He became dogmatic in judgment and arbitrary in will. His capacities gained new strength by exercise, his devotion to business increased his knowledge of affairs, and all his resources were conscientiously devoted to the administration of the government. Still he often proved unequal to the task. In the early portion of his reign, he consulted freely with his ministers and favorites, relying, in a great degree, on their opinions, and permitting himself to be guided by their superior information and experience. But, subsequently, he grasped the reins of empire with a strong hand, making use of his advisers as instruments to accomplish his plans. In this respect, he followed the example of Louis XIV. in his advanced age.

Among the most important acts of his government, was the formation of a systematic legal code, together with the melioration of the criminal law, including the abolition of the knout as a mode of punishment. In his principles of political economy, he was a decided protectionist. The prosperity of Russia was greatly promoted under this system, and to its early adoption she is now indebted for her power to resist the combined resources of the coalition. He organized the army, and in fact, created the navy. His time was principally occupied with the details of the military organization and the foreign policy of the government. He wished to reduce the whole nation to the strictness of military rule, believing that this would be the most effectual check to the progress of a free spirit among the younger portions of the population. Thus, he ordered the pupils in the gymnasiums and universities to wear uniform, and placed these institutions under the superintendence of military men. The medical and surgical schools in St. Petersburg were entirely under the control of the Minister of War. The department of civil engineering, the

construction of roads and canals of every description, the working of the mines, and the charge of public buildings, were all subjected to military regulations. Nicholas, himself, planned and directed the construction of various fortresses in person. He also cherished a strong predilection for architecture. He built several magnificent edifices; for example, the Church of St. Isaac. He restored and embellished the Kremlin, and various other palaces, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and in other towns of the Empire. Nearly all the architectural plans of public edifices, especially in the cities which were the seats of any administrative departments, were submitted to his inspection and approval.

The first trial of his autocratic principles, in relation to the general policy of Europe, was occasioned by the revolution of 1830, and the insurrection of Poland. Nicholas was crowned as King of Poland, in Warsaw, in the year 1829. He took the constitutional oath, and accepted the position conscientiously; but, doubtless, not very willingly. He decided to give a faithful adherence to the Constitution, as it had been transmitted to him by his predecessor. Its main guaranties, such as the liberty of the press, personal freedom, the publicity of the deliberations of the Diet, and many others, had been successively violated since 1819, by the Emperor Alexander, and his obsequious agent in Poland, the Grand Duke Constantine. To all these encroachments, the nation submitted silently, though sullenly. The conspiracy, discovered in the year 1825, was not caused by the violation of the Constitution, but aimed at the restoration of ancient Poland. The nation at large, accordingly, did not utter any protest against the arbitrary changes in the Constitution. The immediate functionaries who introduced these violations, were Poles; men high in office, and most of them belonging to families of the highest distinction in the kingdom. Their influence produced a strong effect on public opinion. The Vice-King, his council, the council of state, and every minister, down to the lowest official, were all Poles, as not a single Russian, at that time, could have been employed. Nicholas took this mutilated Constitution as he found it. He opened the Diet in person, strictly enjoining on the Polish ministers—who had, hereto-

fore, tasted the delights of exercising arbitrary power—a severe observance of the law. He attempted, as far as possible, to mitigate the rage of his elder brother Constantine, who had been the real, if not the official ruler of Poland. As a compensation for his resigning the Imperial crown, Constantine claimed the uncontrolled sovereignty of that country.

Upon the breaking out of the insurrection in 1830, Nicholas did not hesitate, for a moment, to exercise all the power at his command for its suppression. The protracted issue of the struggle, which at one time, really menaced the position of Russia in Europe, aroused the wrath of Nicholas against the Constitution. Victorious in the end, he set aside the Constitution forever, but alleged the declaration of independence by the Poles as the cause of its suppression. He determined to incorporate this ill-fated nation with the Russian Empire, absorbing its existence in that vast political body. He, however, made a distinction, between the Polish insurrection, and the Russian revolt of 1825. The Russians he considered as his born subjects, and accordingly punished them with greater severity. But as the Poles were brought under the Imperial scepter by political events, their offense was visited with a comparatively lenient retribution. Of the principal Russian conspirators five were hung in St. Petersburg, while not a single Pole was put to death for the insurrection of 1830. It is true that most of the leaders had time to escape to other countries, and two hundred and sixty-seven were condemned to death for "contumacy;" but still several of the chiefs were captured, and among them, Lieutenant Wysocky, the originator and head of the whole conspiracy. His sentence was commuted by Nicholas to transportation for life; and he is still living in Siberia, near the frontier of China, where he owns large tracts of land, and has established a very lucrative manufacture of soap and candles. In the course of years, several small outbreaks of a guerilla character, followed the great insurrection. A few Russians were killed unawares; and on account of the treacherous and sanguinary nature of these outrages, their perpetrators were instantly shot. It must be said, in justice to Nicholas, that during his whole reign, not more than 400

Poles, at the utmost, were transported to Siberia—some of them for life, and others for a limited time. Although this number is considerable, it still falls short of the current representations in regard to the enormous masses of the transported. These unhappy victims were scattered over the portions of Siberia, that were capable of being cultivated, and now form agricultural and manufacturing colonies.

Among all the Russian ministers and statesmen, Nicholas alone cherished no hatred or animosity toward the Poles. He, indeed, regarded the restoration of the Constitution, or of the distinct nationality of Poland, as an impossible concession; but, in every other respect, he always placed the Poles on an equal footing with the native Russians. The departments of public service were all freely opened to them—he cheerfully consulted their wants and promoted their interests—in spite of the opposition and ill-will of his Russian counselors. He had not the slightest tincture of the Know Nothing sentiment in regard to the Poles or their country. He was no less solicitous for the material prosperity of Poland than of Russia. In this respect even more was done for the former than for his own nation. It was a common remark with him, "that he should allow Poland fifty years to become accustomed to her new political position."

After the convulsions of 1830, Nicholas grew more and more decided in his autocratic convictions. He adopted the belief that he was destined by Providence to be the defender of legitimacy in Europe. He carried out this belief to its logical conclusions, with his usual stern adherence to an idea. In spite of his antipathy to all constitutional forms, he was willing to accept them rather than to permit the violation of the direct rights of a reigning dynasty. He, accordingly promptly recognized the Constitutional Government of Donna Maria of Portugal, considering Don Miguel as a lawless conspirator. But he never assented to the changes which took place in Spain, after the death of Ferdinand VII., as Don Carlos, in his opinion, was the rightful sovereign; and as yet no diplomatic intercourse exists between Madrid and St. Petersburg. For the same reason, he was never reconciled to Louis Philippe, and would even have preferred a

republic, provided it made no attempt at propagandism. From his heart he despised the Orleans dynasty. The celebrated caricature of the *pear*—which, as a likeness of Louis Philippe, for years covered the walls of Paris—was universally popular in St. Petersburg, and could even be found in all possible shapes in the Imperial palace. The fatal infatuation with which he cherished the principles of legitimacy, prevented him from taking a comprehensive view of European events, and exerted a mischievous influence on his Russian policy. The national interests suffered especially in this way, towards the close of his reign.

On all questions of whatever character concerning the rights of Russia, foreign courts and foreign diplomats found him intractable. In the year 1837, an English vessel called the *Vixen*, was detected in carrying gunpowder, a contraband of war, to the Circassians, who were in arms against Russia. The vessel was seized, brought into the port of Odessa, and confiscated, and the crew thrown into prison. The act produced a terrible excitement in the British Parliament. The well-known Lord Durham was sent to St. Petersburg, to demand satisfaction. But his mission was not successful. On one occasion, at a ball of the court, while conversing with Lord Durham, the Emperor raised his voice, so as to be heard by those around him, and said, "I am right in confiscating a contraband of war, whatever be the flag which covers it; and I shall give no satisfaction. Go to war if you like. I am well aware that you can destroy my fleets, and burn some of my harbors and cities; but, pray, make a descent upon Russia, and I can promise you a warm reception."

The turn of affairs in 1848—when monarchs, aristocrats, conservatives, and money-kings of all countries, fell at his feet, appealing to him as their savior—when the unskillful revolutionists receded before him in terror—and he seemed to hold the destinies of Europe in his hands—actually intoxicated Nicholas with a sense of the importance of his position. He believed that the indestructible spirit of liberty was chained, at least, for a long time, if not for ever. He regarded himself as the great pacificator of nations—the only bulwark against the torrent of revolution and popular violence. After

the first blast of the tornado had passed away, defeated absolute sovereigns gained encouragement from his counsils, if not from his arms. He thus revived the drooping spirits of the King of Naples; and, in a short time, the liberals were overpowered by the royal troops. It is stated by well-informed authorities, that Nicholas sustained the Pope not only with advice but with money, especially after the flight of the latter to Gaeta. He at once espoused the cause of Denmark against Schleswig-Holstein and the German Diet, opposing the effort for emancipation from what was called a foreign dominion, according to the detested revolutionary principle that had been proclaimed in Germany. He supported the interests of legitimacy and of the royal house of Denmark, while at the same time he protected the rights of his own dynasty, which, in a remote future, might have some claims to the Danish crown. When the partisans of a German Imperial unity proffered the crown of the empire to the King of Prussia, Nicholas strenuously persuaded him not to accept the proposal.

But his greatest mistake as a Russian Emperor, was his hearty espousal of the cause of the Hapsburgs, saving them from ruin by his timely intervention. Cherishing friendly relations for years with the court of Turin, and always treated with the most deferential homage by Charles Albert, he suspended all diplomatic relations, as soon as the king of Piedmont drew his sword against Austria. From that moment he treated the Court of Turin with profound contempt, and even to the last day of his life, refused to recognize the new order of things or the present sovereign. The campaign in Hungary was neither a brilliant feat of arms, nor a sagacious stroke of policy. The Magyars were attacked on all sides by overwhelming numbers, and could not long maintain a successful resistance. The expedition against them was contrary to the national sympathies of Russia. Her people regarded Austria with hereditary dislike. Pashkiewitch and the Russian generals would rather have burned down Vienna than capture Görgey. The protection of Austria was pernicious to the Russian interests. A small Magyar state on the confines of Russia could never be so dangerous a neighbor as an Empire, numbering thirty-five millions of inhabitants, in

a highly centralized condition. Had not Nicholas interfered in their domestic quarrel, the Magyars would have cherished no grudge against him. With the dissolution of Austria, the Slavic nationalities would have been emancipated. Unable to resist the Magyars, who were superior in numbers to each of them separately, the Southern Slavi would have sought the protection of Russia against the hated Magyar rule. The Hapsburgs, as well as Kossuth, threatened to destroy their nationality, and even their native language; and Russia alone could have preserved them from this fate. In case of the dissolution of the Austrian empire, Galicia would have naturally fallen to Russia, and thus, without any effort on her part, she would have extended her dominion and consummated the Slavic unity.

The interference of Nicholas in European affairs was injurious to himself, and unfavorable to the interests of Russia. It excited a general antagonism against him, which still continues, as there is a strong conflict between the aims of England, and France, and the future destinies of Russia. But no justice can be done to the character of Nicholas, unless he is regarded exclusively as a Russian sovereign. As such, with all his faults and mistakes, he has secured to Russia a prominent position among the nations of the world. He presented a powerful stimulus to the feeling of nationality, raising it to a degree of intensity which it could not easily have reached in any other way. With the concentrated power of the government, he devoted himself to the development of the inexhaustible material resources of Russia—resources which, for the most part, had remained hidden until his reign, and not subjected to intelligent human activity. It is, indeed, true, that a long season of peace, and the energy of the national spirit, contributed greatly towards the result; but the impulse came from his zeal, and the direction, from his sagacity. With a wise interest in the education of his people, he enlarged the number of elementary schools, as well as that of the gymnasiums and universities. The attendance on these seminaries was small, to be sure, compared with the bulk of the population; but it surpassed the number of pupils that received public instruction under his predecessor. It is to be regretted, that, in the opinion

of Nicholas, the nation was to be advanced in civilization, only so far as could be done without endangering the interests of the autocracy—to the promotion of which all other considerations were to be postponed. Thus he aimed to produce intellectual machines of limited activity, rather than men of liberal accomplishments and independent thought, so that he might absorb the national spirit in his own individuality. He did not perceive that, even for an autocracy, it is better to blend the population in an equal mass, than to separate it into a variety of privileged classes, and only favoring them with light in proportion to privilege. His reign is not without indications that he saw the need of a more general fusion; but, notwithstanding the military decision of his character, he had not sufficient energy to break down the barriers of distinction, to open broadly to the whole nation the sources of education, admitting nobles, burghers, and peasants indiscriminately to its advantages. The creative powers of Russia would have thus increased to colossal proportions, while the autocracy would not have held a more anomalous position than at present. Under the reign of Nicholas, Finland and Poland have enlarged their material prosperity; and even the solitudes of Northern Asia have received a new light, in the development of public order, and of the first rudiments of a progressive social system.

But if Nicholas failed to achieve everything he wished for the advancement of Russia, it is, nevertheless, true, that she is indebted to him for the degree of prosperity which she now enjoys. He certainly fostered, developed, and gave to the nation, a complete military education. This was partly because the profession of arms was his ruling passion, and partly because he foresaw that the expansive force and greatness of Russia would one day excite the jealousy of the older European states, and give rise to questions which could only be settled by an appeal to military force. Anticipating the inevitable developments of the future—and to which the present Crimean struggle is perhaps, merely a prelude—he organized, as far as was in his power, the national resources and means of resistance. All classes of society complained of this military mania of the Emperor, and often, loud and bitterly. It was

said that all the forces of the nation were crushed and absorbed by the military establishment—that more than one-half the public revenue was squandered or 't—and that an immense productive power was thus diverted to useless objects. In the present juncture, a large majority of the nation does justice to the sagacious foresight of Nicholas, and many now regret that he had not done even more. Without that foresight, Russia would have been unable to face the danger with which she is now threatened, or to oppose a successful resistance to the attacks of the West. In connection with his experienced corps of engineers, the Czar planned nearly all the strongholds which bristle around the Russian borders, as Cronstadt, Sweaburg, Sebastopol, Warsaw, Modlin, Ivangorod, and several others, by which the inroads of the enemy are arrested, and the invasion of the interior of the Empire is rendered impossible. By his special care, the magazines and arsenals were filled with inexhaustible stores of every kind of ammunition; and the astonished world sees Russia coping on equal terms with two European powers, superior to all other States in capital, in variety of resources, and in material and intellectual development. Russia contains in her soil the greatest diversity of natural wealth; but Nicholas knew how to use the granite, converting it into a safe-guard of the national independence and greatness.

In the history of Russia, Nicholas will ever shine as one of her most useful sovereigns, as the efficient pioneer of her ultimate destiny. Absolute power, in his hand, like a two-edged sword, was wielded both for good and evil. He suppressed for a time, many lofty aspirations; but the elasticity of the human mind, and the genius of liberty, are indestructible; and it could not have been demanded of Nicholas to facilitate their expansion. Nevertheless, he unconsciously prepared the soil for other and better seed. The intelligence of the nation has received a quickening impulse. Though comparatively feeble at present, no power on earth can arrest its progress. Nicholas has exhausted the highest logical consequences of the autocratic idea. Neros or Ivans are no longer possible; and sooner or later, disenthralment must come

No better patriot than Nicholas could be found in Russia. Indeed, he cherished his country with fond idolatry. Both in his intellect and in his heart, the national religion, the autocracy, and the Russian nationality, formed a sacred and indissoluble trinity. With the deep earnestness of his nature, the volcanic force of his passions, he pitilessly crushed whatever stood in the way of the accomplishment of his creed. In the discharge of this duty, as he deemed it, he did not refrain from violence and cruelty; but he committed no act without an impregnable conviction of its justice. He was an autocrat, a Czar, to the back-bone. The saying of the celebrated De Maistre, in regard to Alexander, that "despotism poured out of his nostrils," is still more applicable to Nicholas. Alexander was an autocrat by temperament, and shrouded his inclinations in mystery. Nicholas was an autocrat by faith, and proudly flung his convictions to the world. His character was transparent as the day. He never attempted to color his private or public actions with any false hue. He hated and despised all tricks, in politics and diplomacy. At one time, he appointed Count Pahlen—a man who had spent his whole life in the camp—to the post of ambassador at the court of Louis Philippe. The Count wished to excuse himself from accepting the office, on the ground of his ignorance of diplomatic niceties. "You are precisely the man," answered the Emperor, "that I like. I wish to have a minister of straight-forward speech." On the whole, Nicholas was easy of access, especially to the lower classes. He loved to come in contact with the actual people, and made frequent opportunities for this, in his repeated journeys in the interior of the empire. On his visits to Moscow, he freely mingled with the multitudes, that swarmed around his steps.

The private life of Nicholas was marked by heartiness and simplicity. He was a bourgeois father of a family, in the largest and noblest sense of the term. No better husband and parent could be found in any social condition whatever. He daily visited the nurseries of his grand-children. Sober and moderate in his personal habits, he was fond of luxurious display in his court, in order to do honor to the position. He was scrupulously observant of all

the ceremonies of court-etiquette, surveying, arranging, and directing their execution, and easily irritated by any mistake or omission. This is hardly consistent with nobleness of character, or high intellectual endowments. But even Charlemagne did not consider the ceremonial of his court as beneath his attention. In this respect, however, Nicholas showed less pedantry than Napoleon, but more than Frederic the Great. To his last moment, he retained his passion for directing ceremonials, and, when dying, named the room in the palace in which his corpse was to be publicly exposed. His death was not without a pathetic interest, in its philosophic and Christian simplicity.

From his father, Paul, the Emperor inherited a violent and irritable temper. His passions were easily aroused, and were often terrible in their expression. As the military drill formed the principal part of his daily routine, nothing exasperated him more than any omission, error, or fault, during parades or other military exhibitions. On such occasions he gave way to tempestuous outbursts of anger, but they were chiefly directed against the officers of different ranks, and not against the common soldiers. Nor was his language, at such times, so remarkable for decorum, as for energy. He was aware of this tendency to excitement, and often endeavored to place a restraint upon his temper. His most confidential courtiers, as Benkendorff, Wolkonsky, Adlerberg, Orloff—one of whom, at least, was always near him—were advised to move on instantly, whenever the fit of anger broke out and passion began to master his good sense. At this pre-arranged movement, the Czar stopped short, and quietly followed his keepers. Once, for instance, he told a Colonel at the head of his regiment, that he was not worthy to carry the epaulettes of his rank. As soon as he was pacified, however, he sent to the Colonel the epaulettes and the commission of a General. Each minister, at least, once a week, had an audience with the Emperor, to decide upon the affairs belonging to his department. The subjects thus brought forward were often of an unpleasant nature, and suited to awaken the angry feelings of one less impatient than Nicholas. The cabinet, in which he received the ministers, was situated over the boudoir of the Em-

press. She always remained in this room during the hours of the ministerial audiences. Both the rooms were connected by an interior winding stair-case. The Empress could easily hear any noise in the room overhead, and as soon as she noticed that the voice of the Emperor rose to an angry tone, she would call, "Nicholas! Nicholas!" who hearing the warning of his fair conjugal mistress, would run down stairs, and having calmed his wrath, would return to work. During the last two years, though exposed to all sorts of irritation, he showed a mastery of himself, which none, who were acquainted with the irascibility of his temper, could observe without astonishment.

In proportion as public affairs became entangled, and apparently disastrous to his policy, he exhibited a greater degree of calmness, patience, and forbearance. In his general social intercourse, he could be singularly fascinating, and thus he often captivated the hearts of those who approached him for the first time. He was very familiar with the persons, whom he admitted to a close intimacy, allowing them an almost incredible freedom of expression, even in the way of criticism, and admonition; but he was quick and decided in his resentment at any neglect, arrogant pretension, and unseasonable levity.

Nicholas exercised a lavish generosity towards his favorites; he liberally recompensed all services, and above all, gratefully remembered those who stood by him during the insurrection of 1825. But he seldom forgot and could not forgive an offense. This vengeful and rancorous disposition was the darkest spot in his character. To be really magnanimous with an offender, seemed to surpass the power of his nature. Many anecdotes have been published in illustration of this unhappy disposition, and we here give another, now printed for the first time, affording an insight into the character, both of the Emperor and his son Alexander II.

Before permitting his son to make the tour of Europe, Nicholas wisely determined to give him a thorough acquaintance with his own country. The hereditary Grand Duke, therefore, traveled over Russia, visiting the principal cities and the different provinces of the interior. He daily reported his impressions and observations, to the Emperor. On his journey he reached Tobolsk,

the capital of Western Siberia. According to the prevailing custom, when a Russian Sovereign, or Prince of the blood, travels in the interior of the Empire, he alighted before the Cathedral, where he was met by the Bishops and Clergy, and introduced by them into the Church. A Te Deum was sung. The Cathedral was filled with people. But apart from the crowd, the Grand Duke observed a group of five persons, in the dress of common soldiers, whose features showed the remembrance of better days. On making inquiries, he was told that they had once been superior officers in the guards, and had been condemned to Siberia, for taking part in the insurrection of 1825. One of them Baron Rosen, had nearly lost the use of his limbs. In writing his customary report to the Emperor, the Grand Duke described the incident, and urgently implored the forgiveness of the Exiles. "Allow me, father, to become the mediator between you, the offenders and the nation." Nicholas received the letter with delight, as a proof of the benevolent disposition of his son.

Still, he was unwilling to grant the pardon at once, but, distilled it, as it were, drop by drop. The condemned were sent to the army of the Caucasus, as common soldiers, but with the privilege of recovering their position, by exemplary conduct. After a year's service they were reinstated, first as officers, then as noblemen, and finally resigning their posts in the army, returned home.

Such as he was, Nicholas will not suffer by being contemplated with dispassionate judgment, at a historical distance. However eminent his reign, however admirable many of his personal characteristics, it must still be admitted that a certain incompetency often stamps his purposes and his actions. But on the whole, his existence was rich in endowments and experience, far transcending the common order of human life. His epoch, his contemporaries, and especially the Russian nation will long feel its effects, for good or evil. He simultaneously diffused light and darkness; but light is perennial, and darkness dissolves and disappears in the abyss of Time.

AUSTRALIANA.

THE CAMPBELL TOWN ELECTION.

"WHOSE colors are these?"

"The blue, sir?"

"Yes," I continued, "whose are the blue?"

"Young Mr. Wagstaff's," said the hostler, "and his Committee-room's here, if you like to walk in."

"Presently, John."

"You'll have as much drink as you like, sir," said John, "if you'll only pin the blue rosette to the breast of your coat."

Saying which, John took a crumpled favor out of his waistcoat pocket, and, handing it to me, led off the pony (which had, by-the-by, a blue rosette under each ear,) to the stable.

The front door of the *Scotch Thistle* hung back, wide open. It was an unusual circumstance, and one denoting some great event; for, generally speak-

ing, it was half closed; the entrance most used being the one in the gable-end, which led to the tap or bar-room. In the passage were prodigious signs of life. There were countless gentlemen in various costumes. Some in black broadcloth; others in blue flannel shirts; others in plaid shooting-jackets of different patterns. Some in shining silk hats of the latest importation; others in white felt wide-awakes; and a large proportion in knowing little straw hats, bound with black tape. But all were wearing the blue sash and blue rosette; and were tumbling out of one parlor and into another; and rushing up stairs and out to the yard at the back, where a great red coach was being put through a toilet worthy of the day.

Two strong partisans were knotting a number of streamers to the low iron

railing of the roof; a postillion, in drab velvet knee-breeches, was lashing the Union Jack to the brass handle of the boot; whilst the old post-master of the village, with the assistance of the local coffin-maker and pound-keeper, was making fast a tall pole, with the flag of the Australian League mounted on it, to the back of the coachman's box. Sitting on the large stone trough, with his back against the pump, was Bill Cooper, the carpenter, shaping a cross-piece for a banner of white glazed calico, which bore the motto,

"Alexander conquered! So shall we!"

And beyond, near the dog-house, (with the old dim-eyed mastiff, his chain quite slack, drowsily looking out with one eye across his nose at the entire proceeding) was Mr. Redwigg, the barber, stuffing a red hunting-coat and a pair of doe-skin knee-breeches with straw; and with such graceful auxiliaries as a cocked hat, a goose's wing, a pair of Hessian boots, very much worn at the heels, completing an effigy of his Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor of the Colony;—that distinguished officer, a great lover of field sports, being generally considered hostile to the interests of young Mr. Wagstaff.

Whilst these and other preparations were occupying the attention of the busy and excited parties in the yard at the back of the *Scotch Thistle*, the crowd in front of that hospitable establishment, and, indeed, all through the village, was growing more bulky and alarming every instant. Over the bridge—across the Macquarie river, and down the main road from Tunbridge, and in from the Bush, from beyond Beaufront, and Syndal, and Ellinthorpe—farmers and sheep-owners, and shepherds, and sawyers, and kangaroo-hunters who had not been down in a settlement for a twelvemonth, and the wives and daughters of the wealthier settlers for miles round, were flocking in. Some in bullock-wagons, fitted up with cosy sofa-cushions and mattresses for the ladies. Some in carriages, London built, with griffins, and apes, and mermaids (all indicative of family descent), and other enigmas on the door panels. The carriages, for the most part, drawn by Bob, or Dick, or Towzer, the plough horses; the fair occupants shining in ribbons and bonnets brought out from England by the last old London liner. Some,

again, in great old family gigs, or chaise-carts, or dog-carts. Most of the shepherds trudging through the sand and dust, in their steel-shod ankle-boots, smoking short, black pipes, with red and yellow neckerchiefs swinging loosely about their broad brown throats and faces. The kangaroo-hunters afoot, too, in their coarse leather leggings, and brown jackets turned up with fur. And then, the young settlers on their stock-hunters, swinging their heavy-lashed riding-whips, throwing their legs out of the stirrups—in the easiest, freest, wildest fashion, coming down upon the town. Young, handsome, hearty, daring fellows—fellows who could ride with a Cossack any day, and fear little to meet a Camanche with his rifle.

Then there is Mr. Gibson, the store-keeper and "dealer in general merchandise" over the way, in his shirt sleeves and spectacles, putting up his shutters, having made every other arrangement for a complete holiday. And there is old Tom Tucker, the blacksmith, locking up his forge, and bidding for a front seat in Billy Bolton's, the rich farmer's, four-wheeled gig, which had just pulled up to ask for letters at the post-office—the post-master having left his eldest daughter, Aloysius Josephine, in charge, for the day, of her Majesty's mail. And there is Mrs. Bolton herself, who always prefers riding, mounted on Poll, (Poll that has been on the farm at Jacob's Sugar Loaf these sixteen years)—the jolly old lady all in blue! Blue skirt, blue bodice, blue gloves, and a superabundance of blue ribbons in her bonnet—the bonnet being a dusky white beaver of capacious proportions.

Macduff, the baker, has a blue flag flying from the roof of his bakery; and so has the sexton of the Established Church, for young Mr. Wagstaff is one of the most respectable of the churchwardens; and so has Mrs. Cecilia Bunn, the Temperance lecturer, who, on Sunday evening last, delivered a most touching discourse in the vestry, concerning the three missionaries "that were baked," she said, "early last spring by the 'eatheens of the Veggee hilands.'" Mrs. Cecilia Bunn is a widow (a widow these three months only), but, nevertheless, remains true to the principles of her ever-to-be-lamented and never-to-be-forgotten husband, whose principles were identical with those of Mr. Wagstaff—Mr. Wagstaff having employed

Mr. Athanasius Bunn as shoemaker upwards of six years.

But the Wagstaff party has not entire and undisputed possession of the village, nor does the Wagstaff color prevail to the exclusion of every other.

At the further end of the street (the only street in the village) the Griffin party musters pretty strong. There is Mr. Clipper, the tomb-stone cutter, for instance, out in his chaise-cart these two hours, with his wife, and daughter, and two sons. Mr. Clipper being the great organ of the Griffin party in the village and the surrounding country for a radius of two miles, the rest of the party wait for him to move on before they think of it themselves.

There is Chester, the carrier, who wears cross-belts of red, and green, and yellow, the colors of Mr. Griffin, the government candidate, and in front of his hat, just over the crape, (he's in mourning for his wife,) displays an enormous cockade of the like complexities. The disconsolate but patriotic Chester has made up his mind to walk, for his best horse is lame since his last trip from Launceston, and the other wants shoeing, and old Tom Tucker, who enjoys a monopoly of the business, has sworn not to drive a nail for him till the election is over, and Wagstaff returned. Chester, though no speaker, is of vast service to his party. His accomplishments, as a long-established ornament of the ring and cock-pit, are universally pronounced to be of a very high order; inasmuch, indeed, that the public attribute his temporary absence from England to an injudicious exhibition of the same, some time during the Reform-bill agitation.

In one important element, however, the government party is miserably deficient. It wants music. Wagstaff's committee has bought up every purchasable musician in the district, besides sending to Hobart Town for the Brothers of St. Cecilia, who, in marine blue jackets turned up with yellow, are destined presently to occupy, in full force and blast, the roof and back seats of the great red coach.

It is a grievous drawback for Griffin. Under the British Constitution, a band of music is an indispensable element in a parliamentary election. The nomination is dull without it; the contest ill sustained; success impossible. The brightest lights of the British polling-

booths and hustings have laid it down, that the chances of election are decidedly in favor of the party commanding the biggest drum.

Did time permit, it would be easy to dwell at some length upon the eminent advantages which, on such occasions, a band of music possesses, and the innumerable services, in various ways, it is competent to render. The instruments themselves are an invaluable addition to the force of enlightened opinion on either side, and, if skillfully employed, will be sure to elicit many notes, and otherwise produce very striking effects, far beyond their usual compass and attainment. We have seen an able and judicious drummer, somewhere in the south of Ireland, beat time effectively with the left drum-stick, whilst with the right he crushed the white hat and bewildered the brains of a portly collector of the port. A bassoon, tightly grasped, is effective in a charge. The cymbals are speedily convertible into shields. Whilst a glance at one of the illustrations of the *Pickwick Papers* convinces us, that a good tenor trombone, pumped by a strong hand, is most effective in opening a passage or driving back a crowd.

With other elements of success, however, the Griffin party were well supplied. The district Constable was committed in their favor. The night before, he had, with his own hand, arrested and locked up three of Mr. Wagstaff's voters, insisting they were incapable of taking care of themselves, and recording that opinion in the fatal book, which, like the gates of the doleful region, lay open day and night for all such entries. In the eyes of many he seemed to bring the whole power of the law to bear against the interests of the blue cockade. Many, therefore, whose past careers peculiarly exposed them to his influence, were less enthusiastic in behalf of the blue cockade than they would otherwise have been; and some were known to compromise their principles and cheer against their convictions when he was present or his approach announced.

Besides this formidable gentleman, the Griffins had secured the vote and countenance of the Medical Superintendent of the Government hospital and prison, and had also secured the vote and countenance of the Episcopalian chaplain attached to the same institutions.

The Medical Superintendent was a scholar, kept a gig, spoke precisely, and had danced at the Government House on three successive anniversaries of her Majesty's birth-day. In politics, a disciple of Mr. Canning, in religion, a staunch Romanist, in literature, a strict copyist of Dr. Blair, he was a model of moderation, morality, and good taste. Republicanism he abhorred. On the floor of his hospital, he would have waved his last crutch, and have died in bandages and blankets, protesting against the pernicious institutions of America. Delivered into his charge, with power to treat them as he thought fit, Cobbett, and Hunt, and other Radicals of that stamp, would have met with a fate similar to that of the Prisoner of Chillon or Maroncelli at Spielberg. Raspail, Ledru Rollin, Kinkel, and all the more rapid progressionists of the revolutionary school, would have appropriately incurred a speedier fatality. Their mortal remains would have been, in a few days, devoted to the advancement of science. Given the colony to govern, this exemplary gentleman would have eclipsed the austere splendors of Dr. Francia, of Paraguay, and have left to Mr. Carlyle another instance of immutable severity to canonize.

As it was, his sphere and powers were unfortunately limited. His subjects were, for the most part, crippled; and his disposable force, for carrying out his ideas of government, reduced to three watchmen, a matron, and a messenger.

His knowledge of the Scriptures (the Douay version) was profound, his knowledge of the Fathers no less profound. He took a deep interest in the Oxford movement, and had the Puseyite tracts all by heart. In controversy his efforts were incessant. Not a Bible Meeting ever started in the colony, but the worthy doctor, putting on his spectacles, followed on the track. A dozen letters, pointed and barbed with the deadliest texts, tough with passages from Jerome and Tertullian, winged with the spirit of a Templar, went whizzing after the Chairman, and every other speaker on the occasion, through the columns (the gratuitous shooting-galleries) of some highly independent journal. On Sundays, he walked to mass, at the head of his numerous family, with an illuminated volume of hymns and meditations, bound in brass and brown velvet, in

one hand, and a black walking-stick, embellished with the head of St. Dunstan, of Durham, in ivory, in the other. The Griffins had just reason to hail his accession to their ranks with the loudest canticles of joy.

The Chaplain was a man of a different type. The Doctor was thin—the Chaplain was fat. The Doctor was pale—the Chaplain was red; the Doctor above the middle height—the Chaplain five inches below it. Physic and poison, consumption and cholera, the chill of the winding-sheet, the constraint of the coffin—all were expressed in the former. Brown stout and beef, prodigious good health, the genial warmth of the English summer, all the choicest things (together with the powerful fragrance) of the English larder—all were blended in the latter. With divinity he was little troubled; still less with general literature; incomparably less with the love of the fine arts. He had the care of a motley flock, and he tended the lambs, and the ewes, and the wethers, with the easy punctuality with which the dull shepherds in the Bush watched over the sheep of a less celestial pasturage.

In early life he had broken his left leg—it had never been properly set—hence his walk was somewhat peculiar. His salary enabled him to purchase a pony phaeton; enabled him, moreover, to keep a horse, a livery servant, a coach-house and stable. The phaeton was purchased at auction, and though very old and rusty, was sure and serviceable. It was a double gig, fitted up with a seat for two before, a seat for two behind, four wheels, and two pair of springs. Before the Chaplain bought it, a Baronet of the United Kingdom owned it. For several years, the Baronet had been at the head of the Commissariat department of the colony, and having yearned at length for the white cliffs of his native land, had broken up his colonial household, and left his furniture and other chattels to be disposed of by auction. On the back panel of the phaeton he left the heraldic Red Hand of his Order flaming out through cracks and wrinkles. The Chaplain did not disturb it. He had an idea it made him a Bishop.

On the morning of the election, a minute or two before the red coach turned out of the yard of the *Scotch Thistle*, the Chaplain turned the corner

of the main street in his phaeton, with his white horse before, and Tim, his livery servant (a robber from Ceylon), in top-boots, drab coat, bulged hat and cockade, behind him. The white horse (he had a black tip to one ear, and a broad yellow patch on the right flank, as if from a burn) was covered with ribbons, special favors from Mr. Griffin himself. His head was an undistinguishable bower of ribbons. The horse, in fact, looked as if he had lost his head, and an entire milliner's shop was exuding from his throat. The Chaplain was embossed in ribbons; his whip bound round with ribbons; the splash-board of the gig festooned in like manner. As for the livery servant! He was a perfect triumph of decorative art.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkins had to pass the *Scotch Thistle*. He did so rapidly, and through a storm of indignation.

"There goes the Bishop!" shouted the coffin-maker.

"Hurrah for Church and State!" cried the post-master.

"How do you sell the ribbons?" roared the barber.

Tremendous cheers follow these exclamations, in the midst of which three dogs assail the white horse and phaeton, and a large cauliflower hits the livery servant between the shoulders. The Chaplain reserves his resentment for a more favorable opportunity. He continues his journey without stopping—flourishes the whip—cries out "hurry on, Bob,"—whips Bob smartly—blushes and perspires furiously, and, without looking behind to see if the robber from Ceylon is safe, rattles down the street amid the waving of hostile blue banners, and the beating of drums, and the most opprobrious outcries, and a squall of cauliflowers, turnips, deceased cats, and other ignoble missives. Greatly disturbed in mind and body, he arrives at Griffin's head-quarters;—the decorated robber from Ceylon, doubled up, half dead, behind.

The Medical Superintendent, more provident than the Chaplain, evades the main street by a circuitous route of half a mile; coming upon the ground the same moment as his dearly-beloved brother, but in a far more stylish turnout, and a serene condition of mind and shirt-collar. The Griffins receive him with loud cheers. He acknowledges the cheers with a sedate bow and

a painful smile. The Clergyman is too bewildered to return the compliments intended for him.

Some few other distinguished people having joined them, the friends of the Government candidate, after a good deal of picturesque disorder, fell into column, and, headed by the Medical Superintendent and Chaplain in their respective gigs, proceeded to Campbell Town, a distance of six miles, at which place the election was authorized, by royal proclamation, to take place. In the absence of instrumental music, they enlivened themselves with copious whistling and shouting—*Rule Britannia* and *Nix my Dolly* being the anthems in which they most joyously indulged.

In the meanwhile, young Wagstaff's party had been mustering fresh forces. The red coach had turned out, with six grey horses, in front of the *Scotch Thistle*. The Brothers of St. Cecilia had taken their seats. The most stirring airs had already roused to the highest point of exultation the adherents of the blue cockade. Bill Cooper, the carpenter, had completed the banner on which he had been at work, near the pump in the stable-yard; and with the inspiring intimation on it, that as Alexander conquered so should Wagstaff, it now flapped in the light breeze, borne by a brawny bullock-driver from Mona Vale, amid "the fluttering of kindred devices and the cheers of thousands." So, at all events, the Campbell Town correspondent of the *Launceston Wallaby* stated in his letter three days after the election.

The candidate himself, however, had not yet arrived; and whilst they waited his arrival, the susceptible multitude took note of every new comer, and hailed him with an enthusiasm proportionate to the popularity he enjoyed, his station in society, or the amount of services which, in a pecuniary or any other form, he was likely to render. The very wealthy proprietor of Ellinthorpe Hall (who had subscribed £100 to the election fund, and had promised £50 more in case it were necessary) was vehemently greeted as he jogged in upon the ground astride of his bay pony, and stripped his bald head to salute the banner of the League. There was great applause, too, when Mr. Mackelwhite, the influential Scotch farmer, drove in; and there was loud and long-continued cheering when Captain Skelton, formerly of the *barque*

William of Normandy, and now the owner of 30,000 sheep and *Skelton Castle*, dashed up in his open barouche and four.

But the applause which welcomed these gentlemen was nothing to that which broke out, and rang again and again, and over and over, when Dr. McGuillicuddy, the ould Irish doctor, spurred across the bridge, mounted on his famous race horse, Garibaldi, and drew up, with magnificent fuss, close beside the big red coach:—Garibaldi proudly fretting and foaming, and the McGuillicuddy himself gasping violently to get out a cheer.

This doctor (the reverse of the other doctor) was an immense favorite. True, upon all occasions, to the honor of his native land; overflowing ever with the eloquence of which it is said to be the exhaustless fountain; retaining, in its full force and flexibility, the mellifluous brogue, which, even in the din of war, has won the heart of stern old soldiers, and bade them, in more peaceful campaigns, turn in winning gratitude to the people whose peculiar privilege it is; full of genial, generous, rollicking, headlong fun; an enthusiastic Catholic, ever prompt to resent the slightest insult flung against the religion of Saint Patrick and Saint Bridget—if need be, to fight a dozen duels on their account, and, like Gallagher, the devout ventriloquist, to bless himself with the sign of the cross before he pulled the trigger; Irish in name, in heart, in voice; Irish in every mood, syllable, and tense; Irish from the tip of the crown to the sole of the foot; Irish before and Irish behind, the doctor was the idol of his countrymen—their oracle and champion.

He was proud of his pedigree. He had a map of the McGuillicuddys tacked to the door of his dispensary; and the silver drinking cup of his grandfather stood, full of dust and cobwebs, amongst the graduated glasses and compounding mortars on the chimney-piece. His library was small, but contained "the Annals of the Four Masters," "Walker on Irish Costume," "O'Connor's Dissertations," and a mildewed edition of "the Cambrensis Eversus." After dinner he loved to recount the glories of the ancient days, when the white-robed bards were in full play, and the red deer were plentiful,

and the veils of the beautiful daughters of Findalve were bound with a golden bodkin, and the princes of Ulster appeared at the English court with their Galloglachs, bareheaded, armed with hatchets, and in yellow surplices dyed with saffron.

The calls on his professional services being few, he devoted most of his time to the growing of wheat, the sports of the field, and the business of the race-course. Not a kangaroo-hunt took place within miles of him but James McGuillicuddy was there, in his red coat, doeskin breeches, blue bird's-eye cravat, and top boots. Foremost in the field, nothing failed him, nothing scared him. No scrub too close; no ground too broken; no fence any way too trying; he dashed through the worst, tore through wattle-trees, and rocks, and swamps,—cleared everything before him—left everything behind him—and what his horse balked at he did himself.

On the race-course he was not quite so successful, though fully as adventurous. In six years he won but one race. The year before this election, he had entered a favorite horse for the Governor's Cup, at Green Ponds (the doctor, by-the-by, had called this horse after St. Lawrence O'Toole, a deceased archbishop of Dublin); had trained him at great expense; staked considerable sums upon him, and, with the certainty of his winning, had speculated deeply in poultry and tulip roots. The heavenly horse, however, broke down, and the doctor, who was a staunch O'Connellite, peremptorily changed his name, in derision and disgust, to that of *Young Ireland*.

Young Wagstaff, the popular candidate, was the eldest son of Robert Wagstaff, Esq., of Mona Vale. The old gentleman hailed from the Isle of Man; had been born there; had realized a handsome fortune there, or thereabouts, by privateering in the Napoleonic war, (his political opponents averred it was by the basest smuggling) and having emigrated, shortly after the Treaty of Vienna, to Van Diemen's Land, had purchased a vast tract of land along the Macquarie river, two miles above the town of Ross—the busy scene of this day's great proceedings. On this property he had built a commodious house, popularly known as Wagstaff's Warehouse; and on the

extreme point of a high, beautifully-wooded hill behind it, he had built a tall, round tower, in which it was his intention to be buried, and which the public alluded to invariably as Wagstaff's Lookout.

He was a man of few words, few ideas, but great muscular action. A severe blow from a cutlass had left, across his left temple, an indisputable token of his early difficulties and pursuits. His friends spoke of it with levity as his *letter of marque*. Brought up in the midst of much rude fellowship, and having had few opportunities of acquiring the graces of social life, his wealth was to him rather an incumbrance than otherwise. He was completely at a loss how to make use of it.

He bought carriages, and hammer-cloths, and silver-plated harness; gold hat-bands, yellow velvet knee-breeches, white stockings, plated buckles, cravats, pomatum, and powder for his footmen, butlers, and coachmen; he bought dinner services, which it was a feast in itself to look at; tea-urns and tea-pots, egg-spoons, fruit-knives, fish and soup-ladles—any one of which would have been a sumptuous testimonial to the greatest benefactor the world ever saw; he had his carpeting and furniture designed from the bath-rooms (so the upholsterer persuaded him) of Louis Quatorze; he had the walls paneled and frescoed in imitation of the Villa Pamfili, (so the painter and glazier, a profound sycophant, convinced him) and, to crown all, as he never could discover what crest, motto, or other heraldic device specially belonged to his family, adopted that of his native land. Hence it was, that on the handles of his knives and forks, his soup-tureens, hammer-cloths, livery buttons, bed linen, table cloths, and family Bibles, the Three Legs of Man figured away as Wagstaff's coat-of-arms.

People laughed at him, to be sure; and, reverentially, thought no more of his grandeur than they did of her Majesty's mail coach, with all its crimson blazonry, post-office authority, and music. He was rich, and the Golden Calf, even with a chosen generation, was an object of adoration. Devoted to agriculture, in all its branches—devoted to sub-soiling, thorough draining, fencing, sheep-washing, tobacco-raising, and stall-feeding—he employed a multitude of hands, and so secured the in-

terest and sympathies of the laboring population. He gave large dinner-parties. He gave balls and pic-nics. He occasionally ventured on private theatricals. Thus he secured the favorable consideration of all the genteel or pretentious people of the neighborhood—the consideration of all who were unable to compete with him in the splendid profusion of his entertainments, and derived from his patronage (from the fact of their being invited, from time to time, to his festivities) the reputation of being highly respectable and thriving.

Thus strengthened, old Wagstaff determined that the Legs of Man should move another step up the social ladder. Political events favored the experiment. The colony had just received a new constitution. Under certain restrictions, regulating the franchise, etc., the colonists of Van Diemen's Land were empowered to elect a given number of representatives to a Legislative Assembly; which Assembly were to pass whatever laws they deemed fit for the improvement and, to some extent, for the government of the country. These laws were to be subject to the approval of the Privy Council in London. Two-thirds of the Assembly were to consist of members chosen by the popular vote; the other third of members appointed by the local vice-regal Executive. Heretofore, the laws immediately affecting the colony had been made by a council nominated solely by the Crown.

A crisis had arrived. The eyes of Europe were upon it. The world stood still to watch it. So the orators and editors of the young colony declared. The ambition, the patriotism, the political influence of the free colonies had now an opportunity for development; and men, who, for various reasons, had declined the privileges with which the colonial government had previously offered to invest them, now came forward, bat in hand, soliciting those same privileges from the new power—the electoral body which the Parliament of Great Britain, amid the loudest babble and confusion of tongues, had called forth. Even now, trained, as they had been, in the austere school of mere Red Tape officialism; trained, as they had been, to look exclusively to the nominees of the Crown for every assistance, favor, and advantage, a healthy spirit had broken out among

the principal men of the colony, and, with thorough earnestness and enthusiasm, many of them, as has been said, aspired to be the representatives of the people, where they had, in times past, with contemptuous indifference or positive hostility, refused to be the representatives of the Crown. That which the popular vote would give them, was esteemed to be the higher and nobler order of representation. It would be the measure and expression of their social influence; the good opinion in which they were held; the position, weight, and power, which openly, amongst their neighbors, their friends and foes, they had fought for and acquired. The representative aspect given to them by the Crown, or rather the second-rate subordinates of the Crown, might give the measure only of their obsequiousness and gentility.

Besides, there was now a grave question pending between the free colonists and the servants of the Crown. The latter were obstinately in favor of the continuance of convictism in the colony; were obstinately in favor of the colony still being, and for years continuing to be, the depository of the crime which the ermined authorities at home had shipped off, or might find it, hereafter, expedient and wholesome to export. Their salaries, in truth, depended on the perpetuity of the curse. Their stipend was in a dunghill. The same flood that would wash away the foul garbage, would leave them without a penny. Hence we have seen the Medical Superintendent, in his gig and grim inflexibility, devoting himself to the cause of Mr. Griffin; whilst his dearly-beloved brother, the disabled chaplain of the Government hospital and prison, disguised himself, and his old horse and equipage, in the cockades and sashes of that gentleman.

To this system—to this forced importation of idleness, mischief, and wickedness into a fair island, which Nature had made so inviting to all that was active, manly, most excellent and beneficent, and which latter would have flowed in spontaneously but for the coerced intrusion of the former—the free colonists were vehemently opposed. Against it they had been at war upwards of ten years; against it they had petitioned and protested; against it they had held meetings all over the country; eaten innumerable dinners;

drunk incalculable toasts; against it they had signed pledges, binding themselves solemnly to the disuse of convict servants; and, in the spirit of this pledge, they had gone so far as to break off all social and private intercourse with the Government officials, from the Lieutenant Governor down to the Medical Superintendent, who had declared themselves, or were known or suspected to be, the friends of Transportation; against it, last of all, they had organized themselves into a formidable League—a League embracing the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, in Australia Proper—which League was designed and sworn to resist, by every possible constitutional means, the introduction and settlement of fresh convicts in the country.

To give efficacy to this League a treasury of £50,000, two local secretaryships, and a parliamentary agency had been established; whilst a flag—five stars on a blue field—had been adopted as the popular type of the confederacy. It was this flag which now floated from the roof of the big red coach in front of the old *Scotch Thistle*. And this, the first election for members to serve in the Legislative Assembly of the colony, was too important an occasion for the members of the League to contemplate without a demonstration of their force and a contest for supremacy.

Consequently, in every district, empowered to return a representative to the Assembly, a member of the League had published an address, pledging himself against the Government, and, for the honor and happiness and good name of the colony—their adopted country—calling on the constituency to elect him. In most instances, a candidate on the Government side, also, appeared. The friends of the former were called, Abolitionists; the friends of the latter, Pollutionists. In no instance, however, did the two parties so rancorously meet and so desperately fight, as in this of the Campbell Town election. The League had put forward its best man. The Government had done the same.

Campbell Town, (in Van Diemen's Land, though a very small town when compared with Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Brussels, or Madison in Indiana, is important enough considering the size and interests of the country in which it is situated. It is the fourth largest in the island, Hobart Town, the seat of

Government, being the first; Launceston, the northern port, being the second; Oatlands, the capital of the Midland districts, ranking as the third. Fridden's "Australia," or West's "Tasmania," explains all this.

The town consists of one entire flourishing street, and three broken and very languid ones. The former is ornamented with three hotels, two butcher shops, several tailors' and milliners' establishments, half a dozen private residences (the doctor, the principal lawyer, a Parisian daguerreotypist and professor of languages, a widow from Wales, along with a retired color sergeant and a Baptist preacher, inhabit them), and, last of all, the Episcopalian church, in a green field, speckled with white headstones and tombstones, hemmed in with a frail fence of the native oak and gum tree. The Police office is situated in one of the smaller streets. It is the vital institution of the place. Without it, Campbell Town would expire.

The principal hotel is kept by an Irish widow. She is broad, mature and sprightly. She has radiant round cheeks, black eye-brows, finely pencilled, the snowiest teeth, a mighty arm, a noble waist and a ponderous foot. She prides herself on having the most fashionable hotel in the country.

"Sure," she says, "the Governor stops here, and the Members of council, and his Lordship, the Bishop, and that's what Mrs. Morrison, above at the Blue Bear, can't say."

The widow's name is Kearney. She left her native town of Prosperous, county Kildare, Ireland, fifteen years ago, and, with much composure, buried her husband two years ago last June. She has been busy for the last six months, superintending the completion of a monument, destined to make known to an ignorant and heedless public the countless virtues he possessed. The monument is composed of green and gray marble. It represents an ancient shield, has the name of James Kearney in the centre, and the consolatory ejaculation of

"Eris go bragh!"

in gilt letters at top.

Mrs. Kearney is a patriot. She tells everybody she was born in Prosperous, and boasts, with swelling heart, that Prosperous was the place where the

"boys" burned the barracks over the heads of the North Cork Militia, in '98. She wears a profusion of green silk and satin, going to mass every Sunday; has likenesses of Brian Boru, Daniel O'Connell and Father Tom Maguire, in her principal parlor; and entertains several friends (including the priest) at a sumptuous dinner, on Patrick's day. This feeling decides her course on the present occasion. She sides with Griffin and the Government, just for the sake, she says, of the green they have mixed up with the red and yellow. A large flag, in which those colors have been set forth, swings from the middle window of the second floor, whilst the widow's cap is enlivened with delicate little tricolor ribbons, corresponding with the flag. Some people hint it is because the Governor stops there, that Mrs. Kearney avows herself a Griffin. But Mrs. Kearney repels the imputation; and those who know her best receive it with a smile. That she is not actuated by base considerations, the fact of her being on the unpopular side of the contest should be a sufficient evidence. Five panes of glass, broken by the public, and her front door, defaced with contemptuous inscriptions, in chalk and charcoal, bear witness to the brave disinterestedness of her conduct. But some people hint, again, that the popular side is not, after all, the paying side; and that the Government party, small as it is, runs up a larger bill at Mrs. Kearney's, in the course of the year, than ten thousand of the Great Public would have the means or the disposition to do in the course of ten years. But it is thus that, in every age, in every clime, the noblest sacrifices are explained away, and virtue here below, fails to reap its due reward.

The hotel, at the other end of the town, is kept by a gentleman, one time a burgher of Liverpool. Some difficulties, however, of a trivial nature, brought him face to face with an enlightened jury of his countrymen; to which circumstance his residence in the fairest island of the South Pacific is somewhat logically ascribed. The fact is, in a bewildered moment, he had the infelicity to mistake an old Colonel's boots for his own, and never having discovered the mistake until a certain very grave functionary in blue awoke him one morning from the delusion, he was

indicted for an illegal appropriation of goods, to which it appeared he could lay no reasonable claim. His name is Englebert. Long since emerged from the discolored mist in which his early labors in the colony were enveloped, he now shines in the genial light which encompasses ever and pervades the temple dedicated to the refreshment of the traveler. He has spanned his doorway with an effulgent Rainbow, and, under that arch of promise, he looks complacently on the fast subsiding waters of his affliction, and, far off ahead, beholds the glad some peaks of a new creation, tipped with gold, jutting up and glittering in the recovered sunshine. He is a reformed man, is Englebert. And of such a one as he, whose penitence, the gentlest, noblest Teacher of the world has said, "the Angels weep with joy to celebrate," it is not altogether too profane for us thus to speak. Not even though this paper gives but the lighter impressions of a scene, which to a young community was one of no slight moment, and, with all its oddities and grimaces, had much sound worth and goodness, in hidden veins, branching out and vibrating through it.

The Rainbow was a handsome building—had, at all events, a handsome face. It was built of stone—a light brown stone; had two front doors; one opening backwards into the main hall and office—the other, the same way, into a large room, used occasionally for public meetings, public dinners, subscription balls, agricultural exhibitions, and Ethiopian serenaders. Outwards, these two doors opened upon a stone platform, running along the entire front of the house, and descending to the level of the street by six tiers of steps. On this platform, the nomination was to take place.

The Returning Officer, the Police Magistrate of the District, had already come upon the ground. He had the proclamation authorizing the election, under his right arm, in a brown-paper portfolio. Fidgety in the quietest of times, his restlessness this morning verged upon delirium. With short stac-

cato steps, in a sparkling little boot, he beat up and down the platform, pulling off and putting on his hat, a white one, with very broad brim, turned up with green; pulling his wig, a brown one, with long flat side curls, sometimes in the rear and sometimes by the forelock; pulling up his shirt-collar; tightening the cravat: now buttoning up his coat, (a claret colored dress-coat, with very stiff, short tails,) and then ripping it all up again; by every conceivable operation, impetuously endeavoring to ease the irritation, which a keen consciousness of the greatness of the occasion, acting on a highly impressionable nature, had produced. The Head Constable was likewise at his post. His stout figure, red face, gray hairs, short legs, short neck, glazed cap, brass buttons, canary-colored walking-stick, and capacious waistcoat, (the pattern copied from a draft-board) were all there. A strong detachment of his force, in blue flannel shirts and black leather waistbelts, was close at hand; whilst on the little bench, outside the Police office, a special messenger, smoking his pipe and writing his name with his bayonet in the brick-dust before him, sat ready to swing himself into the saddle at a moment's notice, and speed away to the neighboring stations, to call in reinforcements, in case any serious violation of the peace took place. The arrangements of the Head Constable were admirable. It was clearly impossible that any attempt to throw off the crown of England, and substitute the red bonnet of Republicanism, could that day succeed. So strong was this conviction, that quite a number of ladies (the Baptist preacher's wife and others equally fashionable) had taken up a position inside the church-yard, right opposite the platform, and were now, with various emotions, awaiting the arrival of the candidates and their respective forces.

But it was past two o'clock, past noon, when they came in sight, and as the serious proceedings of the day then commenced, and as they continued to a late hour that evening, we must hold them over for a month.

FIFTY-FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FIFTY-four hundred years ago,
 When the world was in its prime,
 Two lovers sat in a shady grove,
 Hand in hand, and their talk was love,
 Far away in an eastern clime.

The birds were singing overhead
 In the rustling boughs, whose checkered shade
 Through waving vine and self-made wreath
 On the lovers fell who sat beneath.
 Beside, a sparkling fountain played,
 Whose foaming waters down the dell
 In snowy whirlpools rose and fell;
 And in the west the summer sun,
 His daily journey almost done,
 Was spying how things went on below
 (For the sun is curious, you must know,
 And he gazed with a very inquisitive stare
 On the two fond lovers sitting there.

"O Maiden!" cried that ardent youth,
 "Never, oh! never doubt my truth;
 Yon flowing waters shall check their course,
 And, rushing back, regain their source,
 Before this heart, now only thine,
 Shall worship at another shrine."

"And I," said the maiden, "as true shall prove;
 The sun that now, in the glowing west,
 Is hastening to his nightly rest,
 Ere thou shalt cease to possess my love,
 Shall wheel his coursers and back again
 Impel his car over heaven's plain."

The sun was amused all this to hear
 And gave one look extremely queer;
 Then pulled a bright cloud over his head
 To hide his laughing, and went to bed.

Another year had now rolled by,
 And the sun looked down again from the sky;
 The sparkling fountain met his view,
 The waving trees and wild vines, too,
 The birds were singing, the waters flowing,
 The turf was springing, the roses blowing,
 But the handsome youth and the maiden fair—
 Where could they be? for they were not there.

The maiden was wedded, but not to him
 To whom she had plighted her troth before;
 She took old Dives with countless store
 Of gems and gold, a prince of the east,
 With twenty-five hundred camels at least;
 And the youth had set his affections on
 A wealthy widow of Babylon.

Alas! that man should be so fickle!
 Alas! that woman should be so frail!
 How sad that Mammon should thus prevail,
 And vanquish Love! But I never knew
 A case of the kind, nor, I'm sure, did you;
 Such things are unknown in modern times
 And in our land; but this, you know,
 Was fifty four hundred years ago
 And far away in eastern climes.

SLAVERY IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

MUSSULMAN slavery possesses some of the peculiarities of slavery in the patriarchal ages. It may, indeed, more correctly, be called bondage. The slave is bound to serve his master for an indefinite term of years, after which he regains his freedom, and a condition of perfect equality with his late owner, who may himself have formerly been a slave.

By Mussulman holy law, or the law compiled from the Koran, an individual can become a slave by birth, or by the chances of war. He becomes entirely deprived of all civil liberty by either of these causes, and belongs wholly to his master or mistress, whatever may be the condition, religion, or age of the latter. Thus, slaves are persons born of slaves, whether Mussulman or not; and all enemies who fall into the hands of Mussulmans may become slaves. Should the captured Christian, Jew, or Pagan, embrace the Islam faith, he does not by it obtain freedom. A Mussulman foe, by capture, only becomes a prisoner, and not a slave; for it is a fundamental principle of the religion of Mohammed that none of his followers, born of free parents, can ever be enslaved.

These points in Mussulman slavery are mentioned only to show that the blacks brought to Constantinople from Egypt and Barbary, captured in Sudan or Nubia, are Pagans, and that, though they may subsequently become Mussulmans, they do not, as a consequence, become free. The enslaving of such blacks is deemed legal by Mohammedans, on the ground that a fundamental principal of Islamism is, that the faithful shall forever be at war with all non-Mussulman peoples, and strive

to reduce them to their own faith, or to the condition of tributaries. From these two conditions there is but one release—by the sword, or by treaty. The former destroys the people who will not embrace the true faith, or submit to it as rayahs or tributary subjects, and the latter grants them temporary relief so long as the conditions stipulated for in the treaty are conformed to. Thus, in former times the Barbary princes more strictly maintained the law of Islamism than at present, by requiring of the government, or people, with which they condescended to make treaties of peace and traffic, a stipulated tribute, which each new Consul was held to bring with him. Since then the rigidity of the Islam law has been relaxed before the increased strength of other governments.

The white slaves of Circassia, purchased by the more opulent Mussulmans of Constantinople, are held to be the children of Pagans. Just as the black slaves of Central Africa are captured in warfare by enemies, among other tribes than their own, and by them sold to the slave-dealing Egyptians, so the Circassians are held to have been captured in the petty wars supposed to be waged among the different tribes of the Caucasus. In the latter case, however, this supposition is a fiction; for no such petty wars exist, and the young persons, male and female, conveyed from Circassia to Constantinople, have become enslaved by no such process. They are simply conveyed thither by their own parents or relatives, with or without their own consent, and sold by them to the childless, or the voluptuary. The traffic, therefore, is illegal, and forbidden by Islam law.

But, before dwelling upon this illegal slavery, let us enter more fully into the peculiarities of that which is legal.

A slave cannot be owned by his or her relative. So soon as a slave becomes, by purchase, inheritance, or gift, the property of one so nearly related to him as to be prohibited in marriage, he becomes free. This principle prevents the master or mistress from marrying a slave; such a marriage, if it were practicable, would at once free the slave; and for this reason, whenever a female slave becomes the mother of her master's child, she is entitled to her freedom. Should the Circassian slave, or bond-maiden, whose person as well as services appertain to her master, have the good fortune to bear him a child, she becomes the equal, in every respect, with her child and its father.

These principles, established by Mohammed, are humane and equitable, but his followers, less virtuous than himself, have adopted means for their corruption and evasion. Many of the Mussulman Effendis of Constantinople prefer to fill their homes with Circassian female slaves, rather than avail themselves of the liberal privilege of the Prophet, and marry four wives. They prefer to lord it over the helpless slave, rather than to bear with the demands of the free woman, who, though she may be divorced at will, without any cause, may, nevertheless, possess relatives whose influence could be brought to bear against the master's comfort or his prosperity. Jealousy and ambition must be stifled in the slave, whilst it would be expressed by the free wife; and it is common for the daughter of the man of rank to stipulate that she shall have no rival or equal in her husband's harem, previous to giving her consent to become his wife.

Another reason for this preference in favor of the slave is, that whilst legal wives will not consent to adopt measures for the suppression of child-birth, the fearful slave is compelled to take drugs, and to use other means revolting to humanity, to produce abortion. On this subject some melancholy cases may be adduced. Previous to the decease of Sultan Mahmoud, the father of the present Sultan, he had bestowed a beautiful Circassian slave upon his son, now Sultan Abdul Medjid, and

this slave became pregnant. It is a principle of the Ottoman government, that neither the brothers nor the sons of the reigning Sultan can have any children, and that their sisters and daughters may only have female offspring. From some cause or motive not known to the public with any degree of certainty, the slave of the Prince heir-apparent would not, it is said, adopt any of the usual means to produce abortion. It is believed that the humane feelings of the Prince revolted at the idea of such an enormity, and that the fact was concealed from the inmates of the Imperial harem,—that as Sultan Mahmoud was fast causing his own death by habits of intemperance, which soon ended his career by delirium tremens, the friends of the Prince induced him to hope for an early accession to the throne, and the consequent right of life to his child. But be this as it may, the prolonged existence of the Sultan, and the requisitions of the Ottoman Court, called for the sacrifice of the yet unborn child, or the death of the rebellious slave. The public soon learned, with more than ordinary pain, that the refusal of the young Circassian slave, who had been the companion of the Sultan's eldest son, to destroy her child, had caused her own destruction, and that she had been torn from his embrace to be strangled.

Another case occurred with one of the highest pachas of the empire, a brother-in-law of the Sultan, and now one of his highest ministers. Among his female Circassian slaves, was one who enjoyed his favor in an uncommon degree. He, nevertheless, required her to use means for the destruction of her unborn child; this she deferred so long, that her own life would probably be sacrificed by their adoption. Urged by threats of extreme violence, and by the withdrawal of her master's favor, the slave found means of escaping from his harem, and of access to the mother of the Sultan, whose benevolence, during her lifetime, was frequently appealed to by the unfortunate of Constantinople, of both sexes; and throwing herself at her feet, exposed her condition, and implored her protection. Soon afterwards it was rumored that the Sultan's mother had forbidden the Pacha from using any violence to the Circassian slave, and that he had consequently permitted her to live without molestation.

It has already been said that the Sultan's sisters are allowed, by the rules of the Ottoman Court, to have female children only, and as the remark may seem to require explanation, we add, that the female branches of the Ottoman dynasty are always married to pachas, of course, of the highest rank; that, in former reigns, the happy bridegroom, on the day following his union with the sultana, set out upon a journey to one of the more distant pachaliks of the empire, as its governor, from which he never again returned to rejoice the heart of his wife. This regulation existed for the purpose of preventing the possibility of any offspring from the marriage of the sultana, and was more humane than the one now observed at Constantinople. The Sultan's sisters, who were four in number, though one only now remains, were freely permitted to bring forth their children, but the males were invariably strangled at the moment of their birth, and the females only allowed to live.

Some years ago, during the lifetime of Sultan Mahmoud, the wife of the pacha alluded to in the preceding case had been assured by her father that the child which she was about to bear should be allowed to live, whether male or female. All her previous children must have been males, for none had lived, and supposing that the one yet unborn might be of the same sex, she had, by imploring her father's mercy, induced him to promise that it should be spared. Notwithstanding this promise, her child lived only one day, and it was said that she had good reason to believe it was strangled by her side, in her bed. When she could find sufficient strength for the effort, she arose from her couch, and from her window, which overlooked her father's palace, cursed him as the murderer of her innocent child. The husband of this sultana is a Circassian, and had been for many years a slave of one of the highest dignitaries of the empire.

We have already stated, that by the Islam holy law, Mussulmans are always at war with the rest of mankind, except those tributary to them as rayahs or received under the cover of safety and pardon (*Musta'amen*) by treaty stipulations, which are supposed to give to the Mussulmans an equivalent for the tribute which would otherwise have been exacted. In Islam law, all

persons, not thus situated, are denominated *Harby*, which means that they are in a state of warfare with all Mussulmans. For this reason, all the inhabitants of South America, for example, come under this condition, and may be attacked and reduced to slavery, at any time, by any Mohammedan nation.

By the same Mussulman law, any person in foreign slavery becomes free by passing into a Mohammedan land, and there professing the Islam faith. It is on this principle that any foreigner becomes a naturalized subject of the Sultan, so soon as he claims to be one and adopts his religion. Any foreigner may also become a rayah or non-Mussulman subject by claiming that privilege. It is narrated of the Prophet, that, upon a certain occasion, a number of Pagan slaves took refuge in his camp and embraced his new faith. He established the rule above-mentioned by declaring them at once free, without any regard for the claims of their late masters, who naturally took a different view of the case.

Each black slave, when sold, is registered in a document called *Penjik*, delivered to the purchaser by the vender, and this is given over to the slave when manumitted. No slave can own anything, and he cannot even purchase his freedom with money acquired whilst yet in a state of bondage. On the other hand, the master is wholly responsible for the debts of his slave, or for any penalties of a pecuniary nature to which the latter may be condemned by law. He may employ his slaves on whatever kind of service he pleases, and his power over them is so absolute that, should he, in correcting one of them, have the misfortune to wound, or even kill, he cannot be legally prosecuted for it. Nor can the relatives of the Mussulman slave appeal to the law of talion, in case the master has been the cause of his death without reason. He can give them away, or leave them as an inheritance, and separate the members of a family of slaves as he may deem proper. A peculiarity of the law establishes that whilst the master cannot, on selling a female slave, make any reservation of a child yet to be born, still he has a full right to declare that, when born, it shall be free.

Should a master refuse to provide for the support of his slave, the latter is

free to work for his own support; and in case the master does not possess the means of providing for his slaves, they can require him to have them sold, or compel him to give them their freedom. He may give his slaves in marriage to whomsoever he pleases, and they may be married to free persons or to slaves. He cannot, however, require any of his slaves to live together without marriage, nor can he separate them after they are thus united in wedlock. He may bestow his female slave upon his son, or even marry her to him, provided always that she has never been his own concubine. The children of a female slave always belong to her master, even when the father is free; and the children of a free woman are also free, though their father may be a slave.

A master can have free intercourse with his slaves, if they do not oppose it; not, however, with two sisters, nor with mother and daughter, aunt and niece. This intercourse is also restricted to Mussulman, Christian, and Jewish slaves, and not with the Pagan; and any children thus born to him become legitimate, by his acknowledgment. For this reason, all Circassian slaves, once purchased by Mussulmans, and admitted into their harems, are considered as being Mussulmans, though their parents may have always been Pagans. It is not uncommon, at Constantinople, for a parent to purchase for and bestow upon his son a female Circassian slave, as a legal concubine; yet it is generally supposed that no gentleman would *sell* a female slave with whom he had had that relation, and the law does not authorize a son to establish such a tie with his father's slave, until he has acquired that right, by gift, from the father.

It can readily be imagined how a master, after using this legitimate right over the person of his female slave, may dispose of her, or give her away, at an early period, and thus preserve himself against the consequent responsibilities. The law, however, provides against this, and even a free woman cannot marry again, after divorce, until the expiration of a certain term. A man may acknowledge his child, born six months after the sale of his slave, and the term is even extended to eleven months should he die after having made a declaration to that effect.

A master cannot marry his slave until he has freed her; but should she, after thus receiving her freedom, refuse to marry him, he cannot compel her, nor return her again to slavery.

The modern Sultans of the Ottoman Empire never marry. The mothers of their children are always Circassian slaves, whom they have purchased, or received as presents. Although the harem of the Sultan must contain some hundreds of female slaves of both colors, it is said, at Constantinople, that the number of the Imperial favorites amount to only some six or seven, and these are called, in Turkish, *Kadens*, or wives, though it is believed they have not been legally married to him. To bear a child to the Sultan is a distinguished honor, and insures a high rank and consideration, even though the child does not live. To prove barren would be to lose all hope of consideration and freedom; and it is not uncommon for the Sultan to bestow such a female Circassian slave upon an officer of his government, whom he desires to honor. No female slaves of the Sultan are ever sold, and, after his death, those whom his son and heir may not choose to retain in his own harem, are provided for in separate establishments, and supported by pensions.

It is common, at Constantinople, for a Mussulman wife, who is barren, to purchase and present her husband a white or even a black slave, so that he may not be childless. This is sometimes remarked there, by the circumstance that a wife is seen accompanied by a black slave, bearing a mulatto child. There is reason to believe that this generosity is not very common among the higher families, in which, if report is correct, there is quite as much jealousy as in those of European cities. Indeed, for a Turkish gentleman of rank, now, to have more than one legal wife, is of rare occurrence, and but few venture to have slave favorites in their harems. This, they assert, is to avoid expense, and to prevent the evils of jealousy. So absolute is the rule of most Mussulman wives, that, with all the license permitted by Islam law, few pachas, beys, or effendis, dare even to have any known relation with their Circassian slaves. Should such an offense be discovered, there would be no peace in the family until the master

expelled the innocent and helpless slave, which he would most probably do, by bestowing her, if childless, upon some one of his own dependents.

These "rights of woman," in Constantinople, extend so far as even to penetrate the harem of the Sultan. An instance, not long since, occurred, which will serve to elucidate this fact. Among the many Circassian slaves of the Imperial harem was one whose beauty proved to her to be, indeed, a "fatal gift," for it attracted the attention of her master, and she soon found herself fast rising in his favor, greatly to the indignation of his elder favorites, and the mother of his children. Soon she became the object of their wrath, and the subject of intense harem intrigue. The favor and natural kindness of the Sultan won her warmest affection, and she was sincerely attached to him. This affection was, it is said, returned by the Sultan, and he was grieved at the disorder to which it had given rise in his family circle. Finally, unable further to withstand the cabal, the Sultan, for the sake of harmony, bestowed her upon one of his chamberlains, a young man, remarkable for masculine beauty and graceful demeanor.

Her new master treated her with all delicacy and respect, and bestowed upon her every object of luxury which she could possibly desire. But her despair knew no limits; she could find no consolation for the loss of the Sultan's favor, and the high consideration attached to it. Day after day, and week after week, passed without producing any change in the state of her mind, and, after pining away beyond medical relief, she, at last, found comfort and repose in that receptacle of all the broken-hearted—the grave.

When a master has freed a slave in order to marry her, the nuptial tie is registered by the Mollah of the quarter, town, or village, and, in most cases, this is done by proxy. Each party is represented by a friend, who declares, in the presence of two witnesses, that he is the duly appointed proxy of the party engaging in matrimony, for one stipulated immediate dowry, and one conditional. The former consists of presents offered to the bride, generally wearing apparel and jewels; the latter is a sum of money, to be given her in case of divorce. A divorce from a Mussul-

man husband, like the freedom of a slave, consists simply in a short declaration, such, for example, as, "I divorce thee," or, "Thou art free." This, it may readily be supposed, is sometimes uttered in moments of anger, to be subsequently repented of. The mistake can be remedied three times before the Mollah, without any inconvenience; the third divorce, however, precludes a renewal of the bonds of matrimony between the same parties, until the woman has been legally married to another man.

On the subject of concealing the faces of females in Mussulman countries, it may be said that it is more an Eastern custom than an ordinance of the Koran. In the times of the Arabian Caliphs, it is believed that Mussulman females did not conceal their faces, or lead the lives of seclusion now common to them in all Eastern lands. The usage owes its origin to more recent days, and, at Constantinople, at least, if not elsewhere, is falling somewhat into disuse. It is considered quite as indelicate for a Mussulman lady to bare her face, as for a Christian lady to expose her ankles, but not an indication of an absence of virtue in the one more than in the other case.

At the present time, a Mussulman woman, of mature age, is not allowed to show her face to any man but her master, husband, or near relatives. So soon as a wife is divorced, or a slave free, she must put a veil over her face, and conceal it from him to whom she has just exhibited it with entire liberty. Thus the white and black slaves of a Mussulman's harem, meet him there, without any embarrassment, and his sons, of whatever age can freely visit it without causing its inmates to fly their presence, as would be the case were they strangers. For this reason, no Mussulman can possibly employ free white or black women in his harem. He must have slaves or employ Christian females entirely, to serve his wives and daughters. The word harem is only used to signify the women's apartments of a Mussulman gentleman's house, in contradistinction to those for the reception of his male guests, called *Salamlik*. The harem is usually occupied by his wife or wives, daughters, sisters, or mother, and their attendants, who, as above stated, must, by the present custom, be slaves. It is highly errone-

ous to suppose that the master does, or even can, have free intercourse with any or all of these slaves; for besides other reasons of a social and domestic nature, already alluded to, their own consent is absolutely necessary. In case of a slave's opposition to her master's will, he can sell her to whomever he pleases, give her away, or otherwise induce her consent; but, in the event of violence on his part, she may require him to sell her, like any other slave.

We have already said that the Mussulman's slave is held in bondage for an indefinite period. This term is left at the option of the master. The Prophet in the Koran says, "The faithful who manumits his slave, frees himself from the pains of humanity, and from the torments of eternal fire." No stronger injunction could be offered to masters than this, which shows the humane sentiments of the prophet and law-giver of Arabia. Seven years is the usual limit of Islam slavery, though there is no obligation which restricts the master to that period. Black slaves are generally purchased only for domestic service, and form the lower grade of servants in all Mussulman houses. They are bought young, say at the age of seven to twelve years, and generally are fresh from Egypt, entirely ignorant, and therefore quite incompetent to be of much service. In most cases, the slave, at the expiration of the usual term of years, has scarcely acquired sufficient address to recompense the owner for the amount expended on him, so that he becomes free at the moment of his usefulness. Many refuse to accept of their freedom, preferring to remain in nominal bondage with their masters. It is also a custom at Constantinople, in manumitting a slave, for the master or mistress to set him up in some kind of business, by which he may be enabled to gain a livelihood, and oftentimes they procure the freed slave an opportunity to marry. This is done by finding a friend who is about to free a slave suitable for the purpose, and to unite with him in this act of Mussulman benevolence. By this means many of the families of Constantinople are enabled to retain their black slaves, with their wives, in their houses, without such embarrassment to the latter as if they were declared legally manumitted. On such occasions, it is customary to give them

their *Penjiks* of freedom, but without any declaration.

A few years ago, a market for colored slaves existed in Constantinople, called *Essie Bazaar*, or the market for captives, under the direction of an officer called *Essiejüler Kehâyaser*, and in its vicinity dwelt several matrons, called *Ehl Kibrî*, women of experience, whose business it was to examine female slaves, at the request of purchasers. The males sold for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, and the females seldom averaged higher. Indeed, the latter sold for more than the former, whenever they had already been in service—especially when qualified to serve as cooks. The males were purchased generally in the view of serving their masters as body servants, but always remained in a low condition. A few of them, after being manumitted, were placed in the Sultan's army, where the influence of their former masters procured them promotion. Some rose to the rank of lieutenant or captain, and in a few instances to that of major. A black slave of Sultan Mahmoud became a military pacha, and as such commanded the fortresses of the Dardanelles in 1844. The prejudice existing among Mussulmans against colored men is slight, but no endeavor being generally made by masters to elevate the mental condition of their black slaves by education, they remain quite as ignorant as when first purchased, and only become somewhat improved in deportment, manners and habits of cleanliness.

A few years ago, whilst Lord Palmerston was Minister of Foreign affairs in England, the Ottoman Government was strongly urged to suppress the black slave-market entirely. About the same time the Bey of Tunis prohibited slavery in his Viceroyalty, and the Pacha of Egypt—the wily old Mehemet Ali—being urged to do something of the same sort, consented to compromise the matter by establishing a tax, of five hundred piasters, on each slave shipped from Alexandria. This tax went into his own treasury, but, at the same time, he desired to create the belief that it would have the effect of checking the slave trade. Rechid Pacha then filled the office of Minister of Foreign affairs at Constantinople, and the wishes of Lord Palmerston were acceded to. This half-and-half measure for the suppression of

black slavery had the effect of greatly aggravating the condition of the slaves, and did not, it is believed, at all diminish the traffic itself; for whilst the slaves from Tripoli and Egypt had previously been offered for sale, in a comfortable and humane manner, in a commodious building, provided with numerous private apartments for females, they are now exposed for sale in wretched huts, covered over with ragged straw mats, through which the rain passes upon the miserable beings, near the *Al Bazaar* or Horse Market of Constantinople, greatly to the disgust of all benevolent passers by. They number about two thousand annually.

The greatest objects of luxury among Mussulmans of rank are white slaves and horses. So soon as an effendi possesses a house, he commences furnishing it with the former. Even the poor man in humble life, who cannot afford to marry, saves sufficient money to purchase a slave, who fills the double character of servant and concubine, and he may legally legitimize any children she bears to him. The birth of the first child gives her, as has already been shown, manumission, of which nothing can deprive her, though, indeed, she may not fully enjoy it until his death. In the mean time, however, she cannot either be sold or given away. Indeed, her master will, most probably, manumit her legally and marry her; she may be his only wife, and, by following his fortunes in life, be elevated to the highest ranks in the Empire. Many instances are known of this kind, and quite recently a Mussulman gentleman, who has only a slave wife, was raised to the office of Grand Vizier.

The white slaves, now brought to Constantinople only from Circassia, are sold in private houses, in a small quarter of the city near Top-khaneh. A few years ago they were frequently brought down from Trebizond to the Capital in English steamers. Russia, since 1824, has endeavored to prevent the white slave-trade of Circassia, and has had light vessels of war stationed off the coast to seize upon any boats containing young persons, male or female, with the appearance of slavery. The slave-dealers, after collecting a certain number of likely boys and girls, would watch opportunities when the Russian cruisers were out of the way; then, suddenly

embarking them, set sail for Trebizond or the neighboring coast. In the English, Austrian and Turkish steamers which ply between Trebizond and Constantinople, they would take passage, and, after landing their treasures at the Top-khaneh wharf, keep them in private houses until they were disposed of.

It is generally admitted at Constantinople, that these Circassian slaves are legally no slaves at all. They are children brought for sale by their own parents or relations, and consequently the traffic is, strictly speaking, illegal. No duty is paid upon them at the Capital, and though the dealers are often seen proceeding through the street, followed by girls who, from their costumes, are readily recognized as slaves being taken to purchasers, still, no public sale is known to take place any where in Constantinople. It is rarely that boys are now brought for sale; the traffic, for many years past, having been mainly limited to the fairer sex. Their price varies greatly according to the girl's degree of comeliness, her age, and accomplishments. It will readily be supposed that the latter must be few, and that they have all to be acquired in the harems of the opulent effendis of the Capital. The prices vary from three hundred to two, three, four, or even five thousand dollars. Many of the wives of pachas, beys and effendis purchase young girls of six or eight years of age, for the purpose of re-selling them with a profit after keeping them three or four years, and teaching them such accomplishments as recommend them to the young gentlemen or ladies of the harem. Very often they are given as presents or bribes, to secure the interest of the receiver in behalf of the donor or her husband.

But both the trade in Circassian slaves and the Mussulman custom of preferring bond-women for wives in place of free ones, has received a severe blow from two Firmans or Imperial Ordinances, lately issued on the subject by the Sultan. There cannot be a doubt, that the same influence, which caused the black slave-market to be closed, has now produced this decision against the white ones. In the latter case, the Sultan certainly makes a great sacrifice, for his mother was a Circassian slave, and so are the mothers of his own children. The revolution which it will make in

Mussulman domestic life must be a serious one, and have a strong tendency towards the civilization of the future Ottomans. Henceforth the Sultan must marry free ladies. These two Firmans are both addressed to Mustapha Pacha, Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan's forces at Batoum, a small port of the Black Sea, near the Circassian frontier. The first is as follows:

"To thee, my excellent Vizier: Be it known that man is the most noble creature of God's works, to whom He has given, as a source of his superiority and happiness, the gift of liberty. Yet, contrary to his primitive destination, the Circassians have adopted the strange habit of selling their own children and relations into slavery; and, what is still more remarkable, they steal the children of their neighbors for the purpose of selling them like so many dumb animals or inanimate merchandise. Now, this conduct is incompatible with the will of the Divine Creator; it is, therefore, wholly reprehensible, and meets with my entire disapprobation. In the view, then, of putting a stop to this traffic, I have given efficacious advice and the necessary orders to the Circassians on the subject, and have issued orders, to all the civil and military authorities on the coasts of the Black Sea, that measures be adopted to prevent the embarkation of slaves in the ports usually visited for that purpose.

"In this view, the present illustrious Firman has been issued from my Imperial Divan, and when you have become informed of its contents, you, my excellent Vizier, will exhibit the zeal which has ever characterized you, by attending to the execution of my sovereign will. You will make it known to all of the Circassians; you will prevent their landing any more slaves in the ports of the Black Sea; and as it is necessary to punish those who may venture to disobey—those who become guilty of selling their children and relations, or of stealing the children of others with the view of selling them,—you will see that this is done. Issued on the 10th day of the moon of Moharem, 1271. (October 15, 1854.)"

The second Firman is still more remarkable, inasmuch as it would seem to show that the Sultan had only just heard of the fact that slaves were brought from Circassia to Constantino-

ple, and that his mother and wives—if they may be so called—came from that region.

"To thee, my Vizier:

"It has been learned and verified that there are individuals who take women and children in Georgia, and sell them as slaves. I need not state how blamable and abominable this conduct is. Independent of the injustice done, it is contrary to honor and humanity, on which account I have given orders that hereafter rigorous opposition be shown to it in that country, and that any one, having the audacity to do such a thing, shall be severely punished. With this view the present Firman has been issued by my Imperial Divan. Instructed in my intentions, thou wilt make known, to whomever it concerns, what I have thus commanded. If, hereafter, any persons engage in this traffic, both the seller and the buyer must be severely punished.

"Thou wilt take strong measures that, every one knowing these orders on the subject of the sale and purchase of slaves, no one may engage in so abominable a traffic; thou wilt do all in thy power to find out any women or children who may be in the hands of another person, and see that they be restored to their families and friends. Vizial letters have been addressed on this point to the Pacha of Trebizond, and the governors of Janik and Laxistan, containing instructions that no women or children, thus carried off, may be permitted to pass by land into the interior of Anatolia, nor be disembarked upon any point of the coast; and thou wilt keep up a continual communication with these two functionaries on this important subject.

"Place entire faith in the Imperial Cypher at the head of this order, and conform strictly to its contents.

"Moharem 10, 1271. (October 2, 1854.)"

If these two Imperial Firmans were not issued simply to conciliate the influence which called them into existence,—if the Ottoman Government does not continue to permit, as heretofore, Circassian slave-dealers to bring young male and female slaves, in the guise of their own children, for sale to Constantinople—the extinction of this branch of Islam slavery must have a beneficial influence upon Ottoman society.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

An event—Wolfert's Roost—The Nepperhan and its Legends—Mr. Sparrowgrass descends to the Infernal Regions on a Dumb Waiter—Carrier Pigeons and Roosters—The great Polish Exile—Poetry—Altogether a Chapter of Birds.

WE have had an event in our family. The children are half crazy about it, Mrs. Sparrowgrass says she cannot lay it down for a moment; when she does, Miss Lobelia, our niece, takes it up, and there she will sit over it, in her lap, for hours together. It is called "WOLFERT'S ROOST," a new book, by Washington Irving. When I brought it home in my carpet bag, and opened it at our winter tea-table, and read all about the Nepperhan (our river) to the boys, their eyes dilated so, that I seemed to be surrounded with the various mill-ponds of that celebrated stream. Here we are within the enchanted ground, and the shadow of the great "Katrina Van Courtland, with one foot resting on Spiting Devil Creek, and the other on the Croton River," is over us. It is pleasant to know that, in case of invasion, we are in the same county with the lusty goose-gun of the iron-hearted Jacob Van Tassel; and, even in biting winter weather, there is a sort of local pride in the reflection, that the north wind cannot approach us, without making all the weathercocks on the "Roost" point towards Yonkers.

As for our eldest, the reading to him of "The Adalantado of the Seven Cities" and "The Three Kings of Bermuda" has filled his head with ships, sails, anchors, salt-water, and ambergris,

"Nothing of him—
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

and while perusing "Mountjoy," I observed our niece, Miss Lobelia, glancing contemplatively more than once at her slipper. "Uncle Sparrowgrass," said she, "you have been to Wolfert's Roost, I believe?" I answered, with as much humility as I could muster, that I had, and proceeded to give a full and minute account of the particulars; how L. G. C. and I walked from Dobb his ferry, upon the rigid back-bone of the aqueduct, to Dearman's one memorable summer day; how the Roost looked, and every thing about it;—the rough-cast walls, overclung with Abbotsford ivy, and trumpet creeper—the crow-step gables—the sunny-side pond, with its navy of white, topsail ducks—the Spanish chestnut that stood on the bank—

the splendid tulip-trees in the ravine back of the Roost—Gentleman Dick in the stable—the well-worn tiles in the hall, and the Stadt-House weathercock on the peak of the roof. Miss Lobelia interrupted me—"is Mr. a—a—I mean, what became of the heroine of the footsteps?" "Oh, ho," thought I, "I see where the shoe pinches," and then gravely answered, "Mountjoy is still a bachelor," at which our niece glanced furtively again at her little slipper, and a fleeting dimple faded from her cheek, as I have seen a farewell ship gleam for a moment in the sun, then vanish in shadow.

There's magic in the book, it hath bewitched every body! What I most admire in it is, the juvenile air it has; there is a freshness about Wolfert's Roost, a sort of Spring-like freshness, which makes it more attractive than any thing else Irving ever wrote. It is a younger brother of the Sketch Book, not so scholarly, perhaps, but sprightlier; fuller of fine impulses—genius—fire—spirit! And then it has mentioned our village once or twice; and the beloved Nepperhan river rolls along, no longer a dumb feeder of mill-ponds, but a legended stream, that "winds, for many miles, through a lovely valley, shrouded by groves, and dotted by Dutch farm-houses, and empties itself into the Hudson, at the ancient Dorp of Yonkers!"

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, and piny mountains,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths,"

may now visit the sacred shores of the Saw-Mill river—the Nepperhan. A touch of Irving's quill, and lo, it is immortal! As Arno to the Tuscan, or Guadalquivir to the Andalusian; as the Ganges to the Hindoo, or the Nile to the Egyptian, henceforth and forever the Nepperhan to the Yonk—to the future citizens of the ancient Dorp of Yonkers.

"Bottom, thou art translated."

We, too, have our traditions, and some remain untold. One is that of the horse-

ghost, who may be seen every Evacuation night, after twelve, on a spectral trot towards the City of New York; and the other is the legend of the Lop-horned Buck, who sometimes, in a still summer evening, comes through the glen, to drink from Baldwin's phantom-haunted pond. When these are recorded, in a future Wolfert's Roost, then will the passenger, by loitering steam-boat, or flying train, draw a long breath as he passes our village, and say, "there! look! behold! the ancient Dorp of Yonkers!"

We have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took a candle and the pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen-door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then

I retraced my steps; bolted the basement-door, and went up in the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile: I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at any body it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called

once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up every body around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me,—and then, he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him,—*somebody* tells every body everything in our village.

That *somebody* reminds me of a queer fowl that roosts in the village, and in all villages, to hatch disturbances among weak-minded people. I allude to the Carrier Pigeon. The Carrier Pigeon tells you all your friends say of you, and tells your friends all you say of them. The mode of tactics is somewhat in this wise. She goes to Mrs. Kornkobbe's, takes tea with that lady, pets the children, takes out her needle and thread, opens her little basket, pulls out a bit of linen, with a collar pattern pencilled upon it, puts on her thimble, then stitches away, and innocently asks Mrs. K. if she has heard that ridiculous story about her husband.

Mrs. Kornkobbe has not heard of it, but bristles up, and would like to know *who* has had the impudence to say any thing about her husband! The Carrier Pigeon does not like to mention names, but vaguely hints that something is in the wind. Mrs. K., of course, is anxious to know the particulars. Carrier Pigeon would not for the world hurt

Mrs. K.'s feelings, but, just for her own satisfaction, she would like to ask "where Mr. Kornkobbe's father was born?" Mrs. K. is completely nonplused by this question, for, to use a mercantile phrase, she had never been posted up in regard to the incubation of her father-in-law, deceased some twenty years before she was married and two years before she was born. Carrier Pigeon, seeing Mrs. K.'s trepidation, adds, carelessly, as it were, "Your husband is an American, I believe?" Mrs. K. catches at that, and answers "yes." "German name?" Mrs. K. replies in the affirmative. "That is all I want to know," sighs the Carrier Pigeon. Whereupon Mrs. K., who is wrought up to fever point, answers, "But that is not all I want to know;" and, by dint of a deal of persuasion, finally draws out the important secret: the Carrier Pigeon has heard it reported all over the village that Mr. Kornkobbe's father was nothing but a low German shoemaker. Now, if there is any information that Mrs. K. desires next in the world, it is to have the name of the person who said so; and Carrier Pigeon, after a temporary struggle between duty and propriety, finally, but reluctantly, gives up Mrs. Marshmallow as the author, at which Mrs. Kornkobbe lets loose all the pent-up fury in her soul upon the whole Marshmallow tribe, from the old grandfather, who hands around the plate in church, down to the youngest member of the family, just recovering from the united attacks of sprue, measles, whooping cough and chicken pox.

The next day Mrs. Marshmallow, who really loves Mrs. K. like a sister, and who possibly might have reported, by way of a mere joke, and not as a reflection, that Kornkobbe, senior, had been a Teutonic cordwainer,—the next day, Mrs. Marshmallow is visited by the Carrier Pigeon. Now Mrs. M. is a lady of much stronger mind than Mrs. K.: not so easily excited by any means; but Carrier Pigeon, by dint of hints, innuendos, and all the artillery of shrugs and smiles, finally manages to excite *her* curiosity; and then, when pressed to divulge, after binding up Mrs. Marshmallow not to tell a living soul, and taking other precautions of like nature, reluctantly, after struggling again through duty and propriety, allows Mrs. Marshmallow to draw from her all and every thing Mrs. Kornkobbe had said about *her* the previous evening;

but, of course, does not say a word of the use she had made of Mrs. Marshmallow's name, by which the fire had been kindled so as to bring Mrs. K. up to the scalding point. And, as the tone of the Carrier Pigeon would lead Mrs. M. to believe that all her friend, Mrs. Kornkobbe, had said, was gratuitous, she at once makes up her mind that Mrs. Kornkobbe is a base, cold-blooded, double-faced, malicious slanderer. How pleased she is that she has found her out. Explanation is out of the question; neither Mrs. K. nor Mrs. M. will condescend to notice each other, and Mr. Marshmallow and Mr. Kornkobbe go down to town in separate cars from that time and forever.

I love to see the Carrier Pigeon; to admire its pretty glossy neck, its mild eyes, its chaste and elegant plumage; but Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I have determined never to listen to its dulcet voice, whether it bring accounts of how our neighbors look, or how we look ourselves when others see us.

We have gotten another rooster. Our Bantam disappeared one day; but we do not think it a serious loss, as he was of very little use. While he remained with us he kept up a sort of rakish air, and swaggered among the young pullets, just as you sometimes see an old bachelor with a bevy of buxom damsels; but the dame Partlets did not have much respect for him, and I am afraid he was terribly hen-pecked by Leah and Rachel. He left us one day. Probably he made away with himself—there is a great deal of vanity in a rooster, and wounded vanity is often the cause of suicide. One evening, on my return from the city, Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she had a surprise for me—a present from a friend. It was a Rooster; a magnificent black Poland cock, with a tuft of white feathers on his crown, and the most brilliant plumage in Westchester County. There he stood, one foot advanced, head erect, eye like a diamond, tail as high as his top-knot. There, too, was his mate, a matron-like, respectable looking female,

who would probably conduct herself according to circumstances, and preserve her dignity amid the trying difficulties of her new position. "A present from Judge Waldbin," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "So I thought," said I; "generous friend! do you know what I intend to do with his rooster?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass got frightened and said she did not. "Put him in verse," said I. Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she never heard of such a thing. But I will, Mrs. S., though I cannot write verse except upon great occasions. So, after a hearty supper and two cigars, I composed the following:—

TO MY POLAND ROOSTER.

"O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
He-chicken, Rooster, Cock, or Chanticleer;
Whether on France's flag you flap and flare,
Or roost and drowse in Shelton's elbow-chair;
Or rouse the drones, or please the female kind,
And cluck and strut with all your hens behind;
As symbol, teacher, time-piece, spouse, to you
Our praise is doubtless, Cock-a-doodle, due.

Oviparous Sultan, Pharaoh, Caesar, Czar,
Sleep-shattering songster, feathered morning-star,
Many-wived Mormon, cock-pit Spartacus,
Winner alike of coin and hearty curse;
Sir Harem Scaram, knight by crest and spur,
Great, glorious, gallinaceous Aaron Burr,
How proud am I—how proud you corn-fed flock
Of cackling hours are—of thee, Old Cock!

Illustrious Exile! far thy kindred crew
When Warsaw's towers with morning glories glow,
Shanghai and Chittagong may have their day,
And even BRAHMA-FOOTRA fade away;
But thou shalt live, immortal Polack, thou,
Though Russia's eagle clips thy pinions now,
To flap thy wings and crow with all thy soul,
When freedom spreads her light from Pole to Pole.

"I think," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "I have heard something like that before."

"No doubt you have," said I; "part is from Pope, part from Halleck, especially the pun in the first stanza; but how can you make decent poetry in the country without borrowing a little here and there, unless you have the genius of a Homer, or an Alexander Smith, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?"

SCIENCE AND NAVIGATION.*

IN the progress of human knowledge, it is interesting to observe that the modes and degrees of advancement are as various as the subjects. While, in one direction, the treasures of thought and experience accumulate slowly, in another, a sudden discovery or a novel process of investigation creates a new branch of science, which is thenceforward recognized as a distinct pursuit.

"When," says Condorcet, in one of his eloquent *éloges*, "the mariner determines his longitude by means of the lunar problem, and thus secures his vessel from shipwreck, he owes his safety to speculations which were pursued two thousand years ago, and were solely prompted by a love of science." The truth here announced in such a striking manner, which unites, in the bonds of a common intellectual nature, the contemplative disciple of Plato with the hardy seaman, who entered yesterday upon his adventurous voyage, affords an example, perhaps the most impressive in history, of knowledge advancing by slow and hesitating steps—now arrested in its march entirely—again accelerated by the revelations of genius, or by the results of labor.

From the time when Archimedes and Apollonius meditated upon the curves generated by the sections of the cone, and added to the number of their properties, to the period when Kepler discovered that these curves were described in the heavens, and that the knowledge of their properties comprised an interpretation of the laws of planetary motion, how wide and barren the interval. After this, however, the progress is more steady, though still slow.

At the close of the next century Flamsteed communicated the results of his labors in the observatory to Newton, by whose genius they were made the foundation, rude but solid, of the lunar theory. The next most conspicuous advance is the publication by Maskeleyne of his lunar method, in 1767. The last step is the improvement of the moon's tables, by the joint researches of Walker and Peirce here, and of Adams in England.

Between these leading events, all the intervals, except the first, are filled with

labor and study, and are rich with discoveries of new facts and important generalizations. And yet the knowledge which now enables the astronomer to furnish the seaman with lunar distances more accurate than his means of observation, has only proceeded by very gradual and unequal advances, and dates its commencement from the musings of the Academy, and the observations made before the Christian era by Hipparchus of Rhodes. Before turning over this brief but instructive page in the history of science, a single reflection must be added. It is suggested by considering that universal homogeneity, cognation, and affiliation of the intellectual nature of men throughout all the ages of the world, on which depends the fulfillment of the law of progress of the human race. What the Greek philosopher had left unfinished in the schools of Athens, the German student, living in a remote age, and under circumstances widely different, resumes precisely at the point at which it was relinquished, and carries it forward as if his own new thoughts were the continued operation of the same mind, interrupted only by the repose of sleep, instead of ages of war and tumult, of barbaric desolation and mental darkness.

In this exemplification of the absolute and continuous relation of mind with mind, we have a proof of the unity of nature in the diverse races of men; and, in the subjects of inquiry, we have an evidence of the likeness of man to the image of his Maker; for these subjects are the laws framed by the infinite mind for the government of the material world, and so framed as to be intelligible to the finite mind, which is thus taught to know the ordinances of Heaven!

As regulated by Him to whom a thousand years are as one day, that gradual development which leads dimly up to the "fullness of time," seems to our imperfect and impatient thinking tedious and disconnected.

"But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked."

If we have looked at this view of the

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1855, pp. 274.

subject, it is not with irreverent wonder; but rather because it affords us an opportunity to remind the earnest student and laborer in the field of pure science—the searcher after truth for truth's sake—how mysteriously all parts of human learning and thought are linked together, and to teach him to trust that, even in this world, the faithful servants will find their reckoning.

Let us now look at a science which exhibits another mode and degree of advancement—the science of Physical Geography—the very title of which is only lately introduced into our catalogue. A few years since, all the knowledge coming under this head was included in Geography and Geology. But the researches and discoveries of Humboldt, Ritter, Steffens, and Guyot, added such vast stores to the former scanty collection, that it was necessary to create a new department in which they could be suitably arranged. Nothing affords so striking an indication of progressive improvement as these subdivisions of science. The building becomes too small to contain the accumulating riches of knowledge, and wings must be added.

The term "Physical Geography," in its most extended meaning, is made to comprehend a vast variety of subjects, belonging of course to the physical condition and structure of our globe, but touching, in one extreme, upon the relations it holds to other bodies in space, and, in the other, upon the races of man by which it is peopled.

A writer upon Physical Geography fifteen years ago, would have found it difficult to compile a work of respectable dimensions, unless he had been allowed to enter very far into the domains of Geology and Natural History. He would have included in his plan some account of the structure of the earth, and of the disposition of the materials composing its crust, and also a brief view of the distribution of animal life on its surface.

If we were to take our idea of the sphere and extent of the science of Physical Geography from the admirable compilation of Mrs. Somerville, we should say that in a general way it might include every thing in art, in nature, and in the natural sciences. On the other hand, Mr. Hamilton, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, says:—"By Physical Geography, I

mean every thing relating to the form and configuration of the earth's surface, as it issues from the hand of Nature, or as it is modified by the combined effects of time and weather and atmospheric influences;" leaving out art and man. Count Annibale Ramuzzi, in a work published at Bologna, in 1840, (we are quoting from an essay of Mr. Hamilton) divides geography into two branches—pure and statistical geography; the former professes to describe the result of physical force—the latter, the effects of moral force.

But if we follow the latest and best authority on this subject, we shall find that Guyot, in the revised edition of that most instructive and enchanting work, "The Earth and Man," after the example of Humboldt, Ritter, and Steffens, defines Physical Geography to be "not only the description of our earth, but the physical science of the globe—or the science of the general phenomena of the present life of the globe, in reference to their connection and their mutual dependence." Nothing, perhaps, could have been said which would give a more lively idea of the uncertain limits of this science, and of its state of rapid development, than this variety of definitions. We shall adhere to the last—not only because it proceeds from the highest authority, and is satisfactorily sustained in the work just mentioned, but because it is entirely borne out by Maury's treatises; which, if they had been wholly confined to facts of observation, and strict deductions from them, unmixed with speculations, might have been distinguished by this definition as a title.

Having now come to these treatises, composing the "Physical Geography of the Sea," which is our present subject, let us, in the beginning, say a few words as to the origin and conduct of that system of research which has led to such rich acquisitions, and has produced such extraordinary results in the practical world of business, as well as in what practical people love to call the speculative world of science.

It has always been the custom for sea-going ships to keep a record of the occurrences, facts, and appearances of their voyages, in a succinct and abbreviated, but perfectly clear, systematic, and intelligible form, called a log-book. The occurrences and facts recorded are those connected with the sailing and

navigation of the ship, and the appearances are the principal phenomena of the atmosphere and of the sea. The record is kept by the most responsible officers of the ship, and is closely inspected by the captain. The manner of keeping it is such that it must be copied at the close of every day, and it undergoes revision while the events and phenomena it registers are still fresh in the memory of the officers. Thus, it will be seen, that a ship's log-book has great claims to confidence on account of the intelligence of the observers, and the care bestowed upon it. These claims are still further strengthened, by the great value attached to the log-book as the only authentic narrative of the events of a voyage recognized in law. This circumstance, as may readily be imagined, increases the pains and the responsibility, so that, if the facts and phenomena recorded in the log-book should ever have any use, they may be relied on as strictly accurate.

When the voyage terminated, the log-book was put away, (we speak now of past times) in a safe place, and very rarely was there occasion to disturb its repose. From the shelf it passed to the garret, where it was soon covered with dust and oblivion. Its author, still employed in collecting the materials of other log-books, would, during the period of his active life, forget his former silent companion. It would never again see the light of day, except when called forth from its obscure retreat to revive the recollections of the past. We can imagine the gray-haired seaman pondering over the records of his youthful voyages, closing with a heavy sigh the pages which bring back the scenes of his fresh and early life, and exclaiming, in that language which with its tender iteration touches the very heart of our melancholy, as memory searches after vanished hours and joys of other days—

"Eheu fugaces Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni."

But, beyond this gentle office, the old log-book had no worth. It was a picture of life, to be sure, but so dull and unchanging, so without light and shade, without atmosphere and perspective, that no one could desire to look at it. There was no individuality in it; and therefore the old log-book, when it had survived its generation, became mouldy

and offensive, and, suffering the lustration of fire, went where "there is no remembrance of former things."

It is reckoned as conspicuous among the many triumphs of modern art, that it has, in various ways, brought into beneficial use substances which, till now, had been regarded as worthless. Thus it furnishes the means of support for the laborious, and of wealth for the enterprising, out of that which ignorance formerly condemned as of no value.

An invention which brings out such a result, is in art what Maury's discovery of the utility of old log-books is in science; but the latter has all that superiority over the former which science has over art—that is, which general knowledge, comprising a large body of truths and principles, has over particular knowledge employed to effect some one special object.

But the general reader will ask, What these log-books contained which Maury found so serviceable and so prolific, but the value of which others had failed to perceive? They contained very full and accurate notes of the state of the wind and weather, during all seasons of the year, in all parts of the navigable seas. They also contained frequent observations of the currents of the ocean, of the temperature of the water and air, and of the barometer pressures. And further, there were to be found in them occasional observations of remarkable occurrences, such as "red fogs," and "sea-dust," and in the log-books of whale-ships information concerning the habitat of the various species of the whale. Now a single one of these manuscript journals had in itself no interest; the owner or ship-master was not, therefore, much out of the way in his estimation of its value. A single sea-journal was like an isolated astronomical observation, in which there is no meaning beyond itself. But when all these log-books were combined, they resembled a volume of astronomical observations, in which the appearances of the heavenly bodies are registered so often, and in so many different parts of the heavens, as to afford the means of determining the laws of their real or apparent motion.

This combination, which was "to collect the experience of every navigator as to the winds and currents of the ocean, and then to present the world with the results, on charts, for the improvement

of commerce and navigation," was the happy conception of Maury's genius. In order to form a correct judgment of the moment and significance of this conception, we must consider that its effect was as if Maury had, by a stroke of magic, (genius is not unlike magic in its operations,) distributed in every frequented part of the high seas, an army of ten thousand intelligent friends, who were to collect for him the information he wanted. In executing his wishes, they were to be regardless of danger or suffering. They were to encounter the extremes of heat and cold, the rage of the southern capes, the blighting fervor of the tropics, the water-spouts and the "sulphurous and thought-executing fires" of the Gulf-stream, the obstinate monsoon, the dangerous gale and the tedious calm. And on their return they were to lay the results before him in a brief and intelligible form.

Or let us endeavor to estimate the importance of this conception, by considering how many life-times would be employed in collecting the required facts, if it were to be begun now. And in this view, let us look at the state of meteorological investigations on the land. The science of meteorology has, of late years, made very great advances; and there is, probably, no branch of knowledge which commands more attention and effort. But the principal pains and expense are at present bestowed upon making a collection of observations, more perfect, indeed, but similar to those which Maury found ready for use in the old, condemned log-books. These observations are the precursory and preparatory means, the fundamental basis, of further improvement. By the aid of these considerations, we may measure the consequence of the original conception.

The particular objects in view are thus stated in Maury's own language:

"By putting down on a chart the tracks of many vessels on the same voyage, but at different times, in different years, and during all seasons, and by projecting along each track the winds and currents daily encountered, it was plain that navigators hereafter, by consulting this chart, would have for their guide the results of the combined experience of all whose tracks were thus pointed out."

We have here the amplification of the original conception; let us pass from that to the execution of the plan. The plan was, to present the results on charts for the improvement of commerce

and navigation. These results included the geographical position of the ship, without which the numerous observations would be of no value. In tracing the course of a single voyage, on a nautical chart, it is customary to mark down the ship's place for every day at noon, and to join the places by a line which is called the ship's track. If the usual way had been adopted in this case, only a few tracks, comparatively, could have been put down. The paper would soon have become an inextricable labyrinth, perplexing and unintelligible even to the person by whom it was plotted. It was requisite, then, to devise some other procedure. A system, composed of symbols and colors, was invented.

"The symbols devised with this view were a comet's tail for the wind, an arrow for currents, Arabic numerals for the temperature of the sea, Roman for the variation of the needle, continuous, broken, and dotted lines for the month, and colors for the four seasons.

"A continuous line was used to show that the track was made during the first month; a broken, the second; and a dotted line, the last month of each season: black standing for the winter, green for spring, red for summer, and blue for autumn.

"The comet's tail, and the arrow, and the numerals, were also in colors, according to the seasons. The force and direction of the wind were indicated by the shape and position of this tail; while the flight and length of the arrows designated the velocity and set of the currents."

Having touched upon the conception and the execution of the plan, let us now proceed to a hasty enumeration of the principal results of its fulfillment, not forgetting to give a passing thought to the great labor involved in the selection and disposition of the materials, and to the transfer of them to the prepared projections.

One of the most prominent of the results has already been alluded to; the advantages conferred on every navigator by communicating to him at once the combined experience of all other navigators. "The young ship-master, with these charts before him, would be immediately lifted up, and placed on a footing with the oldest sea-captains." The knowledge gathered by the oldest mariner, while patiently watching through the long and weary nights, and which had hitherto only been serviceable to himself, now became the property and the good of all. It would be impossible to overstate the benefits derived from this abundant source. They were

the greater, because the observations and experience, thus communicated, extended over the broad oceans, and were not limited to the sea-coasts. Properly to appreciate this, it must be remembered that, when Maury first entered upon his fruitful investigation, no such work was known. The most valuable practical instructions and information in the hands of the navigator were contained in books of *Sailing Directions* and of *Navigation*. The *Sailing Directions* were limited to shores and harbors, if we except the ponderous (both in weight and merit) *Directory of Horsburgh*.^{*} But even Horsburgh, though he conducts the seaman across the great oceans, restricts his directions to certain fixed paths and regions of the sea, and to the coasts and harbors included in the plan of his work. Moreover, he tells us very candidly in his Introduction, "that the temperature of the sea is a phenomenon hitherto but little investigated, although," as he very justly adds, "it appears to be closely connected with the improvement of navigation." The information contained in books of navigation, concerning any subject but navigation itself, is too meagre, or else too general, to require mention.

But, however much importance may be attached to this sudden accession to the general knowledge of the individual seaman, the discoveries and generalizations of the author of the new charts proved even more beneficial. Standing over his manuscript sheets, on which were inscribed in symbolic language the vast array of facts and observations, numerous, but distinct, intricate, but not confused—to the eye of the careless looker-on, a mixed assemblage of colors and signs, "in mazes running," without method or meaning—to the mind that ordered them, an intelligible language embodying important truths and significations,—Maury drew such inferences and information as led him to alter the principal routes across the ocean.

"The great end and aim of all this labor and research are in these, and consist in the shortening of passages—the improvement of navigation. Other interests and other objects are promoted thereby, but these, in the mind of a practical people, who, by their habits of thought and modes of action, mark the age in which we live as eminently utilitarian, do not stand out in relief half so grand and imposing as do those achievements by which the distant

isles and marts of the sea have been lifted up, as it were, and brought closer together, for the convenience of commerce, by many days' sail.

"We have been told in the foregoing pages how the winds blow and the currents flow in all parts of the ocean. These control the mariner in his course; and to know how to steer his ship on this or that voyage so as always to make the most of them, is the perfection of navigation. The figures representing the vessels are so marked as to show whether the prevailing direction of the wind be adverse or fair.

"When one looks seaward from the shore, and sees a ship disappear in the horizon as she gains an offing on a voyage to India, or the Antipodes, perhaps, the common idea is that she is bound over a trackless waste, and the chances of another ship, sailing with the same destination the next day, or the next week, coming up and speaking with her on the 'pathless ocean,' would, to most minds, seem slender, indeed. Yet the truth is, the winds and the currents are now becoming to be so well understood, that the navigator, like the backwoodsman in the wilderness, is enabled literally 'to blaze his way' across the ocean; not, indeed, upon trees, as in the wilderness, but upon the wings of the wind. The results of scientific inquiry have so taught him how to use these invisible couriers, that they, with the calm belts of the air, serve as sign-boards to indicate to him the turnings, and forks, and crossings by the way."

Let us cite a few examples of the actual gain effected. The passage from our northern ports, to the equator alone, was shortened ten days, or more than one-third of its duration. Previous to Maury's undertaking, the average passage to California was one hundred and eighty-three days; that average is now reduced to one hundred and thirty-five days—that is, it has been lessened by forty-eight days, or twice the time of the average passage of a common sailing ship across the Atlantic. Between England and Australia, the average duration of a passage was formerly one hundred and twenty-four days: it is now ascertained that the average time of the outward passage is reduced, by means of the new charts, to ninety-seven days; that is, it is reduced by more than the time of a common voyage across the Atlantic.

To the merchant seaman, time is money; the unnecessary delays suffered in passing from the port of loading to that of delivery, where his merchandise is to reënter the channels of trade, are so many drawbacks to his profits. To shorten the passages of merchant ships, is, therefore, to increase their business and to multiply their means. But on

^{*} Findlay's "*Directory for the Pacific Ocean*" did not appear until 1862.

this point we will quote the high authority of the President of the British Association, (the Earl of Harrowby,) in his inaugural address, delivered at the twenty-fourth annual meeting.

"Now let us make a calculation of the annual saving to the commerce of the United States effected by those charts and sailing directions. According to Mr. Maury, the average freight from the United States to Rio Janeiro is 17-7 cents per ton per day; to Australia, 20 cents; to California, also, about 20 cents. The mean of this is a little over 19 cents per ton per day; but, to be within the mark, we will take it at 15, and include all the ports of South America, China, and the East Indies.

"The sailing directions have shortened the passages to California 30 days, to Australia 20, to Rio Janeiro 10. The mean of this is 20, but we will take it at 15, and also include the above named ports of South America, China, and the East Indies.

"We estimate the tonnage of the United States engaged in trade with these places at 1,000,000 tons per annum.

"With these data, we see that there has been effected a saving for each one of these tons of 15 cents per day for a period of 15 days, which will give an aggregate of \$2,250,000 saved per annum. This is on the outward voyage alone, and the tonnage trading with all other parts of the world is also left out of the calculation. Take these into consideration, and also the fact that there is a vast amount of foreign tonnage trading between these places and the United States, and it will be seen that the annual sum saved will swell to an enormous amount."

We add another statement from Dr. Buist, of Edinburgh:

"It has been shown that Lieutenant Maury's Charts and Sailing Directions have shortened the voyages of American ships by about a third. If the voyages of those to and from India were shortened by no more than a tenth, it would secure a saving in freightage alone of £250,000 annually. Estimating the freights of vessels trading from Europe with distant ports at £20,000,000 a year, a saving of a tenth would be about £2,000,000.

But the saving to result from the active and combined prosecution of Maury's plan will amount, on the average, to three-tenths, that is, to at least \$30,000,000 a year. In these estimates, no account is taken of the amount saved by the greater security given to navigation, and by the decrease in the wear and tear of ships.

Such are the immediate benefits resulting from this new system of research. But the future benefits must be greater—we might say infinitely greater—than those hitherto reaped. A general plan of observations at sea has been carefully matured, and has been adopted by the most active and intelligent of our sea-captains. It consists of an abstract journal of the voyage, and comprises all

the observations and notes, which will tend to improve our knowledge of the deep and its wonders. But still further, the Government of the United States, at the suggestion of Maury, invited the other commercial nations of the world to unite with it in this enterprise, and proposed for this purpose a conference on the subject.

"This conference, consisting of representatives from France, England and Russia, from Sweden and Norway, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, and the United States, met in Brussels, August 23, 1853, and recommended a plan of observations which should be followed on board the vessels of all friendly nations, and especially of those there present, in the persons of their representatives.

"Prussia, Spain, the free city of Hamburg, the republics of Bremen and Chili, and the empires of Austria and Brazil, have since offered their co-operation also in the same plan.

"Thus the sea has been brought regularly within the domains of philosophical research, and crowded with observers.

"In peace and in war these observations are to be carried on; and, in case any of the vessels on board of which they are conducted may be captured, the abstract log—as the journal which contains these observations is called—is to be held sacred.

"Baron Humboldt is of opinion that the results already obtained from this system of research are sufficient to give rise to a new department of science, which he has called the PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA. If so much have already been accomplished by one nation, what may we not expect in the course of a few years, from the joint co-operation of so many!

"Rarely before has there been such a sublime spectacle presented to the scientific world: all nations agreeing to unite and co-operate in carrying out one system of philosophical research with regard to the sea. Though they may be enemies in all else, here they are to be friends. Every ship that navigates the high seas with these charts and blank abstract logs on board may henceforth be regarded as a floating observatory, a temple of science. The instruments used by every co-operating vessel are to be compared with standards that are common to all; so that an observation that is made anywhere, and in any ship, may be referred to and compared with all similar observations, by all other ships, in all other parts of the world."

Another passage must be cited in connection with this, because it forms an apt conclusion to the views we have taken of the practical results, the "first fruits" of the new system of scientific researches, instituted by the author of the "Wind and Current Charts."

"As great as is the value attached to what has been accomplished by these researches in the way of shortening passages and lessening the dangers of the sea, a good of higher value is, in the opinion of many seamen, yet to come out of the moral, the educational, influence

which they are calculated to exert upon the seafaring community of the world. A very clever English ship-master, speaking recently of the advantages of educational influences among those who intend to follow the sea, remarks:

"To the cultivated lad there is a new world spread out when he enters on his first voyage. As his education has fitted, so will he perceive, year by year, that his profession makes him acquainted with things new and instructive. His intelligence will enable him to appreciate the contrasts of each country in its general aspect, manners, and productions, and in modes of navigation, adapted to the character of coast, climate, and rivers. He will dwell with interest on the phases of the ocean, the storm, the calm, and the breeze, and will look for traces of the laws which regulate them. All this will induce a serious earnestness in his work, and teach him to view lightly those irksome and often offensive duties incident to the beginner. Sentiments which cannot fail to meet with a hearty response from all good men, whether ashore or afloat.

"Never before has such a corps of observers been enlisted in the cause of any department of physical science as is that which is now about to be engaged in advancing our knowledge of the physical geography of the sea, and never before have men felt such an interest with regard to this knowledge."

The subject of this article naturally divides itself into two parts, one of which treats of the conclusions and deductions already reached through this novel and comprehensive process of inquiry; the other, of the additions it has made to the great body of our knowledge.

One of these branches is practical, the other scientific—or rather, as we should prefer to say, the former contains those portions or divisions of the scientific collection, which previous knowledge and experience have rendered immediately applicable and useful, while the latter contains the remainder of the collection, stored up for future use and application, as we become better qualified to interpret its various, but now hidden, meanings.

The former part of the subject is by far the more popular and attractive, as it is the more easily understood of the two. It records the struggle and the labor, but it also recites the success and the triumph. It is this which most commands our respect, inspires our gratitude, and gratifies our national pride. It is this which has called forth, at home, flattering marks of favor and distinction, and abroad, complimentary testimonials such as cannot fail to confer as much pleasure as honor. Even while we are writing, one of the most beautiful and most distinguished of

these compliments—that from the venerable and illustrious Humboldt—is passing through the journals of the country.

But even the practical view of the subject under consideration would be incomplete, we think, if we were not to allow our attention to dwell for a moment, first, upon the remarkable seasonableness of Maury's discoveries, and second, upon the incidental benefits which promise to flow from them; in other words, if we did not regard them in connection with the existing state of things, and also with the future.

The present period, historically speaking, has witnessed many interesting and important changes in commerce and navigation. The recent discoveries of gold in California and Australia have opened new and spacious fields of trade, and given an extraordinary impulse to emigration. Voyages of great length, and involving enormous amounts of life and property, have become very common. At the same time, the models of sea-going ships have been improved, and their capacities very much enlarged. The discoveries, therefore, which add to the safety of the navigation of the seas, have occurred most opportunely, and the ships of the present clipper style are precisely those which are best fitted to avail themselves, to the greatest possible extent, of the new and shorter routes. It is worth while to consider the superior value of this boom to vessels of three thousand tons over those of three hundred, on account of the greater expense at which they are sailed, the wealth of the cargo, and the number of the passengers. Even looking at this last item alone, a large clipper ship with passengers, bound to California, might save, in the decreased length of the voyage, from the victualing of the people on board, the wages and rations of the crew for nearly two months. Moreover, these voyages and those to Australia have been chiefly quick runs for a market.

From these statements it will appear that the investigations of Maury have been conceived in the very spirit of the age, that they form one of the most appropriate contributions to the actual wants of the present time, and enter, as an essential ingredient, into the sudden expansion of the world's trade. The improvements in navigation, in the models of ships, and in the means and instruments of commerce, impress on

this period of history the character of an era. It is of no little interest to regard them from this point of view, as complementary to each other, and as exhibiting a striking combination of correlative discoveries and inventions.

The prospective view of the influence of Maury's labors is even more engaging, for they are permanently connected with the progress of commerce, which is a quite accurate exponent of the progress of the race. The history of commerce implies the history of civilization; while reading the former, we become acquainted with the principal events in the march of the latter. Whoever contributes, by his labors or his discoveries, to multiply the facilities of international intercourse, has helped to promote the peace, knowledge, and happiness of mankind. And Maury might be said to have done this in an eminent degree, even if he had terminated his efforts after shortening the passages of the sea.

But his claim to be regarded as a public benefactor is strengthened by other reasons. He is the originator of a plan of investigation in natural science, which, in the number of the persons employed, and the extent of the researches, is (not forgetting the recent magnetic crusade) wholly without a parallel; and, moreover, is pregnant with future discoveries and results of exceeding consequence. He is also the promoter of a general national conference for scientific purposes, of a kind likely, now that the example is set, to be often assembled, and never without doing more to advance the real good of the nations, and the cause of international amity and concord, than all the Congresses of Vienna, which, by their usurpations, their sanctions of crime, and their unjust political divisions, have compelled, undoubtedly, the discontinuance of actual war, but can hardly be said to establish permanent peace.

The second branch of our subject, which, for the sake of discrimination, we have called the scientific, is that which comes more strictly under the title of the work before us, "*The Physical Geography of the Sea.*" Mr. Maury

thus comprehensively defines the scope of this title:—

"Under this term will be included a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the sea; of the circulation of the atmosphere and ocean; of the temperature and depth of the sea; of the wonders that are hidden in its depths; and of the phenomena that display themselves at its surface. In short, I shall treat of the economy of the sea and its adaptations—of its salts, its waters, its climates, and its inhabitants, and of whatever there may be of general interest in its commercial uses or industrial pursuits, for all such things pertain to its *PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.*"

We do not undertake to present a sketch, even, of the economy of Nature in this extended sphere of her operations. The author modestly claims to have "given only a table or two of contents from the interesting volume which the *Physical Geography of the Sea* is destined, one day, to open to us." But, if we were to follow him in his devious path, we should be called upon to trace the courses of the great oceanic currents, to describe that vast system of aqueous circulation, which, whether we contemplate it in respect of its causes or its effects, presents the grandest phenomena; to treat of the origin, history, and remarkable commercial and climatic influences of the Gulf-stream, our knowledge of which has been so much improved by the labors of Bache, and his assistants, of the coast survey; and to explore the current of inland seas like the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea. From the depths of the sea we should ascend to the heights of the atmosphere, and examine its motions and offices, and the laws of its circulation; and, in both of these cases, we should have no excuse for omitting a careful consideration of the various theories, either long established or recently propounded, by means of which the facts of observation are explained. And yet these are but some of the weighty investigations in which our author has engaged. We may say that they are even the most weighty; though the study of those laws and designs of Nature which act in spheres only to be measured by the extent of the globe itself, and which, in their causes and origin of action, reach beyond the globe, hardly admits of degrees of comparison.

ABOUT BARNs.

IT seems to me very desirable, even necessary to the preservation of the public morals, that the readers of the excellent "Putnam" should bestow some thought about Barns. To prevent misconception, let it be understood at this outset, that their attention is not asked to Albert Barnes, in whose granaries are stored away much Gospel grain and other spiritual fodder, but rustic Barns—barns for children to play in. All over New England and New York there are great timber barns, in Pennsylvania great stone barns, while in the West log barns yet prevail; but, at the present day, a new breed has come into life which may be called fancy work; prominent among all these is the great Berkshire barn, which the Argus eyes of the Tribune have seen, and its sharp pen has sketched, so that the world may know all about it.

It stands astride a mill stream, and receives the dammed water through all its capacious recesses; this bridled power saws timber, planes boards, washes cans, slices turnips, thrashes grain, waters cows, prepares milk and does much more that water can do. The building is a hundred and fifty feet long, seventy wide, and one hundred high, counting from the foot of the stone basement to the top of the observatory; it contains cattle stalls, iron mangers, ice-houses, milk-rooms, kitchens, and bed-rooms, and can be heated, if necessary, with hot water pipes. The food of all the fifty fine Devons, the ten generous Morgans, the hundred rich Southdowns, the twenty fat Berkshires is to be steamed and mashed in an immense kettle:—so, in short, stands the great Berkshire barn.

To us outsiders the question is, What is the use of it? and that involves a still higher question—What is the use of a barn at all? Will this superb barn advance the interests of agriculture? can it be a model? will it make more milk (without the aid of the water power), and will the people in Berkshire be wiser and better people in consequence of the barn? In other words, is its construction a judicious expenditure of money? The mashing of the turnips for the cows is rather a new feature in animal foddering, and may produce surprising results. It brings to mind an incident of a country tavern, in Kentucky, in whose sitting-

room reposed a weary, boozey man: rousing himself he said, earnestly:—

"Bill Smith!"

Now, Bill Smith kept the bar, and attended generally to the interests of the hostel, and the reply to this was:—

"He's gone to feed them hogs!"

Again, earnestly:—

"Can't some body else feed them hogs?"

"Yes, but he wants to measure the corn."

"Can't them hogs eat that corn without Bill Smith's measuring it?"

"Yes, but he wants to know how much to charge."

The boozey man relapsed into a state of disgusted indifference saying:—

"Bill Smith is a mercenary cuss."

It is far from my intention to apply the moral of this story to the owner of the great Berkshire barn; the point is this—to use the expressive dialect of Kentucky—Can't them cows eat them turnips without mashing on 'em? What has Berkshire not done in the past? what butter has she not churned? what calves raised? what red oxen broken? what *men* and *women* has she not sent forth, and all upon the old basis of red timber-barns, and unmashed turnips? By all means let us look kindly and hopefully upon genuine innovation, and be ready to accept every good, having a little care against extreme improvements and incredible expenditures.

Within a few years, and mainly since the versatile and lamented Downing gave voice to a genuine love for country matters, much thought and money has been expended upon Country-houses, the force of which has not been spent till it reached the Barns; and there, too, Davis, and Cabot, and Upjohn, and Vaux, and Walter, and Austin, architects of name and worth, have expanded themselves sometimes to good purpose, but mostly, as I will venture to say, in vain, and because they have not considered the subject from my point of view.

If the Fifth-Avenue-house theory, comprising as it does, gilded domes, private chapels, rosewood kitchens and many mirrors, be right and essential to the salvation of a well-bred man or woman; then nothing can be said against marble wash-stands and patent tooth-brushes for horses, while the primitive

old barn must give way to the new-fangled constructions so full of pretension, now called barns, which it would be no idolatry to worship, because they are like nothing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. Every new thing is not, therefore, good; and elaboration of verge-boards does not secure either convenience or beauty. No one need be surprised that, in such exaggerated Chinese pagodas, horses are afflicted with unknown diseases, and hens sullenly refuse to lay. Many people, probably all unreflective minds, suppose barns are intended for, and are principally, or only, useful to house hay and to stable cattle, and that, for any other purpose, they are not necessary at all. For myself—not for "Putnam"—without denying this common-place view, I take occasion here to protest against its prominence; "For what, then, are they useful?" I say, and I will maintain it against all gainsayers, that their chief value is for children to play in!

It depends much upon the theory of life the reader may have formed, whether he will admit this or deny it; whoever is so unfortunate as to suppose that life is great and holy only when we are able to build fine houses, or to be put in Mr. Beach's book of "Millionaires of New York," or to be a surprising pulpit orator, or to go to Congress, or to "carry twenty thousand francs of diamonds and fifteen thousand francs of lace," as an American lady did at a Paris ball the other night, or to be "observed" at Newport, or to be "noticed" on the platform with the Governor, by the morning press—whoever practices this kind of self-delusion will say that what I say is nonsense!—let them! I say that the main purpose of life is to make a MAN (or woman, for I am of the woman's rights party), not to make money or fame, except as means to enlarge one's own manhood; and that to this end all things else must tend. Now, nothing is more essential than good impressions in childhood, and nothing secures them like a good old barn. I speak well of my mother, who was formed in a large mould, but I insist on my grandfather's barn, and I am sure that I had more pleasure in it than I have had in the new opera house, and I would not exchange the recollections of the one for the other. My

grandfather's heart was as large as his barn, and the kingdom of God was within him, (I hope he is now beyond the reach of evil and selfish influences) and he knew well how necessary it was for us children to play on his hay, and he let us do it. Every Saturday afternoon my sister and I, with two other boys, played there; and on Sunday morning we went (she and I) to look for the eggs—for that was a work of necessity, and we did not then play much—for we were religious, and knew the catechism. But Saturday afternoon was our high tide, and we sailed free. My sister could not climb so well as I could, but she was sagacious in discovering hens' nests, and in the art of hiding unequaled; and, as she was a capital sympathizer and peace-maker, she kept her equality, and we thought her a good fellow, if she was a girl. True, we were sorry for her, but then we said she could not help it. There was no floor but the "thrashing" floor (as in a barn built for children there should not be), but on either side of it the deep bays extended, and high up the dusky light filled the roof, through which a pencil of sunshine showed the dancing motes. In that dim space the swallows wheeled, and we watched them hoping to scatter salt on their tails; but may-be our salt was poor, may-be our aim was bad, for we never caught one. We wondered what their mud nests up in the very ridge-pole contained; sometimes young ones we knew, but eggs we always hoped, and we sighed that we could not reach them, though the old swallows took a different view of it. It was hard to climb up to the great cross-ties, and my sister could not do it, so she did not enjoy as we did the suspended breath of long jumps into the hay, nor the imminent peril of walking that beam. From tie to tie there were lofts, where grain was stored, made by loose poles; there was every reason to expect that we should slip through these and fall prone twenty feet—but we never did; and this very danger gave a charm to all, that was very delicious: moreover, it stimulated our daring and educated our nerves, and was a security against the greater dangers of becoming "spooney" good boys, (not real good boys,) which are apt to result in long legs, long coat-tails, long nails, and long hair in after life—the immediate precursors of—

early marriage and other spooney good children. To be sure, we always tore our clothes, and we always hurt ourselves,—but we never got killed—children never do if providence is allowed to see to them, for the providence of children, when they are about to fall, always tilts them into the bay, not on to the floor. Pious parents would do well to have a little more trust in Providence; scapegraces are apt to overdo that, and to forget their own duty. My mother looked upon the injuries to our legs and to our pantaloons in quite a different light; and it was natural, too, for the last she had to mend, and the first would “get well.” However, we went on bravely till the shadows of evening stole upon us; then new revelations came to us, and we could not tell what large thing might not be sitting in the peak, nor what might not be lurking in the dark places, nor what those rustling noises might be, for we could hear something. Then the germ of imagination was stimulated to life, and the sublimest capacity of man—wonder—was wrought up to action, and who can tell but a poet was begun? Just at this critical moment, we rushed out into the evening sky, where we found Jane milking the quiet old cow in the first light of the evening star. About my grandfather's

cow there was nothing pokerish but her horns, which she shook at us now and then, so we stood by Jane and Kitty, very quietly watching the yellow milk as it streamed down into the foam, (which we knew was cream,) and then we walked home with Jane; not because we were afraid, but because we were good children and wanted our suppers. Such was the end of many a delicious Saturday afternoon in that old barn, and I am old enough to love its memories.

Now, in conclusion, I hope for three things:—

I hope, First, That when our litany is revised, immediately after “famine, pestilence, and sudden death,” we may be allowed to say, “from small Gothic barns, Good Lord deliver us!”

Secondly, That all good mothers will be sincerely sorry for what they have done, if they have supplied their boys with fringed pantaloons, a small cane, kid gloves, and long curls, instead of country air and a good barn.

Thirdly, That fathers of families will read this paper, (and, indeed, the whole magazine,) and at once begin to build roomy, ruinous old barns somewhere, for their children and the swallows, and so insure good consciences, manly boys, and—my blessing.

“THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH.”

GOLDEN-colored miller!

Leave the lamp, and fly away:
In that flame, so brightly gleaming,
Sure, though smiling, death is beaming—
Hasten to thy play!

Nearer?—foolish miller!

Look!—thy tiny wings will burn:
Just escaped!—but soon 'twill reach thee.
Ah! can dying only teach thee
Truths thou wilt not learn?

Didst thou whisper, miller?

Something like a voice and sigh
Seemed to say—“In all thy teaching,
Is there practice, or but preaching?
Dost thou more than I?”

Wisest little miller!
 I, indeed, have hung too long
 Round a flame more wildly burning,
 And, with heart too fond and yearning,
 Heard no charmer's song!

Blinder than a miller,
 Hovering with devoted gaze,
 Where such visions vain I cherish;
 Either they or I must perish
 Like that flickering blaze.

But the moonlight, miller,
 Better far befits our mirth:
 That calm, streaming light is given
 From the silent depths of heaven.
 Fire is born of earth.

CAPE COD.

*"Principium erit mirari omnia, etiam tritissima.
 Medium est calamo committere visa et utilia.
 Finis erit naturam adcuratius adlineare, quam alius" [si possumus].*
 LINNEUS DE PERGRINATIONE.

THE SHIPWRECK.

WISHING to get a better view than I had yet had of the ocean, which, we are told, covers more than two-thirds of the globe, but of which a man who lives a few miles inland may never see any trace, more than of another world, I made a visit to Cape Cod in October, '49, and another the succeeding June, the first time with a single companion, the last time alone. I have spent, in all, ten days on the Cape, but, having come so fresh to the sea, have got but little salted. My readers must expect only so much saltiness as the land-breeze acquires from blowing over an arm of the sea, or is tasted on the windows and on the bark of trees twenty miles inland after September gales.

Cape Cod is the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts; the shoulder is at Buzzard's Bay, the elbow, or crazy-bone, at Cape Mallebarre, the wrist at Truro, and the sandy fist at Provincetown—behind which the State stands on her guard, with her back to the Green Mountains, and her feet planted on the floor of the ocean, like an athlete protecting her bay—boxing with north-east storms, and, ever and anon, heaving

up her Atlantic adversary from the lap of earth; ready to thrust forward her other fist, which keeps guard the while upon her breast at Cape Ann.

On studying the map, I saw that there must be an uninterrupted beach on the east or outside of the fore-arm of the Cape, more than thirty miles from the general line of the coast, which would afford a good sea view; but that, on account of an opening in the beach, forming the entrance to Nanset Harbor, in Orleans, I must strike it in Eastham, if I approached it by land, and probably I could walk thence straight to Race Point, about twenty-eight miles, and not meet with any obstruction.

We left Concord, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, October 9th, 1849. On reaching Boston, we found that the Provincetown steamer, which should have got in the day before, had not yet arrived, on account of a violent storm; and, as we noticed in the streets a large handbill, on which were the words, "Death! 145 lives lost at Cohasset!" we decided to go by way of Cohasset. There were many Irish in the cars, going to identify bodies and to sympathize with

the survivors, and also to attend the funeral which was to take place in the afternoon. When we arrived at Cohasset, it appeared that nearly all the passengers were bound for the beach, which was about a mile distant, and many other persons were flocking in from the neighboring country. There were several hundreds of them streaming off over Cohasset common in that direction—some on foot and some in wagons—and, among them, I noticed some sportsmen in their hunting jackets, with their guns and game-bags and dogs. As we passed the grave-yard we saw a large hole, like a cellar, freshly dug there, and, just before reaching the shore, by a pleasantly winding and rocky road, we met several hay-rigging and farm wagons coming away toward the meeting-house, each loaded with three large, rough deal boxes. We needed not to ask what was in them. The owners of the wagons were made the undertakers. Many horses in carriages were fastened to the fences near the shore, and, for a mile or more, up and down, the beach was covered with people looking out for bodies and examining the fragments of the wreck. This is the rockiest shore in Massachusetts, from Nantasket to Scituate—hard sienitic rocks, which the waves have laid bare, but have not been able to crumble. It has been the scene of many a shipwreck.

The brig *St. John*, from Galway, Ireland, laden with emigrants, was wrecked on Sunday morning; it was now Tuesday morning, and the sea was still breaking violently on the rocks. There were eighteen or twenty of the same large boxes that I have mentioned, lying on a green hill-side, a few rods from the water, and surrounded by a crowd. The bodies which had been recovered, twenty-seven or eight in all, had been collected there. Some were rapidly nailing down the lids, others were carting the boxes away, and others were lifting the lids, which were yet loose, and peeping under the cloths—for each body, with such rags as still adhered to it, was covered loosely with a white sheet. I witnessed no signs of grief, but there was a sober dispatch of business which was affecting. One man was seeking to identify a particular body, and one undertaker or carpenter was calling to another to know in what box a certain child was put. I saw

many marble feet and matted heads as the cloths were raised, and one livid, swollen and mangled body of a drowned girl—who probably had intended to go out to service in some American family—to which some rags still adhered, with a string, half concealed by the flesh, about its swollen neck; the coiled-up wreck of a human hulk, gashed by the rocks or fishes, so that the bone and muscle were exposed, but quite bloodless—merely red and white—with wide-open and staring eyes, yet lusterless, dead-lights; or, like the cabin windows of a stranded vessel, filled with sand. Sometimes there were two or more children, or a parent and child in the same box, and on the lid would perhaps be written with red chalk, "Bridget such-a-one, and sister's child." The surrounding sward was covered with bits of sails and clothing. I have since heard, from one who lives by this beach, that a woman who had come over before, but had left her infant behind for her sister to bring, came and looked into these boxes, and saw in one,—probably the same whose superscription I have quoted—her child in her sister's arms, as if the sister had meant to be found thus; and, within three days after, the mother died from the effect of that sight.

We turned from this and walked along the rocky shore. In the first cave were strewn, what seemed the fragments of a vessel, in small pieces mixed with sand and sea-weed, and great quantities of feathers; but it looked so old and rusty, that I, at first, took it to be some old wreck which had lain there many years; I even thought of Capt. Kidd, and that the feathers were those which sea-fowl had cast there; and, perhaps, there might be some tradition about it in the neighborhood. I asked a sailor if that was the *St. John*. He said it was. I asked him where she struck. He pointed to a rock in front of us, a mile from the shore, called the *Grampus Rock*, and added:—

"You can see a part of her now sticking up; it looks like a small boat."

I saw it. It was thought to be held by the chain-cables and the anchors. I asked if the bodies which I saw were all that were drowned.

"Not a quarter of them," said he.

"Where are the rest?"

"Most of them right underneath that piece you see."

It appeared to us that there was enough rubbish to make the wreck of a large vessel in this cove alone, and that it would take many days to cart it off. It was several feet deep, and here and there was a bonnet or a jacket on it. In the very midst of the crowd about this wreck, there were men with carts busily collecting the sea-weed which the storm had cast up, and conveying it beyond the reach of the tide, though they were often obliged to separate fragments of clothing from it, and they might, at any moment, have found a human body under it. Drown who might, they did not forget that this weed was a valuable manure. This shipwreck had not produced a visible vibration in the fabric of society.

About a mile south we could see, rising above the rocks, the masts of the British brig which the *St. John* had endeavored to follow, which had slipped her cables, and, by good luck, run into the mouth of Cohasset Harbor. A little further along the shore we saw a man's clothes on a rock; further, a woman's scarf, a gown, a straw bonnet, the brig's caboose, and one of her masts high and dry, broken into several pieces. In another rocky cove, several rods from the water, and behind rocks twenty feet high, lay a part of one side of the vessel still hanging together. It was, perhaps, forty feet long, by fourteen wide. I was even more astonished at the power of the waves, exhibited on this shattered fragment, than I had been at the sight of the smaller fragments before. The largest timbers and iron braces were broken superfluously, and I saw that no material could withstand the power of the waves; that iron must go to pieces in such a case, and an iron vessel would be cracked up like an egg-shell on the rocks. Some of these timbers, however, were so rotten that I could almost thrust my umbrella through them. They told us that some were saved on this piece, and also showed where the sea had heaved it into this cove, which was now dry. When I saw where it had come in, and in what condition, I wondered that any had been saved on it. A little further on, a crowd of men was collected around the mate of the *St. John*, who was telling his story. He was a slim-looking youth, who spoke of the captain as the master, and seemed a little excited. He was saying that when they jumped into the boat, she filled, and the vessel

lurching, the weight of the water in the boat caused the painter to break, and so they were separated. Whereat one man came away, saying:—

"Well, I don't see but he tells a straight story enough. You see, the weight of the water in the boat broke the painter. A boat full of water is very heavy—" and so on, in a loud and impertinently earnest tone, as if he had a bet depending on it, but had no humane interest in the matter. Another, a large man, stood near by upon a rock, gazing into the sea, and chewing large quids of tobacco, as if that habit were forever confirmed with him.

"Come," says another to his companion, "let's be off. We've seen the whole of it. It's no use to stay to the funeral."

Further, we saw one standing upon a rock, who, we were told, was one that was saved. He was a sober-looking man, dressed in a jacket and gray pantaloons, with his hands in the pockets. I asked him a few questions, which he answered; but he seemed unwilling to talk about it, and soon walked away. By his side stood one of the life-boat men, in an oil-cloth jacket, who told us how they went to the relief of the British brig, thinking that the boat of the *St. John*, which they passed on the way, held all her crew,—for the waves prevented their seeing those who were on the vessel, though they might have saved some had they known there were any there. A little further was the flag of the *St. John* spread on a rock to dry, and held down by stones at the corners. This frail but essential and significant portion of the vessel, which had so long been the sport of the winds, was sure to reach the shore. There were one or two houses visible from these rocks, in which were some of the survivors recovering from the shock which their bodies and minds had sustained. One was not expected to live.

We kept on down the shore as far as a promontory called White-head, that we might see more of the Cohasset Rocks. In a little cove, within half a mile, there were an old man and his son collecting, with their team, the sea-weed which that fatal storm had cast up, as serenely employed as if there had never been a wreck in the world, though they were within sight of the *Grampus Rock* on which the *St. John* had struck. The old man had heard that there was a

wreck, and knew most of the particulars, but he said that he had not been up there since it happened. It was the wrecked weed that concerned him most, rock-weed, kelp, and sea-weed as he named them, which he carted to his barn-yard; and those bodies were to him but other weeds which the tide cast up, but which were of no use to him. We afterwards came to the life-boat in its harbor, waiting for another emergency, —and in the afternoon we saw the funeral procession at a distance, a the head of which walked the captain with the other survivors.

On the whole, it was not so impressive a scene as I might have expected. If I had found one body cast upon the beach in some lonely place, it would have affected me more. I sympathized rather with the winds and waves, as if to toss and mangle these poor human bodies was the order of the day. If this was the law of Nature, why waste any time in awe or pity? If the last day were come, we should not think so much about the separation of friends or the blighted prospects of individuals. I saw that corpses might be multiplied, as on the field of battle, till they no longer affected us in any degree, as exceptions to the common lot of humanity. Take all the grave-yards together, they are always the majority. It is the individual and private that demands our sympathy. A man can attend but one funeral in the course of his life, can behold but one corpse. Yet I saw that the inhabitants of the shore would be not a little affected by this event. They would watch there many days and nights for the sea to give up its dead, and their imaginations and sympathies would supply the place of mourners far away, who, as yet, knew not of the wreck. Many days after this, something white was seen floating on the water by one who was sauntering on the beach. It was approached in a boat, and found to be the body of a woman, which had risen in an upright position, whose white cap was blowing back with the wind. I saw that the beauty of the shore itself was wrecked for many a lonely walker there, until he could perceive, at last, how its beauty was enhanced by wrecks like this, and it acquired thus a rarer and sublimer beauty still.

Why care for these dead bodies? They really have no friends but the worms or fishes. Their owners were

coming to the New World, as Columbus and the Pilgrims did, they were within a mile of its shores; but, before they could reach it, they emigrated to a newer world than ever Columbus dreamed of, yet one of whose existence we believe that there is far more universal and convincing evidence—though it has not yet been discovered by science—than Columbus had of this; not merely mariners' tales and some paltry drift-wood and sea-weed, but a continual drift and instinct to all our shores and continents. I saw their empty hulks that came to land; but they themselves, meanwhile, were cast upon some shore yet further west, toward which we are all tending, and which we shall reach at last, it may be through storm and darkness, as they did. No doubt, we have reason to thank God, that they have not been "shipwrecked into life again." The mariner who makes the safest port in Heaven, perchance, seems to his friends on earth to be shipwrecked, for they deem Boston harbor the better place; though, perhaps, invisible to them, a skillful pilot comes to meet him, and the fairest and balmyest gales blow off that coast, his good ship makes the land in halcyon days, and he kisses the shore in rapture there, while his old hulk toesses in the surf here. It is hard to part with one's body, but no doubt, it is easy enough to do without it when once it is gone. All their plans and hopes burst like a bubble! Infants by the score dashed on the rocks by the enraged Atlantic Ocean! No, no! If the St. John did not make her port here, she has been telegraphed there. The strongest wind cannot stagger a Spirit; it is a Spirit's breath. A just man's purpose cannot be split on any Grampus or material rook, but itself will split rocks till it succeeds.

The verses addressed to Columbus, dying, may, with slight alterations, be applied to the passengers of the St. John.

"Soon with them will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear them to discover,
Far away, a land unknown.

"Land that each, alone, must visit,
But no tidings bring to men;
For no sailor, once departed,
Ever hath returned again.

"No carved wood, no broken branches,
Ever drift from that far wild,
He who on that ocean launches
Meets no corse of angel child.

"Undismayed, my noble sailors,
Spread, then spread your canvas out;
Spirits! on a sea of ether,
Soon shall ye serenely float!

"Where the deep no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there,
And the fanning wing of angels
Shall your bark right onward bear.

"Quit, now, full of heart and comfort,
These rude shores. they are of earth;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the blessed isles loom forth."

One summer day, since this, I came this way, on foot, along the shore from Boston. It was so warm, that some horses had climbed to the very top of the ramparts of the old fort at Hull, where there was hardly room to turn round, for the sake of the breeze. The *datura stramonium*, or apple-Peru, was in full bloom along the beach; and, at sight of this cosmopolite, this Captain Cook among plants, carried in ballast all over the world, I felt as if I were on the highway of nations. Say, rather, this Vikingr, king of the Bays, for it is not an innocent plant; it suggests not merely commerce, but its attendant vices, as if its fibres were the stuff of which pirates spin their yarns. I heard the voices of men shouting aboard a vessel, half a mile from the shore, which sounded as if they were in a barn in the country, they being between the sails. It was a purely rural sound. As I looked over the water, I saw the isles rapidly washing away, the sea nibbling voraciously at the continent, the springing arch of a hill suddenly interrupted, as at Point Allerton—what botanists might call premorse—showing, by its curve against the sky, how much space it must have occupied, where now was water only. On the other hand, these wrecks of isles were being fancifully arranged into new shores, as at Hog Island, inside of Hull, where every thing seemed to be gently lapsing into futurity; and I thought that the inhabitants should bear a ripple for device on their shields, a wave passing over them, with the *datura*, which is said to produce mental alienation of long duration without affecting the bodily health, springing from its edge. The most interesting thing which I heard of, in this township of Hull, was an unfailing spring, whose locality was pointed out to me, on the side of a distant hill, as I was panting along the shore, though I did not visit it. On Nantasket beach I counted a

dozen chaises from the public-house. From time to time the riders turned their horses toward the sea, standing in the water for the coolness, and I saw the value of beaches to cities for the sea breeze and the bath.

At Jerusalem village, the inhabitants were collecting, in haste, before a thunder shower, now approaching, the Irish moss which they had spread to dry. The shower passed on one side, and gave me a few drops only, which did not cool the air. I merely felt a puff upon my cheek, though, within sight, a vessel was capsized in the bay. The sea-bathing at Cohasset Rocks was perfect. The water was purer and more transparent than any I had ever seen. There was not a particle of mud or slime about it. The bottom being sandy, I could see the sea-perch swimming about. The smooth and fantastically worn rocks, and the perfectly clean and tress-like rock-weeds falling over you, and attached so firmly to the rocks that you could pull yourself up by them, greatly enhanced the luxury of the bath. The stripe of barnacles just above the weeds reminded me of some vegetable growth, the buds and petals and seed-vessels of flowers. It was one of the hottest days in the year, yet I found the water so icy cold that I could swim but a stroke or two, and thought, that in case of shipwreck, there would be more danger of being chilled to death than simply drowned. One immersion was enough to make you forget the dog-days utterly. Though you were sweltering before, it will take you half an hour now to remember that it was ever warm. There were the tawny rocks, like lions couchant, defying the ocean—whose waves incessantly dashed against and scoured them with vast quantities of gravel. The water held in their little hollows, on the receding of the tide, was so crystalline that I could not believe it salt, but wished to drink it; and higher up were basins of fresh water left by the rain—all which, being also of different depths and temperature, were convenient for different kinds of baths. Also, the larger hollows in the smoothed rocks formed the most convenient of seats and dressing-rooms. In these respects it was the most perfect sea-shore that I had seen.

This rocky shore is called Pleasant Cove, on some maps; on the map of Cohasset, that name appears to be confined to the particular cove where I saw

the wreck of the *St. John*. The ocean did not look, now, as if any were ever shipwrecked in it; it was not grand and sublime, but beautiful as a lake. Not a vestige of a wreck was visible, nor could I believe that the bones of many a shipwrecked man were buried in that pure sand. But to go on with our first excursion.

STAGE-COACH VIEWS.

After spending the night in Bridgewater, and picking up a few arrowheads there in the morning, we took the cars for Sandwich, where we arrived before noon. This was the terminus of the "Cape Cod Railroad," though it is but the beginning of the Cape. As it rained hard, with driving mists, and, as there was no sign of its holding up, we here took that almost obsolete conveyance, the stage, for "as far as it went that day," as we told the driver. We had forgotten how far a stage could go in a day, but we understood that the Cape roads were very "heavy," though they told us that, being of sand, the rain would improve them. This coach was an exceedingly narrow one, but as there was a slight spherical excess over two on a seat, the driver waited till nine passengers had got in, without taking the measure of any of them, and then shut the door after two or three ineffectual slams, as if the fault were all in the hinges or the latch—while we timed our inspirations and expirations so as to assist him.

We were now fairly on the Cape, which extends from Sandwich eastward thirty-five miles, and thence north and northwest thirty more, in all sixty-five, and has an average breadth of about five miles. In the interior it rises to the height of two hundred, and sometimes perhaps three hundred, feet above the level of the sea. According to Hitchcock, the geologist of the State, it is composed almost entirely of sand, even to the depth of three hundred feet in some places—though there is probably a concealed core of rock a little beneath the surface—and it is of diluvial origin, excepting a small portion at the extremity and elsewhere along the shores, which is alluvial. For the first half of the Cape large blocks of stone are found, here and there, mixed with the sand, but for the last thirty miles boulders, or even gravel, are rarely met with. Hitchcock conjectures that the ocean

has, in course of time, eaten out Boston harbor and other bays in the main land, and that the minute fragments have been deposited by the currents at a distance from the shore, and formed this sand bank. Above the sand, if the surface is subjected to agricultural tests, there is found to be a thin layer of soil gradually diminishing from Barnstable to Truro, where it ceases; but there are many holes and rents in this weather-beaten garment not likely to be stitched in time, which reveal the naked flesh of the Cape, and its extremity is completely bare.

I at once got out my book, the eighth volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, printed in 1802, which contains some short notices of the Cape towns, and began to read up to where I was—for in the cars I could not read as fast as I traveled. To those who came from the side of Plymouth, it said:—"After riding through a body of woods, twelve miles in extent, interspersed with but few houses, the settlement of Sandwich appears, with a more agreeable effect, to the eye of the traveler." Another writer speaks of this as a beautiful village. But I think that our villages will bear to be contrasted only with one another, not with Nature. I have no great respect for the writer's taste, who talks easily about *beautiful* villages, embellished, perchance, with a "fulling-mill," "a handsome academy," or meeting-house, and "a number of shops for the different mechanic arts;" where the green and white houses of the gentry, drawn up in rows, front on a street of which it would be difficult to tell whether it is most like a desert or a long stable-yard. Such spots can be beautiful only to the weary traveler, or the returning native—or, perchance, the repentant misanthrope; not to him who, with unprejudiced senses, has just come out of the woods, and approaches one of them, by a bare road, through a succession of straggling homesteads where he cannot tell which is the alms-house. However, as for Sandwich, I cannot speak particularly. Ours was but half a Sandwich at most, and that must have fallen on the buttered side some time. I only saw that it was a closely-built town for a small one, with glass-works to improve its sand, and narrow streets in which we turned round and round till we could not tell which way we were going, and the rain came

in, first on this side, and then on that, and I saw that they in the houses were more comfortable than we in the coach. My book also said of this town—"the inhabitants, in general, are substantial livers." that is, I suppose, they do not live like philosophers; but, as the stage did not stop long enough for us to dine, we had no opportunity to test the truth of this statement. It may have referred, however, to the quantity "of oil they would yield." It further said, "the inhabitants of Sandwich generally manifest a fond and steady adherence to the manners, employments and modes of living which characterized their fathers;" which made me think that they were, after all, very much like all the rest of the world; and it added that this was "a resemblance, which, at this day, will constitute no impeachment of either their virtue or taste;" which remark only proves to me that the writer was one with the rest of them. No people ever lived by cursing their fathers, however great a curse their fathers may have been to them. But it must be confessed that ours was old authority, and probably they have changed all that now.

Our route was along the Bay side, through Barnstable, Yarmouth, Dennis and Brewster, to Orleans, with a range of low hills on our right, running down the Cape. The weather was not favorable for wayside views, but we made the most of such glimpses of land and water as we could get through the rain. The country was, for the most part, bare, or with only a little scrubby wood left on the hills. We noticed in Yarmouth—and, if I do not mistake, in Dennis—large tracts where pitch pines were planted four or five years before. They were in rows, as they appeared when we were abreast of them, and, excepting that there were extensive vacant spaces, seemed to be doing remarkably well. This, we were told, was the only use to which such tracts could be profitably put. Every higher eminence had a pole set up on it, with an old storm-coat or sail tied to it, for a signal, that those on the south side of the Cape, for instance, might know when the Boston packets had arrived on the north. It appeared as if this use must absorb the greater part of the old clothes of the Cape, leaving but few rags for the peddlers. The wind-mills on the hills—large weather-stained octagonal structures—

and the salt-works scattered all along the shore—with their long rows of vats resting on piles driven into the marsh, their low, turtle-like roofs, and their slighter wind-mills—were novel and interesting objects to a countryman. The sand by the roadside was partially covered with bunches of a moss-like plant, *Hudsonia tomentosa*, which, a woman in the stage told us, was called "poverty grass," because it grew where nothing else would.

I was struck by the pleasant equality which reigned among the stage company, and their broad and invulnerable good humor. They were what is called free and easy, and met one another to advantage, as men who had, at length, learned how to live. They appeared to know each other when they were strangers, they were so simple and downright. They were well met, in an unusual sense, that is, they met as well as they could meet, and did not seem to be troubled with any impediment. They were not afraid, nor ashamed of one another, but were contented to make just such a company as the ingredients allowed. It was evident, that the same foolish respect was not here claimed, for mere wealth and station, that is in many parts of New England; yet, some of them were the "first people," as they are called, of the various towns through which we passed. Retired sea-captains, in easy circumstances, who talked of farming as sea-captains are wont; an erect, respectable, and trustworthy looking man, in his wrapper, some of the salt of the earth, who had formerly been the salt of the sea; or a more courtly gentleman, who, perchance, had been a representative to the General Court in his day; or a broad, red-faced Cape Cod man, who had seen too many storms to be easily irritated; or a fisherman's wife, who had been waiting a week for a coaster, to leave Boston, and had at length come by the cars.

Still we kept on in the rain, or, if we stopped, it was commonly at a post-office, and we thought, that writing letters, and sorting them against our arrival, must be the principal employment of the inhabitants of the Cape, this rainy day. The Post-office appeared a singularly domestic institution here. Ever and anon the stage stopped before some low shop or dwelling, and a wheelwright or shoemaker appeared in his

shirt sleeves and leather apron, with spectacles newly donned, holding up Uncle Sam's bag, as if it were a slice of home-made cake, for the travelers, while he retailed some piece of gossip to the driver, really as indifferent to the presence of the former, as if they were so much baggage. In one instance, we understood that a woman was the post-mistress, and they said that she made the best one on the road; but we suspected that the letters must be subjected to a very close scrutiny there. While we were stopping, for this purpose, at Dennis, we ventured to put our heads out of the windows, to see where we were going, and saw rising before us, through the mist, singular barren hills, all stricken with poverty grass, looming up as if they were in the horizon, though they were close to us, and we thought we had got to the end of the land on that side, notwithstanding that the horses were still headed that way. Indeed, that part of Dennis which we saw was an exceedingly barren and desolate country, of a character which I can find no name for; such a surface, perhaps, as the bottom of the sea made dry land day before yesterday. It was covered with poverty grass, and there was hardly a tree in sight, but here and there a little weather-stained, one-storied house, with a red roof—for often the roof was painted, though the rest of the house was not—standing bleak and cheerless, yet, with a broad foundation to the land, where the comfort must have been all inside. Yet we read in the *Gazeteer*, for we carried that, too, with us, that in '37, one hundred and fifty masters of vessels, belonging to this town, sailed from the various ports of the Union. There must be many more houses in the south part of the town, else we cannot imagine where they all lodge when they are at home, if ever they are there; but the truth is, their houses are floating ones, and their home is on the ocean. There were almost no trees at all in this part of Dennis, nor could I learn that they talked of setting out any. It is true, there was a meeting-house, set round with Lombardy poplars, in a hollow square, the rows fully as straight as the studs of a building, and the corners as square; but, if I do not mistake, every one of them was dead. I could not help thinking that they needed a revival here. Our book said, that, in 1795,

there was erected in Dennis "an elegant meeting-house, with a steeple." Perhaps, this was the one; though whether it had a steeple, or had died down so far from sympathy with the poplars, I do not remember. Another meeting-house in this town was described as a "neat building," but of the meeting-house in Chatham, a neighboring town, for there was then but one, nothing is said, except that it "is in good repair," both which remarks, I trust, may be understood as applying to the churches spiritual as well as material. However, "elegant meeting-houses," from that Trinity one, on Broadway, to this at Nobscusset, in my estimation, belong to the same category with "beautiful villages." I was never in season to see one. Handsome is that handsome does. What they did for shade here, in warm weather, we did not know, though we read that "fogs are more frequent in Chatham than in any other part of the country; and they serve, in summer, instead of trees, to shelter the houses against the heat of the sun. To those who delight in extensive vision,"—is it to be inferred that the inhabitants of Chatham do not?—"they are unpleasant, but they are not found to be unhealthful." Probably, also, the unobstructed sea-breeze answers the purpose of a fan.

The road, which was quite hilly, here ran near the Bay-shore, having the Bay on one side and "the rough hill of Scargo," said to be the highest land on the Cape, on the other. Of the wide prospect of the Bay, afforded by the summit of this hill, our guide says:—"The view has not much of the beautiful in it, but it communicates a strong emotion of the sublime." That is the kind of communication which we love to have made to us. We passed through the village of Suet, in Dennis, on Suet and Quivet Necks, of which it is said, "when compared with Nobscusset"—we had a misty recollection of having passed through, or near to, the latter,—"it may be denominated a pleasant village; but, in comparison with the village of Sandwich, there is little or no beauty in it." However, we liked Dennis well, better than any town we had seen on the Cape, it was so novel, and, in that stormy day, so sublimely dreary.

Captain John Sears, of Suet, was the first person in this country who obtained pure marine salt by solar evaporation

alone; though it had long been made in a similar way on the coast of France, and elsewhere. This was in the year 1776, at which time, on account of the war, salt was scarce and dear. The Historical Collections contain an interesting account of his experiments, which we read when we first saw the roofs of the salt-works. Barnstable county is the most favorable locality for these works on our coast, there is so little fresh water here emptying into ocean. Quite recently there were about two millions of dollars invested in this business here. But now the Cape is unable to compete with the importers of salt and the manufacturers of it at the West, and, accordingly, her salt-works are fast going to decay. From making salt, they turn to fishing more than ever. The *Gazetteer* will uniformly tell you, under the head of each town, more correctly than I can, how many go a-fishing, and the value of the fish and oil taken, how much salt is made and used, how many are engaged in the coasting trade, how many in manufacturing palm-leaf hats, leather, boots, shoes, and tinware, and then it has done, and leaves you to imagine the more truly domestic manufactures which are nearly the same all the world over.

Late in the afternoon, we rode through Brewster, so named after Elder Brewster, for fear he would be forgotten else. Who has not heard of Elder Brewster? Who knows who he was? This appeared to be the modern-built town of the Cape, the favorite residence of retired sea-captains. It is said that "there are more masters and mates, of vessels which sail on foreign voyages, belonging to this place than to any other town in the country." There were many of the modern American houses here, such as they turn out at Cambridgeport, standing on the sand; you could almost swear that they had been floated down Charles River, and

drifted across the bay. I call them American, because they are paid for by Americans, and "put up" by American carpenters; but they are little removed from lumber, only eastern stuff disguised with white paint, the least interesting kind of drift-wood to me. Perhaps we have reason to be proud of our naval architecture, and need not go to the Greeks, or the Goths, or the Italians, for the models of our vessels. Sea-captains do not employ a Cambridgeport carpenter to build their floating houses, and for their houses on shore, if they must copy any, it would be more agreeable to the imagination to see one of their vessels turned bottom upward, in the Numidian fashion. We read that, "at certain seasons, the reflection of the sun upon the windows of the houses in Wellfleet and Truro [across the inner side of the elbow of the Cape] is discernible with the naked eye, at a distance of eighteen miles and upward, on the county road." This we were pleased to imagine, as we had not seen the sun for twenty-four hours.

At length, we stopped for the night at Higgins's tavern, in Orleans, feeling very much as if we were on a sand-bar in the ocean, and not knowing whether we should see land or water ahead when the mist cleared away. We here overtook two Italian boys, who had waded thus far down the Cape through the sand, with their organs on their backs, and were going on to Provincetown. What a hard lot, we thought, if the Provincetown people should shut their doors against them! Whose yard would they go to next? Yet we concluded that they had chosen wisely to come here, where other music than that of the surf must be rare. Thus the great civilizer sends out its emissaries, sooner or later, to every sandy cape and light-house of the New World, which the census-taker visits, and summons the savage there to surrender.

(To be continued.)

THE MORMON'S WIFE.

"'Woe to that man,' his warning voice replied
To all who question'd, or in silence sigh'd—
'Woe to that man who ventures truth to win,
And seeks his object by the path of sin!'—SCHILLER.

"I DON'T think much, my young friend, of those Mormons! I have had some reasons of my own for disliking them!" said Parson Field to me, as we sat together, one August noon, in the porch of his red house at Plainfield.

"Do tell me, sir," said I, settling myself in an easy attitude to hear his story—for a story from Parson Field was not to be despised—his quaint simplicity bringing out, in old-time and expressive phrases, whatever he describes with the clear fidelity of an interior by Mieris. "Do tell me," said I again, with a deeper emphasis; whereat the old gentleman looked at me over his spectacles, and, smiling benignantly into my eager face, began.

"When I first came to Plainfield," said he, "more than thirty years ago, I had been a minister of the Lord only ten years, and I had been settled for that period of time in a large city, where I served acceptably to a worthy congregation; but certain reasons of my own induced me to leave that situation, and come here to live, where also I found acceptance, and not many months after I came there was a considerable reviving of the work in this place, and many believed. Of these was a certain Joseph Frazer, a young Scotchman, concerning whom I felt much misgiving, lest he should take the wrong path; but he, in due season, joined himself to the church, and edified the brethren in walk and conversation; so that, when he left Plainfield and settled in the West Indies, we were loth to have him go.

"Some years afterwards we heard he was married there to a lady of Spanish extraction, and a Catholic; and, after ten years elapsed, she died, leaving him one child, a daughter, eight years of age, and with her he came to Plainfield, desiring that the child, whom he had named Adeline, after his own mother, should have a New England training.

"But, wonderful are the way of Providence! On his return to Cuba, he perished in the vessel, which went down in a heavy gale off Cape Hatteras; and

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when the news came to his mother, old Mrs. Frazer, she sent for me that I should tell the child Adeline, for she had given proofs of a singular nature, ardent and self-confident in the extreme. I took my hat, and went over to Mrs. Frazer's, with a very heavy heart, for the grief of a child is a fearful thing to me, and to be the bringer of evil tidings, that shall stain the pureness and calm of a child's thoughts with the irreparable shadow of death, is no light thing, nor easily to be done. I entered into the house one day in June: it was a very sweet day, and, as I walked quietly into the low kitchen, I saw Adeline, with her head resting on her hands, and her large eyes eagerly gazing out of the window at the gambols of a scarlet-throated humming-bird. I went close to her, and thought to myself that I would speak, but I did not, for I saw that, in her little pale face, which made me more sad than before; and I had it on my lips to say, 'Adeline, are you homesick?' (which was the thing of all others I should not say) when suddenly she turned about, and answered the question before I spoke it.

"'Sir,' said she, 'I wish I was in Cuba. I had just such a humming-bird at home; and I fed it with orange boughs full of white flowers, every day; but you have no orange trees here, and I have no papa!'

"It seemed to me that the child's angel had thus opened the way for me to speak, and I began to say some things about the love of our universal Father, when she laid her little hand on my arm with a fearfully strong pressure. 'Mr. Field,' said she, 'is my papa dead?' I never shall forget the eyes that looked that question into mine. I felt like an unveiled spirit before their eager, piercing stare. I did not answer except by a strong quiver of feeling that would run over my features, for I loved her father even as a kinsman, and I needed to say nothing more, for the child fell at my feet quite rigid, and I called Mrs. Frazer, who tried all her nurse-arts to restore little Adeline; but was forced, at last, to send for a physi-

cian, who bled the child, and brought her round.

"In the mean time I had gone home to prepare my sermon, for it was not yet finished, and the day was Friday; but I kept seeing that little lifeless face, all orphaned as it was, and the Scripture, 'As one whom his mother comforteth,' was so borne in upon my mind, that, although I had previously fixed upon one adapted to a setting forth of the doctrine of election, I was wrought upon to make the other the subject of my discourse: and truly the people wept; almost all but Adeline, who sat in the square pew with her great eyes fixed upon me, and her small lips apart, like one who drinks from the stream of a rock.

"The next day I was resting, as my custom is, after the Sabbath: and in a warm, fair day, I find no better rest than to sit by the open window, and breathe the summer air, and fill my eyes and heart with the innumerable love-tokens that God hath set thickly in Nature. I was, therefore, at my usual place, wrapt in thought, and beholding the labours of a small bird which taught her young to fly, when I felt a light, cold touch, and, turning, saw little Adeline beside me. 'Sir,' said she, without any preface, 'when my papa went away, he left with me a letter, which he said I was to give you if he died.' So far she spoke steadily, but there the small voice quivered and broke down. I took the letter she proffered me, and, breaking the seal, found it a short but touching appeal to me, as the spiritual father of Joseph Frazer, to take his own child under my care, and be as a father to her, inasmuch as his mother was old and feeble, and also to be executor of his will, of which a copy was enclosed. I said this much to the child as shortly as I could, and with her grave voice she replied, 'Sir, I should like to be your little girl, if you will preach me some more sermons.' Now I was affected at this answer; not the less that the leaven of pride, which worketh in every man, was fed by even a baby's praise; and, putting on my hat, I walked over to Mrs. Frazer's house and laid the matter before her. She was not, at first, willing to give Adeline up, but at length, after much converse to and fro, she came to my conclusion, that the child would be better in my hands, inasmuch

as she herself could not hope for a long continuance: and, as it was ordered, she died the next summer. I sent for my sister Martha, who was somewhat past marriageable years, but kind and good, to come and keep house for me, and from that time Adeline was as my own child. But I must hasten over a time, for I am too long in telling this.

"In course of years the child grew up, tall and slender, of a very stately carriage, and having that scriptural glory of a woman, long and abundant hair.

"She was still very fervid in her feelings, but reserved and proud, and I fear I had been too tender with her for her good, inasmuch as she thought her own will and pleasure must always be fulfilled, and we all know that is not one of the ordinations of Providence.

"As Adeline came to be a woman, divers youths of my congregation were given to call of a Sabbath night, with red apples for me, and redder cheeks for Adeline, who was scarcely civil to them, and often left them to my conversation, which they seemed not to relish so much as would have been pleasing to human nature.

"But my sainted mother, who was not wanting in the wisdom of this world, was used to say that every man and woman had their time of crying for the moon, and while some knew it to be a burning fire, and others scornfully called it cheese, and if they got it, either burned their fingers, or despised their desire, still all generations must have their turn, and truly, I believed it, when I found that Adeline herself began to have a pining for something which I could not persuade her to specify. The child grew thin and pale, and ceased the singing of psalms at her daily task, and I could not devise what should be done for her; though Martha strongly recommended certain herb teas, which Adeline somewhat unreasonably rebelled against. However, about this time, my attention was a little turned from her, as there was much religious awakening in the place, and among others, whom the deacons singled out as special objects of attention, was one John Henderson, a frequent visitor at our house, and a young man of good parts and kindly feeling, as it seemed, but of a peculiar nature, being easily led into either right or wrong, yet still given to fits of stubbornness,

when he could not be drawn, so to speak, with a cart-rope.

"Now Adeline had been a professor of religion for some years, but it did not seem to me that she took a right view of this particular season, for many times she refused to go to the prayer-meetings, even to those which were held with special intentions towards the unconverted; and many times, on my return, I found her with pale cheeks and red eyes, evidently from tears. About this time, also, she began to take long, solitary walks, from which she returned with her hands full of wild flowers, for it was now early spring; but she cared nothing for the flowers, and would scatter them about the house to fade, without a thought. In the mean time, the revival progressed, but, I lament to say, with no visible change in John Henderson. He had gotten into one of his stubborn moods of mind, and neither heaven nor hell seemed to affect him. The only softening I could perceive in the young man was during the singing of hymns, which was well done in our meeting-house, for Adeline led the choir, and I noticed that, whenever that part of the exercises began, John Henderson would lift up his head, and a strange color and tender expression seemed to melt the hard lines of his face.

"Somewhere about the latter end of April, as I was returning from a visit to a sick man, I met John coming from a piece of woods, that lay behind my house about a mile, with his hands full of liverwort blossoms. I do not know why this little circumstance gave me comfort, yet, I have ever observed, that a man who loves the manifestations of God in his works is more likely to be led into religion than a brutal or a mere business man: so I was desirous of speaking to the youth, but when he saw me he turned from the straight path, and, like an evil-doer, fled across the fields another way. I did not call after him, for some experience has constrained me to think that there is no little wisdom in sometimes letting people alone, but I took my own way home, and, having put on my cloth shoes to ease my feet, and being in somewhat of a maze of thought, I went up to my study, as it seemed, very quietly, for I entered at the open door and found Adeline sitting in my arm-chair by the window, quite unaware of my nearness.

I well remember how like a spirit she looked that day, with her great eyes raised to a cloud that rested in the bright sky, her soft black hair twisted into a crown about her head, and her light dress falling all over the chair, while in her hands, lying between the slight fingers, and by the bluer veins, was clasped a bunch of liverwort blossoms. Then I perceived, for the first time, why my child was crying for the moon, and that John Henderson cared for the singing and not for the hymns, at which I sorrowed. But I sat down by Ada, and taking the flowers out of her cold hands, began to say that I had met John Henderson on the road with some such blossoms, at which she looked at me even as she did when I told her about her father, and, seeing that I smiled, and yet was not dry-eyed, nor quite at rest, the tears began, slowly, to run over her eye-lashes, and in a few very resolute words she told me that Mr. Henderson had asked her that morning to marry him.

"Now I knew not well what to say, but I set myself aside, as far as I could, and tried not to remember how sore a trial it would be to part with Ada, and I reasoned with her calmly about the youth, setting forth, first, that he was not a professing Christian, and that the Scripture seemed plain to me on that matter, though I would not constrain her conscience if she found it clear in this thing: and, second, that he was a man who held fast to this world's goods, and was like to be a follower of Mammon if he learned not to love better things in his youth; and, third, that he was a man who had, as one might say, a streak of granite in his nature, against which a feeling person would continually fall and be hurt, and which no person could work upon, if once it came in the way even of right action. To all this Adeline answered with more reason than I supposed a woman could, only that I noticed, at the end of each answer, she said in a low voice, as if it were the end of all contention,—'and I love him.' Whereby, seeing that the thing was well past my interference, I gave my consent with many doubts and fears in my heart, and, having blessed the child, I sent her away that I might meditate over this matter.

"When John came in the evening for his answer, I was enabled to exhort him faithfully, and, in his softened state of

feeling, he chose to tell me that he had been seeking religion because he feared I would not give him Adeline unless he were joined to the church, and he could not make a hypocrite of himself, even for that, but he had hoped that in the use of means he might be awakened and converted. At this I was pleased, inasmuch as it showed a spirit of truth in the young man, but I could not avoid setting before him that self-seeking had never led any soul to God, and how cogent a reason he had himself given for his want of success in things pertaining to his salvation; but as I spoke Ada came in by the other door, and John's eyes began to wander so visibly, that I thought it best to conclude, and I must say he appeared grateful. So I went out of the door, leaving Ada stately and blushing as a fair rose-tree, notwithstanding that John Henderson seemed to fancy she needed his support.

"As the year went on, and I could not in conscience let Adeline leave me until her lover had some fixed maintenance, I had many conversations with him, (for he also was an orphan,) and it was at length decided that he should buy, with Ada's portion, a goodly farm in Western New York; and in the ensuing summer, after a year's engagement, they were to marry. So the summer came; I know not exactly what month was fixed for their marriage, though I have the date somewhere, but one thing I recollect, that the hop-vine over this porch was in full bloom, and after I had joined my child and the youth in the bands of wedlock, I went out into the porch to see them safe into the carriage that was to take them to the boat, and there Ada put her arms about my neck, and kissed me for good-by, leaving a hot tear upon my cheek; and a south wind at that moment smote the hop-vine so that its odor of honey and bitterness mingled swept across my face, and always afterward this scent made me think of Adeline. After two years had passed away, during which we heard from her often, we heard that she had a little daughter born, and her letters were full of joy and pride, so that I trembled for the child's spiritual state; but after some three years the little girl with her mother came to Plainfield, and I did not know but Adeline was excusable in her joy, for such a fair and bright child was scarcely ever seen; but the next summer came sad news: little

Nelly was dead, and Ada's grief seemed inexhaustible, while her husband fell into one of his sullen states of mind, and the affliction passed over them to no good end, as it seemed.

"Soon after this, the Mormon delusion began to spread rapidly about John Henderson's dwelling-place, and in less than a year after Nelly's death I had a letter from Ada, dated at St. Louis, which I will read to you, for I have it in my pocket-book, having retained it there since yesterday, when I took it out from the desk to consult a date.

"It begins:—'Dear Uncle,' (I had always instructed the child so to call me, rather than father, seeing we can have but one father, while we may be blessed with numerous uncles) 'I suppose you will wonder how I came to be at St. Louis, and it is just my being here that I write to explain. You know how my husband felt about Nelly's death, but you cannot know how I felt; for, even in my very great sorrow, I hoped all the time, that by her death, John might be led to a love of religion. He was very unhappy, but he would not show it, only that he took even more tender care of me than before. I have always been his darling and pride; he never let me work, because he said it spoiled my hands; but after Nelly died, he was hardly willing I should breathe; and though he never spoke of her, or seemed to feel her loss, yet I have heard him whisper her name in his sleep, and every morning his hair and pillow were damp with crying; but he never knew I saw it. After a few months, there came a Mormon preacher into our neighborhood, a man of a great deal of talent and earnestness, and a firm believer in the revelation to Joseph Smith. At first my husband did not take any notice of him, and then he laughed at him for being a believer in what seemed like nonsense; but one night he was persuaded to go and hear Brother Marvin preach in the school-house, and he came home with a very sober face. I said nothing, but when I found there was to be a meeting the next night, I asked to go with him, and, to my surprise, I heard a most powerful and exciting discourse, not wanting in either sense or feeling, though rather poor as to argument; but I was not surprised that John wanted to hear more, nor that, in the course of a few weeks, he avowed himself a Mormon, and was

received publicly into the sect. Dear Uncle, you will be shocked, I know, and you will wonder why I did not use my influence over my husband, to keep him from this delusion; but you do not know how much I have longed and prayed for his conversion to a religious life; until any religion, even one full of errors, seemed to me better than the hardened and listless state of his mind.

"I could not but feel, that if he were awakened to a sense of the life to come, in any way, his own good sense would lead him right in the end: and there is so much ardor and faith about this strange belief, that I do not regret his having fallen in with it, for I think the true burning of Gospel faith will yet be kindled by means of this strange fire. In the mean time he is very eager and full of zeal for the cause, so much so, that thinking it to be his duty, he resolved to sell our farm at Oakwood, and remove to Utah. If any thing could make me grieve over a change, I believe to be for John's spiritual good it would be this idea; but no regret or sorrow of mine shall ever stand in the way of his soul; so I gave as cheerful a consent as I could to the sale, and I only cried a few tears, over little Nelly's bed, under the great tulip tree. There my husband has put an iron railing, and I have planted a great many sweet-briar vines over the rock; and Mr. Keeney, who bought the farm, has promised that the spot shall be kept free from weeds, so I leave her in peace. Do write to me, Uncle Field. I feel sure I have done right, because it has not been in my own way, yet sometimes I am almost afraid. I shall be very far away from you, and from home, and my child; but I am so glad now she is in heaven, nothing can trouble her, and I shall not much care about myself, if John goes right.

"Give my love to Aunt Martha, and please write to your dear child.

'ADA HENDERSON.'

"I need not say, my young friend," resumed Parson Field, wiping his spectacles, and clearing his voice with a vigorous ahem!! "that I could not, in conscience, approve of Adeline's course. 'Thou shalt not do evil that good may come,' is a Gospel truth, and cannot be transgressed with good consequences. I did write to Ada; but, inasmuch as the act was done, I said not much concerning it, but bade her take courage,

seeing that she had meant to do right, although in the deed she had considered John Henderson before any thing else, which was, as you may perceive, her besetting sin, and therefore it seemed good to me to put, at the end of my epistle, (as I was wont always to offer a suitable text of Scripture for her meditation,) these words, 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols!' I did not hear again from Adeline, till she had been two months in the Mormon city, and though she tried her best to seem contented and peaceful, in view of John's new zeal, and his tender care of her, still I could not but think of the hop-blossoms, for I perceived, underneath this present sweetness, a little drop of life and pain working to some unseen end. That year passed away and we heard no more, and the next also, at which I wondered much; but, reflecting on the chances of travel across those deserts, and having a surety of Ada's affection for me, I did not repine, though I felt some regret that there was such uncertainty of carriage; nevertheless, I wrote as usual, that no chance might be lost.

"The third summer was unusually warm in our parts, and its heats following upon a long, wet spring, caused much and grievous sickness, and I was obliged to be out at all hours with the dying, and at funerals, so that my bodily strength was well nigh exhausted, and at haying-time, just as I was cutting the last swarth on my river meadow, which is low-lying land, and steamed with hot vapour as I laid it bare to the sun, I fell forward across my scythe-snath and fainted. This was the beginning of a long course of fever, of a typhoid character, during which I was either stupid or delirious most of the time, and, while I lay sick, there came a letter to me from Salt Lake city, written chiefly by John Henderson, who begged me to come on if it was a possible thing and see his wife, who was wasting with a slow consumption, and much bent upon seeing me. I could discern that the letter was not willingly written; it was stiff in speech, though writ with a trembling hand. At the end of it were a few lines from Ada herself; a very impatient and absolute cry for me, as if she could not die till I came. Now Martha had opened this letter, as she was forced to by my great illness, and, having read it, asked the

doctor if it was well to propound the contents to me, and he said decidedly that he could not answer for my life if she did: so Martha, like a considerate woman, wrote an answer herself to John Henderson (of which she kept a copy for me to see), setting forth that I was in no state to be moved with such tidings; that, however, I should have the letter as soon as the doctor saw fit, and sending her love and sympathy to Ada, and a recommend that she should try balm tea.

"After a long season of suspense, I was graciously uplifted from fever, and enabled to leave my bed for a few hours daily; and, when I could ride out, which was only by the latter end of October, I was given the child's letter, and my heart sank within me, for I knew how bitterly she had needed my strength to help her. It was a warm autumn day, near to noon, when I read that letter, and, as I leaned back in my chair, the red sunshine came in upon me, and the smell of dead leaves, while upon the hop-vine one late blossom, spared by the white frosts, and dropping across the window, also put forth its scent, bringing Adeline, as it were, right back into my arms, and the faintness passed away from me with some tears, for I was weak, and a man may not always be stronger than his nature. Now, when Martha sounded the horn for dinner, and our hired man came in from the hill lot, where he was sowing wheat, I saw that he had a letter in his hand of great size and thickness; and, coming into the keeping-room where I sat, he said that Squire White had brought it over from the Post-office as he came along, thinking I would like to have it directly. I was rather loth to open the great packet at first, for I be-thought myself it was likely to be some Consociation proceedings, which were never otherwise than irksome to me, and were now weary to think of, seeing the grasshopper had become a burden. I reached my spectacles down from the nail, and found the post-mark to be that of the Mormon city; and with unsteady hand I opened the seal, and found within several sheets of written letter-paper, directed to me in Ada's writing, and a short letter from John Henderson, which ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,

"My first wife, Adeline Frazer Hen-

derson, departed this life on the sixth of July, at my house in the city of Great Salt Lake. Shortly before dying she called upon me, in the presence of two sisters, and one of the Saints, to deliver into your hands the enclosed packet, and tell you of her death. According to her wish I send the papers by mail; and, hoping you may yet be called to be a partaker in the faith of the saints below, I remain your afflicted, yet rejoicing friend,

"JOHN HENDERSON."

"I was really stunned for a moment, my young friend, not only with grief at my own loss, but with pity and surprise at the entire deadening, as it appeared, of natural affection in the man to whom I had given my daughter; and also my conscience was not free from offense, for I could not but think that a more fervent and wrestling expostulation, on the sin of marrying an unbeliever, might have saved Adeline from sorrow in the flesh. However, I said as much as seemed best at the time, and upon that reflection I rested myself; for he who adheres to a pure intention, need not repent of his deeds afterward; and the next day, when my present anguish and weakness had somewhat abated, I read the manuscript Ada had sent me.

"It was, doubtless, penned with much reluctance, for the child's natural pride was great, and no less weighty subject than her husband's salvation could have forced her to speak of what she wrote for me; and, indeed, I should feel no right to put the confidence into your hands, were not my child beyond the reach of man's judgment, and did I not feel it a sacred duty to protest, so long as life lasts, against this abominable Mormon delusion, and the no less delusive pretext of doing evil that good may come. I cannot read Ada's letter aloud to you, for there is to be a funeral at two o'clock, which I must attend; but I will give you the papers, and you may sit in my chair and read; only, be patient with my bees, if they come too near you, for they like the hop-blossoms, and never sting unless you strike."

So saying, Parson Field gave me his leathern chair and the papers, and I sat down in the hop-crowned porch, to read Adeline Henderson's story, with a sort of reverence for her that prompted me

to turn the rustling pages carefully, and feel startled if a door swung to in the quiet house, as if I were eaves-dropping; but soon I ceased to hear, absorbed in her letter, which began as the first did.

"DEAR UNCLE,

"To-day I begged John to write, and ask you to come here. I could not write you since I came here but that once, though your letters have been my great comfort, and I added a few words of entreaty to his, because I am dying, and it seems as if I must see you before I die; yet I fear the letter may not reach you, or you may be sick; and for that reason I write now, to tell you how terrible a necessity urged me to persuade you to such a journey. I can write but little at a time, my side is so painful; they call it slow-consumption here, but I know better; the heart within me is turned to stone, I felt it then—Ah! you see my mind wandered in that last line; it still will return to the old theme, like a fugue tune, such as we had in the Plainfield singing-school. I remember one that went, 'The Lord is just, is just, is just.'—Is He? Dear Uncle, I must begin at the beginning, or you never will know. I wrote you from St. Louis, did I not? I meant to. From there, we had a dreary journey, not so bad to Fort Leavenworth, but after that inexpressibly dreary, and set with tokens of the dead, who perished before us. A long reach of prairie, day after day, and night after night; grass, and sky, and graves; grass, and sky, and graves; till I hardly knew whether the life I dragged along was life or death, as the thirsty, feverish days wore on into the awful and breathless nights, when every creature was dead asleep, and the very stars in heaven grew dim in the hot, sleepy air—dreadful days! I was too glad to see that bitter inland sea, blue as the fresh lakes, with its gray islands of bare rock, and sparkling sand shores, still more rejoiced to come upon the City itself, the rows of quaint, bare houses, and such cool water-sources, and, over all, near enough to rest both eyes and heart, the sun-lit mountains, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

"I liked my new house well. It was too large for our need, but pleasanter for its airiness, and the first thing I did, was to plant a little hop-vine, that I

had brought all the way with such great care, by the east porch. I wanted something like Plainfield in my home. I don't know why I linger so, I must write faster, for I grow weak all the time.

"I liked the City very well for awhile; the neighbors were kind, and John more than that, I could not be unhappy with him—I thought. We had a pretty garden, for another man had owned the house before us, and we had not to begin every thing. Our next door neighbor, Mrs. Colton, was good and kind to me, so was her daughter Lizzy, a pretty girl, with fair hair, very fair. I wonder John liked it after mine. The first great shock I had was at a Mormon meeting. I cannot very well remember the ceremony, because I grew so faint; but I would not faint away lest some one should see me. I only remember that it was Mrs. Colton's husband with another wife being "sealed" to him, as they say here. You don't know what that means, Uncle Field; it is one part of this religion of Satan, that any man may have, if he will, three or four wives, perhaps more. I only know that shameless man, with grown daughters, and the hair on his head snow-white, has taken two, and his own wife, a firm believer in this—faith! looks on calmly, and lives with them in peace. I know that, and my soul sickened with disgust, but I did not fear; not a thought, not a dream, not a shadow of fear crossed me. I should have despised myself forever if the idea had stained my soul; my husband was *my* husband,—mine—before God and man! and our child was in heaven; how glad I was she could never be a Mormon!

"I was sorry for Mrs. Colton, though she did not need it, and when I saw John leaning over their gate, or smoking in the porch with the old man, I thought he felt so, too, and I was glad to see him more sociable than ever he was in the States. After awhile he did not smoke, but talked with Elder Colton, and then would come home and expound out of the book of Mormon to me. I was very glad to have him earnest in his religion, but I could not be. Then he grew very thoughtful, and had a silent fit, but I took no notice of it, though I think now he meant to leave me, but I began to pine a little for home, and when I worked in the garden, and trained the vines about our verandah,

I used to wish he would help me as he did Lizzy Colton, but I still remembered how good he was to pity and help them.

"Oh fool! yet, I had rather be a fool over again than have imagined—that I am glad of, even now—I did not once suspect.

"But one day—I remember every little thing in that day—even the slow ticking of the clock, as I tied up my hop-vine; and after that I went into the garden, and sat down on a little bench under the grape-trellis, and looked at the mountains. How beautiful they were! all purple in the shadow of sunset, and the sky golden green above them, with one scarlet cloud floating slowly upward: I hope I shall never see a red cloud again. Presently, John came and sat by me, and I laid my head on his shoulder; I was so glad to have him there—it cured my home-sickness; once or twice he began to say something, and stopped, but I did not mind it. I wanted him to see a low line of mist creeping down a cañon in the mountains, and I stood up to point it out; so he rose, too, and in a strange, hurried way, began to say something about the Mormon faith, and the duties of a believer, which I did not notice either very much—I was so full of admiring the scarlet cloud—when, like a sudden thunder-clap at my ear, I heard this quick, resolute sentence: 'And so, according to the advice and best judgment of the Saints, Elizabeth Colton will be sealed to me, after two days, as my spiritual wife.'

"Then my soul fled out of my lips, in one cry—I was dead—my heart turned to a stone, and nothing can melt it! I did not speak, or sigh, but sat down on the bench, and John talked a great deal; I think he rubbed my hands and kissed me, but I did not feel it. I went away, by-and-by, when it was dark, into the house and into my room. I locked the door and looked at the wall till morning, then I went down and sat in a chair till night; and I drank, drank, drank, like a fever. All the time cold water, but it never reached my thirst. John came home, but he did not dare touch me; I was a dead corpse, with another spirit in it—not his wife—she was dead, and gone to heaven on a bright cloud. I remember being glad of that.

"In two days more he had a wife, and I was not his any longer. I staid up stairs when he was in the house, and locked my door, till, after a great

many days, I began to feel sorry for him. Oh! how sorry! for I knew—I know—he will see himself some day with my eyes, but not till I die. Then I found my lips full of blood one morning, and that pleased me, for I knew it was a promise of the life to come: now I should go to heaven, where there aren't any Mormons.

"I believe, though, people were kind to me all the time; for I remember they came and said things to me, and one shook me a little to see if I felt; and one woman cried. I was glad of that, for I couldn't cry. However, after three months, I was better: worse, John said one day, and he brought a doctor, but the man knew as well as I did—so he said nothing at all, and gave me some herb tea;—tell Aunt Martha that.

"Then I could walk out of doors, but I did not care to; only once I smelt the hop-blossoms, and that I could not bear, so I went out and pulled up my hop-vine by the roots, and laid it out, all straight, in the fierce sunshine: it died directly. In the winter John had another wife sealed to him; I heard somebody say so; he did not tell me, and if he had I could not help it. I found he had taken a little adobe house for those two, and I knew it was out of tenderness for my feelings he did so. Oh! Uncle Field! perhaps he has loved me all this time? I know better, though, than that! Spring came, and I was very weak, and I grew not to care about anything; so I told John he could bring those two women to this house if he wished: I did not care, only nobody must ever come into my room. He looked ashamed, and pleased, too; but he brought them, and nobody ever did come into my room. By-and-by Elizabeth Colton brought a little baby down stairs, and its name was Clara. Poor child! poor little Mormon child! I hope it will die some time before it grows up; only I should not like it to come my side of heaven, for it had blue eyes like John's.

"Then I grew more and more ill, and now I am really dying, and no letter has come from you! It takes so long—three whole months, and I have been more than a year in the house with John Henderson and the two women. I know I shall never see you, but I must speak. I must, even out of the grave; and I keep hearing that old fugue. 'The Lord is just, is just, is just; the Lord is just and good!' Is He? I know He

is; but I forget sometimes. Uncle Field! you must pray for John! you *must!* I cannot die and leave him in his sins, his delusion: he does not think it is sin, but I know it. Pray! pray! dear Uncle: don't be discouraged—do not fear—he *will* be undeceived some time; he will repent, I know! The Lord is just, and I will pray in heaven, and I will tell Nelly to, but *you* must. It says in the Bible, 'the prayer of a righteous man;' and oh! I am not righteous! I should not have married

him; it was an unequal yoke, and I have borne the burden; but I loved him so much! Uncle Field, I did not keep myself from idols. Pray! I shall be dead, but he lives. Pray for him, and, if you will, for the little child—because—I am dying. Dear Nelly!—"

"Are you blotting my letter, young man?" said Parson Field, at my elbow, as I deciphered the last broken, trembling line, of Ada's story. "Here I have been five minutes, and you did not hear me!" I really had blotted the letter!

NOON AND MORNING.

I.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

II.

We are stronger, and are better
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!

III.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air—
But it never comes again!

SHOULD WE FEAR THE POPE?

ONE of the strong impelling causes of the current movement against foreigners is, the hereditary aversion of Protestants to the Roman Church. It is alleged, that the doctrines of that Church assert the right of the Pope to interfere in the temporal affairs of kingdoms and states, while they demand for him the exclusive allegiance of its members; and, consequently, that no one professing those doctrines can yield an honest allegiance to any other power.

We propose to inquire how far these positions are true; and, if true, to what extent, and in what way, we ought to resist their dangers.

Before doing so, it may be proper to premise, that we have not been educated to any overweening estimate of the claims of the Catholic Church. On the contrary, our studies, observations, and general habits of thought, have led us into convictions decidedly and utterly hostile to its theories of government as well as to its creeds. It seems to us a singular mixture of fanaticism, tyranny, cunning and devout religion. We are sensible, too, of its many means of influence, and of the vast prestige with which it addresses itself both to the imagination and reason of men. Its venerable age, connecting it with the most ancient and splendid civilizations, Oriental, Grecian, Roman, and feudal; but, surviving them all, amid the fiercest tempests of time, as the pyramids have triumphed over the sand-storms of the desert, where the hundred-gated cities are laid in ruins,—its marvelous organization, combining the solidest strength with the most flexible activity, conciliating the wildest fanatical zeal with the coolest intellectual cunning, adapting it to every age, nation, and exigency, and enabling it to pursue its designs with continuous and varied forces;—its imposing ceremonies and pantomimes, which seem like mummery to the stranger, but to the initiated are signs of the mighty conquests it has achieved over the mythologies, the rites, and the persecutions of antiquity, as well as promises of the consoling grace which will again sustain it, should the hand of the enemy drive it once more into the catacombs and the caves; its luxurious, yet discriminating, patronage of art, which has preserved to us so

much of all that is best in art, in the touching music, the lovely paintings, and the sublime cathedrals of the middle-age; and, above all, the unquestionable ability of its priests, with the long line of noble and beautiful spirits, Abelards, Pascals, and Fenelons, who have illustrated history, by their culture, their piety and their genius—these are elements of greatness and power, which it would be folly as well as blindness in any one to overlook or deride. But, as we are convinced, also, that there are influences stronger than these,—the influences of truth,—of the soul of man,—of the spirit of the age, in its present developments,—of the providence of God, which has established a moral order in history, we are not dismayed by the amount of its ecclesiastical pretension, nor disheartened by any seeming facility or splendour in its temporary successes.

Least of all, shall we allow ourselves to be betrayed, by the chronic terrors of Protestants, into an unjust judgment of Catholics, and the consequent perpetration of political wrong. We are too familiar with the history of religious controversy to be hurried away by the furious zeal of agitators, who regard it as their special mission to arouse the world to a proper dread of the abuses of Popery. They are sincere, we have no doubt; but it is the sincerity of partisans, not of judges. They have worked their impatience of error up to that inflammatory pitch, where conviction becomes passion. Of tolerable self-complacency and quietude, in other respects, they are apt to be shaken out of their shoes when the subject of the "Scarlet Woman" is broached. It has all the effect upon them—we say it with reverence—of the red-rag upon some imperious turkey, who, straightway, loses his solemn port and dignity, and rushes wildly to the battle.

Even the more temperate polemics, on the Protestant side of this controversy, do not always restrain their ardor at judgment-heat. Having convinced themselves that Rome—not ecclesiasticism in general, but the particular branch of it called Rome—is the great Anti-Christ of Scripture, they ineffectually belabor her with every variety of Scriptural reprobation. All the mon-

strous types of apocalyptic zoology, the beasts with seven heads and ten horns, the red and black horses, the eagles, the calves, and the fiery flying serpents, are made to find in her their living resemblance, while she is loudly proclaimed to be the man of perdition, —the mother of harlots,—the mystic Babylon, who makes the nations “drunk with the wine of the wrath of her fornications.”*

It happens, unfortunately for the Church, that it is not difficult to give plausibility to these views, and, to some extent, a justification of reactionary hatreds, from the records of history. Ecclesiastical annals, (and the same is true, perhaps, of all other annals,) tried by the standard of existing opinions, are so full of whatever is insolent in assumption, corrupt in morals, cunning and treacherous in fraud, and detestable in tyranny, that a mere tyro, with a case to make out, might draw pictures from them that would frighten a college of cardinals, and much more a conclave of credulous zealots. Dip into these annals anywhere, but especially into what relates to the doings from the ninth to the fifteenth centuries, and how much wickedness of every kind you meet! What audacity, licentiousness, superstition, ignorance, fraud, uproar, and cruel ferocity of persecution! The dread power of the Papacy, as it is described in the popular histories, seems to bestride those ages, like a gigantic spectre of the Brocken. It rises before us as something awful, mysterious, and desolating. Removed, as we are by many generations, from the scenes of its action, we still see the flash of its lightnings, and still hear the roar of its thunders, as the bolts fall swift and terrible about the heads of emperors and kings. In its quietest times, our eyes are haunted with visions of bloody hands; the air is sultry with a feeling of oppression; and the soul, in its recoil from the gloom and sorrow that darkens and sobs around it, loses sense of the true proportions of things, and fancies that all was evil then, and nothing good.

But, take up any party or principle, in an unfriendly spirit, to

trace its affinities among the parties and principles of former times, and immediately you may place it in disreputable company. Thus, you may illustrate monarchy by the excesses of the Oriental kings or the Roman Cæsars; you may make aristocracy responsible for the nobles of the middle ages; and democracy for the peasant-wars and French revolutions of a later day. A person, opposed to the Church of England, might say that it is still an unrepealed canon with her that papists and dissenters may be choked to death for their errors.† Another, opposed to Calvinism, would show Calvin, Beza, and Melancthon urging the incrimination of Servetus. A third would tell us of the Huguenots roasting papal priests, while they were themselves singed with the fires of St. Bartholomew; or of the Scotch parliament, with eight thousand Scotchmen dead at the hands of the Stuarts, decreeing death against the profession of Episcopacy; or, of the good Puritans, flying to the wilderness to escape and to establish spiritual despotism. In short, no sect or party can look with entire complacency upon the deeds of its ancestors, and no sect or party has a right to interpret the great lessons of history in a narrow, sectarian spirit.

Now, it seems to us, that the Catholics are criticised too entirely in this one-sided way. Their opponents, drawing a drag-net through the impure streams of the middle-ages, bespatter them with all the rubbish that the cast brings up. It is forgotten that those ages were ages, in many respects, of the grossest barbarism and blindness; that anarchy and outrage reigned everywhere; that opinion was unformed and authorities at war; and that if the conduct of the hierarchy, stretching across such long periods of general violence, exhibits much that is rapacious, cruel, and malignant, it was often redeemed by the valuable services which the same hierarchy rendered to the cause of learning, of art, of social discipline, of popular progress, and European unity. The representations, therefore, which dwell upon the evils of those times exclusively, are violent daubs or grotesque caricatures, and not historical pictures.

* In this application, however, of the great symbols of the Apocalypse to actual events, instead of spiritual truths, they have the illustrious precedent of Dante, Petrarch, Machiavelli, and some, even, who lived in the previous century.

† See Arnold's *Miscellaneous Works*, page 188, Appleton's edition.

They remind us of certain galleries in Italy, where the walls teem with fagots, stakes, gridirons, broiling martyrs, and a horrible array of distorted human anatomy, unrelieved by one sweet face or a single smiling landscape.

We have no disposition to palliate the horrid deeds of ancient churchmen, nor to disguise the lessons of history, but we think that, at this late day, ecclesiastical battles might be fought with other weapons than those the illustrious Molly Seagrim used when she drove her neighbors out of the sacred enclosure with thigh-bones, skulls and bits of old tombstone. History is only instructive when it is read in the light of philosophy. We cannot properly use its events as isolated facts, nor judge of the characters it presents us by the standards of modern opinion. Every age and nation must be viewed in its peculiar relations. Every age and nation has its own methods and its own ideas. The boy is not the man; the man of the ninth century is not the man of the nineteenth; and the etiquette of the court of Queen Victoria cannot be applied to the court of Queen Poinare. That which might have been good government, in one time and place, would be very bad government in another time and place, and a course of conduct which seems simply impudent and senile in Gregory XVI., may have been exalted and beneficial in Gregory VII.

These remarks, common-place as they are, have an important bearing upon the particular question before us—the temporal power of the Popes—which is commonly treated as if the tenth and eleventh centuries could be revived, and old Hildebrand—true son of fire as he was named—start again from the grave where he has rested nearly a thousand years. But this is a grave mistake. That power, as we shall show, is no longer a present terror, but a simple historical phenomenon. It had its origin in the inevitable circumstances and necessities of society, at a particular stage of its progress, and, having served its ends, sometimes salutary and sometimes quite otherwise, it has been dismissed by a kind Providence to the limbo of things not wanted on earth.

This proposition we now proceed very succinctly to illustrate, by reference to a few prominent historical facts, on the origin and culmination of the papal power:—

1. The foundation of every temporal

or spiritual enormity, into which the Church was destined to run, was laid in the opinion, which early obtained, that Christ had founded an external institution, to be the medium of the new and divine life. It was not only an unavoidable inference from this, in logic, that such a body should be supreme in its moral authority, but it was also an unavoidable practical deduction that the administrators of its ordinances should become among the most wealthy and powerful personages in secular society.

2. The conversion of Constantine added prodigiously to the temporalities of the Church, but, most of all, by conferring judicial and civil jurisdiction upon the bishops. His successors pursued the same policy, with some exceptions, and anybody who will read the Theodosian and Justinian codes, will see that the clergy, long before the fifth century, were in the possession of large patrimonies, were joined in the civil and financial administration of the provinces, were judges in the courts allowed to decree temporal penalties, and often took part in the imperial councils.

3. In the distribution of ecclesiastical rank, following generally the political divisions of the Empire, the preëminence fell, of course, to the See of the imperial city,—the foremost city of the world. Its local position, fortified by old renown and the traditions of St. Peter's special favor, made it a center of attraction and reverence to the faithful everywhere, but particularly to the churches among the barbarians, which its zeal had planted, and which were ever eager to testify their respect and submission to the venerable mother.

4. When the Empire was transferred to the East—an event that ought to have diminished the importance of the Roman Church—it happened that the distractions of the times turned that event into an occasion of its increasing power. The Emperors, absorbed in their eastern troubles, left the Church almost the only authority in the western provinces. Their representatives, the miserable exarchs, for the most part plunderers and despots, could not rival the priests in the affections of the people. As the imperial authority grew weaker, therefore, the authority of the Roman Bishop grew stronger. The senate, as well as the populace, came to regard him as their true head; so that

the Emperor, no longer able to control his affairs, and glad of the assistance of so eminent and influential a lieutenant, readily confirmed the powers which necessity, no less than general consent, had conferred.

5. When, finally, the Popes threw off the reins of the Emperors, and invited the King of the Franks to protect them from the savage incursions of the Lombards, it was clear that the Emperors were too weak to defend and retain the Italian provinces, and the exigency absolutely required an extraordinary intervention. The policy of Stephen II. and Adrian I., then, which gave great extension to the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, was quite inevitable under the circumstances. They stepped in to save society at a time when there was nobody else in a position, or having the will, to do so; and Pepin and Charlemagne, as the actual conquerors of the Lombards, when they confirmed, by solemn grants, the possessions of St. Peter, gave the only constitutional sanction, known to the laws of the epoch, to what was held by the more legitimate title of ability, virtue, service, and the tacit consent of the people.

6. In the midst of the turbulent and almost anarchical feudal society, the Pope appeared, not only as a Prince among princes, but as a Prince superior to all princes, by virtue of his peculiar ecclesiastical eminence. He was naturally resorted to as an umpire in the settlement of disputes, and large fiefs were added to his jurisdiction, either to propitiate his favor or as a reward for distinguished services. As the laws of the Roman empire, moreover, had been principally retained in the monarchies which succeeded it, all the immunities and privileges of the clergy were preserved, and even extended, and their intimate association with the temporal power enlarged.

7. The Holy See, at once the center of religion and learning, was also the only authority of any kind universally acknowledged. The Princes, at war perpetually amongst themselves, each in turn invoked its aid against the encroachments of his neighbors. They were all equally solicitous to secure its favor, even to the extent of consenting to do homage for their kingdoms, as if they were held from the Pope. Nor were the Popes, whose conduct ex-

hibited a singular mixture of zealous piety and worldly ambition, backward in accepting a vassalage tendered alike from motives of interest and devotion. In proof of the state of feeling, we may mention that, when the crusades came on, sovereigns and soldiers alike, regarding the Popes as the natural leaders of the great religious wars, often placed their persons and properties under their protection. Political affairs were arranged in the Pope's presence, treaties concluded, routes of march selected, and questions of precedence decided.

8. The right to depose princes, however, grew more directly out of the power of excommunication, which the Church had asserted from the earliest times. At first, this ban worked only a forfeiture of ecclesiastical rights, but after the sovereigns took the Church in hand, civil disabilities were attached to its infliction. The unhappy person who incurred it, was not only shut out of the assemblies of the faithful, and banished their society, but he was declared civilly dead, and his dignities, rights, and possessions, fell away from him, like leaves from a tree smitten by the lightning. All the legislation of the princes concurred in giving validity to ecclesiastical laws, and in confirming the jurisdiction of bishops by civic penalties. When the Popes, therefore, insisting upon the impartiality of God's judgments, which could make no distinction between peasant and prince, applied the same ban to sovereigns which they applied to serfs, they exercised a power to which the sovereigns themselves had consented, and whose legitimacy they never questioned as to its general grounds, and only as to the justice of its application in the particular case.

Thus, innumerable circumstances in the political relations, the external events, and the moral opinions of the time, prepared the way for those tremendous assertions of supreme temporal sovereignty, which were begun by Gregory VII., in his deposition of Henry, and continued with vigor, for two or three centuries, by his successors. They are circumstances which do not wholly acquit the Popes of the charge of usurpation, but which yet show that their conduct was not, as it is often represented to have been, utterly indefensible.

There was a color of law even for their most high-handed interferences, sanctioned as they were by the political constitution of the age, no less than by its prevailing religious convictions. But, without entering into the merits of the particular disputes between the Pope and the Emperors, from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, we are free to say, in behalf of the Church, that corrupt as its doctrines now seem to us, gross as were the departures of its ritual from the simplicity of Scripture, and extraordinary and arrogant as the temporal assumptions of its pontiffs appear in our wholly different state of society and sentiment, it represented the better cause in nearly all its mediæval political struggles. It curbed the otherwise unlimited ferocity of the princes; it was often a general peace-maker; it vindicated the principle of election, as against the hereditary principle; and it proclaimed the superiority of the moral order to a régime of mere brute materialism and arbitrary self-will. That it was also guilty of awful inconsistencies, no one can deny but a devotee of its universal infallibility.

Yet, as this system of conjoint spiritual and temporal authority had its rise in the circumstances of the time, so it had its fall in its own inherent weakness. Viewed absolutely, it was a violation of both reason and religion, and was only provisionally good. At the height of its prevalence, then, it was already dissolving. Firstly, it could not escape reflecting minds, that every resort to force, direct or indirect, by a body professing a spiritual origin and genesis, was fundamentally inconsistent with its nature and end, and these minds must have been more or less openly at war with the policy of the Church. In the second place, the enormous wealth which flowed into its treasury, in consequence of its vast temporal sway, must have corrupted the clergy, and lost them the respect of the more severe and pure of their own order as well as that of the laics. And then, again, the possession of a great and almost uncontrolled power, degenerates inevitably into a two-fold source of abuses; firstly, in that it becomes a lure to all kinds of selfish and reckless ambition, and secondly, in that it gets impatient of resistance, and persecutes instead of persuading.

Accordingly, we see many examples of the operation of all these principles, before the opening of the fourteenth century, and which, indeed, kept pace with the growing domination of the hierarchy. Internal corruption and external outrage bred resistance, both within and without, and, when Boniface VIII. entered upon his contest with Philip le Bel, of France, he appeared to himself and to his friends to advance with all the strength of the great Gregory; but, in reality, the moral and popular support, which had been the strength of Gregory, had already collapsed. In the south of France, the infamous crusade against the Albigenses had detached a numerous and powerful body; similar disaffections had estranged the whole of Flanders; the thoughts which shortly after found vent in the immortal poem of Dante, the great father of Protestantism and the modern era, were fermenting in Italy; distant England was heaving with the birth of Wickliffe; and the cultivators of ancient learning, even, had, in the silence of the monasteries, begun to manifest an abated respect for a clergy whose vices were as conspicuous as they were disgraceful. Boniface was therefore virtually defeated, and, in his defeat, the system itself, received a fatal blow. Like one who came after him, he might have exclaimed that both he and his system had ventured too far upon the sea of glory, and were left—

"Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide them."

That stream was the awakening life of Christendom, inside and outside of the Church, which, dissolving the Papacy into the great and damaging "western schism," gathered strength from the revival of literature, from the growth of the universities, from the republican experiments in Italy, from the Hussite rebellion, from the pragmatic sanctions of France, from the quickening activity of commerce, from the progress of maritime discovery, and the disclosures and inventions of science, until, finally, it broke over Europe, in a broad, full tide, as the Lutheran Reformation.

The Temporal Arm made, ever and anon, during the interval, spasmodic efforts to recover its ancient energy; but they were like the efforts of a serpent to strike, when its back is broken. For five centuries, now, its authority has

steadily declined—nor will it ever be revived. We should as soon think of seeing Europe invaded again by the Arabs, or the Christian nations joined once more in a crusade to Jerusalem, or the philosophers of the world returning to the study of alchemy—as of beholding the rejuvenescence of the middle-age constitution of society, and of its foster brother, the old Roman court. Even the religious influence of the Church, by which alone its temporal pretensions can be sustained, will never become again what it was before the Reformation. It is true, as Mr. Macaulay, in his brilliant essay on Ranke's History of the Popes, has remarked, that the territorial division of Europe, between the Catholics and the Protestants, is the same now as it was towards the close of the sixteenth century,—that the nations which were Catholic then, chiefly the Southern or Romanic, are Catholic still; and those which were Protestants then, chiefly the Northern or Teutonic nations, are Protestants still; while neither Catholic nor Protestant has made any substantial gains in the large debatable ground in the middle of Europe. But this is true only geographically, as Macaulay himself more than intimates; for while the physical frontiers of either camp have not advanced, their moral and intellectual advances respectively have been widely different. The leading Catholic nations, at the close of the sixteenth century, were Spain and Italy, and these have fallen into decay, whereas the leading Protestant nations, such as England and North Germany, have shot up prodigiously in every element of vigor. The nations which, before Luther, commanded the civilization of the world, were nations under the control of Rome, but the nations which now occupy that exalted position, pursue their ends without a thought of the Church. England, North Germany, and the United States, are openly Protestant; Russia, as the inheritor of Greek catholicity, is anti-Roman; while France, though nominally Catholic, is rather scientific than religious in her development, and is precisely the nation, under her renowned Gallic liberties, which most strenuously resists the papal predominance. Now, it is this

superiority of the Protestant nations, in intelligence, activity, wealth, and freedom, which secures them forever from conquest, and which will, sooner or later, compel the Catholic nations to follow in their track. It is Protestantism which controls civilization and the future destiny of the world.

But, exclaim a thousand dissentient voices, in the face of this reasoning and all these facts, Romanism, by its own showing, remains forever unchangeable and unchanged. Its prelates and its official organs adhere as tenaciously to the temporal supremacy of the Pope now, as they did in the days of the Hohenstauffen and John Lackland; and, whenever and wherever they can, will hasten to enforce its claims.

Now, we deny the truth of this position, and we scout the inferences which are attached to it, to frighten us out of our seven senses.

And, in the first place, we remark that this doctrine is not an established doctrine of the Catholic Church. It is simply a *sententia in ecclesia*—an unadjudicated question, without positive authority, and incumbent upon no one's faith. A Catholic may believe what he pleases on that subject, and yet be a good Catholic; he may utterly deny all manner of temporal allegiance to the Pope, and yet be a good Catholic: in short, the only allegiance expected of him, by the laws of the Church, is a belief of its dogmas, and a submission to its moral discipline.

In regard to the ground and extent of the Temporal Power of the Pope, two parties exist, and have long existed, in the Church. The first, the Ultramontane or theological party, contend that the Pope and Church have received, immediately from God, full power to govern the world, both in spirituals and temporals.* In its naked form, however, this theory, started by John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, found but few advocates; but, about the close of the sixteenth, Bellarmine and other systematic writers modified it into this shape: that the Church has received from God, directly and immediately, no power over temporals, but over spirituals solely; yet this power includes, *indirectly*, the power of governing temporals when the good of re-

* Gosselin, on the Power of the Popes, vol. i., p. 300.

ligion requires it, or in certain extraordinary cases, when it is rendered necessary for the salvation of souls. This is the sense in which the doctrine is held by most of the Ultramontanés, though some of them modify it still more, so as to restrict the right of the Church to a single right to *declare* the cases in which a sovereign has forfeited his authority, and subjects are absolved from their allegiance—as cases of conscience. But the Pope can use no direct means for enforcing this declaration, which can only be put in execution by the temporal order. Mr. Brownson, who is more obstreperous than anybody else in vindicating extreme opinions, denies that the Pope can interfere generally in the civil affairs of States, or resort directly to the strong arm. For that he must appeal to the civil authority. "The Pope," he says, "does not make the law under which the Prince holds, and can declare him deposed only when he has forfeited his rights by the law under which he still holds. The act of deposition is judicial, not legislative."

The old direct doctrine survives only with a few extravagant ninnies, but indirect Ultramontanism, as we have explained it, seems at present in the ascendant among the higher clergy and official organs of the Church. The Popes are supposed to incline to it privately, because it extends their prerogatives; yet the briefs of Pius VI. and Gregory XVI. are inconsistent with it. The college of cardinals, too, favors it, because every cardinal expects some time or other to be Pope: the Jesuits, we believe, swear to it, and a majority of other religious orders receive it, together with many of the Spanish and Italian bishops, some of the German and French, and the leading journals—such as the *Civiltà Cattolica*, at Rome, the *Historische Politische Blätter*, of Germany, the *Univers* in Paris, the *Dublin Tablet*, and Brownson's *Quarterly*.

The second party, on the other hand, the Gallic or legist party, hold that the spiritual and temporal powers are equally sovereign in their respective spheres, and independent of each other; and that the Popes and Councils which have interfered in the temporal affairs of States have done so, either under the human and constitutional laws of the epoch, or from an erroneous view of their duty. The Catholic clergy of France, in 1682,

in the famous Declarations, which are the basis of the Cisalpine doctrine, said, "Kings and sovereigns are not subjected to any ecclesiastical power, by the order of God, in temporal things; and their subjects cannot be released from their obedience, nor absolved from their oath of allegiance." These declarations were eloquently defended by Bossuet. The six Catholic Universities, consulted by Pitt, in 1789—three Spanish, and three French—took this view, and earnestly declared that "neither the Cardinals, the Pope, nor even the Church herself, has any jurisdiction or power, by divine right, over the temporals of kings, sovereigns, or subjects," &c. The Irish committee, of 1792, made a similar deposition, in behalf of all the Catholics of Ireland, which was repeated before the House of Commons by all the Irish bishops in 1826. All the old Catholic families of England take this view, with a large number of the German and French bishops, and nearly all of those in the United States. As to the laity of the Church, they do not bother their brains much about the dispute; the more ignorant of them clinging to the Church because it has been their father's church, and the nursing-mother of their superstitions; and the more enlightened, because they find, in its doctrines and ceremonies, a genuine solace for their religious feelings. We may regard the controversy, on the whole, then, as a kind of drawn battle—sometimes one party is in the ascendant and sometimes the other—the Ultramontanés seeming to carry the victory always in numbers, and the Gallicans always in argument; but, whether the one or the other prevails, it need be no cause to us either of extravagant alarm or extravagant joy.

For, in the second place, we remark, that, whatever may be the state of opinion among Catholics, the claim of the Popes to temporal power is not at all formidable, in the present condition of the world. Churchmen may conceit what they please about the unchangeable nature of the Church, but the fact of reason and history is that it does change, with its changes of place, and the advancing aspects of society. It is no more now, what it was when the monk of Clugni caused the poor German Emperor to wait his insolent leisure three days in the cold, than the Knights Templars are now what they were then. It

is one thing at Berlin and London, and another at Valladolid or Bologna. The catechism which it circulates in France is not the catechism which it circulates in Portugal. Nor is this owing to policy alone. The force of circumstances, and the existing tone of manners and opinions, circumscribe, snub, and transform it, just as every other institution is modified by the medium in which it subsists. What the Papacy *would* be, then, if it *could*, is a question of no practical moment. What would any sect or party be, if unrestrained by adverse parties or sects? Sydney Smith well says: "One does not know the order or description of men in whom he would like to confide, if they *could* do as they *would*; our security consisting in the fact that the rest of the world won't let 'em." Now, the rest of the world will not allow the Pope, nor anybody else, to do as he pleases, let him want to ever so badly; and, until the Pope particularly has reconverted the world to Catholicism, which will be a considerable undertaking, he may have as much will to thunder as he likes, but he will thunder in vain.

Consider the history of the papal attempts to exert even a limited temporal authority, during the last three centuries! The Pope rattled away, like a good fellow, against Louis XIV., but Louis was hardly civil to him, kissing his feet, as Voltaire says, but tying up his hands. He was dreadfully angry, again, with Philip V. of Spain; but he could not hinder Philip from going his own gait, nor prevent the Cortes, subsequently, from destroying the monastic institutions and confiscating the Church property. He tried his power on Portugal, and was repulsed from Portugal, just as if it had been Protestant; on Venice, and the Senate disclaimed his legate; on Austria, whither he went personally, but was complacently bowed home again; and on Napoleon, who laughed at him and used him afterwards.

At the very moment, indeed, in which we pen this paragraph, the morning paper, fresh with foreign news, informs us that Spain,—Catholic Spain as she is called, by way of eminence, as she has been called these thousand years,—where the Roman Church is the only Church that has ever been recognized by the State, where a numerous and influential clergy are paid from the treasury of the State, where they enjoy

the highest rank and consideration, where the entire people, in fact, are proud to hail their monarchs as Most Catholic Majesties,—Spain, we say, has just passed a law, releasing property in mortmain, or, in other words, turning into money the consecrated lands and dwellings of the clergy and the religious orders, in the very teeth, too, of the Pope and all his wire-workers and adherents!

Indeed, since the Restoration, when the allies complimented him with devout pretences and apparent obsequiousness, but betrayed him to the State at the same time, not a government on earth, Catholic or Protestant, has treated his temporal holiness with a whit more decorum than is due to an illustrious prince—one among the powers of Europe. They respect his important ecclesiastical position, and the venerable associations by which his See is surrounded, and, as far as their subjects are Catholic, are more or less tender of giving offense; but they do not succumb one tittle to any right or claim of his to meddle with their civil interests. On the contrary, they resent it with instant porcupine irritability. One of the most recent Ultramontane writers, lamenting the desuetude into which the temporal arm has fallen, says, that the worst enemies which the Church has had to contend with, the last two hundred years, have not been either Protestants or Turks, but the professedly Catholic governments of Europe.—"These nominal Catholic sovereigns," he says lugubriously, "professing themselves to be sons of the Church, contributing, it may be, to the maintenance of the clergy, and to the pomp and splendor of worship; perhaps, like Louis XIV., going so far as to tolerate no worship but the Catholic, and using their military force to suppress hostile sects, yet constantly encroaching on the ecclesiastical authority; demanding concession after concession, and threatening universal spoliation and schism, if the Church does not accede to their peremptory demands, backed by the whole physical force of the kingdom, are really more injurious to the cause of religion, more hostile to the influences of the Church, than open and avowed persecutors, even the most cruel. We cannot name a single professedly Catholic State that has afforded, for these three hundred years, more than a momentary

consolation to the Holy Father, whose bitterest enemies have been of his own household; while the only sovereigns in the eighteenth, and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, that treated him with respect, were sovereigns separated from his communion."

This is true: yet not the whole truth; for it conceals the worst feature of the papal degradation—that it is the willing instrument and vassal of the kings. If it had been subjected simply by the superior force of its pseudo friends, there would have been reason for it to complain; but it cheerfully accepts the slavery. It is, at this moment, linked in with every despotism of the Continent, lending itself to their most nefarious schemes; blessing the triumphs of their arms over popular hopes, and proffering a servile submission to them in order to divide the ill-gotten gains, wrung from the weakness, the ignorance, and the miseries of the people. Yes; the power, which of old sat in judgment upon the rulers of the earth, and, in its fierce contests with them, became a symbol of the aspirations, and faith of the multitude, is now, divested of its ideal and representative character, and fallen from its own high schemes of superiority and jurisdiction, the passive partner of the secular princes; protesting when it does protest, not against the political absolutism of the oppressor, but against the cries and struggles of the oppressed! It prefers the friendship of the Czar, even, with his foreign religion, to the political emancipation and religious regeneration of the nations; and is greatly more to be feared for the doctrines of abject political submission which it teaches, than for its imputed ambition.

But, if this be the condition of things in nations avowedly Catholic, how preposterous the alarm which is sounded as to the temporal aggressions of Popery in countries which are wholly emancipated. Let us suppose for instance—what is absurd in itself—that Pío Nono should take it into his head to hurl a bull at Queen Victoria or General Pierce, for some gross heretical malfeasance, or for an insult to Cardinal Wiseman, or the legate Bedini, what would be the effect? A few of the more devout Catholics would be thrown into a flutter, others would mildly hint that the good Father had mistaken his business, while the world in general would explode in fits of

derision. Historians might, perhaps, recall the time when such missives closed the churches, extinguished the sacrifice on the altar, suspended christenings and marriages, covered the images of the saints in mourning, silenced the bells in the towers, left the dead unburied, and dressed whole nations in sackcloth and ashes; but they would recall it as a striking homily on the mutability of human affairs—while the great body of the people would go about their pursuits, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, as utterly unconscious that anything had occurred as a deaf man is of the snapping of a pistol behind his back.

Of all the nations of the earth, ours is the last in which the temporal pretensions of the Pontiff, supposing them to be still cherished, will make any headway. The democratic principle of the right of the people to manage their own affairs, is so thoroughly ingrained in our whole political life, that fire will not burn, nor water drown, it out of us. We should a great deal rather attempt to take Sebastopol with pop-guns than to convert this nation to an acquiescence in the old monarchical and religious tyrannies. Individuals of recusant communions will, of course, now and then take shelter under the wings of the Pope; Catholicism, as a religion, will gain converts from time to time; but, as a political power, it will find the current ever setting more strongly the other way. Rome is far more likely to become American, under the influences at work here, than America Roman. Not a single trait of American character, as it has been thus far developed, harmonizes with the genius of that court—not a habit of thought, or mode of action, peculiar to our people, is cast in its moulds—and there is no point or feature of our civil procedure coincident with the structure of its government or the aims of its polity. We are drifting further and further away, with the current of the years, not only from Rome, but from every vestige of ecclesiasticism. Our religion is less ritual, day by day, and more and more civic and personal. Our literature, our practical enterprise, our actual political tendencies, in short, all the agencies of our civil and moral life, turn towards a practical humanity, as the flower and fruit of Christ's blessed redemption of us, and will not return. The immense Irish emigration, which was

once supposed to threaten, though it never actually molested our safety, has reached its height, and now begins to slacken. It is known that already the preponderance of numbers among the emigrants has passed over to the Germans, among whom Popery sits lightly upon those who receive it, and is more than neutralized by the desperate rationalistic bias of the rest. Strauss and Feuerbach, we suspect, are the saints of the Germans, who will give our Puritan theologians more trouble than all the saints of the Romish calendar; and the creed of no-creedism will seduce a larger number of professors than the creed of spiritual submission.

We shall not dwell upon the inexpressible meanness of excluding all foreigners from political life, because a number of them happen to be Catholics,—Catholics from religious association and conviction, and not in the interests of a political propagandism,—but we shall urge one simple thought: that, supposing foreigners to be all Romanists, the way to rescue them from their error is, not to enclose them, by an outward pressure or proscription, into a narrow circle of their own, but to tempt them out of the fatal ring, into a freer air. If their communion be haunted by foul superstitions and fanaticisms, as sometimes an old decaying structure is haunted by bats and owls, you will not purify it by closing the shutters and keeping them in darkness. It is in darkness, precisely, that owls and bats live. But let in the light of Heaven upon them, let the brisk wind drink up the clammy damps, let the fresh, warm sun quicken the benumbed and torpid limbs, and the bats and owls will fly away, for the place will be no longer congenial to their habits.

It is a great fact of experience that, where Protestants and Catholics are brought openly together, Catholicism is softened and liberalized—as in all the frontier districts of Europe—while it retains whatever of evil it may possess, in the most unmitigated forms, in the most secluded districts. Nay, both parties are improved by the association. How much in England, France, and Germany have the old hostilities been tempered by the common medium in which they are diffused, while in Sweden, Protestantism, and in Portugal, Spain, and parts of Italy, Catholicism, still ex-

hibit the same hard features which they wore a hundred years ago? Just in proportion as Catholics are permitted to share in the civil life of Protestant nations, they have thrown off the old prejudices of creed and begun to identify themselves with the general feelings and tendencies of the rest of the people.

In our own country, particularly, the beneficent and beautiful operation of democracy is seen, in the silent and gentle influences by which it removes the old enmities of sect and race. The slough of a thousand errors, which once hissed like so many serpents in the bosom of society, has been cast, we scarcely know how; deep hatreds which still burn in Europe, with intensest zeal, dividing classes irreparably, are extinguished here as if by the falling dews; and a genial glow of common sentiments and feelings warms into a higher, nobler humanity the hearts of men, no longer curdled into petty spites or rancorous animosities by hostile divisions of privilege and interest. Let us beware, then, that we do not arrest or thwart this glorious development! Let us be worthy of the lofty destiny to which we have been called!

If we think the dogma of the Roman Church, while transmitting essential truth, a grievous error in its formula; if we think its policy unfriendly to intellectual freedom, and to republican government; if we should be sorry to see it more generally accepted; let us be sure that its corruptions, whatever they may be, are to be met by argument and the force of opinion only, and not by legislation. Our fathers, with a wisdom as divine as was ever vouchsafed to any conclave or synod, decreed an eternal separation of Church and State, and the best sentiment of mankind is on their side. They forbade the use of religious tests, in the decision of civil rights, and that prohibition is sound in spirit as well as letter. We hope that the American people will never depart from it; we hope that they will continue to exhibit to the world an exalted example of true charity; and, we are assured that, so long as they refuse to allow transient prejudices and local irritations to provoke them from its kindly dictates, the heavenly Father, whose essence is goodness, will richly endow them with every needed blessing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

A BATCH OF NOVELS.—Our table this month is covered with novels, which we shall proceed to dispose of as we can. The first we take up, by Miss A. B. WARNER, author of "Dollars and Cents," "Mr. Rutherford's Children," etc., etc., is well named *My Brother's Keeper*, for it tells the story of a pretty little saint, who set out to "keep" her brother, and most delectably she performed her duty. The scene opens with Miss Rosalie Clyde, who is rich and handsome, of course, and marvelously proper (which is not of course), in attendance upon the sick bed of a younger sister. This is amiable in her, but she is as melancholy as she well can be—or, as the sailors say, as the jib-cat—because of the recent death of her mother. She is also otherwise unhappy in her mind, because, as we soon learn, of some mysterious shortcomings of a dear brother of hers. We begin to suspect that he has, perhaps, turned pirate, or committed a secret forgery, or wantonly broken the hearts of a half dozen maidens. But he has done neither. He is only a gay young Captain, good-looking and well to do, with an occasional inclination to cards; who prefers the society of his young friends to the lachrymose company of Miss Prim, his sister. In short, the Captain is no better than one of the wicked. When we find how she labors to convert him from his frivolous ways, firing whole volleys of Scripture texts at him every time he makes his appearance, we do not wonder at it, even though they were wadded with sisterly kisses. To be pelted with pious quotations, over your eggs and coffee, and rubbed down every evening with a lecture on your sins, is not the pleasantest kind of entertainment for young men. Thornton Clyde—for that is the suffering brother's name—must have been a miracle of brotherly kindness, to put up with such an incessant hail of preachment. He did lose his temper sometimes; but how he kept it at all is the surprise. His saintly little house-keeper, having made herself responsible for the good conduct of the whole family, will not let them rest till they are dragged into her methods of thinking and acting. She refuses to go to the theatre with her brother, because the theatre, we

know, is such a naughty place; and when her brother wants to invite some gentlemen to spend the evening at home, (a capital thing for his case,) she insists that she will not assist in entertaining them, if wine or cards are to be introduced to help out the evening. This was an enormous impertinence in Miss Prim, yet the indulgent brother consents to forego his plan. One night, however, he does bring home a few friends—a right pleasant company—when little Saint Rosalie deluged the whole set with strong coffee—enough to keep them all awake, as we have no doubt it did, all night. She was excessively amiable the while—the cunning little minx—pretending to herself that she was doing her duty! What is worse, Miss Warner approves her intractable conceit. It does not appear that the brother ever asked any body again, and we are sorry for it; for the chapter that describes this gathering is the first pleasant chapter in the book. All that precede are as sad as an undertaker's shop, as well as much that comes after it.

Saint Rosalie, like most young ladies, who are rich, and handsome, and pious, has a lover—one Mr. Henry Raynor—a rather solemn, but not altogether stupid, young gentleman, the son of a nice old Quaker lady—who has a taste for soldiering, and has just returned from a long visit to Europe. He rushes to see his little saint, and she receives him with the iciest purity and decorum—not glad at all, apparently, and the interview consists mainly of a mutual exchange of Scriptural excerpts. He persists in his suit, however, and, after a while, asks her to appoint the day. She falls into his arms! she gives him a roosting smack! she says—next week! you will suppose? not she: she has not yet converted her brother, who prefers remaining out of nights to her long homilies in the chimney corner; and, until she has converted him, her lover may go—break his heart. It is her one duty in life to preach that brother over to her side, and then she will be ready to marry. If Mr. Raynor had been as sensible as he looks, he would have boxed the ears of the self-willed little jade, and sent for the clergyman. But he gave in to her whims, and, in fact, began himself to try a little

of the same sort of machinery on that deluded young Captain.

At last Rosalie's health gives way, under her incessant anxiety about her brother's lost condition, and she is sent into the country to recruit. But she won't recruit. Instead of scampering off to the woods, or rowing the boat, or dancing with the clod-hoppers, or riding the farmer's horses till they foamed again, or giving up her soul to the pure and simple inspirations of Nature she sat down and moped, and nursed her sickly and sultry fancies, and wrote long sermons to her brother, which, the poor fellow, busily engaged in erecting fortifications at Brooklyn, (the scene is laid in 1812,) forgot to answer, or did not care to answer, seeing that they were, probably, like many other sermons, not made to answer. Saint Rosalie became worse: but, finally, Mr. Raynor brought her a little comfort, in the shape of a promise that next day her brother would visit her. The brother, too, had been ill of a fever, and went to the country in a very dilapidated state. There his sister renewed her assiduities, plied him with more texts, whined and beseeched; when lo—presto! "he was a changed man"—as he might have been, by the same means, in chapter 1 or 2. Thus, Rosalie and her texts prevailed; the hunted and baffled sinner saw the error of his life, and repented. She married Mr. Raynor, and the brother married one of Rosalie's old friends—a cousin—and every body was as happy as they could be, under the circumstances.

This is the substance of the story, some points of which are agreeably told, but which, on the whole, is dull and badly constructed. The characters are conceived with more vigor than they are described. Dr. Buffem—a conceited but hearty old Esculapius; Penn Raynor, a talkative and vivacious demi-semi-Quaker; the homely old Yankee Mrs. Hopper, and old Mrs. Morsel, a complaining old lady—might have been worked up with a little more care, into lively and peculiar individualities; but Saint Rosalie and her soldier-Quaker husband, Mr. Raynor, are beyond the reach of human nature already, and could never be improved. The reader is relieved when they are married and disappear.

Miss Warner has a talent for narrative, a pretty good perception of character, and

is not without a touch of humour; but her ideas of the religious life are so ungenial and aggressive, (we speak of this work alone, not having read her others,) that we hope in future she will indulge very sparsely in "serious" writing.

—Our second candidate for the favor of the romance-reading world appears in the writer of *Blanche Dearwood*—an American novel, as the advertisements say, the scene of which is laid partly among the Highlands, and partly in this city. It is a novel of passion and sentiment, however, and not of manners or local life. The principal personages might have been called *My Lord Walton*, or *My Lady Blanche*, just as well as Mr. Walton, and Miss Blanche, so far as the verisimilitude is concerned. There is nothing peculiarly American in the book, save a few descriptions of scenery, an occasional allusion to New York society, and an old revolutionary veteran, who has nothing really to do with the plot, and whose most remarkable feature is, that he knew the grandfathers of every body.

We do not say this by way of condemnation. Passion is the same everywhere; and the characters of a novel are merely the puppets by which it is exhibited. The book is one of considerable talent. We suspect the writer is a novice, from a certain uneasiness or want of repose he betrays in the management of his materials; but he is a novice who is able to do much better. In the conception of character, he is not deficient, although, we think, he could give more individuality to his figures, by a little more patient study. Miss Blanche, his heroine, is a most lovable young woman, but is like a great many lovable young women that one meets in romances. Mr. Walton is vigorously conceived, but gets a little confused in the making out; and Rodman is a fine young man, not remarkably different from other fine young men. The greatest success of the author, clearly, is Knowlton—not precisely the villain or the Iago of the plot, but the diplomatic manager of it—who is drawn with a strong, even a steady hand; and, but for his getting married in the end, would leave a thoroughly marked and consistent impression. The plot of this novel, turning upon an early separation of a husband from his wife, under mistaken suspicions, and a five or six years' pursuit by

the latter of an absconding son, who is yet all the while just under his nose, is utterly improbable, and full of mystery where there need be no mystery; yet the incidents are developed with dramatic skill. But as one sees the end a long way ahead, the details of the last chapters are painfully protracted. The close, therefore, is not so agreeable as the beginning. Indeed the opening chapters present a fine idyllic picture, which we wish had been continued, with less of the intrigue and passion which mar the latter part. After the free, bright air of the Highland region, one gets slightly suffocated with the crowd and heat of New York. All parties being finally restored to the Highlands, we suppose we ought to forgive the temporary interruption; but we shall not. The fact is, that we are heartily weary of these novels of passion, which try to "pile up the agony" of our poor human nature. Life has enough of trouble in its realities, without the aid of fictitious additions. Let the public insist, therefore, upon more fun, more odd and whimsical character, more quiet and genial scenes, more open and hearty freedom, more serene and lofty art, and less intensity, heat, torture, and heart-breaking, on the part of our nascent novelists. Our fictitious literature appears to be in the midst of its *storm-and-drag* period—its storm and spasm period;—and the sooner it gets through it to the pleasant sunshiny land beyond, the better for our mental health and enjoyment.

—We are glad to find, in the third novel before us—which dates from an unexpected quarter—a tendency to a better style of art, although it is only a tendency. We refer to a novel, called *Alone*, purporting to be the work of Miss MARION HARLAND, of Richmond, Virginia. It is a tale of Southern domestic life—not negro life, as might be supposed from the turn that novel writing about the South has taken since "Uncle Tom,"—but the life of cultivated, well-meaning, suffering and striving white folks. It must have some local truth in it, for we find "fifth edition" written on the cover; yet we cannot ourselves recognize any thing peculiar to the South in its characters and incidents. Had the scene been laid in New York or Boston, instead of at Richmond, the events and personages might have been very much the same. It

evinces, however, a sharp insight into the workings of human motive, marking the nicest distinctions and shades of character with a keen, firm touch, and without those strong and exaggerated contrasts, which are too often evidences of confused conceptions, and imperfect execution. Miss Ida Rose, the heroine, is not exactly an original creation, but is a well-defined and skilfully developed character, and "Charley" and Mr. Lacy are agreeably drawn, while Miss Josephine is almost too much of a vixen for the refined society in which she is allowed to circulate. There is more mutual complacency and admiration, too, among the leading friends than is compatible with a true social intercourse. But the tone of the work is subdued, the pictures, generally, in good keeping, and the religious spirit healthful and liberal. The greatest defect which occurs to us, is that the incidents are expanded until they become monotonous. A considerable number of people are introduced, who have nothing really to do with the plot, and are quite unnecessary accessories. On the whole, we have been both entertained and instructed by this novel, in spite of the too evident self-satisfaction of the whole company.

—But if *Alone* is a true picture of Southern society, what shall we say of the glimpses of it that we get in *Our World*, a new anti-slavery novel? What a contrast between the parlor and kitchen! We shall not, however, compare the two works, as *Our World* is a mere partizan tale, written with an avowed partizan purpose, and exhibiting little or no artistic skill. It deals in violent scenes and characters, without merit as a story, and disgusting, rather than interests us, by its main incidents. The whole thing is overdone; supposing each separate event to be true—as a whole it is not true, because the particulars are brought together without relief, without light and shade—in a confused mass. The characters are vague, the conversations forced, and the descriptions, for the most part, overstrained. The reader finds it difficult to continue his attention to the end, and is glad when the last chapter shuts out the jumbled and disagreeable scenes to which he has been an unwilling spectator.

—A more readable book, than either we have named—about the South, too—is the

Southern Land, by A CHILD OF THE SUN—despite its affected title. It has the thinnest thread of a story running through it, being rather a series of hop-skip-and-jump sketches—sometimes of life, at others of scenery, and then again of character. Beginning at a boarding-school at France, and closing on a cotton estate in Tennessee, the author expatiates over the world, in the style of Peter Schlemil, or the Wandering Jew. Now, we have him at Paris, then at New Orleans, next in Charleston, and, again—he doesn't know where himself. But wherever he lights, for a time, he is the same chatty, keen-eyed, cultivated, nonchalant observer of men and things, and he manages, by a few words, to make us see what he sees. A man of the world seemingly, he has yet a soul for sentiment, nature and poetry. With a great many local prejudices, and the constitutional arrogance of "a child of the sun," he is still open to a perception of local defects. His pictures of the South are generally warm, mellow, many-colored, with floods of sunshine and luxurious vegetation, but not without glimpses of the fever-swamps and pine barrens. He paints the princely, gentlemanly planter, but he does not forget the "Sherry Cocktails," the "Gin-swigs," and the "Mr. Shortstaples." In the teeth of his strong Southern prepossessions, too, he reveals, unconsciously it may be to himself, social aberrations in the South, which his pet plan of a law of primogeniture would not eradicate, but aggravate. But he is too companionable to bore you with long speculations, and so we shall not stop to say what all his occasional remarks might suggest, by way of reply.

— In *The Old Inn*, by MR. JOSIAH BARNES, Sen., we have a collection of stories, told with considerable power; but the device of a party of travelers meeting accidentally at an inn, and agreeing to tell stories for pastime, is so old and worn that it needs all one's patience to go on with the book. Yet, if the reader will overlook this preliminary want of invention, he will find the stories themselves full of interest and pathos.—A pleasant tale is that of *Conn Ct Corners*,—which strange name, we suppose, means Connecticut Corners—for the scene is chiefly laid in Connecticut. A vein of humor runs through it, which will give the reader a good laugh, if he wants one.

Captain Mayfarrie, Miss Provey, the Deacon, and other characters are done to the life.—One may also say as much of *Ironthorpe*,—a short story of backwoods life, by PAUL CREYTON, who mingles pathos and fun in nice proportions.—The *Tales for the Marines*, by HARRY GRINGO—well known to be Lieut. Wise—are animated, witty, and thrilling, having all the rapidity and dash of Captain Marryat, with more originality and humor, and some of his coarseness.

— Among the reprints of novels, we have only time to mention, first and foremost, the beautiful large-typed edition of *Don Quixotte*—translation by Motteaux, and notes by Lockhart—lately issued by Little, Brown & Co., altogether the finest edition of the greatest of romances that has yet appeared. Then, the *Grace Lee* of Miss KAVANAGH the *Mammon* of Mrs. GORE, and the *Kenneth* of Miss YONGE all exciting and meritorious works, to say nothing of DOUGLASS JERROLD's most amusing *Men of Character*. The *Amyas Leigh* of Mr. KINGLEY, we must reserve for a more elaborate notice hereafter.

— *Eastford*; or *Household Sketches*, by WESLEY BROOKE, is an anti-spasmodic book, which shows that the stock of men of letters who feel naturally, think calmly, describe truthfully, and write correctly, has not died out, as some people suppose. The author of *Eastford* is a contemplative man; and, whether he wields the angler's rod or not, is of the race of IZAAK WALTON, whose mental traits, if not whose piscatory habits, he largely shares—adding to them, however, a wider knowledge of men and things, and a keener insight into the motives of the world's movement. The story of the book, although evidently intended as a mere bond to unite a series of sketches in a common interest, has the charm of a natural, truthful progression; the author has not felt at liberty to violate consistency for the sake of effect. He has laid the scene of his tale in and around an old New England village, excepting the passage of a few stirring incidents which take place in the lumber wilds of Maine, and the vivid relation of which is in striking and pleasing contrast with the placid tone of the rest of the book. We do not suppose that we violate confidence in saying that Wesley Brooke is the assumed name of Mr. GEORGE LUNT, of Boston.

A FEW HISTORIES.—“There she is,” said Webster, of Massachusetts,—“behold her, and judge for yourself. The world knows her history by heart.” But if it does, that is no reason why her history should not be written. Accordingly, Mr. BARRY has given us a most elaborate and agreeable record of it, in his *History of Massachusetts*. It is a work, which in more respects than its mere form resembles Bancroft’s “United States,” without being an imitation. It evinces the same research, the same animation, and the same liberal American spirit. Beginning with the earliest discoveries of the State, it describes the landing of the Pilgrims, their troubles with the Indians, their persecutions of the Quakers, and the successive administrations, down to a quite modern period. The author, who cherishes both an admiring love of the heroic qualities of the New England settlers, and a noble disdain of their occasional bigotry and meanness, writes with ease and eloquence, in the temper of a judge, and not of a partisan. His work will take its place, we confidently predict, among the standard books of history; for it is clear, succinct, conscientious, and attractive.

—A *History of Western Massachusetts*, by JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, is confined to the several counties of Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin and Berkshire, and is more of a local than a general narrative. In the first part, we have an outline of general history, but the second part relates to the geology, and the third part to the towns of those particular counties. It has been prepared with much industry and skill, and is a valuable contribution to our local knowledge. Many of the anecdotes which Mr. Holland has collected out of the archives of the old towns, have a quaint and characteristic significance.

—No writer has a more charming simplicity of style than ZSCHOKKE, whose *History of Switzerland*, a household treasure among the Alps, has just been faithfully rendered into English, by FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW. It is the great merit of Zschokke, that while his narrative possesses that clear and limpid beauty, which adapts it to the capacity of children and the people, it has all the accuracy, conciseness and thought which the maturest mind may require. It is the text-book, we believe, of the confederate Cantons.

—We confess to a strong liking for LAMARTINE’s Histories. It is true, they are not always accurate, but, it is also true, that they are always profoundly interesting; his sentiments are often sentimentalities, but then his descriptions are pictures. Who can read any one of his books, and forget it? How vividly, and with what poetic elevation, he brings his scenes and characters before the mind! How graceful and flowing his narrative—how liberal, and, for the most part just, his judgments? Take up the first volume of his *History of Turkey*, just published by the Appletons, and read his account of the rise of Mahomet and his religion, and see if you ever before read a more graphic, impressive, and fascinating story? The East, where Lamartine has spent nine years of his life—with its sunny climate, its wild deserts, its legendary mysteries, its strong passions and lofty enthusiasm—is just the sphere for his fine poetic faculties, and, we cannot doubt, that this Ottoman history will be one of his most characteristic and beautiful books.

—In the lectures on *Louis the Fourteenth, and the Writers of his Age*, translated from the French of J. F. Astié by the Rev. E. W. KIRK, we have an able and instructive, though somewhat incomplete view of the literary and religious aspects of the age of the Grand Monarque. They were delivered in French, to a private audience in this city, and have since been translated by Mr. Kirk, who is a friend of the author. The prose part of the translation is good, but the poetry quite indifferent. An ambitious introduction by the translator, is not so skillfully executed as it might have been, although it supplies a rapid review of preliminary French History, which will be found useful in studying the treatise.

—The *Life of Sam Houston* is evidently written with a view to advance his interests as a candidate for the Presidency, but is full of fine material notwithstanding. His experiences of this world have been so varied, that the incidents fall, of themselves, into picturesque and striking forms. Even the turgid style of his biographer cannot divest them of a certain dramatic and robust force. As the boy emigrant, the Indian chief, the successful General, and the influential statesman, his career exhibits the most romantic contrasts, and novel adventures; and, had they been de-

scribed with a simple reliance upon the facts, without the attempt at elaborate eulogy, which runs through this book, the natural impression produced would have been stronger than the artificial one, aimed at by the writer, is likely to be.

—A *History of the War*, by GEORGE FOWLER, is a succinct but authentic account of all the proceedings of the hostile parties in the East. It is compiled from public and private documents of the highest authority, and gives a clear, though compendious, narrative of the progress of negotiations and hostilities, from the mission of Mentchikoff, up to the siege of Sevastopol. Two excellent maps, one of the Crimea, and the other of the besieged city, add materially to the value of this little volume.

—The *Church History* of Dr. CHARLES HASE, lately rendered into English, is one of the best manuals on that subject that we have found. It is succinct but clear, and unites to an astonishing power of condensed expression, the most impartial and comprehensive judgment. The arrangement has all the scientific precision of the Germans, with a liveliness of narrative which is not German. In its sketches of both characters and events, it exhibits a rare insight on the part of the author, whose learning, also, as he is a German, is of course prodigious.

—The *Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States*, of which, we have read the advanced sheets, kindly forwarded to us by Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., promises to be a standard work of history. It is compiled from original and authentic documents, some of them now used, for the first time, and is written in a forcible and attractive style.

SOME MISCELLANIES.—We shall speak of *Maginn's Miscellanies*, as an American book, for, though the substance of it has been printed in foreign Magazines, as a book it is new. Mr. Mackenzie, the editor, is already known by his elaborate edition of Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosiana*, and has acted judiciously in putting forth Maginn as a kind of continuation of that work. Maginn was of the Wilson set; inferior to Wilson in many respects, but exhibiting many of the same qualities. He does not appear to have had the pathos and energy of Wilson, although he shares in his learn-

ing, his fun, and his convivial sympathies. They, and their companions, were a rollicking, jovial crew (at least in print), as savage as meat-axe the next morning, and as full of loyalty as they were, or pretended to be, of liquor. Their truculent jokes told well in their day, but, we confess, that to us, now, many of them have the smell of an old drink-shop,—or of whisky-fumes and stale tobacco. A great deal of their wit is repulsively coarse, or a great deal of it, as an Irishman would say, no wit at all. It is mere broad whim, or a kind intellectual *tour de force*,—amusing for the time—but not genuine. The polyglott translations, for instance, are curious evidences of dexterity, but nothing more: the drinking and eating boasts, too, are mere vulgar exaggerations, pleasing alone to swill-tubs; while the arrogant ridicule of contemporary authors, has less humor, and all the low malice of Billingsgate fishwives. Yet, over and above this gin-room slang and maudlin loyalty, there is often in Maginn real humor, touching sentiment, and sound learning. He has a free, hearty, careless way about him that carries you along, by the mere force of animal excitement. You like the fellow, even while he repels you, he is such a gentlemanly and scholarly rowdy. His insolence you ascribe to the bad rum in him; but his talent, his vivacity, his wonderful variety, his originality and independence you ascribe to the man himself. How atrocious the criticisms on Shelley, Keats, Hunt, etc.; yet how capital the burlesques of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Byron, Coleridge and others! What ingenuity in his parodies; what a true bacchanalian swing in his drinking songs; what audacity in his egotisms; what bluster in his critiques, what endless wealth of conceit in his literary disguises! We do not wonder that *Blackwood*, in his day, was universally disapproved and read—that the booksellers refused to sell it, and yet that every body bought it; or that every body pretended to be disgusted, while every body laughed. It was enough to drive Edinburgh mad, with mingled wrath and mirth—this stormy club of writers and bruisers, who seem to alternate with equal gusto from the rectory to the ring, from pugilism to philosophy, from license to literature, from rum to religion.

Mr. Mackenzie has edited the book with vast industry, but not equal judgment. Many of his notes are *de trop*, and he ought to assume that the class of persons likely to read him will know something of such men as Jeffreys, Hogg, Belzoni, Shelley, Henry Mackenzie, etc., etc., without the assistance of a long biographical account. Sometimes, too, he ludicrously mistakes his author. Maginn, for instance, in one of his maxims, (p. 110,) says the best thing to be drank after cheese is strong ale; and adds ironically, by way of confirmation, "who ever heard of a drayman, who lives almost entirely on bread and cheese, washing it down with water or champagne?" Whereupon Mr. Editor asks, in a note, with all solemnity, "How could a drayman obtain champagne?" Sure enough, Mr. Mackenzie! how could he? But, generally, the notes of the Editor are a real assistance, and we thank him for the pains he has taken both in collecting and elucidating the text.

—A work upon making and fencing *Cleanings*, from Paris: a work upon Landscape Gardening, from the banks of the Ohio! Who would not as soon look for the one as for the other? But, in Mr. Kern's *Landscape Gardening*, published at Cincinnati, we have the latter, showing how rapidly the subtler arts follow in the peaceful train of empire. Mr. Kern has well judged his circumstances, and has produced the right book at the right moment. There are, probably, as each spring opens, a thousand homes where the opportunity and the wish coexist for the first time, for some external sign of ease, and of the love of natural beauty. The want of these, the guidance towards a tasteful expression, this book supplies. The more elaborate works of the class Mr. Kern has read with evident care and discrimination. He is certainly to be commended for making a book of reasonable size, and for writing with straightforwardness upon Landscape Gardening; a treatment which, before Downing's time, was hardly known. The principal English writers—Price, Ripton, Brown, London—are two-volume-octavo men. London spun from his laborious head laborious books, full of valuable material, but useful only to the student or man of solid leisure. Most of us here are hasty men, who do not expect at the utmost to reach seventy, who have a great deal to do, and may be called upon

as F. Pierce was, at short notice, to be President of this Republic. Art, therefore, for us, whether in words or works, must be condensed. His publishers have put Mr. Kern before the public in great luxury of typography. The genius and expense devoted to the wood engravings might have been concentrated to advantage upon a smaller number; and Mr. K.'s elaborate "rock-work" could have been successfully omitted.

—Dr. HAYWARD, President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, has just given to the world the more prominent points of his medical experience, with reflections. These "Papers and Reports" indicate a man of the profoundest professional good sense, the preëminent characteristic of our noble old physicians. They are complacently deficient, compared with the French school, in the technical minuteness of detail now obtainable; but have a far outbalancing tact and breadth of intelligent views. If every competent physician should leave such material as this for the deductions of future investigators, science might safely hope to make a vast step forward.

—The death of MRS. CHARLOTTE BRONTË NICHOL, the author of "*Jane Eyre*," of "*Shirley*," and of "*Villette*," is too important an event in the literary world for us to allow it to pass without comment. In the accounts which have reached us of her actual personal life and experience, there is little to relieve the sense of sadness which is derived from her books: a feeling of loneliness and untold tragedy which give them an earnestness beyond those of any other contemporary woman. It is scarcely ten years since "*Jane Eyre*" was published, but the position of its author in English literature is assured. It was not only its vivid characterization, its startling and brilliant description, its glow and passionate pathos, which compelled the homage that followed it; but its profound humanity, its quiet scorn of the conventional accessories of success in fiction, its bold faith in human nature, its perfect freedom from dandyism and dilettantism, and its tone of religious earnestness, without cant or meanness, that made fame salute its author as eminent among women. By these characteristics all the works of Miss Brontë have achieved a permanent place among the best books of the best age

of fiction; nor do we hesitate to say that, on the whole, "*Jane Eyre*" is the most remarkable novel ever written by a woman. Miss Brontë belonged entirely to the modern school; the school of which George Sand is a veiled Prophet, and of which Dickens and Thackeray are the high Priests. But, among her fellow workers, among contemporary novelists of either sex, she had few superiors. The amiable ladies who monthly supply the circulating libraries with the high-bred woes of the high-born Arethusa; or the sentimental gentlemen who paint the dainty miniature of the incomparable and impossible Harley L'Estrange, were incontinently put aside by this Yorkshire intruder, who hailed Thackeray as the chief among them all, and went into the field, showing his colors. The eye and the heart of the world followed her; and she has done what, perhaps, no other of the score of contemporary female novelists has done; she has enriched literature, and, consequently, human experience, with a new image. She has done what all genius has tested its greatness by doing, created a character that lives as a representative and type, in the human mind.

The story of her life is sad and short. She was born, and mostly lived, and died, among the hills of Yorkshire. Her father was a poor clergyman; her sisters were of the same sensitive, if not morbid, temperament as herself; and they both died young and before her. Her brother was a youth of similar promise, and he died also. She went early to a school, of which the school in "*Jane Eyre*" is a picture, and there physical privation and suffering confirmed the grave and melancholy bent of her nature. She went, afterward, as a governess, to Brussels, and the fruit of that episode in her life we have in "*Villette*." Returning to Yorkshire she found her two sisters, Emily and Ann, and there the three novels were written by the three sisters, "*Jane Eyre*," "*Wuthering Heights*," and "*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*." They retained their initials in the names they assumed, and were severally known to the public as Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell. Our readers will all remember the appearance of these remarkable books. There was a startling reality in them which quite staggered criticism. They seized the public almost sternly by the arm, and said, "Quit

your smirking over the amiable imbecillities of Lady Belinda Dorian, and see another," and more real, and more terrific, aspect of human and English life." The books of the two younger sisters were appalling. The reader preferred to disbelieve. They were such revelations as had never been made, and of a state of society that was hardly suspected. They were imperfect in structure, and the protest that breathed through them was so fierce that it seemed almost insane or exaggerated. But "*Jane Eyre*" was so calm, so intense, and so real, that there was no escape. "As a work of literary art it is most admirable. It is so sharply cut, so pointed, and defined: it leaves the moral so wisely where life and nature leave it, that the public mind instantly acknowledged a new power, and the little, brown-haired, sad-eyed, and wasted daughter of the Yorkshire curate, was a famous woman. But she meant to live neither for fame nor fortune. In her estimation, the writing of a book was a work to be done seriously and because it must be done, not because it could be done. She was neither dazzled nor deluded by her success, and wrote her next novel, "*Shirley*," in the midst of great domestic distress. It is less excellent than "*Jane Eyre*," but has the same qualities. Then, and last, came "*Villette*," a book written upon the edge of the churchyard, in which her sisters and brother were buried; and, at the window, whence she looked upon their graves. It is about two years since it was published. She married, then, and died on the last day of March in this year. So, among the wild Yorkshire hills, ended a life that seems bleak enough. It is not possible that she, who could so delicately describe great happiness, as she does in portions of all her works, did not feel, with an aching sorrow, the absence of it in her own life. Yet she wrought that tragedy into forms of pathetic beauty. If the thorn against her heart made her song sad, the world listened and wept. She was not forty years old when she died; but how much has she done, who has made her name dear in many lands, and to all kinds of persons, by the heroic tenderness with which she probed the most private wounds, and the earnest composure with which she poured the balm. The quality of the grief that lingers about her grave is the finest

homage to her power. It is not a romantic sorrow over the death of youth and the blight of beautiful promise; nor the regret that follows the departure of a brilliant wit and scholar: it is not the grief at the decease of an entertaining and familiar author; but, it is the feeling of want and loss in the death of a noble woman, who did not wear her genius as a diamond to dazzle; but as a star, to inspire, and chasten, and console.

LETTER FROM MAJOR WHERREY.

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly.

SIR:—I am grieved to see that a fair correspondent objects to the inconsistency of certain strictures of mine on an exhibition described to me as the German cotillion, which were reported in the March number of your periodical. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact, that I chose to offer vinous refreshment to my guests upon the occasion under consideration. Poor Barnard was dreadfully hurt at being called an "old masculine prude;" and when I came to that passage, he interrupted me and said, "Well, Major! you can make the same reply that Mrs. — did when asked why she did not invite her sister (who married the music-master) to her last ball—" My dear sir," she said, "*you know we must draw the line somewhere!*" So pray tell this gentle critic that, to a certain extent, you choose to conform to the usages of society; but that you must draw the line somewhere! Your guests shall be welcome to your wines—but not to your wife."

I confess I thought of saying something of this kind, until, upon reading the concluding paragraph of the remonstrance, I learnt that "punch and cigars are behind the age," and, moreover, that they are "medieval follies." When I asked Barnard how this was, he began to laugh, and exclaimed, "The lady has you there, Major! You have been growing cranberries down here in Bearbrook so long, that you know nothing of the advance the world has made elsewhere. The fact is, that associating the German in any way with such a *medieval folly* as an indulgence in stimulating fluids, is simply preposterous. It is well known that, at the great houses in the city, where this is the fashionable dance, no wine, punch, or any kind kind of spirituous liquor is provided, and that no person was ever known to be present at, or assist in, the German, except in a state of the severest sobriety. As for cigars—except as interesting relics illustrative of medieval folly—they are utterly unknown out of Bearbrook; and for introducing an indulgence so completely extinct, you may well be held responsible." I was so shocked to hear that a past frailty had been revived at my little October party, that I didn't exactly understand an allusion to some *marines* with

which Barnard concluded his statement. It was, probably, of no consequence.

Dear me! Sir, I fear this letter will be rather a composite affair, for my nephew Tom has just come into the room, and insists upon writing a paragraph, to give his ideas of what should have been the editorial comment upon the critical correspondence you have published. He thinks there is a very "sufficient answer" to the lady's complaint—and thus he writes it as in your person:—

"It is certainly a new doctrine, that a writer of fiction can introduce no characters but such as exhibit a spotless propriety or perfect consistency. We had always supposed it not only perfectly lawful, but decidedly meritorious, to represent people no better than they really are. Our correspondent will scarcely deny that there are many gentlemen of the old school who so far retain former habits as to take wine or punch themselves, and to offer it to their guests, who are, nevertheless, honestly and decidedly shocked at *folies* to which custom has not hardened them. The notion that a writer is personally responsible for every opinion expressed by the characters he uses, or for all that is done in the scenes he describes, is too plainly absurd to require refutation."

I really forgot what I was writing about when Tom interrupted me, so I will conclude by saying that I could never seriously counsel or advise the use of any stimulant. But so long as it is the custom, among any circle of acquaintances, to give wine or punch when friends are received in the evening, I shall probably conform to it. A trifling difference in latitude may make a considerable difference in the habits and necessities of man. I can assure my graceful censor that the custom of providing spirituous refreshment upon social occasions, which it seems is extinct and medieval in New York, is, UNFORTUNATELY (and I heartily underscore the word), so prevalent in Bearbrook, that one of the parties—either upon paper or in reality—would be incomplete without its introduction.

I am sorry to have troubled you with so long a letter, and should not have done so had not Tom assured me the public would expect it. If you would now and then give us some agricultural articles, I think I could promise an increased circulation to your Magazine. It may seem presumptuous in me to suggest in this matter, but I am convinced that an occasional paper on the Cranberry could not fail to be popular. Pray assure your correspondent that I am not at all angry at what she called me, and shall endeavor to pacify Barnard as soon as possible. And so, Sir, believe me, with the highest consideration,

Your very obedient servant,

PAUL RETRIBUTION WHERREY.

In justice to Major Wherrey, it should be stated that, upon the first intimation of a charge upon his social morals, he was in the field, fully armed; and his present note of explanation was unavoidably deferred from the May number of the Monthly, for which it was designed.—Ed.

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